THE

GIRL'S OWN ANNUAL



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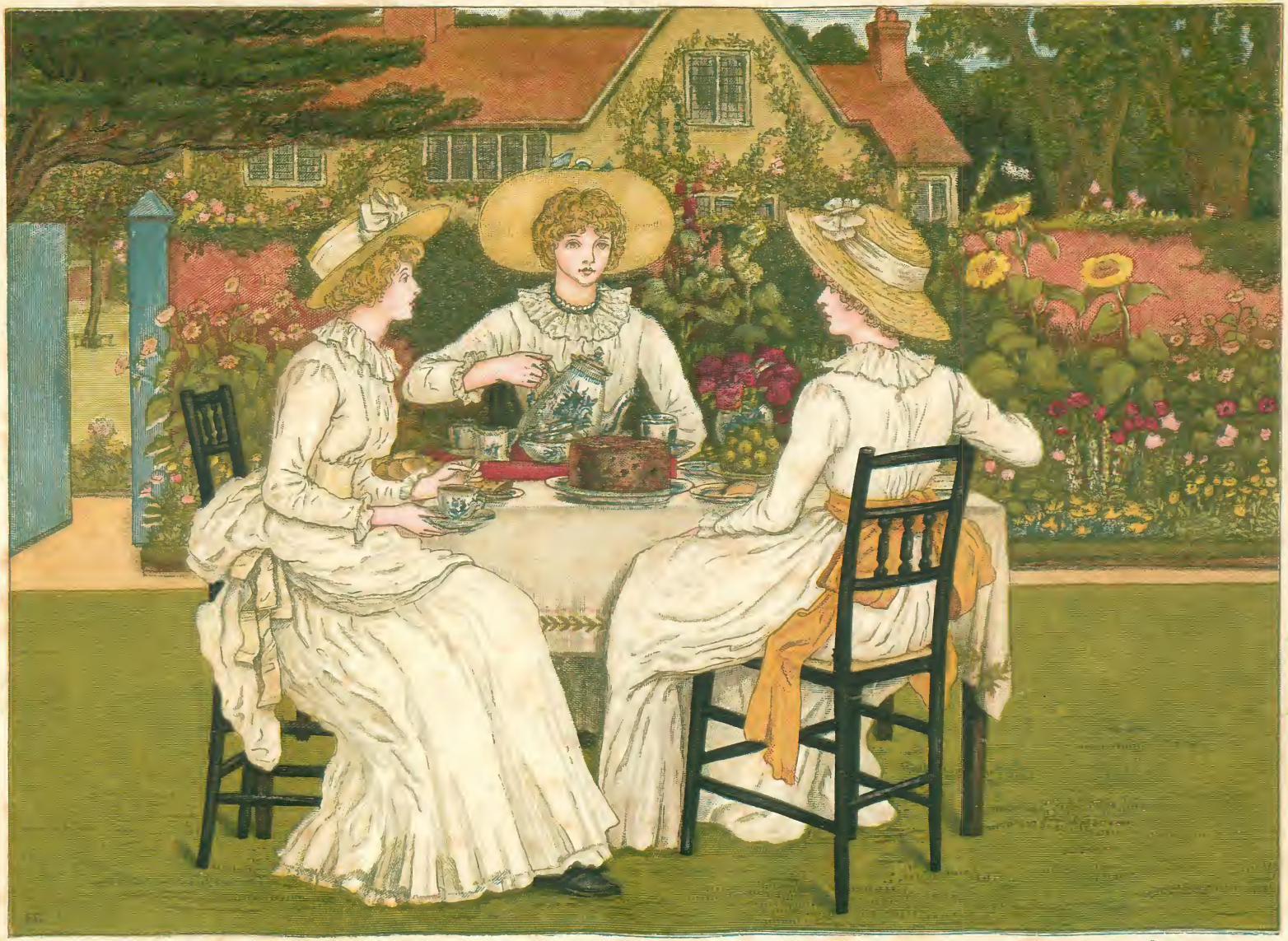
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"THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER."] [EDMUND EVANS.

AFTERNOON TEA.

FROM THE DRAWING BY KATE GREENAWAY.

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VOL. VIII.—No. 353. OCTOBER 2, 1886. PRICE ONE PENNY.

MERLE'S CRUSADE.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Aunt Diana," "For Lilias," etc.



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"'WHAT A PITY YOU STOPPED ME JUST THEN.'"

CHAPTER I.

THE VALLEY OF HUMILIATION.



"MERLE, I may be a little old-fashioned in my notions; middle-aged people never adjust their ideas quite in harmony with you young folk, but in my day we never paused to count fifty at a full stop."

Aunt Agatha's voice startled me with its reproachful irritability. Well, I had deserved that little sarcasm for I must confess that I had been reading very carelessly. My favourite motto was ringing in my ears, "*Laborare est orare.*"

Somehow the words had set themselves to resonant music in my brain; it seemed as though I were chanting them inwardly all the time I was climbing down the steep hill with Christiana and her boys. *Laborare est orare.* And this is what I was reading on that still, snowy Sunday afternoon: "But we will come again to this Valley of Humiliation. It is the best and most fruitful piece of ground in all these parts. It is a fat ground, and, as you see, consisteth much in meadows, and if a man was to come here in the summer-time as we do now, if he knew not anything before thereof, and if he delighted himself in the sight of his eyes, he might see that which would be delightful to him. Behold how green this valley is, also how beautiful with lilies! I have known many labouring men that have got good estates in this Valley of Humiliation."

"Merle," observed Aunt Agatha, a little dryly, "we may as well leave off there, for it seems that you and I are to have our estate among the labouring men in this very valley."

Aunt Agatha was a clever woman, and could say shrewd things sometimes, but she never spoke a truer word than this; but my wits were no longer wool-gathering.

"What a pity you stopped me just then," I remarked, somewhat sententiously; "we have missed the purest gem of the allegory. 'He that is down need fear no fall; he that is low no pride.'" But here a hand was lifted in protesting fashion.

"Put the marker in the page, child, and spare me the rest; that is in favour of your argument, not mine," for a weary discussion had been waged between us for two whole hours—a discussion that had driven Aunt Agatha exhausted to the couch, but which had only given me a tingling feeling of excitement, such as a raw recruit might experience at the sight of a battlefield. Aunt Agatha's ladylike ideas lay dead and wounded round her while I had made that last impetuous charge.

"I am of age, a free Englishwoman, living in a free country, and not all the nineteenth century prejudices, though they are thick as dragons' teeth, shall prevent me, Merle Fenton, of sane mind and healthy body, from doing what I believe to be my duty."

"Humph, I am rather doubtful of the sanity; I always told you that you were too independent and strong-minded for a girl; but what is the use of preaching to deaf ears?" continued Aunt Agatha, in a decidedly cross voice, as she arranged the cushions comfortably.

It was true that I was getting the best of the argument, and yet I was sorry for Aunt Agatha. I felt how I was shocking all her notions of decorum and propriety, and giving pain to the kindest and gentlest heart in the world; but one cannot lead a new crusade without trampling on some prejudices. I knew all my little world would shriek "fie," and "for shame" into my ears, and all because I was bent on working out a new theory. The argument had grown out of such a little thing. I had shown Aunt Agatha an advertisement in the *Morning Post*, and announced my intention of answering it in person the following morning.

"NURSE.—Can any lady recommend a thoroughly conscientious superior person to take charge of two children, baby eighteen months old? Assistance given in the nursery. Must be a good, plain needlewoman. Prince's Gate, S.W."

To the last day of my life I do not think that I shall ever forget Aunt Agatha's face when she read that advertisement.

"You intend to offer yourself for this situation, Merle—to lose caste, and take your place among menials? It is enough to make my poor brother rise in his grave, and your poor, dear mother too, to think of a Fenton stooping to such degradation." But I will forbear to transcribe all the wordy avalanche of lady-like invective that was hurled at me, accompanied by much wringing of hands.

And yet the whole thing lay in a nutshell. I, Merle Fenton, sound, healthy, and aged two-and-twenty, being orphaned, penniless, and only possessing one near relative in the world—Aunt Agatha—declined utterly to be dependent for my daily bread and the clothes I wore on the goodwill of her husband and my uncle by marriage, Ezra Keith.

No, I was not good. I daresay I was self-willed, contradictory, and as obstinate as a mule that will go every way but the right way, but, all the same, I loved Aunt Agatha, my dead father's only sister, and I detested Uncle Keith with a perfectly unreasonable detestation.

Aunt Agatha had been a governess all her life. Certainly the Fenton family had not much to boast of in the way of wealth. Pedigree and poverty are not altogether pleasant yoke fellows. It may be comfortable to one's feelings to know that a certain progenitor of ours made boots at the time of the Conquest, though I am never quite sure in my mind that they had bootmakers then; but my historical knowledge was always defective. But a little money is also pleasant; indeed, if the pedigree and the money came wooing to me, and I had to choose between them—well, perhaps I had better hold my tongue on that subject; for what is the good of shocking people unless one has a very good reason for doing so?

My father's pedigree did not help him into good practice, and he died young—a grave mistake, people tell me, for a professional man to commit. My mother was very pretty and very helpless, but then she had a pedigree, too, and, probably, that forbade her to soil her white hands. She was a fine lady, with more heart than head, which she had lost most unwisely to the handsome young doctor. After his death, she made futile efforts for her child's sake, but the grinding wheel of poverty caught the poor butterfly and crushed her to death.

My poor, tender-hearted, unhappy mother! Well, the world is a cruel place to these soft, unprotected natures.

I should have fared badly but for Aunt Agatha; her hardly-earned savings were all spent on my education. She was a clever, highly-educated woman, and commanded good salaries, and out of this she contrived to board and maintain me at a school until she married, and Uncle Keith promised that I should share their home.

I never could understand why Aunt Agatha married him. Perhaps she was tired of the drudgery of teaching; at forty-five one may grow a little weary of one's work. Perhaps she wanted a home for her old age, and was tired of warming herself at other people's fires, and preferred a chimney corner of her own; but, strange to say, she always scouted these two notions with the utmost indignation.

"I married your uncle, Merle," she would say, with great dignity, "because he convinced me that he was the right person for me to marry. I have no more idea than you how he contrived to instil this notion into my head, for though I am a plain body and never had any beauty, I must own I liked tall, good-looking men. But there, my dear, I lived forty-five years in the world without three things very common in women's lives—without beauty, without love, and without discontent." And in this last clause she was certainly right. Aunt Agatha was the most contented creature in the world.

If Uncle Keith—for never, never would I call him Uncle Ezra, even had he asked me as a personal favour to do so—if Uncle Keith had been rich I could have understood the marriage better, being rather a mercenary and far-sighted young person, but he had only a very small income. He was managing clerk in some mercantile house, and, being a thrifty soul, invested all his spare cash instead of spending it.

Aunt Agatha had lived in grand houses all her life, but she was quite

content with the little cottage at Putney to which her husband took her. They only kept one servant; but Aunt Agatha proved herself to be a notable housekeeper. She arranged and rearranged the old-fashioned furniture that had belonged to Uncle Keith's mother until she had made quite a charming drawing-room; but that was just her way; she had clever brains, and clever fingers, and to manipulate old materials into new fashions was just play work to her.

But for me, I am perfectly convinced that Aunt Agatha would have called herself the happiest woman in the world, but my discontent leavened the household. If three people elect to live together, the success of the scheme demands that one of the three should not smile sourly on all occasions.

For two whole years I tried to be amiable when Uncle Keith was in the room, and at last gave up the attempt in despair, baffled by my own evil tempers, and yet I will say I was not a bad-tempered girl. I must have had good in me or Aunt Agatha would not have been so fond of me. I call that a real crucial test—other people's fondness for us.

Why is it so difficut to get on with some folk, very worthy people in their way?

Why do some people invariably rub up one's fur until it bristles with discomfort? Why do these same thoroughly estimable creatures bring a sort of moral east wind with them, scarifying one's nerves? Surely it is beneath the dignity of a human being to be rasped by a harsh, drawling voice, or offended by trifling mannerisms. Uncle Keith was just like one of my sums—you might add him up, subtract from him, divide or multiply him, but he would never come right in the end; one always reckoned that he was more or less than he was. He was a little, pale, washed-out looking man, with sandy hair and prominent brown eyes. Being an old bachelor when he married Aunt Agatha, he had very precise, formal ways, and was methodical and punctual to a fault. Next to Uncle Keith, I hated that white-faced watch of his. I hated the slow, ponderous way in which he drew it from his pocket, and produced it for my special benefit.

I have said that my detestation of Uncle Keith was somewhat unreasonable. I must own I had no grave reasons for my dislike. Uncle Keith had a good moral character; he was a steady church-goer, was painstaking and abstemious; never put himself in a passion, or, indeed, lost his temper for a minute; but how was a girl to tolerate a man who spent five minutes scraping his boots before he entered his own door, whatever the weather might be; who said, "Hir-rumph" (humph was what he meant) before every sentence, booming at one like a great bee; who always prefaced a lecture with a "my dear;" who would not read a paper until it was warmed; who would burn every cinder before fresh coals were allowed on the fire; who looked reproachfully at my crumbs (I crumbled my bread purposely at last), and scooped them carefully in his hand for the benefit of the birds, with the invariable remark, "Waste not, want not," a saying I learnt to detest?

I suppose if we are ever admitted into heaven we shall find very odd people there; but perhaps they will have dropped their trying ways and peculiarities, as the chrysalis drops its case, and may develop all sorts of new prismatic glories. I once heard a lady say that she was afraid the society there would be rather mixed; she was a very exclusive person; but Solomon tells us that there is nothing new under the sun, so I suppose we shall never be without our modern Pharisees and Sadducees. The grand idea to me is that there will be room for all. I do not know when the idea first came to me that it was a mean thing to live under a man's roof, eating his bread and warming oneself at his fire, and all the time despising him in one's heart. I only know that one day the idea took possession of me, and, like an Eastern mustard seed, grew and flourished. Soon after that Uncle Keith had rather a serious loss—some mercantile venture in which he was interested had come to grief. I began to notice small retrenchments in the household; certain little luxuries were given up. Now and then Aunt Agatha grew a little grave as she balanced her weekly accounts. One night I took myself to task.

"What business have you, a strong, healthy, young woman," I observed to myself, severely, "to be a burthen on these good folk? What is enough for two may be a tight fit for three; it was that new mantle of yours, Miss Merle, that has put out the drawing-room fire for three weeks, and has shut up the sherry in the sideboard. Is it fair or right that Aunt Agatha and Uncle Keith should forego their little comforts just because an idle girl is on their hands?"

I pondered this question heavily before I summoned courage to speak to Aunt Agatha. To my surprise she listened to me very quietly, though her soft brown eyes grew a little misty—I did so love Aunt Agatha's eyes.

"Dear," she said, very gently, "I wish this could have been prevented; but, for my husband's sake, I dare not throw cold water on your plan. I cannot deny that he has had a heavy loss, and that we have to be very careful. I would keep you with me if I could, Merle, for you are just like my own child, but Ezra is not young;" and here Aunt Agatha's forehead grew puckered with anxiety.

"Oh, Aunt Agatha," I exclaimed, quite forgetting the gravity of my proposition in sudden, childish annoyance, "how can you call Uncle Keith, Ezra? It is such a hideous name."

"Not to my ears," she answered, quite calmly; "a wife never thinks her husband's name hideous. He loves to hear me say it, and I love to please him, for though you may not believe it, Merle, I think there are very few men to compare with your uncle."

She could actually say this to my face, looking at me all the time with those honest eyes! I could not forbear a little shrug at this, but she turned the subject, placidly, but with much dignity.

"I have been a working bee all my life, and have been quite contented with my lot; if you could only follow my example, I should be perfectly willing to let you go. I have thought once or twice lately that if anything were to happen to me, you and your uncle would hardly be comfortable together; you do not study him sufficiently; you have no idea what he really is."

I thought it better to remain silent.

Aunt Agatha sighed a little as she went on.

"I am not afraid of work for you, Merle, there is no life without activity. 'The idle man,' as someone observes, 'spins on his own axis in the dark.' 'A man of mere capacity undeveloped,' as Emerson says, 'is only an organised day-dream with a skin on it.' Just listen to this," opening a book that lay near her. "'Action and enjoyment are contingent upon each other. When we are unfit for work we are always incapable of pleasure; work is the wooing by which happiness is won.'"

"Yes, yes," I returned, rather impatiently, for Aunt Agatha, with all her perfections, was too much given to proverbial and discursive philosophy; "but to reduce this to practice, what work can I do in this weary world?"

"You cannot be a governess, not even a nursery governess, Merle," and here Aunt Agatha looked at me very gently, as though she knew her words must give me pain, and suddenly my cheeks grew hot and my eyelids drooped. Alas! I knew too well what Aunt Agatha meant; this was a sore point, the great difficulty and stumbling block of my young life.

I had been well taught in a good school; I had had unusual advantages, for Aunt Agatha was an accomplished and clever woman, and spared no pains with me in her leisure hours; but by some freak of Nature, not such an unusual thing as people would have us believe, from some want of power in the brain—at least, so a clever man has since told me—I was unable to master more than the rudiments of spelling.

I know some people would laugh incredulously at this, but the fact will remain.

As a child I have lain sobbing on my bed, beaten down by a very anguish of humiliation at being unable to commit the column of double syllables to memory, and have only been comforted by Aunt Agatha's patience and gentleness.

At school I had a severer ordeal. For a long time my teachers refused to admit my incapacity; they preferred attributing it to idleness, stubbornness, and want of attention; even Aunt Agatha was puzzled by it, for I was a quick child in other things, could draw very well for my age, and could accomplish wonders in needlework, was a fair scholar in history and geography, soon acquired a good French accent, and did some of my lessons most creditably.

But the construction of words baffle me to this day. I should be unwilling

to write the simplest letter without a dictionary lying snugly near my hand. I have learned *to look my misfortune* in the face, and to bear it with tolerable grace. With my acquaintances it is a standing joke, with my nearest and dearest friends it is merely an opportunity for kindly service and offers to write from my dictation, but when I was growing into womanhood it was a bitter and most shameful trial to me, one secretly lamented with hot tears and with a most grievous sense of humiliation.

"No," Aunt Agatha repeated, in the old pitying voice I knew so well, "you cannot be even a nursery governess, Merle."

"Nor a companion either," I exclaimed bitterly. "Old ladies want letters written for them."

"That is very true," she replied, shaking her head.

"I could be a nurse in a hospital—in fact, that is what I should like, but the training could not be afforded, it would be a pound a week, Aunt Agatha, and there would be my uniform and other expenses, and I should not get the smallest salary for at least two or three years."

"I am afraid we must not think of that, Merle," and then I relapsed into silence from sheer sadness of heart. I had always so longed to be trained in a hospital, and then I could nurse wounded soldiers or little children. I always loved little children.

But this idea must be given up, and yet it would not have mattered in a hospital if I had spelt "all-right" with one "l." I am quite sure my bandages would have been considered perfect, and that would have been more to the point.

(*To be continued.*)

THE AMATEUR CHURCH ORGANIST.

By the Hon. VICTORIA GROSVENOR.

We believe that young people generally have a desire to be useful. Sometimes not an actually formulated desire, but a vague intention which they mean some day shall have a practical issue, when and how they do not quite know, or in what way. It is proposed in this article to point out one means of eminent usefulness—*i.e.*, that of amateur organ playing in our churches. It is scarcely necessary to show what a large field of good useful work is open to amateurs in this direction. We all know that on the one hand parishes wholly agricultural—on the other suburban parishes in large towns—are utterly unable to pay for the services of a professional player; while there is nothing so calculated to lift up the heart of the congregations such as these are likely to obtain, as good music. Would it not therefore be a pleasant duty for anyone gifted with musical talent and leisure to qualify in the best manner possible for this ennobling and helpful occupation?

The intending organ-player must ascertain that he or she has a gift for music, and this need not be of the highest order, as even a small portion of the gift can be improved with care, and fostered into usefulness. A first rate ear can be a snare to those who trust to it too much—although it is undoubtedly the best of servants, if kept in its proper sphere of work. A very ordinary measure of talent, supplemented by calm and good sense, clear power of thought, and determined perseverance, will be a good foundation to start with. Good sense and attention have more to do with the good music of ordinary persons (as opposed, we mean, to remarkably clever ones) than people are apt to think. It was said of Mendelssohn that music was the *accident* of his being; and there are many of whom the same could be said, with this meaning—*i.e.*, that the powers which make them succeed in music would enable them to succeed in other great things if attempted.

We will therefore suppose the case of a young lady possessing a moderate gift for music, desiring to improve it and herself, and to take up organ playing with a view to real usefulness. She should first find out whether her playing on the piano is perfectly correct, taking the easiest possible music to exercise herself upon, and trying whether her musical ear is competent to be her teacher in the matter of correctness. If neither steady attention nor ear enable her to discover mistakes, she had better consider that music is not the talent God has given her to use to His glory. A musical ear may, however, be much improved by its possessor. With even the smallest of voices she should join a choir or madrigal society and learn to sing at sight. She should, when listening to a musical performance, try to guess its key. She should endeavour to know, without seeing, the sound and name of single notes on the piano, practising herself with her eyes shut. It is good practice, also, to take an easy chant or hymn tune, hitherto unknown, and try to get some idea of its melody and harmony without playing it. When all this is done, one of the most important tasks remains: that of mastering time in all its branches. Slovenliness in this particular is fatal to all music, above all to that for the organ, which is meant to guide and control. A feeling for rhythm and a quick-sighted accurate knowledge of time, may be much improved by playing with others, either duets on the piano, or accompaniments to voice or instrument. The player should compel herself to account for the time reason of every passage slowly, until she is able to do so with rapidity and precision at sight. At this point it may be well to begin lessons on the organ, taking great pains to become familiar with the technical part of the instrument, the names of stops and meaning of these names, mechanism and its use. Then will come the careful practice of pedals, which are at first so absolutely bewildering that amateurs are filled with despair at the apparent impossibilities they are asked to face with hope.

Into the teacher's work it is not our province to go; but we would ask the learner to be armed with courage and perseverance, and to practise patiently. Success is more than likely.

We now proceed with advice to one possessed of some knowledge of organ-playing and some acquaintance with its technical capabilities. First, we should say—Play on all available instruments, as no two are alike, and the stops are called by many different names, which must be identified quickly as emergencies arise. Then acquire a knowledge of harmony, specially useful in accompanying church music with dignity, and enabling the player to fill in chords which the vocal score (or voice-parts) have left thin and ineffective. Volumes might be written on accompaniments; but on this subject we would advise amateurs to consult heart, head, and common sense, and we would recommend them to read Dr. Bridge's "Organ Accompaniment," one of Novello's music primers, which will open out to them many possibilities, on the use of which they must decide for themselves according to their technical ability and the effect they aim at. It may be they can only try to pull a few weak voices through the singing allotted to them—in which case a strong, steady accompaniment of the simplest description is the best.

One word on voluntaries. These should be chosen with great care and the deepest respect for the church and the instrument, and kept well within the powers of the player. Amateurs do not as a rule obtain much control of their nerves, and the greatest help in the world is given by the knowledge that there is not a "difficult bit" coming. Voluntary books are not quite to be trusted, as their selection often contains operatic music very unfit for organ or church; but they generally contain some pieces of a sacred and dignified character, which may be useful. It is also dangerous for the inexperienced to plunge into easy arrangements of unknown music, taking perhaps wrong views of the time, and sometimes

making the more experienced listener smile, if nothing worse, at the curious rendering of some well-known air, jumbled up with its obbligato accompaniment, the existence of which was entirely unknown to the poor player.

Every organist should possess a metronome, and carefully ascertain with it the correct time of any music intended for use in public.

Finally, if every small action is to be done to the glory of God, how much more the playing in His church! Let none take this noble work in hand without a desire to give, in its degree, the best work that can be given in absolute self-renunciation, humility, and reverence.



EVERY GIRL A BUSINESS WOMAN.

A PRACTICAL GUIDE TO THE WORLD OF INDUSTRY AND THRIFT.

By JAMES MASON.

Part I.

Every girl who is guided by common sense will aim at becoming a business woman. That is to say, she will try to cultivate habits of order, industry, perseverance, method, and punctuality, and will do her best to learn how to conduct formal correspondence, how to keep accounts, how to manage money, and what to do with savings. Besides this, she will make a point of knowing something about the laws relating to domestic life—the renting of houses and the employment of servants, for example—and she will push her inquiries in every direction, so as to acquire not only the right way of doing things, but the right way of forming a judgment upon them.

A wise girl will thus greatly increase her usefulness in the world. She will be able to take part in the affairs of life with pleasure to herself and without being a trouble and hindrance to her neighbours.

Another advantage may be pointed out. There are always people trying to get the better of those who know nothing, and their victims more often than not are ladies. It is easy to fall a prey to rogues and sharpers if one is ignorant of business, especially when Nature has made women kind-hearted and experience has not rendered them suspicious. As a protection, there is nothing like being a business woman.

Perhaps someone may say that "business woman" has a hard sound, and stands for a chraracter precise, selfish, and uninteresting. That is not what we intend by it at all. Is a girl to be less loveable, less gentle, less charming, whenever we cease to say of her, That girl, in regard to all the ways of business, is a perfect simpleton? On the contrary, business is a fine training-school for many virtues; and of all good women, a good business woman may be reckoned the very best.

Our articles are intended to be of use to two classes of girls. The first consists of those who either have or are likely to have a little money of their own, and need to know how to manage it and how to regulate those affairs which money always brings in its train. By ignorance of business many a useful life of this class has been marred.

The second is made up of girls who have to earn their own living and make their own way in the world. These have a special need to know something about business. People as a rule are valuable in proportion to their knowledge—those who know nothing being simply worth nothing.

One great reason for the work of girls and women being poorly paid, is that few know anything about either the principles or the practice of the most ordinary business affairs. We shall try in these articles to put girls in future on a better footing, and to make them in business equal, at any rate, to any average men. In this way there is a good chance of doubling their usefulness and value, and of more than doubling their independence.

Nothing is done all at once, and in business, as in everything else, if you mean to build high you must begin low. A girl who wishes to be a business woman must start with accumulating the same sort of knowledge as an office-boy. We shall therefore try to deal with the subject simply and from the very beginning. You may sometimes be tempted to say, "Oh, we knew that before," but another girl may not have been so fortunate, and her ignorance must be taken as our reason for pointing out what appears to be familiar facts.

We begin with the subject of business letters, and the first thing we shall say about them is — Be very particular about their appearance. There is a proverb, to be sure, warning us that appearances are deceitful, but that proverb is only true occasionally; in general we may safely draw an inference as to the writer from the look of her letter. An ill-folded, clumsy, up-and-down-hill, blotted, greasy-looking letter almost certainly comes from an untidy house and a stupid girl, whereas a neat, carefully-written epistle suggests just as surely the opposite.

In friendly letters our correspondents know something about us beforehand, but in business we may be writing to perfect strangers, who can only judge of us by the figure we cut on a sheet of note-paper. To secure prompt attention and a polite reply, no plan works so well as putting good taste into the appearance of letters. They are really a part of ourselves, and a girl should as soon think of sending them marked with carelessness to either a friend or a stranger as of going to make a call in a patched frock, a faded hat, and gloves with holes.

An indispensable point in a business letter is to have the meaning quite clear. It must say exactly what the writer intends, leaving nothing to be guessed at.

And after clearness the next point is shortness. A brief letter makes far more impression than a long one, besides which it usually gets attended to at once. We have known a man open a lady's letter on a matter of business, and, seeing it a long rigmarole, put it at once in his pocket and let it lie there forgotten for a week.

That long letters receive most notice is a mistake into which girls fall very often, but she who aspires to be a real business woman must give herself to the study of such short epistles as that of the officer who sent in as his official report, "Sir,—I have the honour to inform you that I have just shot a man who came to kill me.—Your obedient servant, ——."

All letters should be headed with the address from which they were written, the day of the month, and the year; in this way:—

2, Ireland Avenue,
Stratford-on-Avon, 9th October, 1886.

It is an irritating peculiarity with many people unaccustomed to business to be careless on this point. Common sense suggests that they should mend their ways, and by putting the date and a full address on every letter, save their correspondents sometimes a good deal of trouble.

There is a short way, occasionally employed, of writing the date; for example, 4 / 7 / 86; meaning the 4th day of the 7th month (July, that is) of 1886. This contraction—which is improved by having the month put in Roman figures (as, 4 / vii. / 86)—is handy now and again, but it does not strike one as looking particularly well at the head of a letter.

Put the name of the person to whom the letter is written at the beginning or the end. Long ago, when envelopes were not in use, this did not matter so much, because the name of the person addressed could be seen by turning to the postal direction; but nowadays the envelope bearing the address is dropped into the waste-paper basket, and a second address is required to give the letter completeness, and enable third parties, perhaps, to understand it.

As to how to begin, whether "Sir" or "Madam," or "Dear Sir" or "Dear Madam," everyone may please herself, only taking note that the "Dear" should be omitted when any special reason exists for being distant and formal. Not, however, that the word when used in a business letter has anything of an affectionate meaning. It is just one of the drops of oil used to keep the machinery of human intercourse working smoothly. Perhaps it originally crept in to soften the sharp effect of "Sir," which sounds

for all the world as if it would snap a correspondent's head off.

"Dear Sir" and "Dear Sirs" are both right, but "Dear Gentlemen" is not, though there seems no reason against it. If you begin "Sir" you must not end "I remain, dear sir." The beginning and the end should be all of a piece, and in both places the same form of address should be used.

In concluding a business letter you may say "yours respectfully," or "your obedient servant," or "yours truly," or "yours faithfully," according to the degree of intimacy existing between you and your correspondent. But really there are no very nice distinctions to be observed between such phrases, and their use may safely be left to every girl's common sense and discretion.

Take pains to sign your name always so that people can read it. Some, out of pure affectation, conceal what they call themselves under a scribble which none can read—"a hopeless puzzle of intemperate scratches." How is a stranger, getting a letter signed in this way, to know to whom to send a reply, unless, as is sometimes done, he cuts out the signature, pastes it on the envelope, and adds the address? But illegible signatures, it must be confessed, are more often a man's folly than a woman's.

Always, too, sign your name the same way: get into the habit of it. Don't let it be to-day "Mary G. Snodham," and to-morrow "Mary Snodham," and the day after "M. G. Snodham." If character comes out anywhere in writing, it is in the signature, and it ought to be every day the same, the same in words, the same in writing, and the same in flourishes—that is to say, if there are any flourishes.

When you send a Post Office order to anyone, however, you may make an exception to this rule. It is a good plan to sign a letter accompanying such an order with initials only. When this is done, should the letter fall into the hands of dishonest people, the chances are considerably reduced of their knowing the name of the sender so as to get payment of the order. In getting the money for a Post Office order it is always necessary, as perhaps you know, to tell at the post-office who sent it.

When you (we shall call you Elizabeth Fisher) are asked to write a letter in the name of another person (call her Janet Constable), how should you sign it? Not, certainly, by just writing Janet Constable; that would be highly improper. To put another person's name to any letter or document whatever, even in fun, is not even to be dreamt about. You must sign—

Yours truly,
for JANET CONSTABLE,
ELIZABETH FISHER.

Or, if you like it better—

Yours respectfully,
JANET CONSTABLE,
p. ELIZABETH FISHER.

In this case the *p.* stands for *per*, and means that Janet Constable signs the letter *by* or *through* you. You may write *per* in full, if you like.

Sometimes you may have to write inquiring about the character of people or their standing from a money point of view. In doing so, put the name or names on a slip of paper and gum it at the foot of your letter, so that it can be easily torn off. Your correspondent can then at once destroy the slip, and should your letter or her reply afterwards be read by other people, they will probably be none the wiser, for they will only see in your letter an inquiry regarding the person or persons "noted at foot," and in hers an answer about the person or persons "about whom you inquire."

All enclosures sent in a letter should be mentioned in a note in the left-hand bottom corner after signing one's name. Thus:—

Enclosed:
Postal Order, 10s. 6d.
Recipe for cooking rattlesnakes.
Pattern: the Tullochgorum mantle.

We have spoken about the clearness and brevity required in business letters, but to the subject of style a few lines more may be devoted. Business letters are of necessity dry and matter-of-fact, and in writing them no time should be lost in hunting for fine expressions. They should contain politeness, but light and airy sentences are worse than thrown away.

"Accuracy of expression," says Mr. George Seton, in his pleasant "Gossip about Letters and Letter-writers," "as distinguished from looseness and slovenliness of statement, is of the utmost consequence—not only with the view of saving the time of one's correspondent, but also to prevent what may prove a very serious misunderstanding. I have known many cases of prolonged litigation which were chiefly owing to some doubtful or equivocal expressions in the course of a business correspondence."

There are many phrases peculiar to business letters—formal beginnings, for example, such as—

"I am favoured with yours of 14th curt."

"I duly received your favour of 19th inst."

"I am in receipt of your lines of y'day, and note that, &c."

"I beg to confirm my last respects of 25th ult."

"I beg to confirm my letter of yesterday."

These phrases and many others which will appear in the course of these articles may seem formal enough, but we must not expect in business to meet with the language of story-books.

A common business term is "advice," used to mean information sent by letter. For example: "I wait your advice as to the despatch of the parcel." A funny misunderstanding of the word occurred recently, when a provincial postmaster, new to his duties, in the United States, sent the following communication to the Postmaster-General:—

"Seeing by the regulations that I am required to send you a letter of advice, I must plead in excuse that I have been postmaster but a short time; but I will say, if your office pays no better than mine, I advise you to give it up."

Every subject mentioned in a letter should have a separate paragraph. Very formal, you may say. Perhaps; but it is also very clear.

Always acknowledge receipt of business letters at the earliest possible opportunity. If they come with money, an acknowledgment ought to be sent by return of post, that is to say, by the first post after they arrive. The same rule may safely be applied to letters coming with any enclosure whatever. Sometimes delay may be of no consequence, but to answer at once will at any rate get you the credit of courtesy.

Of all business letters a copy should be kept. If you write few they may be copied by hand into a book kept for the purpose, but if many the use of a copying-press saves a great deal of monotonous labour, and secures absolute accuracy besides.

The way to use a copying-press is this. Write the letter with copying-ink. Then put a sheet of oiled paper under the leaf of the letter-book on which you wish to take the copy. Letter-books of thin paper are sold for the purpose. Wet the leaf with a brush or soft sponge. On the top of the wet leaf put a sheet of blotting paper, and on the top of that another sheet of oiled paper. Then shut the book, put it in the press, and give it a squeeze for a second to take off the superfluous moisture. Take out the book, remove the blotting-paper and the top sheet of oiled paper, and in their place put your letter face downwards on the damp page. Shut the book, put it back into the copying-press, give it a hard squeeze by means of the lever or screw, leave it in from half a minute to a minute, and the whole thing is done; an exact copy of the letter will be left in your letter-book.

A letter being written and copied, has to be posted; but before being posted it must be addressed. The address should be written neatly and plainly, neither too high up nor too low down.

To say, Be sure to put the direction on your letters is not unnecessary advice. Thousands of letters are posted every year without any address whatever. In the year ending 31st March, 1886, there were no fewer than 26,228 of them, and of this large number 1,620 contained cash and cheques to the amount, in all, of £3,733 17s. 5d.

Be sure, too, that your letters are properly fastened. On this subject, hear Mr. George Seton. "There is," he says, "no real security in wafers, and probably still less in adhesive envelopes, which are now in almost universal use. Both may easily be loosened by the application of either water or steam. The best mode of securing a letter is first to wafer it and then seal it with wax. When, however, an adhesive envelope is used, the proper course is to *damp*, rather than wet, *both* sides of the flap before pressing it down; and if the paper is very thick, the upper side should be again damped after being pressed down."

Insufficient and wrong addresses occasion a great deal of trouble to the Post Office officials, and this trouble one of the present Postmaster-General's predecessors remarks, with some pathos, "ought scarcely to be given to make up for what generally arises from the carelessness of the writers, without an additional charge." Last year, through some fault in the addresses, no fewer than 12,822,067 letters, postcards, newspapers, and parcels were received in the returned letter offices.

As an example of an insufficiently-addressed letter, we may mention one the subject of a complaint made by a Mrs. Jones of Newmarket. She stated that a letter had been posted to her, but had not reached her. It appeared, however, on inquiry, that there were twenty-nine Mrs. Joneses at the place, and that there was nothing in the address to help the postman to decide between their several claims.

When money or anything of value is sent through the post, the letter in which it goes should be registered. By this means we can be almost absolutely sure of its travelling safely. The fee for a registered letter was at one time half-a-crown, and not so long ago was a shilling. In 1878 it was reduced from 4d. to 2d. Not only has the fee been reduced to what may be thought the lowest possible point, but registered letter envelopes are now sold in different and convenient sizes. The Post Office also undertakes to make good, under certain reasonable conditions, up to £2 the value of any registered letter which it loses.

If people who have these facilities for sending letters securely provided for them choose to run the risk of loss, they deserve very little sympathy if the chance goes against them. Last year an unregistered letter containing a cheque was alleged to have been stolen in the post. It was found, however, to have been duly delivered by being pushed under the front door, and afterwards to have been torn in pieces by some puppies inside the house. The fragments were in the end discovered in the straw of the dog-kennel. Now, had the sender only spent 2d. in registering this letter, a receipt would have been taken on its delivery, and all chance of its falling into the

paws of the puppies would have been prevented.

But it is wonderful what people, penny-wise and pound foolish, will sometimes do to save 2d. A few years back the sealing-wax on a letter was found to contain £1 10s. in gold coins. There could hardly be a more stupid way of sending money.

If coin, or watches, or jewellery are posted in letters or packets without registration, and the fact is discovered, the Post Office people bring into force a system of registration by compulsion, and on delivery charge a fee of 8d. in addition to the ordinary postage.

When coins are sent in a letter they should on no account be put in loose, but should be packed so as to move about as little as possible. The best way is to take a card, and, cutting quite through to the other side, make a cross on it for each coin; then slip the coin into the cross, so that it is held in its place by the tongues of cardboard, two on each side.

Who owns letters whilst they are in the post? In Great Britain the ownership of a letter whilst it is in the post lies in the Queen, as represented by her Postmaster-General and her Secretary of State. "Neither the sender nor the person to whom it is sent can claim to interfere with a letter whilst it is in the Post Office. Only the warrant of a Secretary of State can stay its delivery." Once a letter is dropped into a letter-box it is like a spoken word, it cannot be recalled.

After letters come postcards, which were introduced into this country in October, 1870. and have proved a great convenience to many people, saving them both time and money. By means of reply postcards you can make sure of an answer from a correspondent without putting her to any expense or to any trouble worth mentioning.

The back of the postcard is for the message; nothing must be put on the front except the address. This limitation of space is useful for the cultivation of brevity; but those who have a great deal to say may derive consolation from the fact that on the back of a postcard you can, by writing small, easily put at least four hundred and sixty words! We do not, however, say that such a performance, good enough for amusement, would be like that of a woman of business.

All business letters ought to be preserved. They should be folded neatly longways and all of a size, and docketed, as it is called—that is to say, the date and the name of the sender and his (or her) address, and the subject, should be put on the back thus:

6th September, 1886.
MARTIN ROSE AND CO.,
Liverpool.
Remittance, £10 19s. 2d.

Do not, however, crowd these particulars together, as has been done here for convenience in printing; leave a considerable space between the first and second, and the third and fourth lines. When letters are folded and docketed they should be tied up in the order of their dates, or put away in pigeon holes under the different letters of the alphabet. One can never tell when it may be necessary to refer to old letters on matters of business, so it is prudent to keep them all. Doing so and turning them over occasionally is also useful for giving us a humble opinion of ourselves; we see by the light of additional experience how we might often have managed things much better than we did.

Besides letters and postcards, telegrams furnish another means of communication. For a telegram sent to any place in the United Kingdom, the charge is sixpence for the first twelve words, and a halfpenny for every word after the first twelve. Addresses are charged for, so a sixpennyworth of telegraphing does not represent a long message, but by ingenuity—and a business woman is nothing without ingenuity—a few words may be made to mean a great deal. The cost of a reply to a telegram may be prepaid.

About the newspaper post, the book post, and the parcel post, not much need be said. Always be careful about wrappers. A great many newspapers and books escape from their wrappers every day, and land in the returned letter office. In sending parcels the packing is often a weak point; it is not so much that people are either handless or stupid, they are just thoughtless. "It must be borne in mind," says the Postmaster-General, "although, of course, every care will be taken by the officers, that a parcel with fragile or perishable contents must be several times handled before it reaches its destination, and will probably have to be packed with many others of a different kind and shape, or more weighty and bulky. Eggs, butter, and fruit, especially delicate fruit, such as grapes and peaches, should be placed in strong boxes and so placed as not to shift. Fresh flowers should be carefully packed in strong boxes; but cardboard boxes should not be used for the purpose, as they are often reduced to pulp by the moisture which exudes from the contents. Fish or game should be carefully packed in strong boxes, or hampers, or in perforated boxes."

Remember that some things are forbidden to be sent by post—live animals, for instance. This prohibition is very little regarded by some people. Last year, in Dublin alone, two hens, eight mice, and two hedgehogs were stopped on their way through the post. One of the hens which was addressed to a veterinary surgeon in London, was in bad health, and though carefully attended to, died in the office. The rest of the animals were given up alive to the senders.

Certificates of the posting of parcels can be got at all post offices. If you have any doubt about the trustworthiness of the person entrusted with the posting of a parcel, instructions should be given to bring back a receipt. A few months ago the Post Office was charged at Liverpool with the non-delivery of a bottle of wine and a box of figs. It turned out, however, that the missing goods had never come under its charge, the person to whom the packet had been given to post having eaten the figs and drunk the wine.

Parcels can also be insured against loss and damage by the payment of a small sum. Paying a penny insures to the extent of £5 and twopence to the amount of £10.

In order to understand the outs and ins of the Post Office—and it is a subject with which every sensible person should be familiar—let a girl invest sixpence in a copy of the Post Office Guide, a publication of which an edition is issued every quarter. She will there find everything necessary to be known about the posting of letters, post-cards, newspapers, book packets, and parcels to places in the United Kingdom, or abroad, the sending of telegrams, the rates for money and postal orders, and the regulations of the Savings Bank. To turn over its 300 pages or so is decidedly interesting. One sees what a complicated machinery is now employed for the convenience of the public, what wonders—to speak of letters alone—can be done for a penny, and how thousands of miles can be reduced to insignificance by the magic of twopence-halfpenny.

In the twelve months from the 31st of March, 1885, to the same day of this year, the number of letters delivered in the United Kingdom was 1,403,547,900, giving an average of 38.6 to each person in the kingdom. The total number of postcards was 171,290,000. Adding to the letters and postcards the book-packets, newspapers, and parcels which passed through the Post Office during the twelve months, we have a grand total of 2,091,183,822, which shows an average to each person of 57.5.

VARIETIES.

THE "WOMAN OF STENAY."

"And so you have not heard the story of the 'Woman of Stenay'?" said a Lorraine peasant. "It was in war-time, and she offered a barrel of wine to a detachment of Austrians, saying—

"'You are thirsty, friends. Drink. You are welcome to all my store.' And as she spoke she drank a cupful in their honour.

"The soldiers accepted with pleasure, and in a few minutes four hundred men were writhing on the ground in agony.

"Then the 'Woman of Stenay' rose, and with her dying breath shrieked out—

"'You are all poisoned! *Vive la France!*'

"She then fell back a corpse."

This is the legend of Lorraine, and the memory of its heroine is revered by the peasantry as highly as that of Charlotte Corday.

SINGING SERVANTS.

Tusser, in his "Points of Huswifry united to the Comforts of Husbandry," published in 1570, recommends the country housewife to select servants who sing at their work as being usually the most painstaking and the best. He says—

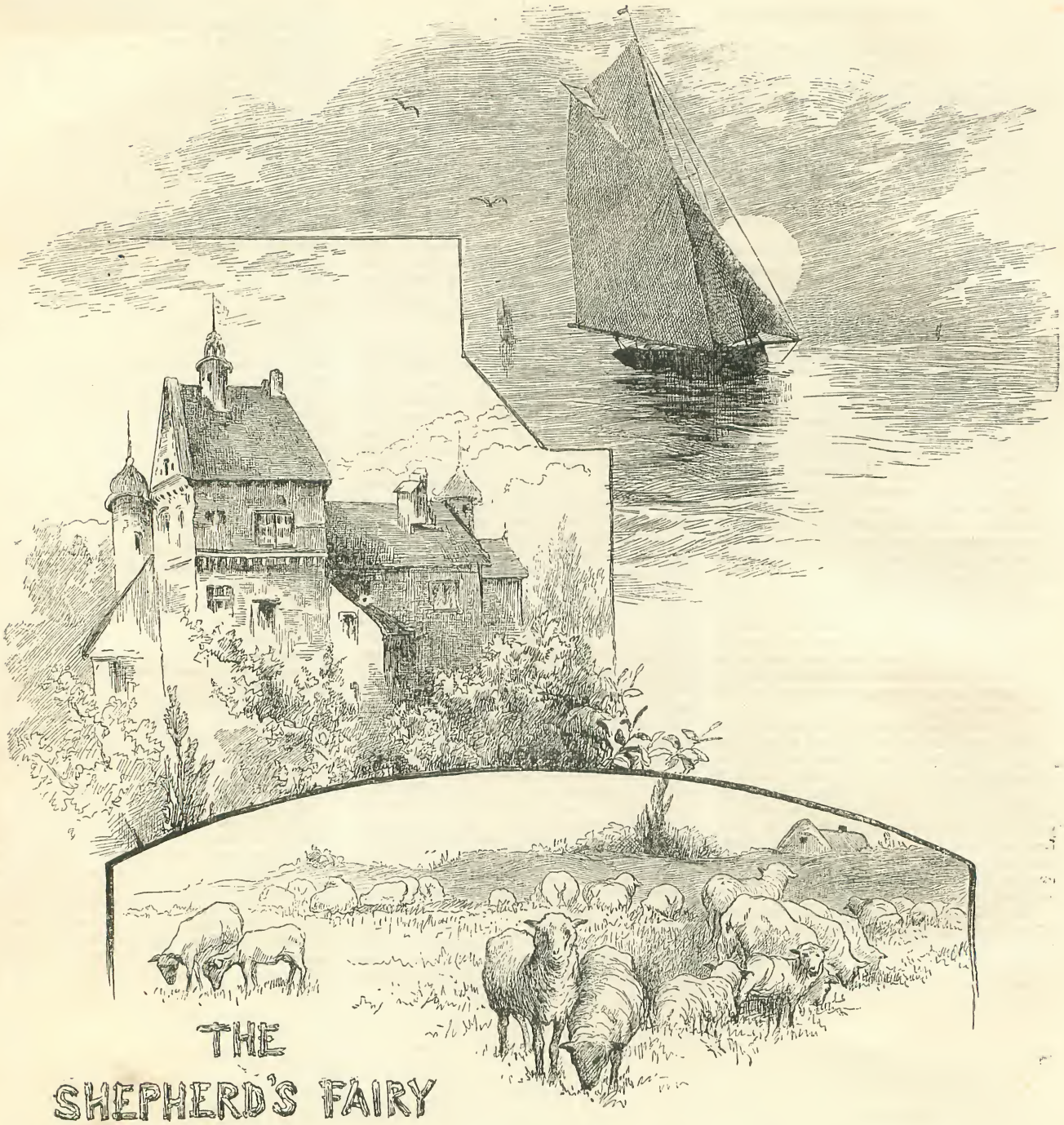
"Such servants are oftenest painful and good
That sing in their labour, as birds in the wood."

A HINT FOR WORKERS.—St. Bernard has said that the more he prayed and read his Bible the better he did his ordinary work and the more clearly and regularly did he conduct his correspondence. An increase of private devotion will be found not to lessen one's power of work or one's efficiency in ordinary duties.

OUR OWN SELVES.—How can you learn self-knowledge? Never by meditation, but best by action. Try to do your duty, and you will soon find what you are worth. What is your duty? The exigency of the day.—*Goethe.*

USELESS ANXIETY.—I shall add to my list as the eighth deadly sin that of anxiety of mind, and resolve not to be pining and miserable when I ought to be grateful and happy.—*Sir Thomas Barnard.*

THE MOONLIGHT SONATA.—The "Moonlight Sonata" is an absurd title which has for years been attached, both in Germany and England, to one of Beethoven's sonatas. It is said to have been derived from the expression of a German critic comparing the first movement to a boat wandering by moonlight on the Lake of Lucerne.



THE SHEPHERD'S FAIRY

A PASTORALE.

By DARLEY DALE, Author of "Fair Katherine," etc.

CHAPTER I.

THE FAIRY'S ORIGIN.

"Die Eifersucht ist eine Leidenschaft der mit Eifer sucht muss Leiden schaffen."—*German Proverb.*

VERY many years ago, in a valley a few miles from the coast, there stood a French château, beautifully situated in a handsome park near the Norman village of Carolles. The rich woodland scenery, the green pastures with their large wild fences now laden with wild roses; the shady lanes, whose banks will soon be covered with the long, bright green fronds of the hartstongue, and the delicate drooping trichomanes; the fine timber, and the picturesque farmhouses with their thatched roofs nestling in the valleys—all tend to give a home-like English air to the scenery of Normandy. And the district in which the Château de Thorens stands possesses all these attractions for an English eye. Not that any English people lived in the château; the De Thorens were French, or rather Norman, to the backbone, descended from the great duke, and proud as Lucifer of their birth. Pride and poverty are generally supposed to go together; and though poor is perhaps hardly the word to apply to people who could afford to live in the ease and luxury which prevailed at Château de Thorens, yet for their rank the De Thorens were not rich, and, consequently, after the fashion of many French families, there were three generations of them now all living under the ancestral roof.

First there was the old baroness, a picturesque old lady with very white hair and piercing black eyes, with whom we have very little to do; then there was her eldest son, the present baron, for his father had been dead some years, and

his beautiful young wife, whom he was so passionately fond of that he was jealous—dreadfully jealous—of her love for her baby, a little girl a few months old; and, lastly, there were the baron's three younger brothers, who with Père Yvon, the chaplain, made up the family party. The two younger brothers were *mere boys*, still under Père Yvon's charge, for he acted as tutor to them as well as chaplain; but Léon de Thorens was a young man of five-and-twenty, only a year or two younger than the baron. He was a fine, handsome man, tall and thin, with his mother's fine black eyes and small well-cut nose and mouth. He was of a bold, reckless nature, full of animal spirits, the very life of the house when he was at home, which was seldom, as he owned a yacht, in which he spent a great deal of his time. He was his mother's favourite son, and both he and she had often privately regretted that he was not the eldest.

The baron was smaller and fairer than Léon, and not so handsome, though there was a strong family likeness between the brothers. He was of a quieter disposition, and his restlessness took an intellectual rather than a physical form, his wanderings being confined to the shelves of the valuable library which the château boasted, instead of extending over the seas on which Léon spent so much of his time. The baron's studious nature had endeared him very much to Père Yvon, with whom he was a prime favourite, and who had never shown him any of the severity of which the other brothers often complained, but, on the contrary, had erred on the opposite side with the baron, whose wishes had never been crossed in any way, and who had grown up to think himself the one important person in the world to whom the convenience of everyone else must be sacrificed.

For the first year of their married life the pretty baroness had contributed as much as Père Yvon to spoil her husband, whose every whim she had humoured until her baby was born, and then, much to his astonishment, the baron found that his beautiful, gentle wife had a will of her own, and, what was still worse in his eyes, a large place in her heart for someone else besides himself, and although that someone else was only his infant daughter, the baron was jealous.

In vain had he urged that the baby should be sent away to some peasant to nurse until it was a year or two old, as he and all his brothers had been, after a very common custom in French families. No, the baroness would not hear of such a thing; she could not live without her baby, and every moment she could spare she spent by its cradle. Indeed, so infatuated was she with her new possession, whose every movement was a delight to her, that she did not notice the baron became daily more and more morose, and that an ominous frown had settled on his fine forehead, while his mouth was closed with a determination that boded ill for his wife and daughter. But the baroness lived so much in her child that she did not observe the change in her husband; and as he never allowed the baby to be brought into his presence, the baroness saw but little of him except at meals, when all the others were present, and Léon's wild spirits covered his brother's depression and silence.

At last, one fine June morning, matters reached a climax, when the family sat down to their one o'clock *déjeuner*. The baroness was late; the first course was finished, and still she did not appear.

"Where is Mathilde, Arnaut?" asked the old baroness.

"I don't know," said the baron, sulkily.

"I do," said Léon; "she is worshipping at the shrine of that precious baby of yours, Arnaut. Why on earth don't you send it away till it is old enough to amuse us?"

"Go and tell Madame la Baronne the soup is already finished," said the baron to a servant at his elbow; but he vouchsafed no further answer.

"I think Arnaut has suggested that the baby should be sent away, but Mathilde objects," remarked the old baroness.

"Send it away without asking her, then. Give her a pug instead; it will be much more amusing, and not half the trouble the baby is," said Léon.

Here the servant returned to say madame would take her *déjeuner* in the nursery, as the nurse was out and she could not leave the baby.

"Really, Mathilde is too absurd, when there are at least three or four other servants in the house who could look after the baby as well as the nurse," said the old baroness, helping herself to some omelette.

"She is mad," muttered the baron, angrily.

"Quite, all women are; there can be no doubt about that. Look here, Arnaut, it is quite clear if you don't send that infant away, you might just as well live *en garçon*, like me, as I foresee you won't have much of Mathilde's society now," said Léon.

"It does not require much foresight to predict that," said the baron, bitterly.

"Well, if Mathilde won't send it away, just hand it over to me the next time I take a cruise, which will be as soon as ever there is wind enough to fill my sails, and I'll place the child somewhere where there is no fear of Mathilde getting it again till it is of a reasonable age," said Léon.

The idea of handing the baby over to the tender mercies of Léon struck them all as so comic that a general laugh, in which all but the baron joined, greeted this speech, which was forgotten as soon as it was uttered by the speaker.

A few days after Léon announced that he was going on board his yacht that evening; a south wind was blowing, and he should take a cruise up the Channel. Would the baron go with him? They were sure to have fine weather, and it would be delightful at sea in this heat. The baron declined the invitation, as he was a wretched sailor; but that evening, when he and Léon were smoking after dinner, he said, suddenly, "Where are you going, Léon?"

"I don't know; it depends on the wind. I may run over to England, or I may only go to the Channel Isles. I shall see."

"Shall you touch anywhere?"

"Oh, yes, I shall go ashore; I shan't take provisions for more than a week. Why?"

The baron looked round the verandah in which they were sitting to make sure that they were alone, and having satisfied himself of this he leant forward and said, in a half-whisper, "Tiens, Léon! Will you help me? I am determined to stand it no longer; it is wearing my life out; I have not a moment's peace. If I don't get rid of it I believe I shall go mad."

"What is it you are talking of? I'll help you if I can, but what is wearing your life out?" said Léon.

"The baby, of course," said the baron



THE BARONESS.

"The baby! Well, but what do you want me to do with that! I can't kill it, you know."

"Of course not, but you said in joke the other day you would take it with you on one of your trips, and put it out to nurse. I wish to heaven, Léon, you'd do it in reality. It is no use my sending it to anyone near here; Mathilde would go after it the next day. My only chance is to send it somewhere where it will be safe, of course, and well looked after, but where Mathilde can't go after it, and as she would go to the end of the world for it if she knew where it was, it must go where she can't find it; she must not know where it is. No one, indeed, need know but you, for as far as I am concerned the less I know about it at present the better; it has spoilt all my happiness. Mathilde is so wrapped up in that child she does not care a fig for me now; in fact, I rarely see her. If you can only put that infant safely out of our way for a year or two, I'll never forget it, Léon."

"Are you in real sober earnest, Arnaut?" asked Léon, who, in his astonishment, had risen to his feet, and was puffing away vigorously at his cigar.

"Of course I am. I am willing to pay handsomely for it, and I shall depend upon you putting it where it will be well taken care of. As for all the rest, I leave it to you to take it where you like—Australia if you wish, only don't tell me where it is, or I might cut my own throat by telling Mathilde if she makes a great scene, as she will when it is gone. Will you do it, Léon?"

"Whew!" whistled Léon. "I don't care for the work, for if anything should happen to the child Mathilde would never forgive me nor you either. However, if you insist, I think I could manage it, but as I am going to start in two or three hours, there is not much time. I must go down to the yacht and speak to my men first. If I may tell them I am taking the child by your express wish I could manage it, I think. The next difficulty is where to take it, but I have an idea about that, so I'll be off now, and see what I can arrange. I shall ride, so I shall be back in an hour."

"Tell them anything you like, except not to let anyone know where you leave the child," replied the baron, as Léon started on an errand which, in spite of his protest to the contrary, was thoroughly after his own heart; indeed, any mad freak such as this was quite in his line.

Among his crew he had an English sailor who acted as carpenter, and, as Léon often said, was worth two or three French sailors in a gale or an emergency. He knew the Channel, too, as well as a pilot, and, indeed often acted in that capacity; he was an honest, trustworthy man—at least, so Léon thought; and as he rode over the hills to Carolles, he decided to take this man into his confidence, and see if he could help him; it was possible this Englishman knew of some of his own countrywomen who would undertake the charge of the child.

Accordingly, when he reached his yacht, Léon called for John Smith, and had a long conversation with him in English, which he spoke fairly well, the result of which was the carpenter, after a little thought, declared he knew of a shepherd and his wife in Sussex who, he felt sure, would undertake the charge of the child; his only fear was that they might have some scruples about keeping the matter a secret, and might want to know who the child was; but if Léon would leave this to him to arrange, he could, he thought, manage it so that the shepherd should have no idea to whom the child belonged, nor why it was put into his care.

"Where does this good man live?" asked Léon.

"About four or five miles from Brighton, sir. The wind is favourable; we might run across in twenty-four hours or less if it lasts, and I think it will; we shall have the tide with us going out if we start at ten to-night," said the carpenter.

"Well, that is settled. Now the next point is, who is to take care of it on board? It must be fed; who of our men understands babies best?"

"I can't undertake that, sir, but there's Pierre Legros, he has half a dozen of his own, and when he is at home looks after them all I believe; he ought to know all about it."

"Call Pierre, then."

Pierre Legros was accordingly called, and, on hearing what was required of him, professed with pride his ability to act as nurse during the voyage; and having commissioned him to lay in a stock of food for the baby, about which Léon's ideas were exceedingly vague, Léon rode back to the château.

The baron was on the look out for him, and was delighted to hear all was arranged for the baby's removal.

"I have not been idle since you have been gone. Luckily Mathilde has a headache, so I have sent her to bed, and I sat with her till she was asleep. My next care was to get rid of the nurse, so I have packed her off to Brécy with one of the other servants for some medicine for Mathilde, and the coast is clear to the nursery now. There is only one of the housemaids with the baby, and when you are ready to start you must lose something and require her to find it while I secure the child. Lastly, I ordered the dogcart, and said I would drive you."

"But how about the child?" interrupted Léon.

"I am coming to that. Just as we are going to start, you must lose a stick or a coat. I'll offer to go back for it, and meet you at the side door; there is a staircase leading to the nursery close to it, down which I shall come with the baby after I have sent the housemaid who is guarding it to look for your stick. We shall be off and the baby on board before it is missed, for the girl is sure to stay gossiping with the other servants when we are off."

"Well, I hope you'll succeed, but I confess I think this is the most difficult part of the affair. However, there is no time to lose; you had better order the dogcart at once, while I go and say good-bye to mother and the boys. We must be off in twenty minutes," replied Léon.

Half an hour later the brothers were seated in the dogcart, while the old baroness, with a shawl thrown round her head, stood on the steps under the portico to catch the last glimpse of her handsome Léon, with her two younger boys by her side, and Père Yvon and some of the servants in the background. The groom had just let go of the horse's bridle when Léon exclaimed—

"Wait a minute! I have forgotten my malacca cane. I lent it to you the other day, Arnaut. I must have it. Where shall I find it?"

"So you did. Here, one of you boys, run into my—but no, you'll wake Mathilde, I'll go myself. Here, Léon, take the reins, and drive round to the side door; I'll meet you there," said the baron, descending from the dogcart, and running into the house.

(To be continued.)

FASHIONABLE EMBROIDERY.

THE fancy embroidery of the present day is of such varied character and make that all would-be workers will find among the diversities of stitch and material some description that suits their particular need and ingenuity.

A few years ago one embroidery alone claimed attention. This was the celebrated crewel work, of which there is no fault to be found in the execution and design of its higher grades, but which, like all fancy work that becomes the rage and is cheapened and multiplied without any regard to reason, degenerated to the most impossible designs and the worst execution attainable. Thus crewel work passed away, and though the best kinds are still to be met with, it is really superseded in modern drawing-rooms by embroideries all originating in the present desire after Oriental colouring and design, but of kinds distinctly characteristic and individual.

The work known as Leek embroidery recommends itself in many ways, it being very reasonable in price, easily executed, and extremely rich and handsome when finished. The foundation is Tussore silk, specially made with the pattern to be embroidered upon it printed upon the foundation, during its manufacture, and therefore indelible. The colouring of the foundation is either cream, straw, pink, blue, green, or terra-cotta, and the pattern is not printed in outline only, but filled up with indications guiding the arrangement for the centres of flowers, veins of leaves, and other distinguishing marks. To work the embroidery it is necessary to line the Tussore with fine unbleached muslin, and to work with Tussore silk and Japanese gold thread. The Tussore silk costs 1d. the skein, and is dyed in every shade of Oriental colouring. Three to

four shades of a colour are used to work in a flower, and two shades of green for the leaves. The stitch is crewel-stitch worked very close. No shading about each leaf is necessary, but different greens are used for different leaves, and thus a variety of colouring is attained without trouble. Every part of the pattern, the bordering included, is worked, and only the foundation left, showing where it forms the background to the design. The gold thread is laid on as the finishing touch. It is placed round all the chief parts of the design, and sewn on as an edging with a couching stitch; that is to say, the gold thread is held tightly stretched in its position with the left hand, while a stitch brought from the back of the material is passed over it and put down to the back again with the right hand. Lines of gold are used to mark out the border pattern, and are fastened down with the couching stitch. When sewing on the gold it is very important to keep it tightly stretched, as if put on loosely it is not effective. If the work is at all puckered, iron it with a warm but not hot iron on the wrong side before laying down the gold thread. Leek embroidery is sold by the yard in strips, varying from one inch to twelve inches in width, and costing from 6d. to 2s. the yard. These strips are used for mantelpiece borders, table borders, chair backs, and curtain bands, according to their width. They look best mounted upon plush or velveteen, but are often mounted upon Liberty's Oriental silks, or made up as perfectly plain bands. When used for chair backs or for hanging fire-screens the background should be handsome, and either ruby or dark blue in colour, and the work arranged either straight down its centre or crossing it in a number of diagonal lines. This manner of making up is newer and more effective than merely laying it on as an edging. Bands of unmounted Leek embroidery, simply lined with twill, are much used for looping up summer curtains, and give richness to the soft, creamy materials now employed for curtains.

As dress trimmings Leek embroidery is good, the wide bands making a waistcoat front and the narrow the cuff trimmings. To a velveteen winter dress a waistcoat and cuffs so made are an admirable finish as long as the embroidery is kept subdued by rich colours, and the gold carefully put on, while for dinner dresses a broad panel of embroidery is carried down the skirt, and the waistcoat cut low, and no trimming required for the sleeves.

Oriental embroidery cannot be made up in so many different ways as Leek embroidery, but it is quite new, and aims at reproducing early Eastern designs. The foundation material is surah silk, the silk sold in large squares as Liberty's handkerchief being correct in colouring and texture. Upon this foundation the patterns, which all consist of single petalled flowers resembling single dahlias, sunflowers, or chrysanthemums, are worked with Oriental silks, which are silks of a thick make, but very soft and with a gloss on them similar to the gloss on floss silk. The leaves surrounding the flowers are of the shape of the jessamine, and to these are added tendrils and queer-looking bunches of seed-vessels.

There is little variety in the design, as the embroidery is entirely executed in one stitch (that of a close herringbone), but there is great variety and great scope for good shading in the colouring. Oriental silks are all dyed in the shades of blues, yellow pinks, terra-cotta reds, and brilliant yellows, to be seen in Eastern embroideries worked before the introduction of aniline dyes, and the consequent lapse into Imperial purples and magentas and royal blues.

By a judicious use of good colours the same design can be so repeated as to look entirely different. Thus, a spray of flowers worked upon an orange-red ground, with cream, yellow, pink and pale blue colours, will be quite distinct from the same spray laid upon sea-green silk, and coloured with deep orange-reds and blues running from sky into navy blue.

As before mentioned, the only stitch used is herringboning, and the only flowers single petalled ones; but the herringboning is done so closely together that it looks like an interwoven stitch of double crossings, and the flowers are all worked in their centres in a different silk to that used on their tips, and therefore resemble double petalled flowers. The tips of each petal are wider than the commencement, and the herringboning is not taken along as a wide line of equal width, but as a curved line running small, and widening out again several times if the petal or seed-vessel is a long one. Each petal is worked separately, and the silk is never dragged or drawn tightly, but is allowed to lie easily over the foundation, and rather loosely, although the stitches follow each other so closely that nothing of the foundation can be seen where they are laid. The stems, long leaves, and large branches are worked as closely as the petals in herringbone, but tendrils and sprays are more opened out, and are given the look of single coral stitch as a variety.

When shading a flower select two colours that are distinct in tone but not jarring in their contrast; thus, cream-white used for the outer petals can be finished with pale blue, yellow pink, pure orange, or pale yellow for its centre petals; scarlet red outside petals with black inner petals, bright blue outside petals with lemon yellow or terra-cotta red inside petals, and every one of these colours are allowable when working bunches of flowers scattered over the whole of a five o'clock tea-cloth or fireplace curtains.

The embroidery is used for table-cloths, mantel borders, and curtain brackets, knitting bags, handkerchief cases, and as a trimming to evening dresses. In all cases it requires a silk lining, and should be worked with a muslin lining beneath it. Embroidering Breton handkerchiefs is not a new description of fancy work, but it is still in vogue; and when a lady has had sufficient patience to successfully accomplish the feat of covering every portion of the handkerchief with thick filoselle work, there is no doubt that she has produced a piece of embroidery not only handsome and durable, but that will justly hand her name down to posterity as a real worker, and not one who takes up the whim of the hour and throws it on one side as soon as it bores her. The squares made of these embroidered handkerchiefs are shown more effectually when they are lined with quilted silk and used as banner-screens than when they are bordered with wide plush and used as table-cloths. The pattern in the latter case is never seen as a whole, and the beauty of the work is often marred by water from flower vases spilt over it, or wet teacups and saucers put down on it. The small screens now so fashionable make another admirable place for mounting Breton work. These screens are made of two compartments only, in height about 4½ feet. To each panel, 2½ feet from the ground, a ledge that can be put up or down is fixed, and that is used for holding a book or a teacup. The panel below this ledge is merely filled with a little curtain made of coloured Oriental silk, and arranged in very full folds. The panel above the ledge, that is fully displayed to every eye, is filled with the embroidery stretched quite tightly across it and displayed to its full advantage. The back of the embroidery is concealed with a satin or silk, matching the little curtain beneath. Two Breton handkerchiefs are required, one for each division, but they should not be selected both of the same design. The little screens are made of oak, mahogany, and ebonised wood. They are a simple framework, an inch and a half square, and any working carpenter would make them to order.

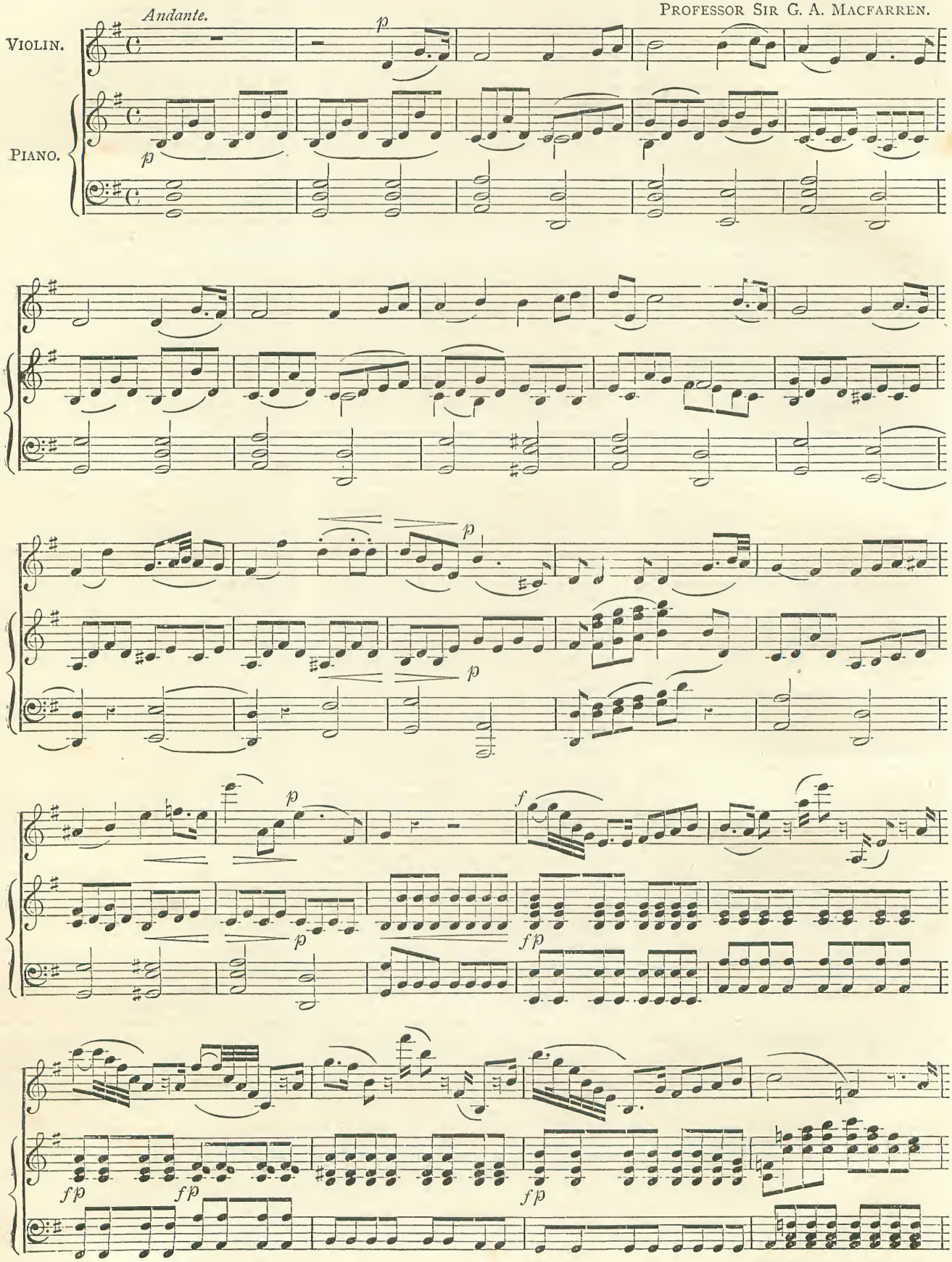
Breton embroidery is too laborious for many people, and those whose time is much occupied with household matters, and who cannot devote much of it to the task of making their drawing-rooms pretty, we recommend to try crazy patchwork in its place. We have lately seen this easy work carried out most successfully, and used as mantel and table borders, covers for footstools, and as the centres of small table-cloths. The work is one of the least expensive that can be tried, and can be put down without derangement of effect at any moment (a great point in its favour where interruptions are frequent). Before commencing any piece of it, it is better to accumulate all the oddments of ribbons, plush, velvet, silk, and satin lying in the piece-drawer from dress trimmings or sent as patterns from shops. The more plush and velvet obtainable, the greater the effect produced, while the colouring should be of a vivid tone, but excluding the bright aniline dyes already once referred to as being unsuitable to blend with other shades. A strong piece of ticking is required for the foundation, and on this the pieces are arranged. They should be pinned on while the amalgamation of colouring is being tried, and, when that is settled, basted on to the lining, the edges of soft materials being turned under and secured with the basting lines. Similarity in shape and size is to be avoided when placing the pieces, and the effect aimed at that of the colouring of a kaleidoscope in its variety and brightness. In order to obtain queer shapes and corners, it is not necessary to carefully cut them out and fit them into their various spaces; in fact, it is better not to do so, but to lay one material partly over another, and by so doing make the desired form. The embroidery is generally left until the pieces are basted down to the lining, but now and again the scraps should be embroidered before they are fixed down, this method being the least troublesome when fine silk work is attempted, such as working flowers in shades of colour or intricate designs, or following out the lines of stamped velvet or brocade with couched-down cords and gold thread. Thin Oriental silks require a thin muslin lining underneath them, and the embroidery executed before they are tacked to the ticking, as unless this precaution is taken they are apt to pucker and look uneven and poor. When the patchwork scraps are all arranged, spare strands of filoselle of any shades are used to cover over the basting threads with lines of coral stitch, feather, chain, rope, and herringbone, while oddments of silk cord, Japanese gold thread, very fine braids, etc., are sewn down either as borderings to the securing lines or as forming designs and figures on the patches themselves. Embroidery stitches of all kinds are used to fill in the centres of the patches, and advantage is always taken of any pattern on the patches either by filling it in entirely with shaded silks, filling up its background with stars, crosses, or dots, or by enclosing it within diagonal lines, or sewing spangles down so as to cover it over. Every effort is made to enrich the patches by the use of gold thread, spangles, gold lace, and silk cords, and when the work is faithfully done, no one could guess it was devised out of oddments and produced at a nominal cost.

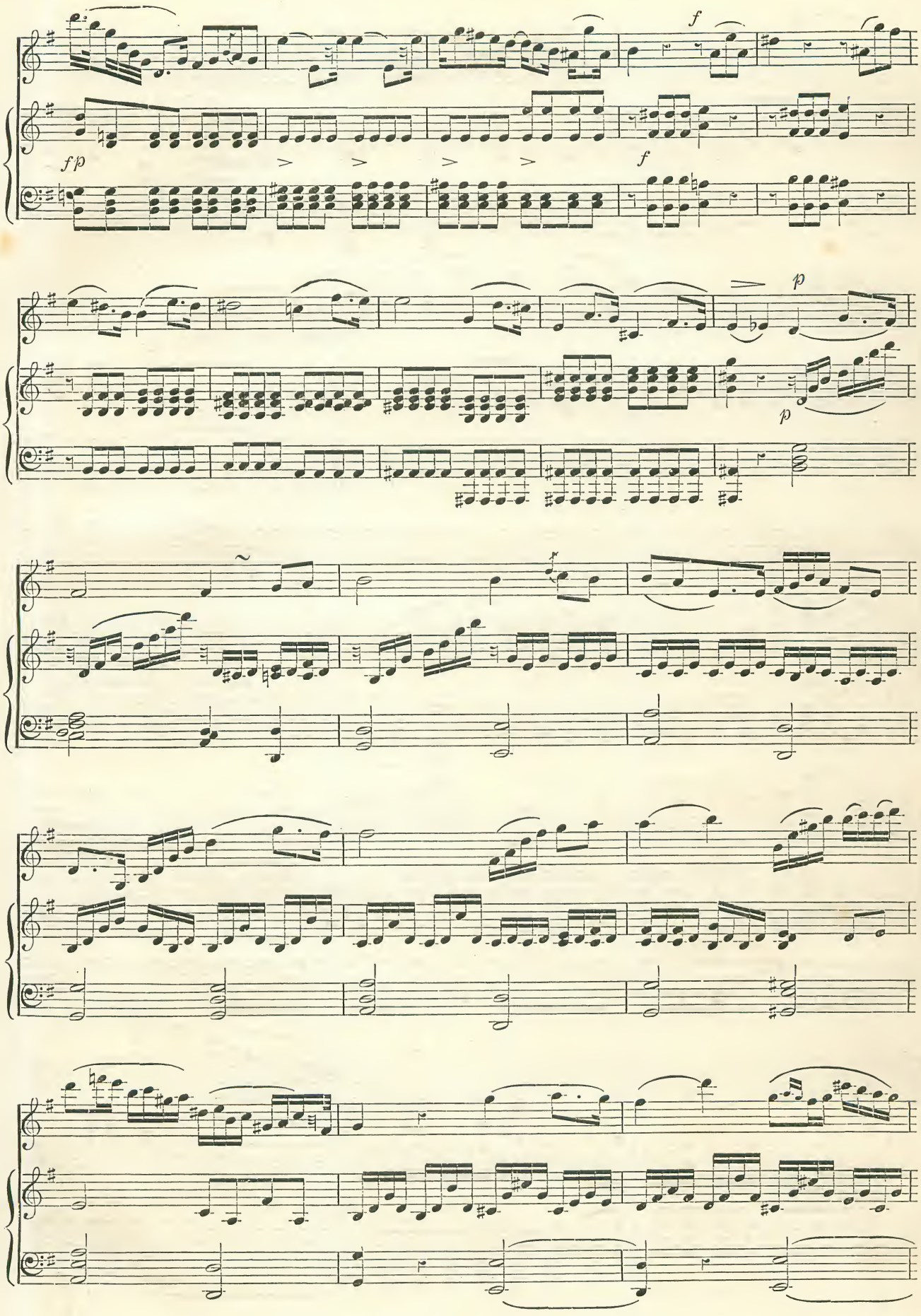
B. C. SAWARD.

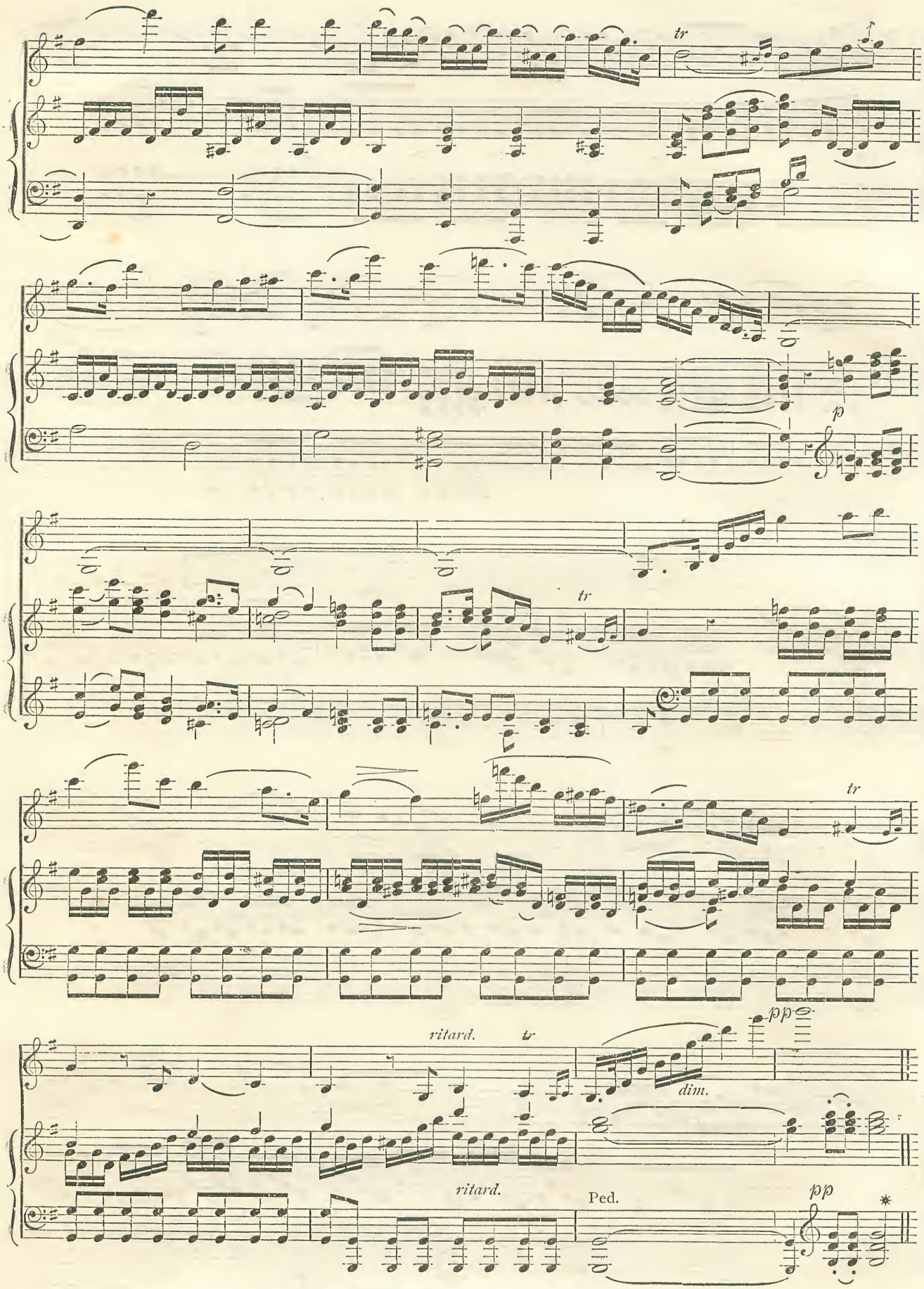
ROMANCE.

FOR VIOLIN AND PIANOFORTE.

PROFESSOR SIR G. A. MACFARREN.




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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

A. Z.—The part of a whole made by two-thirds of three-fourths is one-half. Such books as those you name are not so appropriate for young girls as very desirable, instructive, as well as interesting books, although a girl of twenty-one might read one of such a kind once in a way. There is an article by Dr. Green in the last two numbers of the *Leisure Hour* (published by the Religious Tract Society, 56, Paternoster-row, London, E.C.), those for April and May, in which such books as you require are recommended—history, biography, travels, archæology, geology, astronomy; Shakespeare, Milton, Elizabeth Barret Browning, Longfellow, Tennyson, etc. Such books should occupy all your leisure for reading, besides the study of household economy, nursing, cookery, needlework, and cutting out. The first five years after leaving the school-room should be devoted to such studies as these, not wasted on the class of literature you specify.

G. H. T.—Yes, there is a Kindergarten College and Practising School established by the British and Foreign School Society. It is at 21, Stockwell-road, S.W., and it is directed by the Misses Crombie. There are ten such schools in London and eight in the provinces. Write for papers, and all information will be supplied you direct from that or any of the other schools. Had you given your address we could have given that which is the nearest to you. We think your age would be suitable. The answer you receive as to terms may decide you as to the way in which your £20 may be required. Perhaps if you annoyed your cousin she would not allow you to return home to sleep. Whether you could do so as well as board at the college we could not say. "Look well before you leap"

ART.

Sheltie.—To ornament ginger jars, or any kind of earthenware, without knowing how to draw or paint, first size it with ordinary glue-size, melted over the fire; then cut bright scraps of chintz, or gaily-painted cottons, into diamonds, squares, half-circles, triangles, etc., and paste them to the jars, carefully covering every part of the jar with the scraps laid closely together, but without making any set design. Let the paste dry; then size the jar, and varnish with white hard varnish.

Fleur des Alpes.—We fear there are no chances of a sale in London, as the market for screen and fan painting is already so full. Besides, you should take such work personally to shops and obtain trade orders. Would it not be wiser and more easy to dispose of them at Geneva, which is within your reach? Accept our best wishes.

Would-be Photographer.—The reason that the object to be taken appears upside down in the camera is this. Light travels in straight lines, and rays coming through little crevices (such as are used in cameras), cross each other, and become inverted.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Effie.—The texts of Holy Scripture which you cannot find are to be found as follows:—Psalm xciv. 22, and Gen. xvii. 8; Exodus xxix. 45; Ezekiel xi. 20; Zechariah viii. 8; 2 Cor. vi. 16; Rev. xxi. 3, and in other places. Your "Concordance" must be a very bad one. Your handwriting is not formed, but promises well.

Gowan Cobban.—We do not recommend publishers to our correspondents. All three specimens of writing are legible, but No. 2 is careless and unfinished. Why write a small "b" for a "v"? The latter has no tall upper stroke.

E. M.—The health of bride, bridegroom, bridesmaids, and respective parents of the newly-married pair is drunk, but no others, as a rule.

Corisande.—We could not possibly assist you in carrying out or devising a method of revenge on the wrong-doer, nor do we think that even the aggrieved parents of the injured friend would approve of the plan. If you reprobate an ill-bred action, you cannot, consistently with your own views of what is seemly and dignified, punish that action by following suit, and doing what would be ill-bred yourself. Besides, as a Christian, read Romans xii. 19.

Una Mildred Hitchings (N.Z).—The 14th of February, 1809, was a Tuesday. Many thanks for your nice letter.

E. B. P. we think had better take more exercise, and avoid late suppers and sitting up late, as it seems probable her digestion is weak.

Sepia.—Hairpins are not injurious to the hair except when the hair is too tightly put up, when that certainly affects the nerves. We think young people, as a rule, do not require stimulants unless under the doctor's orders. We think oils are far easier to use than water-colours.

Morning Dewdrop.—We do not think the poetry worth much now, but it shows that at fifteen you are thinking about good things in preference to evil and idle things, and so we consider writing poetry, in many cases, a good amusement.

Queenie Foster should return the duplicate copy and ask for the right one, and if enclosing stamps, as the surest way of getting it, she can retain the duplicate.

An Unhappy One should not marry her widower on any account, if she feels as unhappy as her letter portrays. She must not grow discouraged too soon, but cultivate patience, and never minding. And should she finally undertake the care of a ready-made family, she must be brave and courteous, not rendering railing for railing, but, contrariwise, blessing. Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.

Hawthorn.—We know of nothing better than your present treatment. We are much obliged by your kind offer, but we do not require any at present.

Idonea.—We should think your digestion was out of order. Read the advice given by Medicus to "Working Girls," page 295, vol. vi.

Mysotis.—Your nationality is that of your father, but you may adopt a country; and if he be naturalised English, you become English too, or you may legally become so yourself. Also, if you marry an Englishman you become an Englishwoman, without going through the process of naturalisation. Of course by blood you are half English, through your maternal descent.

Ophelia.—We feel for "Ophelia" very sincerely; but she should rouse herself, and not give way to morbid brooding over her troubles. Has she no sacred duties to perform to those around her? No Lord and Master above to serve and glorify, by submission to His dispensations? Has she no blessed hope of a life beyond the grave? We could not insert your verses. "All else" is not "gone," whoever was removed, when you have "one that sticketh closer than a brother" to lean upon. Read St. John xiv.; indeed, you had better study the whole Gospel, and set yourself resolutely to devote yourself to others.

May Elwin.—Our publisher, Mr. Tarn, sent us your letter. We suppose you thought him the editor. The writer of the poems you name is not one with whom we are acquainted.

Myself.—We cannot do better than refer you to the abuses of the Lord's supper, to which St. Paul alludes in 1 Cor. ii. 21, 22, which answers your question. Also see Hebrews x. 25, and 1 Cor. xiv. 40. Beware how you trifle with sacred rites and sacraments. You had better look up the whole of the text about Elders and their office in the New Testament Epistles. Our Lord's promise is that where two or three are gathered together He would be in their midst and bless them. You had better look out the word communion in the dictionary, as it cannot refer to one person alone; it is an act performed by a certain number of persons together, more or less. Again, when the clergyman prays for his congregation, is he not a mediator? And when you and your friends pray for each other, are you not mediators? And this, without disparagement to the doctrine that Christ is the great and chief Mediator, without whose divine mediation all other would be useless.

Brunette.—The soul does not attain its highest state of bliss until it be re-united to the body; but the soul of a believer in Christ (by which we mean one of His faithful people, who loves, serves, and trusts in Him and His atonement alone) will enter into a happy and sinless rest. He has made "an everlasting covenant with them," not with those who deny Him. Any mercy shown to such would be uncovenanted. See for yourself what the Scriptures say. We know nothing more than what is revealed in them. As to the heathen who have not heard the Gospel, they are "a law unto themselves," and will be judged as such, not as those who rejected Christ.

One Wanting to Learn.—We are glad that you find the Sulhampstead Question Society, which we recommended, so useful in helping forward your education. We do not print our correspondents' letters.

Roy.—We regret that we cannot accede to your request. It would interfere with the general usefulness of our magazine if we were to introduce the subject of politics into it. We do not even discuss vexed questions of religious belief, because our paper is meant for persons of all denominations, whose feelings should be respected. We limit our teaching to the broad principles of our common Christianity.

Lottie.—If in so feeble a state of health, you should obtain medical advice. We could not prescribe for a perfect stranger.

June.—All the chief writers of this paper, with the artists and musical composers, including ourselves, have already been represented, in a more or less satisfactory manner. The story, "That Aggravating Schoolgirl," appeared in the second volume, beginning at page 9.

M. C. F.—We do not quite understand what you mean. Visiting cards should never be sent by post, and if they be left at the house you acknowledge them by calling in return. If people be at a distance from you, you must take an opportunity of calling when near. You must answer congratulations either by letter or a call.

Birchbroom.—St. Paul was a bachelor, and tells you so in 1 Cor. vii. You *will find many pretty* designs for knitting in our paper. We do not propose to keep any space specially for knitting recipes. You will find one for a petticoat at page 41, vol. ii., in the number for October, 1880.

Nellica.—We thank you for your kind and grateful letter, and rejoice that you enjoy our paper and are allowed to read it. You write a very fair, legible handwriting.

A Hothouse Plant.—Pampas grass must be bleached in a solution of chloride of lime. You had better consult the chemist of whom you procure the drug as to the proportion of water. Perhaps he would prepare it for you. You write well, but use a bad pen—we mean an old, worn-out one.

Bedwaeen (Hyderabad).—We acknowledge your kind letter with our best wishes and thanks. You do not ask any special question; but as you regret a want of acquaintance with the rules of English grammar, we recommend "The Handbook of the English Tongue," by Dr. Angus, published at our office, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.; address Mr. Tarn.

Amelia should take her "twopenny mulready envelope" to a shop where stamps are sold for collections. This is the only plan, if not disposed of to a private collector. We do not think she will make very much on the sale.

The Bird.—Kindly refer to the article in question, where all information is already given.

Ormonde should call after all invitations, whether she accept them or not.

Lily Walker.—The bridegroom presents the bride and bridesmaids with their bouquets; but it is not needful that the latter should have them. The health of the bride and bridegroom respectively are proposed by the oldest friend of the family present; but other healths are no longer drunk as a universal rule, we believe.

Italia.—The competition papers are in no case returned. Your quotation is very good, but is useless under the circumstances.

Dulcie Weston should consult a doctor and take a tonic. We should decidedly object to cold baths in her case. They should be rather warmer than tepid.

Dewdrop.—When the right time comes for the hatching of silkworms, they should be kept in the sun. Before that they should be kept cool, as their coming out should be delayed until that of the new mulberry leaves. The worms need not to be kept in the sun.

Bluebell and Dolly.—Many thanks for your kind letter.

Mayflower.—We should think, from the price you name, that you are buying spirits of wine. Send your own bottle to an oilshop for methylated spirits. But why not do this:—Get a small oil-lamp and kettle, enough to boil a quart of water; when quite boiling it will be enough for two gallons of cold water, and, using a sponge bath, you can have a comfortable bath?

Grace should wear the backboard and faceboard, so often recommended by us, for an hour every day while reading or learning her lessons. The book could be set on a stand or shelf, and she could learn while walking to and fro.

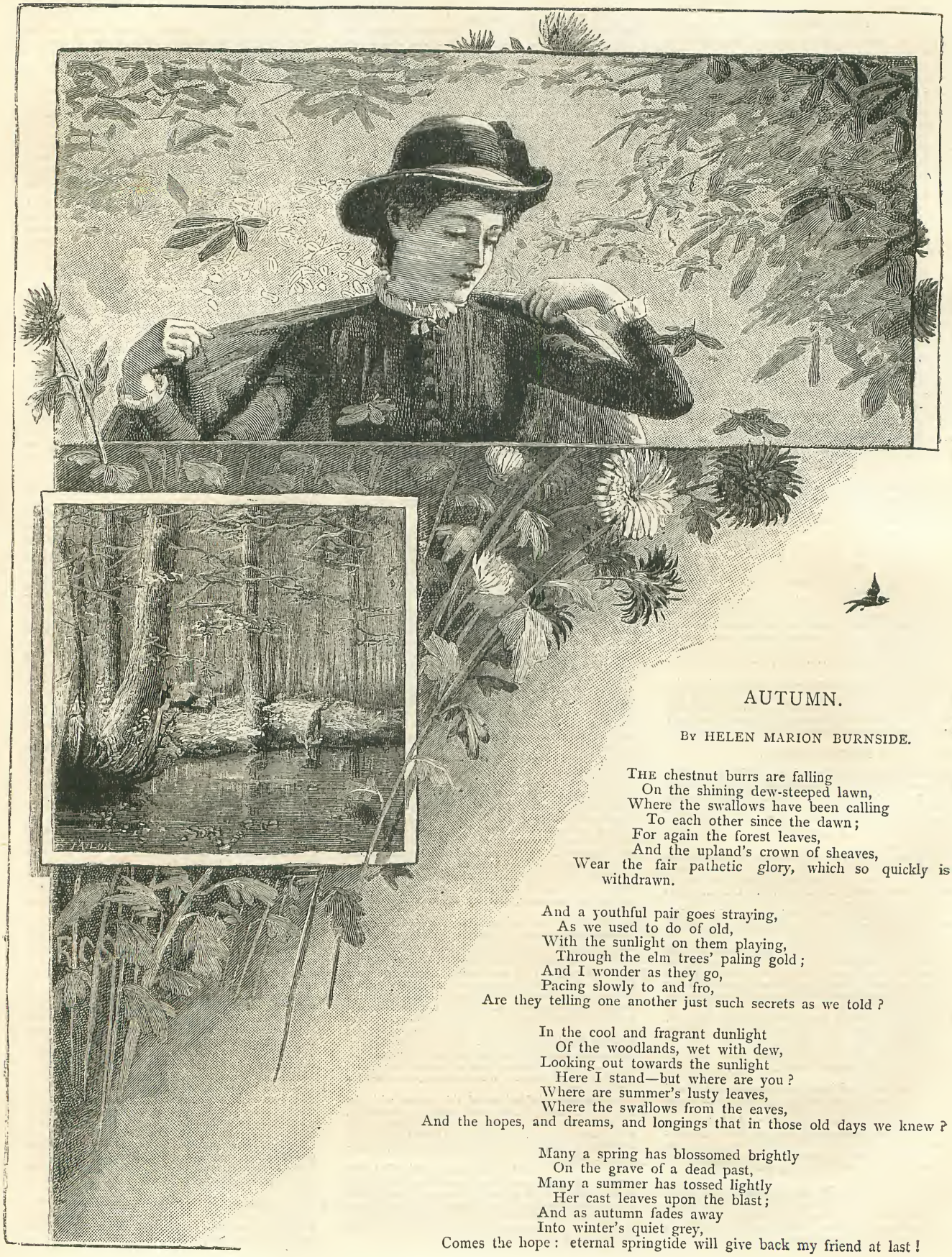
Guelder Rose.—Some words and names have been given an arbitrary pronunciation by that tyrant—the fashion of the day. There is a rule for each class of society, by which all within those respective circles is bound, unless its members wish to make themselves remarkable. Amongst the "Upper Ten" the name Derby is pronounced "Darby," Shrewsbury as "Shrowsbury," and clerk as "clark." Balmoral is "Bal-moral," the "mo" chiefly accentuated. Writing fairly good.

Try Again is thanked for her kind letter. That a competitor should not be successful is no discredit to her work, because the number of papers sent in is so enormous, none but the most remarkably perfect amongst the good ones can be awarded even certificates, not to say prizes.

Coming thro' the Rye.—You form your letters fairly well, but reverse the heavy and light strokes. The down strokes should be heavy, and the up strokes light. Also, if you did not make the ends of your final letters in every word turn up like pig-tails, your writing would be improved. Perhaps your handwriting may be formed, or begin to be so, at sixteen. No children write running hands.

Rose.—No "gentlemen" presume to speak to girls in their own rank of life without an introduction; it would be an insult. And as to proposing to walk with you, as a stranger, if you have no father, brother, nor uncle to warn him away, he deserves to be handed over to the police. But men do not usually take such liberties unless they have had some encouragement. Beware of looking at strange men in passing them. Look away when they come near.

Edith.—Sage tea is good for cooling the face and healing the skin when much sunburnt; but it should be used the same day. Lie on a sofa, and lay the wet leaves over your face.



AUTUMN.

By HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

THE chestnut burrs are falling
On the shining dew-steeped lawn,
Where the swallows have been calling
To each other since the dawn;
For again the forest leaves,
And the upland's crown of sheaves,
Wear the fair pathetic glory, which so quickly is withdrawn.

And a youthful pair goes straying,
As we used to do of old,
With the sunlight on them playing,
Through the elm trees' paling gold;
And I wonder as they go,
Pacing slowly to and fro,
Are they telling one another just such secrets as we told?

In the cool and fragrant dunlight
Of the woodlands, wet with dew,
Looking out towards the sunlight
Here I stand—but where are you?
Where are summer's lusty leaves,
Where the swallows from the eaves,
And the hopes, and dreams, and longings that in those old days we knew?

Many a spring has blossomed brightly
On the grave of a dead past,
Many a summer has tossed lightly
Her cast leaves upon the blast;
And as autumn fades away
Into winter's quiet grey,
Comes the hope: eternal springtide will give back my friend at last!



VOL. VIII.—NO. 354.] OCTOBER 9, 1886. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

CALLED AWAY.

IN the heart of the heartless town, where hunger and death are rife;
Where gold and greed, and trouble and need, make up the sum of life—
A woman lives with her only child,
And toils 'mid the weary strife.



All rights reserved.] "AND CLUNG TO HER NECK WITH A SMOTHERED CRY."

No end to the tiring toil to earn a wage so small;
No end to the ceaseless care—ah! the misery of it all!
While *the strongest* snatch the hard-earned crust,
The weakest the crumbs that fall.

Oh, look at the pallid face as it bends o'er the dreary work;
The stitch, and stitch, and stitch that she knows she dare not shirk!
Her strength is ebbing away so fast
That she scarcely feels it go.

Oh, list to the weary sigh—a whole tale in one breath—
A widowed life, and a mother's love, and the fear of an early death.
While there at her feet a pale boy sits,
And weeps for his mother's woe.

* * * * *

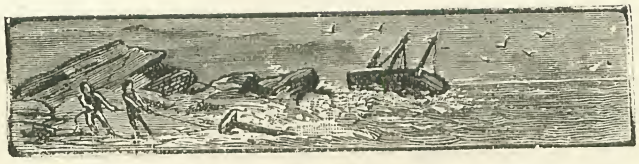
She has called to her boy in the night; he has nestled beside her bed,
And clung to her neck with a smothered cry and a feeling of sudden dread.
And thus they lie, till the mother strives
To speak with her tears unshed.

And then she tells him—so sweet and low, it sounds like a fairy tale—
How Jesus has sent His angels down to fetch her; that He won't fail
To send His angel to watch o'er him
When love can no more avail.

* * * * *

But still she holds him so gently firm, so close to her lifeless breast;
She speaks no more, he weeps no more, for God knows what is best.
He has taken both from a world of pain
To endless peace and rest.

E. A. V.



THE SHEPHERD'S FAIRY.

A PASTORALE.

By DARLEY DALE, Author of "Fair Katherine," etc.

CHAPTER II.

UP the old oak staircase three or four stairs at a time sprang the baron; then he walked quickly with beating heart down the long corridor to the west wing, where the nursery was, and pausing at the top of a spiral staircase which led to the side door he intended to go out by, he shouted impatiently to the housemaid who was left in charge of the baby.

"Marie! Marie! *Vite, vite.* Where is Monsieur Léon's malacca cane? It was in my dressing-room this morning. Fetch it directly."

The girl came running to do her master's bidding, and no sooner had the white streamers of her cap disappeared down the corridor than the baron darted into the nursery. A lamp was burning on a table at one end of the room, and at the other, carefully guarded from any draught by a folding-screen, stood a swinging-cradle, on pedestals of silver. The framework, the baron knew, was an old family relic, but the cradle itself was a new and wonderful creation of white swansdown and blue satin, lined with lace and trimmed with pale blue ribbons. In this mass of satin and lace lay the baron's tiny daughter, fast asleep, her small fingers grasping a lovely toy of pink coral with golden bells, which was fastened round her waist with pale blue ribbon. For one moment the baron hesitated. To tear the little creature from her luxurious home, and trust her to the tender mercies of some rough sailors for a day or two, and then leave her in the hands of strangers, who might or might not be kind to her, seemed hard even to the baron, whose mind was warped by jealousy; but then came the thought that all this luxury with which the child was so extravagantly surrounded was bad for her; if Mathilde persisted in pampering her in this way, she would grow up weak and delicate. The life he had chosen for her was far more healthy; and if she were inured to a harder life in her infancy, she was much more likely to develop into a strong, healthy girl; and as he quieted his conscience with these thoughts his hesitation vanished, and he stooped to pick her up.

But hark! there was a footstep. Was it Marie returning? What would she think to find him in the nursery, into whose precincts he had never before intruded, as the servants all knew well enough? No, it was a false alarm, no one was coming; and seeing that now or never was the time for him to carry out his plan, he picked up the baby, folded the quilted satin coverlet and the fine cambric sheet round it, and covered its face with a lace handkerchief that lay on the pillow; then, feeling that the swansdown quilt might not be warm enough on board the yacht, he glanced round the room, and seeing an Indian shawl which Mathilde often wore lying on a rocking-chair, he wrapped his burden entirely up in this, and then dreading every moment the child should cry and betray him, he stole out of the nursery to the spiral staircase. Here he paused for a moment to listen, but all he heard was Marie's voice far off entreating another servant to come and help her to look for the cane, as Monsieur le Baron was waiting for it.

"Be quick, Marie, I can't wait much longer," shouted the baron, and then, quick as thought, he dived down the spiral staircase, in his haste nearly precipitating himself and his little daughter, who still slept peacefully, to the bottom.

To let himself out at the side door was the work of a moment; and now, unless surprised by any of the servants who might be loitering about in the shrubberies with their lovers, he was safe. He had only to run down a winding path of about two hundred yards across the grounds to the gate where Léon was awaiting him. Once the baron started like a robber at a rustling in the bushes as he passed, but it was only a cat, and once again he breathed freely, and in less than five minutes from the time he entered the nursery he stood on the road by the side of the dogcart.

"Is it you, Arnaut?" asked Léon, anxiously peering through the twilight at his brother.

"Yes, yes, it is all right; here it is," said the baron, holding the bundle up to Léon.

"How on earth am I to take it? Where is its head? Can't you nurse it till we get to the yacht?" said Léon.

"No; how should I drive with this thing in my arms? Here, give me the reins, and take hold. This is its head. Thank you," said the baron, with an immense sigh of relief as he handed the baby to Léon.

Léon took the bundle so reluctantly, and handled it as delicately as if it were a piece of priceless china he was afraid of breaking by a touch, that the baron, who was not in the best of tempers, in spite of his successful expedition, growled out, "It won't bite you; you needn't be afraid."

"I am not, but my dear Arnaut you might make allowances; I never had a

baby in my arms before in my life. I daresay I shall get used to it in time; use is second nature, they say. But I say, I don't believe it ought to be bundled up in this way; it can't breathe; it will be suffocated; I shall open this shawl a little," said Léon, proceeding to do so, and being immediately rewarded by a long, wailing cry from the infant.

"There," said the baron, with an impatient exclamation, "now you have woke it. Why didn't you leave it alone?"

"My dear fellow, it would never have woke again if I had; the poor little creature was choking," said Léon, sitting the baby up on his knees, as if it were a year old instead of a few months.

"It will cry the whole way now, and, if we meet anyone, betray our secret," grumbled the baron.

"Well, I'd rather it cried than have it suffocated, as it infallibly would have been but for me. Baby, in future years you may thank your uncle Léon for saving your life. Perhaps if I whistle it will stop howling. I'll try," said Léon, whistling, in which art he was a great adept.

But whistling had no effect on the baby, unless it was to make it cry louder, and Léon was in despair, and the baron getting furious, until it suddenly occurred to the former to jump the child up and down, as he had seen Mathilde do. This was successful; as long as Léon danced it about it was quiet; the moment he stopped it began to cry.

"I wish old Pierre joy if he has to spend the next twenty-four hours in this way. Drive on, Arnaut; my arms are aching so I can't keep this game up much longer," said Léon, as they entered the village of Carolles, where, luckily for them, all the inhabitants had already gone to bed, and they met no one till they reached the place where the yacht was lying.

A boat was waiting to take Léon on board with Pierre and the English carpenter, to whom Léon spoke in English, asking him if he were quite sure the baby would be well looked after where he proposed to place it, and on Smith's answering that he was certain it would, Léon turned to the baron, who did not understand a word of English, and told him he need have no anxiety about the child.

"All right; I don't want to know where you are going to take it; make any arrangements you like. If you want more money than I have given you, let me know and you shall have it. When do you expect to be back here, Léon?"

"Oh, not for a month at least; I shall keep away till all the fuss Mathilde will make about the baby is over; meanwhile, if you change your mind and want the baby back, write to me at my agent's and he will forward your letter. Adieu."

And Léon, who had handed the baby to Pierre as soon as they met, now kissed his brother on both cheeks and then sprang into the boat. Smith pushed her off and sculled them across the moonlit sea to the yacht, the baron watching them until they reached her and the boat was drawn up to its davits, when he turned and drove back to the château, wondering greatly how the baroness would bear the loss of her baby, and fearing a very bad quarter of an hour was in store for him when she learnt what had become of it.

A stiff breeze was blowing, but with wind and tide in her favour the yacht sailed smoothly across the Channel, all on board her, except the baby, being too inured to the sea to feel ill, and, luckily, the movement of the yacht seemed to lull the child to sleep. When she woke Pierre was always at hand with some milk, so that she was scarcely heard to cry during the whole passage, spending the time in sleeping and eating, and thereby enabling Pierre to earn for himself the character of a first-rate nurse.

From time to time during the next day Léon came into the cabin to look at his tiny charge, for whom an impromptu cradle had been made with some pillows in an easy chair, and who seemed to have the happy knack of adapting herself to circumstances, for she slept quietly on, with a smile on her little face, all unconscious of the waves from which a few planks divided her.

"Poor little mite; I hope they'll be kind to her, Smith, these friends of yours. I am half sorry I brought her, though the baron wished it," said Leon, as he left the cabin; but the next moment he was whistling on deck as though no such thing as the baby existed.

Towards evening they came in sight of Brighton, whose long sea front, even in those distant days, stretched for a mile or two along the coast, and Léon, who knew the town well, and considered it one of the few English towns in which he could spend a few days without dying of *ennui*, was anxious to put in there, but Smith dissuaded him.

"If we put in here, sir, they'll be sure to trace the child; it would be far better to let me go ashore with it in the gig, while you lay outside."

"But where are we to put in then? Having come to England, I mean to go ashore for a day or two."

"Why not run up to Yarmouth, sir; the wind is fair; it is south-west now. You have never been there, have you? And there'll be no fear of anyone tracing the child there. If madame sees in the paper that we touched at Yarmouth, she may inquire all over that part of the country without finding the baby down in Sussex."

Léon considered the matter for a few minutes, and finally consented to this arrangement; and about eight o'clock that evening the gig was lowered, and Pierre, who would not abandon his charge till the last minute, went ashore with John Smith and the baby.

They landed on a quiet spot between Brighton and Rottingdean, and here Smith insisted on Pierre's remaining in charge of the boat while he deposited the baby with his friends. Pierre protested against this; but the carpenter was firm. It would not be safe, he argued, to leave the boat alone for two or three hours, and he might be gone as long as that; and there could be no danger in leaving Pierre there, for if anyone did question him about his business, he would not be able to understand them, as he knew no English.

Pierre found it was useless to make any further objections, so, reluctantly handing the baby over to the carpenter, he prepared to make himself as comfortable as circumstances permitted during Smith's absence. It was a beautiful warm midsummer evening, but Pierre began to feel chilly and tired of waiting long before Smith came back, though he managed to get several naps, curled up in the bottom of the boat. At last, about eleven o'clock, just as Pierre was getting very nervous, and dreading every minute that one of the white ladies of Normandy (those *dames blanches* who are so cruel to the discourteous) should appear to him, or a hobgoblin or a ghost, in all of which he was, like most Norman peasants, a firm believer, to his intense relief he heard the carpenter whistling in the distance, and a minute or two later Smith arrived, hot and tired, and by no means in a communicative frame of mind, only vouchsafing to tell the anxious Pierre that the baby was safe.

To Léon he was bound to be less reserved, and, according to his own account, he had had no difficulty in persuading his friend the shepherd to take charge of the child. He had asked no awkward questions, and was quite satisfied with the sum of money Smith had left with him. Léon carefully entered the name and address of the shepherd in his pocket-book, and then dismissed the matter from his mind, and gave himself up to enjoying his cruise.

A day or two later they put into Yarmouth, and the arrival of the French yacht, L'Hirondelle, owner M. Léon de Thorens, was duly mentioned in the shipping news of the daily papers. Yarmouth was not a place after Léon's heart, and he would have left the next day, but John Smith had gone ashore and had not returned, so their departure was delayed at first for a few hours; but as Smith still did not appear, Léon began to get anxious, and made inquiries in the town for him, but in vain. At last, after delaying several days, it became evident the man had deserted, and finally Léon set sail without him. His intention on leaving Brighton was to cruise round the coast of Great Britain, visiting the principal seaports on the way; but on finding Smith did not return, his suspicions were awakened as to the safety of the child, and he determined to go back at once to Brighton and see if the child had really been left with the shepherd whose address Smith had given him.

But that night a dense fog came on, and a day or two later a paragraph in the English papers announced a collision had taken place off Harwich with an English trading vessel and the French yacht, L'Hirondelle, in which the latter sunk at once with all hands, not a soul remaining to tell the tale, but some lifebelts and spars of wood which were picked up afterwards led to the identification of the yacht, which was known to have left Yarmouth the morning before the collision took place.

(To be continued.)

DINNERS FOR TWO.



MANY housekeepers complain of the difficulty of providing a change of dishes where the family is small. Really, the number of things that may be served for one or two people is very great, but the serving is important. The writer has endeavoured in the following twenty-four dinners only to give such dishes as with a little care and attention may easily be cooked by a general servant with a rather limited knowledge of cooking. They are also chosen with due regard to expenditure. There are not any extravagant dishes, no stock meat is required for anything, nor is any pastry included in any dinner.

In arranging dinners for a number it is easy to give the weights of the different things that will be required, as there will probably be an average of appetites, but this is not possible for one or two people; for where one person will eat nearly a pound of meat, another will only eat two ounces, so that of quantity the housekeeper must be the best judge, as she knows the appetites for which she has to provide.

1. Mulligatawny soup; fillet steak with mushroom ketchup; baked batter pudding.
2. Flounders water souchet; piece of best end neck of mutton roasted; steamed semolina pudding, lemon sauce.
3. Potato soup; steak and kidney pudding; apples stewed in syrup.
4. Filleted plaice (dressed white); veal cutlets, bacon, and baked tomatoes; cheese fondu.
5. Lobster salad; stewed breast of mutton; cake fritters.
6. Brown onion soup; roast fillet of beef; Spanish rice.
7. Slices of cod fried; toad-in-the-hole; Melbourne pudding.
8. Curried eggs; Irish stew; rice meringue.
9. Potiron; beef steak stewed with vegetables; blancmange.
10. Baked haddock; calves' heart roasted; bread-and-jam pudding.
11. Shrimp toast; roast fillet of mutton; strawberry cream.
12. Turnip soup; breast of veal stewed; apple charlotte.
13. Fried mackerel; boiled rabbit and onion sauce; cheese toast.
14. Brunoise; stewed mutton cutlets; baked rice pudding.
15. Fried herrings, mustard sauce; rump-steak aux fines herbes; jam roll.
16. Dressed crab; boiled knuckle of mutton with caper sauce; bread-and-butter fritters.
17. Tomato soup; mutton cutlets with onion purée; cocoanut pudding.
18. Fried smelts; a currie; boiled batter pudding.
19. Vegetable soup; rump steak; macaroni cheese.
20. Stewed fish; leg of mutton cutlet; raspberry sponge.
21. Vegetable marrow soup; one rib of beef (boned and rolled) roasted; tapioca pudding.
22. Fried soles; pounded meat cutlets in Italian paste with sauce; macaroni with tomato sauce.
23. Fried whiting; boiled knuckle of veal with parsley and butter, and grilled bacon; baked currant pudding.
24. Semolina soup; part of loin of pork roasted; Spanish soufflé.

Vegetables, though, of course, they are an important part of dinner, are not given, as they must vary according to the month of the year. The recipes which follow are as little complicated as possible.

Mulligatawny Soup (*without meat*).—Cut two onions and a small carrot into thin slices, put them into a stewpan with one ounce of butter, turn them about until they are a nice brown colour, but not burnt, then add a sprig of parsley and half an apple, stir in three teaspoonfuls of curry powder, add a pint and a half of hot stock from bones, or of hot water and a little piece of lean bacon, or a small bacon bone if you have one; let the soup simmer for an hour, skim the fat off, strain the soup, put it back in the saucepan, add to it the juice of half a lemon and a dessertspoonful of flour that has been baked a very light brown and mixed with a piece of butter the size of a pigeon's egg; salt to taste. Serve the soup very hot, and hand rice as boiled for curry with it.

Fillet Steaks with Mushroom Ketchup.—Beat the steaks with a beater or rolling-pin, put a very small piece of butter in a stewpan, place the steaks in it, and brown them slightly on each side; add one tablespoonful of ketchup and one tablespoonful of water, also a little black pepper; salt is not generally wanted with mushroom ketchup; cover the stewpan closely, and keep the fillets hot for three-quarters of an hour at the side of the stove; serve with the gravy poured over them.

Flounders Water Souchet.—Wash the fish and remove the heads. Put three-quarters of a pint of cold water into a stewpan, well wash two parsley roots and cut them in fine shreds, put them in a stewpan with a little pepper and salt, simmer a quarter of an hour, put in the flounders with a tablespoonful of parsley broken into small sprigs, not chopped, simmer eight minutes, and serve with a plate of brown bread and butter and a cut lemon.

Semolina Pudding.—Boil one and a half ounces of semolina in three-quarters of a pint of milk until it is cooked, take the saucepan from the fire, add a little sugar and a very small pinch of salt; then stir in two well-beaten eggs; butter a small mould or basin well, pour in the mixture, cover the top with buttered paper, and steam the pudding for an hour either by putting it into a steamer or into a saucepan with boiling water half way up the basin and keeping the water boiling. Serve with lemon sauce over. Sauce:—Take a quarter of a pint of cold water, mix a teaspoonful of cornflour with it, add the juice of half a lemon and a little white sugar; boil all together, stirring all the time.

Potato Soup.—Take one pound of potatoes weighed after they are peeled; cut them up and put them in a stewpan, with a piece of butter the size of a walnut, and an onion cut in slices; cover the stewpan, and shake the vegetables over the fire for five minutes; add a pint of hot water; simmer for an hour. Pass the whole through a sieve; put back in the saucepan. Add nearly half a pint of milk, and pepper and salt to taste. Cut a thin slice of bread in small dice; fry it in butter; put it in the bottom of the tureen, and pour the soup over.

Stewed Apples.—Boil together a teacupful of cold water, a teacupful of sugar, and a teaspoonful of lemon-juice; peel and core six small apples as soon as the syrup is clear. Put the apples in and cook them over a slow fire until they are tender. They must be turned while cooking, but must not be broken. When cold sprinkle a little chopped almond on each, or else a small piece of red currant jelly can be put on.

Fillets of Plaice.—Double the fillets, put them on a buttered tin, with pepper, salt, and a squeeze of lemon-juice over each; cover with buttered paper, and bake for ten or fifteen minutes; then put them on a dish, and serve with following sauce round them:—Boil the bones of the fish a quarter of an hour in a quarter of a pint of milk and water; mix a good teaspoonful of flour with a little butter, cayenne, and salt; strain the liquor from the fishbones to it, also the liquor out of the tin in which the fish were baked; put into a saucepan and boil for a minute or two, then pour round the fish.

Cheese Fondu.—Melt one ounce of butter in a saucepan, stir one ounce of flour in; when quite smooth, add a quarter of a pint of milk and some cayenne pepper and salt. Stir the mixture over the fire until it is quite smooth; then add two ounces of cheese grated—Parmesan is the best, but any other cheese that is not blue and is dry enough to grate will do. Turn the mixture into a basin, add two beaten yolks of eggs, and, just before it is time to put it in the oven, stir in the two whites of the eggs, which must be beaten to a stiff froth; then put the mixture into a buttered tin large enough to hold double the quantity, as it will rise; bake twenty minutes in a brisk oven, and serve immediately.

Breast of Mutton Stewed.—Take a breast, or, if too fat, a scrag of mutton, brown it in a stewpan, add a sliced onion (which must also be browned), then pour in enough hot water to cover the meat. As soon as it simmers put in one turnip and one carrot cut into small dice, and a small head of celery cut fine, or a shred lettuce, according to the season, some black pepper, and some salt. Simmer for about an hour and a half before serving; mix a dessertspoonful of baked flour with a little cold water, and add it to the gravy. Skim, if too fat, before sending to table.

Cake Fritters.—Cut some thin slices from a stale cake, cut them in shapes, dip them in milk, then fry them in butter; spread jam or marmalade on the top of each, and serve them.

Brown Onion Soup.—Skin three onions, cut them in small dice; make an ounce of butter hot in a stewpan, and throw in the onions, shaking them about over the fire until they are golden brown (they must be coloured very slowly, or some pieces will get too dark); when they are brown, stir in a teaspoonful of flour, and add a pint and a half of liquor in which meat or poultry has been boiled, or the same quantity of water. Simmer for an hour, then rub through a sieve; put back in the saucepan; add pepper and salt to taste, and, if too thin, mix a little butter and flour together, add to the soup, and boil for three minutes before serving.

Spanish Rice.—Boil four ounces of rice, wash it in cold water, then dry it before the fire. Put half an ounce of butter in a frying-pan; when quite hot throw in the rice, fry it a

light colour, add a dessertspoonful of grated cheese and a little cayenne and salt. A dessertspoonful of plain tomato sauce may be added or not. The rice must be served very hot.

Toad in the Hole.—Trim some neck of mutton cutlets nicely, or take some cold meat or fowl and place in the bottom of a pie-dish that you have first buttered. Then make a batter thus: take four ounces of flour, mix one egg with it, add half a pint of milk and a little salt, put pepper and salt over the meat in the dish, pour the batter in, and put in a tolerably quick oven; it will take about three-quarters of an hour to bake. Batter is best mixed some hours before it is wanted, but it must not be put in the dish with the meat until you are going to bake it.

Melbourne Pudding.—Boil half a pint of red currants with half a pound of loaf sugar for half an hour, add half a pound of raspberries and boil ten minutes. Butter a plain mould or pudding basin and line it with slices from a tin loaf or French roll, cut a quarter of an inch thick; the top pieces must be cut into triangles to make them fit neatly, while the side pieces are half an inch wide; pour the fruit into the bread while hot, cover the top with more bread, put in a cool place until the next day, then turn out and serve with custard or cream.

Curried Eggs.—Make a sauce with a quarter of a pint of milk, a teaspoonful of curry powder, a teaspoonful of flour, and a little salt; mix these ingredients together and boil them three minutes. Boil three eggs hard, remove the shells, put the sauce in a dish, put the eggs in it, then cut each egg in two and serve.

Rice Meringue.—Boil half a small teacupful of rice in milk; when done put it in a pie-dish, spread a layer of jam over the top of it, beat the white of an egg to a stiff froth, put it over the jam, sift about a tablespoonful of pounded sugar over it; put it in the oven to set, and serve hot.

Potiron.—Take one pound of pumpkin without seeds or rind, cut it into small pieces, put it in a stewpan with a quarter of a pint of water, simmer it slowly for an hour and a half; then rub it through a sieve with a wooden spoon, put it back in the saucepan, add three quarters of a pint of milk, a piece of butter the size of a walnut, a saltspoonful of powdered sugar and pepper and salt to taste, stir it occasionally, and serve it as soon as it boils.

Baked Haddock.—Wash and dry the fish, then mix a saltspoonful of salt with the juice of half a lemon, and rub it all over the fish and let it remain for three hours, then prepare some bread-crumbs, mix with them a teaspoonful of finely chopped parsley, a little grated lemon peel, cayenne pepper, and salt; next dry the fish and brush it over with egg, cover it with the prepared crumbs, put it in a greased baking dish with some small lumps of butter on the top of it, bake it from 25 to 35 minutes, according to the size of the fish. It must be basted with the butter that runs into the tin. When done put the fish on a dish, squeeze the other half lemon into the baking tin, pour it over the fish, and serve.

Bread and Jam Pudding.—Take a small pudding basin or mould, grease it well with butter; then shake brown sugar all over the butter. Take four ounces bread-crumbs, three ounces finely chopped suet, and three ounces of any preserve. Put these ingredients in the basin in layers, beginning with the bread-crumbs. Just before putting the pudding in the oven, mix an egg with rather less than half a pint of milk, and add it to it. Bake about three-quarters of an hour in a quick oven, turn out and serve.

Shrimp Toast.—Trim and fry three slices of bread in butter. Take two tablespoonfuls of shelled shrimps, put them into a saucepan with a dessertspoonful of milk, a lump of butter the size of a pigeon's egg, half a teaspoonful of anchovy sauce, and a little cayenne pepper. Shake in a dessertspoonful of flour, boil for two minutes, stirring all the time; then put on the fried bread, and serve very hot.

Roast Fillet of Mutton.—Procure the thick end of a leg of mutton. Have it boned and tied round. It may be stuffed where the bone is taken out, or skewered up and roasted plain.

Strawberry Cream without cream.—Take a quarter of a pound of strawberry jam; rub it through a sieve. Add two ounces of pounded sugar to it, and beat it up with the whites of two fresh eggs until it is all frothy (it will take some time to beat); put it in a glass dish and serve soon after it is made.

Turnip Soup can be made the same as potiron, but a teaspoonful of flour should be added with the butter.

Apple Charlotte.—Cut some strips of bread from a tin loaf or French roll; dip them in oiled butter, line a mould or pudding basin with them. Peel and cut up a pound and a half of apples; boil them with a little sugar. When done, put them in the basin you have lined; cover the top with bread dipped in butter; bake half an hour, turn on to a dish, and serve.

Cheese Toast.—Beat up an egg, add two ounces of grated cheese, one dessertspoonful of milk, cayenne, and salt to it, make it hot in a saucepan, and pour it on to a round of hot buttered toast; cut in pieces and serve immediately.

Brunoise.—Take two tablespoonfuls of carrots, the same of turnips, onions, and celery, all cut in very small dice. Put a piece of butter (about an ounce) in a stewpan with a small teaspoonful of powdered sugar, toss the carrots in this until they begin to take colour, then put in the celery, then the turnips, then the onions; when all the vegetables are coloured, put in a pint and a quarter of hot water or liquor in which meat or poultry has been boiled, let the soup simmer two hours, skim, and serve with the vegetables in it. The vegetables must not be burnt at all, but only slightly browned.

Stewed Mutton Cutlets.—Cut two carrots, two turnips, and two potatoes into dice, trim some cutlets and toss them in butter in a stewpan, with a sprinkling of pepper and salt, till they begin to colour, then put in the carrots and three-quarters of a pint of hot water, a tablespoonful of tomato sauce, and a small bunch of sweet herbs and parsley; stew gently fifteen minutes, add the potatoes and turnips, and simmer about an hour or until tender; add a piece of butter rolled in flour, a small piece of glaze, and pepper and salt to taste. Remove the herbs and serve the cutlets round the vegetables, with as much of the gravy as is required.

Mustard Sauce.—Mix one teaspoonful of flour with half a teaspoonful of mustard and one ounce of butter, add half a teacupful of water, boil for five minutes, add half a teaspoonful of vinegar, and serve.

Rumpsteak aux Fines Herbes.—Mince equal parts of tarragon, chervil, and garden cress with half a shalot, mix them with a little butter, pepper, and salt, broil the steak and place on it.

Dressed Crab.—Take all the meat from a crab, cut it up as for salad, mix a tablespoonful of bread-crumbs with it, mix together a saltspoonful each of pepper, mustard and salt, with a tablespoonful of vinegar and two tablespoonfuls of salad oil, mix all with the crab, put it back in the shell, cover it lightly with bread-crumbs, put a little piece of butter on the top, bake half an hour, and serve hot.

Bread and Butter Fritters.—Take some rounds of bread and butter that you have shaped with a pastry cutter, spread half of them with jam, cover the jam with the remaining pieces, dip them in batter and fry them; serve with sifted sugar over them.

Tomato Soup.—Boil a tin of tomatoes until well cooked, then press them through a sieve; to a pint of tomatoes add half a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda. Put a piece of butter the size of a pigeon's egg into a saucepan; when it bubbles stir in a teaspoonful of flour, cook it a few minutes; add half a pint of hot milk, a little salt and cayenne; when it boils add the tomatoes; make the soup quite hot (but do not let it boil), and serve.

Cocoanut Pudding.—Butter a small dish, cut a sponge cake in slices, place it in the dish, mix the yolk of an egg with a teacupful of milk, pour it over the cake, then strew two ounces of grated cocoanut over it; next beat the white of the egg to a froth, add a teaspoonful of pounded sugar, and put over the top of the pudding; bake in a moderate oven.

Vegetable Soup without Meat.—Cut up a plateful of all kinds of vegetables, viz., onions, carrots, potatoes, beans, parsnips, celery, peas, parsley, leeks, turnip, cauliflower, spinach, cabbage, lettuce, or as many of these as you can procure. Put a large lump of butter (as big as a large egg) into a saucepan; when very hot, put in the onions, stir; when light brown, stir in a dessertspoonful of flour, fry until deep gold colour, stir in a pint of boiling water, some pepper and salt, add all the vegetables, let them simmer (adding more water if necessary) for two hours; put the whole through a sieve, make hot again, and serve.

Raspberry Sponge.—Dissolve half an ounce of gelatine in half a pint of milk. Beat three large tablespoonfuls of raspberry jam in another half pint of milk, and rub it through a sieve; add a teaspoonful of pounded sugar, a little grated lemon peel, the white of an egg, and the milk with the gelatine in it; whisk until it is all frothy. If the gelatine does not entirely dissolve in cold milk, it must be melted over the fire before being added to the jam and other ingredients. Vegetable marrow soup is made like potiron.

Pounded Meat Cutlets in Italian Paste.—Take half pound of cold mutton, all lean, three ounces of cooked ham, one small shalot; chop and pound all together; add pepper and salt, one ounce of butter, and three tablespoonfuls of gravy. For the paste, one yolk of egg, three tablespoonfuls of cold water, with six ounces of dried flour; knead well to strong paste, roll out very thin, divide into six, put some of the meat in each, form into six cutlets; fry in boiling fat, and serve with sauce in a tureen or plain with fried parsley round.

Macaroni with Tomato Sauce.—Boil two ounces of macaroni in water, with a lump of butter, and a little salt. When nearly done, strain off the water; add three tablespoonfuls of milk, and a little (one ounce) Parmesan or other grated cheese and pepper to taste; stir until it is rather thick. Then dish it up with a little hot tomato sauce in the centre.

Semolina Soup.—Take a pint and a half of liquor from boiled meat, or stock from bones in which vegetables have been boiled. Add two ounces of semolina, and season to taste; if needed, a very small teaspoonful of Liebig extract, or a small piece of glaze can be added.

Spanish Soufflé.—Cut two sponge cakes in slices. Spread apricot or other jam on them. Pile them on a dish, squeeze the juice of a lemon over them. Whip three teaspoonfuls of cream up with the white of one egg to a froth; put it over the cakes; blanch and chop four almonds; put them in the oven to colour, then sprinkle over the whip, and serve.

A DREAM OF QUEEN'S GARDENS.*

A STORY FOR GIRLS.—IN TWO PARTS.

By DANIEL DORMER, Author of "Out of the Mists."

PART I.

A PRETTY QUEEN.

"ANY letter for me this morning, Brightie?"

Hazel is leaning rather perilously over the banisters, trying to catch a glimpse of the old woman coming slowly up the stairs far below.

"Yes—one. Don't come for it, I'm coming up. And pray, child, don't hang over those rickety rails like that."

Miss Bright, or "Brightie," as Hazel Deane had grown affectionately to call her, is a heavy, strongly-made woman of sixty-three years. She finds the stairs in this house in Union-square, where she and Hazel lodge, rather trying; they are many and steep, so she pauses half-way to recover breath. Looking up she sees Hazel, a white, dark-eyed face, and a form so slender that even those unsafe rails could hardly give way under so slight a weight. "More than ever like one of my Cape jasmine stars," thinks old Brightie. She has always mentally compared the girl to one of those pure, white stars, which she used so specially to love, shining on their invisible stems, amidst the dark green leaf-sprays at her sister's home. Oh, how the poor, lonely old woman's heart had ached for that country home of her younger days, as she sat wearily at her business of plain sewing day after day in her attic in Union-square!

And Hazel, looking down, saw her one friend in the world. A ray of sunlight streamed in through the narrow staircase window on to Miss Bright. It makes the black cap which covers her whole head, with strings flying back over her shoulders, look very rusty. It makes her old alpaca gown, patched and repatched, and the little black silk apron that she wears, look more than ever shiny. It strikes upon the large, old-fashioned white pearl buttons down the front of her bodice, and upon the glasses of her spectacles, till she looks like some strange, black creature staring all over with big, round eyes. To Hazel's affectionate mind, however, there is nothing in the least ludicrous in the sight. She only notes the panting breath, and says, with a touch of impatience in her anxiety—

"Why will you persist in toiling up and down those horrid stairs, instead of sending me, Brightie? It is really very unkind of you."

When Brightie has delivered up Hazel's envelope, with its scrawled direction, she retires into her own room, next door, and shuts herself in. She is filled with an unwonted excitement, for she holds a second letter in her hand, and it is her own. The rarest thing it is for her to have a letter, and the post-mark is "Firdorf," the very same beautiful country place for which she had pined; there she and Janie, her only sister, had lived together, and Janie had died there. The hands, aged with work and deprivation more than with time, shake as they break the seal, the aged eyes grow dim again and again as they read.

It is fully three parts of an hour before Brightie has got through the letter—not that the words are many or hard to understand; but rather that the hindrances are many. The glasses of the large spectacles grow so misty from time to time that they require polishing. Then, too, Miss Bright's mind exhibits foolish tendencies, refusing to grasp the meaning of the words, and causing her to explain that she must be dreaming; and still further she is carried back in mind to days long since vanished, and scenes long unvisited, and these detain her long. But at last she rouses herself—has at length fairly accepted the astonishing good news her letter contains, and, with it open in her hand, hastens off to communicate the same to her young friend.

Hazel's door is locked, and Miss Bright has to wait a moment before it is unfastened. Hazel has been crying, and the tears must have been both plentiful and bitter, for unmistakable traces exist, in spite of hurried efforts to efface them. For once, though, Brightie is thoroughly self-engrossed, and fails to notice even Hazel's face.

"I have such wonderful news, my dear!" she exclaims, the moment she is admitted into the room.

Hazel expresses her interest, and, with her loving smile and tender way, ensconces her friend in the one attempt at an easy chair her room possesses, and then kneels beside her to listen.

"Well, my dear, you have heard me speak of my sister's house at Firdorf?"

"Of course! Often. Where you used to live, and the flowers were so lovely."

"Yes! and where the sweet white jasmine used to blossom, filling the air with its delicious fragrance when we sat in the summer evenings beneath the trellis work, in front of the dear old home."

As she speaks of the jasmine, old Miss Bright's hand is laid caressingly on Hazel's hair, and her eyes—happily not too keen without her glasses, or they would detect the tear marks—rest with softened look, full of tender memories, on the girl's sympathetic, upturned face.

"There were always we three there—I, and my sister and her boy. You have heard how the home was broken up, how Tom ran away, and how we lost our money, and how Janie's spirit broke down under it, till at length she gave up praying for Tom's return, and drooped and died?"

Miss Bright is making a long pause. Her large, rough face is heavy and sorrowful. She has quite forgotten her good news for the moment, has forgotten her friend kneeling beside her, has forgotten all save the memory of the sorrow which seemed to have terminated all of joy the world held for her. Hazel steals a gentle arm round the bowed neck, and kisses the worn, absent face as softly and soothingly as though it were some beautiful child's. The touch recalls the wandering thoughts, Brightie clasps the hand that she is holding in her own more tightly, and goes on:—

"Well, to be sure, and I haven't told you the news after all, dearie! It is that Tom has come back. He has made a great deal of money, and got quite reformed and come back. And he has bought back the old house, and now has just found out my address and wants me to go down and live with him; wants me to forgive him, he says, and let him be a comfort to me. I have, of course, nothing to forgive, except for Janie's sake."

"Oh, Brightie, what good, good news it is! I am so very glad. You will at last have some rest, and not be obliged to try your eyes over that fine sewing, and be taken proper care of, and have all sorts of nice things. I am so glad! How soon can you go, dear?—to-morrow? I should like you to go to-morrow."

Hazel began very bravely, went on unsteadily, and finally ended by laying her head down on Brightie's broad shoulder, fairly sobbing.

"I should like you to go to-morrow! Why, Hazel, Hazel, my tender-hearted little pet, are you crying, then? Because you are sure I am not going to-morrow? Neither to-morrow nor any other time. Don't you know I could not leave you without a friend in this great, careless world?"

Brightie's words are news to herself as she speaks them. She had not considered the possibility of such a thing before. Here was the longed-for home open to her, waiting to receive her again. Her one relation, her own nephew, the same merry-faced Tom of old, dear days, writing to her begging her to show her forgiveness and go to him to be cherished all the days of her life. And all this must be foregone—renounced. She must give it all up, and when Tom comes in two days, as he said he should, to fetch her, she must withstand his pleading and send him back alone, and never see the sweet garden and fresh sea again.

It is one of the cruellest days of bitter March weather. Yet early in the day after the talk with Brightie, Hazel goes out in spite of the cutting east wind. Wearily she drags herself about, making one more effort to dispose of the manuscript of a story she has written, which was ignominiously returned to her as useless this morning. Hour after hour she struggles on in a kind of desperation, trying every possible chance of getting rid of her laborious production. She is fully assured in her own mind that she will have no opportunity of getting out of doors, even to try and dispose of it, after to-day for many days to come. Her growing illness makes that certain. But all efforts are worse than useless. It is nearing seven o'clock, and growing quite dark, when she reaches Union-square and stumbles up those endless stairs at length. For the first two flights the stairs are comparatively broad and handsome, and they are thickly carpeted; but above they grow narrow and bare and steep. As she begins to ascend, Hazel meets a lady in a rich dress. There are preparations, too, in the lower rooms, which betoken the commencement of some festivity. Hazel is heartsick and footsore, and these slight matters intensify her loneliness and sadness, till as she enters her own dark, desolate room her swelling heart finds vent in a stifled sob. There has been no scarcity of trouble in the five-and-twenty years of Hazel Deane's life.

And now the trouble that weighs upon her this dreary night is the rejection all round of the treasured writing, offered everywhere with diffidence and hope, received back always with mortification and despair. It is now finally flung aside. Then there is the trouble of losing her friend—her one friend, Miss Bright—for Hazel's delicate little body holds a resolute mind and strong will, and she is determined her friend shall not forego the so long-needed rest on her account.

The moon is looking in through the uncurtained window, looking into the cold, bare room, where only two or three cinders glow a dull red in the grate. Beside it Hazel leans back in her chair, musing bitterly on all the gladness gone out of her life. "I am one of those who have none to love them," she thinks, and the tears gather in her eyes again.

She is quoting from Mr. Ruskin's "Queen's Gardens," the book which enabled her to bear patiently a long delay at one of the publishers she had tried that day. She had found it lying upon the table beside her as she waited, and picking it up, had become engrossed in it.

"And I am a woman, and I suppose, therefore, a queen—at least a possible queen," she muses—"a pretty queen!"

(To be concluded.)

* Sesame and Lilies. By John Ruskin, LL.D. 1. Of King's Treasuries. 2. Of Queen's Gardens.

THE WEATHER AND HEALTH.

By MEDICUS.

We have all heard tell of the "Clerk of the Weather." What a poor, ill-used, roundly-rated, over-worked individual he must be! His whole life must be spent in an impossible endeavour to please everybody. We may imagine the poor man going of a morning towards his office with languid steps and weary, wondering all the while to himself what sort of weather he ought to give the public to-day.

Arrived in front of his desk, he must stagger back with dismay at the piles on piles of letters heaped thereon. To read them all is out of the question; so he sits down and draws one forth, just as you would draw a card from the hand of someone who pretended to tell fortunes.

He opens the letter. It isn't a pleasant one by any means. There is a tone of growling impatience in every line of it. How long, the writer, who is an invalid, wants to know, are these horrible east winds going to prevail down in Devonshire? She has come here for her health's sake; she has been here for three weeks, and all that time it has never ceased to blow, and she has never ceased to cough and ache.

The clerk throws this epistle into the Balaam box and listlessly draws out another. "Don't you think," the writer says, "that a blink of sunshine would be a blessing—and a drop or two of warm rain to bring the fruit on, and the garden stuff? What is the good of having a Clerk of the Weather at all if he cannot attend better to his duties?"

That letter is also pitched into the Balaam box, and a third drawn—a delightful little cocked-hat of a letter, written on delicately-perfumed paper, probably with a dove's quill. She—of course it is a she!—is going to a garden-party on Tuesday week; would he, the Clerk of the Weather, kindly see that not a drop of rain falls on that day? Only bright sunshine, and occasional cloudlets to act as awnings and temper its heat.

The Clerk with a smile places that letter aside for further consideration, and goes on drawing. All and everyone of them either demand impossibilities or merely write to abuse the poor Clerk for some fancied dereliction of duty. One wants rain, another growls because there has been too much wet. This one is grumbling at the fogs, this other at the sunshine; this one suggests snow for a change, and this other begs for a thunderstorm to clear the atmosphere.

And so on and so forth. No wonder the bewildered Clerk jumps up at last and overturns the table, letters and all, and audibly expresses a desire to let all the winds loose upon the world at once, to revel and tear and blow as they like, to bring blinding snow from the far north and drenching rains from the torrid zone, to order a select assortment of thunderstorms from the Cape of Good Hope, and a healthy tornado from the Indian Ocean. But he thinks better of it, burns all the letters, and goes quietly on with his day's duty.

We see, then, that no matter what state of body or mind we may be in, we cannot get weather to order. We really commit an error, if nothing worse, in asking for weather to suit us.

We cannot alter our climate. December and January will bring their frosts and snows without asking our permission; easterly or nor'-easterly winds will prevail in the spring months; March will bluster, April will weep; May will smile through her tears by day and freeze us with her frosts at night, and July will stupefy us with thunderstorms, and August scorch us with heat one day and drench us to the skin the next.

Now I am happy to say that a very large percentage of the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER are so healthy in lungs and in nerves, and so stout-hearted and strong-limbed, that it is, as a rule, a matter of entire indifference to them how the wind blows or how the weather is. But all are not so, and it will seem a matter of surprise for the really robust to be told that many girls are so delicately constituted that they actually can tell if the wind is from the east before they draw the blind and look out. It is for this section of our girls that I am writing to-day. They may not be invalids, but may simply labour under a great susceptibility to atmospheric changes.

Such as these will be glad to be told that there is every possibility of their growing out of this disagreeable susceptibility, much depending upon how they use and treat themselves when young. Spring winds are very hard upon those who are subject to chest or throat irritation—in other words, to common colds—and I must take this opportunity of entreating girls of this class never to neglect a cold. Why? Because one cold on top of another, as the saying is, will certainly result in the end in thickening of the delicate mucous membrane that lines the lungs, and if this takes place you may look forward to being in time a confirmed invalid the greater part of the year through winter cough.

It is not a very difficult thing to get clear of a cold if taken in time. Confinement to the house for a day, or even two, a lowered diet, a mixture of the solution of acetate of ammonia and spirits of sweet nitre the first day, some aperient medicine and an ordinary cough mixture the second or third day, warmer clothing and avoidance of exposure to high winds; this treatment will be found successful in nine cases out of ten.

Sudden changes in temperature are apt to induce illness in the delicate. Mild weather may have prevailed for some days, when all at once the wind veers round to the north-east and at the same time it blows high. Exposure to weather of this kind may induce whatsoever kind of ailment an individual is subject to.

Well, there is one way and only one, to avoid it, and that is to dress in proportion to the cold. No need for the clothing to be thick or heavy. It should rather be the reverse, only soft and warm. Heavy clothing is sure to cause fatigue in walking, and also perspiration, and both states of body lay open the pores for trouble to enter.

No need, either, for even the delicate to confine themselves to the house during the cold spring weeks or days. Confinement to the house means want of exercise, want of an abundance of fresh air, and very often want of appetite. Well, the strong may exist intact for a long time without much exercise or ozone, but, mind you, the delicate cannot.

On wet days a mackintosh may be worn, though a good large umbrella is far better. But if you will have a waterproof, let it be cloth one, one that will admit of ventilation, and not an india-rubber article. This last is only fit for a Scottish cabman, with muscles of iron and sinews of steel.

Here is an extreme case by way of example. A lady goes out to take a walk on a damp day thus accoutred: An extraordinary bulk and weight of clothes, and over all an india-rubber mackintosh; on her feet are those abominations called goloshes; over her mouth she has stuck a respirator, and over her head and shoulders she carries an enormous umbrella. The windows and doors of this lady's house are always kept shut, and rendered hermetically sealed by woollen sand-bags and other oxygen-banishing contrivances. Is it any wonder that she is pale and flabby in face, that her very hands are sickly, soft, and puffy, and that she is continually at war with the cook?

Be warned, dear reader; take all reasonable precautions against catching cold, but do not render your body unwholesome from over-clothing, nor your lungs sickly for want of the pure air of heaven that you can no more live well without than a fish can survive in a muddy stream. Sore throat and tic doloreux, or face-ache, are very common complaints in cold weather with high winds. But I really think they are more easily prevented than cured. Both may be produced in the same way—namely, from exposure to cold. It is a draught blowing directly on the face and into the eyes or upon the neck that brings on these distressing complaints. Beware of such a draught, and beware of damp or wet feet. Beware, also, when walking out, of having too thick a muffle around the neck, for this is apt to sweat it.

Whenever you feel the slightest touch of sore throat, examine it at the glass, and if there be any redness, do it over with your camel's-hair pencil dipped in a mixture of glycerine two parts and tincture of iron one part.

As for tic, you protect yourself against cold and damp, but you ought also to take an occasional tonic, and there is nothing I know better than the citrate of iron and quinine. If, however, this medicine should produce a disagreeable feeling of fulness in the head, it had better be avoided and some other tonic substituted. Well, there is cod-liver oil in conjunction with the extract of malt. This is the only form in which cod-liver oil can be taken by many.

I should mention that an occasional aperient pill will do good, but that the habit of taking medicine of this kind as a regular thing should be avoided.

In cold weather the feet should be kept very comfortable, but you must avoid sitting too much by the fire. I have already said that sudden atmospheric changes are dangerous, but girls often manufacture these changes for themselves, quite independent of the weather, by keeping themselves too warm indoors and hugging the fire too much.

In cold weather the food should be more nourishing, and soups are good for the health. Soups should be avoided when the weather changes to warm.

Sugar, sweets, puddings, and fatty foods are all good in cold, bleak weather, but in summer these do harm, if used to any great extent, by heating the blood.

The change in this country from cold with high winds and perhaps frosts at night to warmth and even scorching heat is often very sudden. Even the delicate are then very apt

to throw off their winter or spring clothing. *But to do so* suddenly is highly injudicious. Girls who are not strong should wear some woollen *material all the year round*. This should of course be of a lighter texture in summer, but woollen it ought to be, without doubt.

It is, I believe, a fact that there are fully as many disagreeable colds caught in summer as in winter, and this can only be owing to the greater recklessness with which people expose themselves to the influence of the weather.

During sultry and thundery weather, as it is called, many of the delicate suffer from languor, listlessness, and headache. These symptoms usually go away suddenly when the weather breaks or the storm comes on and rolls over. Exertion in cases of this kind should be avoided, as well as anything like heavy meals. The sufferer is better out of doors than in, and better reclining in a hammock or easy-chair out of a draught than standing or walking about.

Hot weather greatly depresses the vital energy, because it usually comes on so suddenly. On very warm days the delicate should avoid the sunshine's glare during the heat of the day. But exercise must be taken if health is to be retained, so in summer even girls that are not strong should get out of bed soon and take a tepid if not cold bath. About half-an-hour after breakfast is the best time for exercise, and again about an hour before sunset, just when the day is cooling down, but before the chill, night air has begun to blow.

I have no intention at present to take up the subject of food in its relation to weather, but I must be permitted to say that in our country, as a rule, summer dinners are served on mistaken principles. Why, they differ but little, if at all, from the same meals as placed before us in the winter season—soup, fish, and great joints, pastry and cheese.

To the robust I have nothing to say. Let them eat what they choose; in time they will find out their mistake. But I do seriously advise delicate girls to live rather abstemiously and on light, easily digested dishes during the hot weather. Salads (and fruit, if good and ripe) may, however, be taken with great benefit.

We constantly hear young folks complaining of thirst during very warm weather. The reason is not so much to be sought in the heat itself as in the way they live. Overloading the stomach with strong meats in the summer season not only induces thirst but positively enfeebles the body and hurts the digestion.

Ice and ices should be avoided as much as possible; at the best their use is but a very artificial way of cooling the overheated body. A mixture of ice and stimulants is worse ten times. A cup of good tea is one of the most wholesome beverages one can take in warm weather. It exhilarates, it cools, and while it cools the body it calms the mind.

Lime or lemon juice and water make a good drink. It should be sipped.

Ginger beer is somewhat too gassy for a delicate stomach. Raspberry syrup in water, acidulated to taste with a little citric acid, is very refreshing, and the same may be said of many other of the fruit syrups.

Raspberry vinegar is made by placing three pounds of the picked fruit into a glass vessel and pouring over them a pint and a half of white wine vinegar. It should stand for a fortnight and then be strained without pressure.

Buttermilk is as good for a drink in summer as it is for the complexion. Whey is also an excellent drink in summer, and I cannot refrain from suggesting as a summer dish curds and cream.

Ripe fruit may be eaten during hot weather with great benefit, only it must be ripe and not over ripe.

To conclude, I shall give a prescription for a summer drink which is worth making a note of. Take the thin peel and the juice of a good-sized lemon and add a small teaspoonful of citric acid and a wine-glassful of fruit syrup, then pour on of boiling water one quart. Let it stand till cold, and then strain.

GIRLS' FRIENDSHIPS.

By the Author of "Flowering Thorns."

CHAPTER I.

IDEAL FRIENDSHIPS.



DON'T suppose there are many girls between the ages of sixteen and twenty-three who have not a great friend—a particular friend; and if there are, it is my opinion they cannot be the best kind of girls, because unnatural.

Some one — I think it is the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman"—has called friendship a "Foreshadowing of love"; and if it is natural for a woman to have a lover, it is no less natural for a girl to have a great friend among her girl associates.

How do girls make friends? and why do their friendships last very often but a short time? or, again, how is it they ever endure a long time? are questions which people who have forgotten their own early friendships, or, perhaps, never gave much thought to them, puzzle over in vain. And they may have puzzled you too, my thoughtful girl-readers, who want the ideal friend you have read of or dreamed of in day-dreams, but neither possess nor know how to acquire.

To begin with—What is friendship? and I am inclined to define it as a bond of mutual affection, sympathy, and help. If it is lacking in any one of these particulars, just so far does it fall short of ideal friendship.

Test your present so-called friendship by these tests, and I think you will find that any dissatisfaction you may feel in them can be accounted for by a failure to pass one or other.

There is, perhaps, not much difficulty about the first of these. Young people feel quickly and strongly, and if girls did not honestly love one another, or imagine—also honestly—that they did, the friendship, if, indeed, it could exist at all, would be shorn of half its charm. But love must be fed, and will only starve on a diet of respect and admiration, without a very large admixture of sympathy. Sympathy, fellow-feeling, mutual sensibility—call it how we will—is a simple necessity to our ideal friendship, and by no means compels the two friends to unvarying likeness either in character or tastes. But our ideal friends—let us call them Alice and Maud—must be united so wholly by this subtle bond that the pleasure, pain, or interest of the one touches, through her, the other, who shares in what I may call this reflective way the emotion originating with her friend.

Alice, who does not personally care for music in the least, yet thoroughly enjoys a concert, because she is feeling (reflectively) all the time the keen delight with which Maud is listening to every note; and Maud, for the same reason, has true pleasure in reading that rather dry volume of essays, because that scattered throughout are sentiments and expressions which she knows very well Alice will greatly appreciate.

Mutual sympathy between friends is, of course, the outcome of love; and yet it is surprising how little sympathy sometimes exists between girls who to all appearance are really fond of one another.

This may arise from selfishness, unselfishness, or unintelligence- that density of mental vision which has never been educated to perceive the subtle bonds which bind soul to soul.

Now let us take Edith and Amy as examples of an imperfect friendship, in contrary distinction to the ideal or perfect. They are fond of one another, but there is a lack of mutual sympathy. Amy is full of ideas and projects, which she sows broadcast during their long confidentials, and which spring up in great beauty (to her mind, at least) in the fertile soil of Edith's admiration. But all the giving is on one side. Edith listens and wonders, applauds or condoles, as her stronger-minded friend may give her the cue, too unselfish, and perhaps, also, too timid, to intrude her own less thrilling interests and hopes upon Amy's self-absorption; so that when the latter comes to an end of her confidences, and has leisure and recollection enough to say, "And now, Edith, what have you been doing?" she hastily replies, "Oh, nothing particular," glad to be able to shield her insignificance in silence.

Amy does not miss the return confidence which makes friendship so sweet; she is too full of her own affairs to be a listener. Edith is her overflow, whom she leaves saying mentally, "What a dear little sympathetic thing she is! What should I do without her?"

But what is Edith to do? Where is her overflow? This is a very one-sided friendship: the companionship of giant and dwarf, which sooner or later must come to an end or be very uncomfortable for the dwarf. The friends, as I said, need not be alike, need not even be of equal capacity, intellectually or practically, but the sympathy, rooted in affection, must be mutual; it must be equal give and take, or the friendship is miserably stunted and incomplete.

And this brings me to speak of the third ingredient in what I have defined as a perfect friendship—mutual help, which, of course, supposes the two friends to be somewhat different, whether in character, tastes, or surroundings, so that one can supply what the other lacks.

If two countries in friendly relations both



ALICE AND MAUD.

produce one article abundantly, and are both lacking in some other article, there can be no commerce—which is the symbol of friendly relations—between them. Both must apply to a third country for that in which both are deficient. And if Edith cannot get help from Amy when she is in need of it, not necessarily advice, but some new view of the situation occasioned by Amy's different character or life, and which would enable Edith to face the trouble or difficulty with more courage or intelligence—if, I say, Edith cannot get this help from Amy, before long she will find Clara, and the friendship will be dissolved or cooled; while undiscerning people will say, "How fickle these girls are!"

Not at all. They obey a subtle, spiritual law, which makes it impossible for friendship long to exist on insufficient food, and when it is said that women are unreasoning and exacting in their friendships, it is simply because people don't see that it is the nature which is in them crying out to be fed with that without which it must die.

But if after, it may be, years of affectionate intercourse, you still find that your friend gives you absolutely nothing which you have not already got—that she communicates no thought or experience to you that will stimulate your mind or aid you in the practical work of life—do you not begin to lose interest in her, strive as you will against the consciousness of it? Does not the friend quit her hold on you and slide down to the level of those of whom an hour or a letter every few weeks gives you enough? You may feel affectionately towards such, but not friendship.

Our ideal friends, Alice and Maud, are very different. Alice is studious and thoughtful, leading a quiet, uneventful life; Maud is high-spirited, devoted to art and music, and sees considerably more of "the world," as it is called. But they are a constant source of interest and assistance to each other. Alice's thoughtful mind finds the meaning to the puzzles of Maud's more superficial existence, who in turn puts the light touches to Alice's grave conclusions, which often give them reality. These two, as it were, sketch life's island from different points. One takes the outline of cliff or shore, dashing in what I may call the aggregated tints of forest and hill; the other paints by turns each special crag or ravine, with their colours in detail; yet both are correct, and we want both if we are to understand the island.

I can imagine Maud in difficulty thinking, "I must go and see Alice, she will help me out of my perplexity; she takes such different views of things from those I do, and I have really come to an end of my ideas."

Or Alice, also in difficulty, though probably of a very different character, exclaiming, "I only wish Maud were here. She would know just how to arrange this; and I cannot imagine what to do."

Emerson tells us that as soon as we come up with a man's (or woman's) limitations it is all over with us. Before that he might have been infinitely alluring and attractive—"a great hope—a sea to swim in"; but you discover that he has a shore—that the sea is, in fact, a pond—and you cease to care for it.

There is something in this to explain the languidness or cessation of many girl friendships. There is nothing more to be learned—nothing more to teach. They have come to an end of their resources; there is no more help to be got, and the interest dwindles. A long walk or talk with one another becomes stale, each prefers her own society, and by degrees the unfed affection cools, and they find themselves unconsciously groping about for souls whose limitations they have not yet reached.

This is not fickleness; it is Nature; and there is a natural remedy—progress. If day by day your shores—to use Emerson's simile—widen, if you will not allow your mind to remain at a standstill, like the stagnant pond, but are constantly receiving and constantly using varied stores of knowledge and experience, you need not fear to crush your friend by the discovery of your limitations. She will have to progress too, if she is to come up with that; and as there is no reasonable probability that you will advance in precisely the same direction, you will each find increasing interest and help in the other's society.

One thing more the ideal friendship needs, but it is one most girls' friendships, whether ideal or not, possess. I mean confidence. It is not till the twenties are well into that reserve and reticence take their place in a woman's friendship; it is not till then that she questions with herself how far she will trust her friend with her hopes, fears, and troubles. The younger we are, the more generous, trusting, and unsuspicious we are; which is, I suppose, the great reason why we never make such particular friends when the period of trust is past. If your friend is worthy of the name, trust her wholly. How can you sympathise with or help one another if you only tell half your troubles and difficulties? I do not mean that all should wear their hearts upon their sleeves. Every girl has, and should have, her private sanctuary of thought, where none may enter; but in the matters which are discussed between friends let there be no half-confidences.

I have tried to sketch what I call an ideal friendship. If they are rare, they are possible—most possible if you only study their construction.

I think all thoughtful and imaginative girls long for this ideal friendship; but I wonder if they all reflect that the ideality does not all depend on the friend, but on themselves. If it takes two most emphatically to make a quarrel, it needs two to make a friendship. Do your best to make it ideal.

I have known such a friendship; I know that it is possible; and I know that it is one of the most perfect experiences our life can give us.

You do not need to live exceptional lives in order to love, sympathise, and help. Experience is the best teacher, and gives lessons to all. Use that intelligently as a means of moral, mental, spiritual progress, remembering that it does not come to you by chance, but rather as the work of

"The hands
Which reach through Nature, moulding men."

(To be continued.)

MERLE'S CRUSADE.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Aunt Diana," "For Lilias," etc

CHAPTER II.

AN UNPREACHED SERMON

SUCH an odd thing happened a few minutes afterwards. I was sitting quite quietly in my corner, turning over in my mind all the arguments with which I had assailed Aunt Agatha that Sunday afternoon, and watching the pink glow of the firelight in contrast to the whiteness of the snow outside, when the door bell rang, and almost the next moment Uncle Keith came into the room.

I suppose he must have overlooked me entirely, for he went up to Aunt Agatha and sat down beside her.

"Sweetheart," he said, taking her hand, and I should hardly have recognised his voice, "I have been thinking about you all the way home, and what a pleasant sight my wife's face would be after my long walk through the snow and——" But here Aunt Agatha must have given him a warning look, for he stopped rather abruptly, and said, "Hir-rumph" twice over, and Aunt Agatha blushed just as though she were a girl.

I could not help laughing a little to myself as I went out of the room to tell Patience to bring in the tea, and yet that sentence of Uncle Keith touched me somehow. Were middle-aged people capable of that sort of love? Did youth linger so long in them? I had imagined those two such a staid, matter-of-fact couple; they had come together so late in life, that one never dreamt of any possible romance in such a courtship, and yet he could call Aunt Agatha "Sweetheart" in a voice that was not the least drawling. At that moment one would not have called him so plain and insignificant with that kind look on his face. I suppose he keeps that look for Aunt Agatha, for I remember she once told me that she had never seen such a good face as Uncle Keith's "not handsome, Merle, but so thoroughly good."

Patience was toasting the muffins in her bright little kitchen, so I sat down and watched her. I was rather partial to Patience; she was a pretty, neat-looking creature, and I always thought it a great pity that she was engaged to a journeyman bootmaker, who aspired to be a preacher. I never could approve of Reuben Locke, though Aunt Agatha spoke well of him; he was such a weak, pale-faced young man; and I think a man, to be one, ought to have some spirit in him, and not possess only the womanish virtues.

"How is Reuben, Patience?" I asked, somewhat amiably, just for the pleasure of seeing our little handmaid's dimples come into view.

"Reuben's but poorly, miss," replied Patience, as she buttered another smoking muffin, the last of the pile. "He was preaching at Whitechapel the other night and caught a cold and sore throat; his mother says he will not be at chapel to-night."

"I do not approve of street preaching myself," I remarked, a little severely.

"Indeed, miss," replied Patience, innocently, as she prepared to carry in the tea-tray, "Reuben always tells me that the Apostles were street preachers, and Reuben is as clear as Gospel in what he says." But here the drawing-room bell broke off Patience's argument, and left me somewhat worsted. I went to church by myself that evening, and I am ashamed to say I heard very little of the sermon. I knew Aunt Agatha would be taking advantage of my long absence to retail what she termed my preposterous scheme to Uncle Keith, and that I should have the benefit of his opinion on my return, and this thought made me restless.

I was not wrong in my surmise. Aunt Agatha looked a little pale and subdued, as though she had been shedding a few tears over my delinquencies, but Uncle Keith was simply inscrutable; when he chose, his face could present a perfect blank.

"Hir-rumph, my dear, what is this your aunt tells me, that you are going to Prince's Gate to-morrow morning to offer your services as nurse in a gentleman's family?"

"Yes, Uncle Keith."

"Do you mean to tell me seriously that you have really made up your mind to take this step?"

"Oh, I am quite serious, I assure you."

"Your aunt's objections and mine do not count for much, then?"

"I should be sorry to go against your wishes or Aunt Agatha's," I returned, trying to keep cool; but his manner, as usual, aggravated me; it said so plainly, "What a silly child you are, and yet you think yourself a woman," "but I must do as I think right in this matter. I hope to prove to you and everyone else that there is nothing derogatory in the work I mean to undertake. It is not what I would choose, perhaps, but everything else is closed to me," thinking sorrowfully of my life-long misfortune, as I always called it, and my repressed longings for hospital training.

"Perhaps if you waited something else might turn up." But I shook my head at this.

"I have waited too long already, Uncle Keith; idleness soon becomes a habit."

"Then if you have made up your mind, it is useless to try and alter it," returned Uncle Keith, in a slightly ironical tone, and he actually took up the volume he was reading in a way that showed he had dismissed the subject. I was never more astonished in my life; never had Uncle Keith so completely baffled me.

I had spent the whole time during which I ought to have been listening to the sermon, in recapitulating the heads of my arguments in favour of this very scheme; I would show Uncle Keith how clearly and logically I could work out the subject.

I had thought out quite an admirable little essay on feminine work in the nineteenth century by the time Mr. Wright had finished his discourse. I meant to have cited the Challoners as an example. Aunt Agatha had stayed in their neighbourhood of Oldfield just before her marriage, and had often paid visits at Longmead and Glen Cottage.

The eldest Miss Challoner—Nan, I think they called her—was just preparing for her own wedding, and Aunt Agatha often told me what a beautiful girl she was, and what a fine, intelligent creature the second sister Phillis seemed. She was engaged to a young clergyman at Hadleigh, and there had been some talk of a double wedding, only Nan's father-in-law, Mr. Mayne, of Longmead, had been rather cross at the notion, so Phillis's was to be postponed until the autumn.

All the neighbourhood of Oldfield had been ringing with the strange exploits of these young ladies. One little fact had leaked out after another; it was said their own cousin, Sir Henry Challoner, of Gilsbank, had betrayed the secret, though he always vowed his wife had a hand, or rather a tongue, in the business; but anyhow, there was a fine nine days' gossip over the matter.

It seemed that some time previously Mrs. Challoner and her three daughters had sustained severe losses, and the three girls, instead of losing courage, had put their shoulders to the wheel, and had actually set up as dressmakers at Hadleigh, carrying on their business in a most masterly fashion, until the unexpected return of their relative, Sir Harry Challoner, from Australia, with plenty of money at his disposal, broke up the dressmaking business, and reinstated them at Glen Cottage.

A few of their friends had been much offended with them, but as it was understood that Lady Fitzroy had spoken warmly of their moral courage and perseverance, it had become the fashion to praise them. Aunt Agatha had often quoted them to me, saying she had never met more charming girls, and adding more than once how thoroughly she respected their independence, and of course in recalling the Challoners I thought I should have added my crowning argument.

There was so much, too, that I longed to say in favour of my theory. The love of little children was very strong with me. I had often been pained as I walked through the streets at seeing tired children dragged along or shaken angrily by some coarse, uneducated nurse. It had always seemed rather a pitiful idea to me that children from their infancy should be in hourly contact with rough, menial natures. "Surely," I would say to myself, "the mother's place must be in her nursery; she can find no higher duty than this, to watch over her little ones; even if her position or rank hinder her constant supervision, why need she relegate her maternal duties to uneducated women? Are there no poor gentlewomen in the world who would gladly undertake such a work from very love, and who would refuse to believe for one moment they were losing caste in discharging one of the holiest and purest duties in life?

"What an advantage to the children," I imagined myself saying in answer to some objection on Uncle Keith's part, never dreaming that all this eloquence would be silenced by masculine cunning.

"What an advantage to these little creatures to hear English pure and undefiled from their cradles, and to be trained to habits of refinement and good manners by merely instinctively following the example before their eyes. Children are such copyists, one shudders to think of these impressionable little beings being permitted by their natural guardians to take their earliest lessons from some uneducated person.

"Women are crying out for work, Uncle Keith," I continued, carrying my warfare into a fresh quarter; but, alas! this, with the rest of my eloquence, died a natural death on my way home. "There are too many of the poor things in this world, and the female market is overstocked. They are invading telegraph offices, and treading on the heels of business men, but sheer pride and stupidity prevent them from trying to open nursery doors."

"Unladylike to be a servant," another imaginary objection on Uncle Keith's part. "Oh, fie, Uncle Keith! this from you, who read your Bible and go to church; and yet I remember a certain passage, 'Whosoever will be chief among you let him be your servant,' which has hallowed the very idea of service ever since.

"To serve others seems the very meaning of womanhood; in some sense, a woman serves all the days of her life. No, I am not farfetched and unpractical." Another supposed masculine tirade. "I have thought over the whole thing most carefully. I am not only working for myself, but for others. I want to open the eyes of my generation, and, like the Challoners, to lead a new crusade against the mighty sham of conventionality. Understand me, Uncle Keith, I do not say to these young gentlewomen, put your pride in your pocket and wheel your perambulator with the twins, or carry the baby into the park before the eyes of your aristocratic acquaintance; that would be unnecessary and foolish; you may leave that part to the under-nurse, who brings your meals and scours your nurseries; I simply say to them, if you have no capacity for teaching, if nature has unfitted you for other work, and you are too proud and conscientious to live a dragging, dependent life under the roof of some overburthened relative, take the charge of some aristocratic nursery. Do not think it beneath your womanhood to feed and wash and clothe an infant, or to watch over weak, toddling creatures. Your work may be humble, but you will grow to love it, and if no one else will put the theory to the test, I, Merle Fenton, will do so, though I must take the plunge unaided, and alone."

But all these feeling observations were locked up in my own inner consciousness, for during the remainder of the evening

Uncle Keith simply ignored the subject and read his book with a pretence of being perfectly absorbed in it, though I am certain that his eyes twinkled mischievously whenever he looked in my direction, as though he were quite aware of my flood of repressed oratory.

I determined to have it out with Aunt Agatha, so I followed her into her room, and asked her in a peevish voice what she meant by saying Uncle Keith would be so angry with me, as he had not raised a single objection, and, of course, as silence meant consent, I should most certainly keep my appointment at Prince's Gate.

Aunt Agatha looked a little distressed as she answered me.

"To tell you the truth, Merle, I did not quite understand your uncle myself; I expected a very different reception of my news."

"Tell me all about it from the very beginning," I returned, eagerly. "Patience has made such a nice fire, because she said she was afraid you had a cold, and I can just sit by it and brush out my hair while we talk."

"But I am tired and sleepy, child, and after all there is not much to tell," objected Aunt Agatha; but she was far too good-natured to refuse for all that, so she seated herself, dear soul, in the big chair—that she had christened Idleness—and tried to remember what I wished to hear.

"I told him everything, Merle: how your one little defect hindered you, poor child, from being a nursery governess or companion, and how, in spite of this serious obstacle, you were determined to work and be independent."

"Well, and did he say nothing to all that?" I asked, for I knew in what a feeling manner Aunt Agatha would have described my difficulties.

"Oh, yes; he said, 'poor little thing,' in the kindest possible way, 'and quite right—very proper,' when I spoke of your desire for work."

"Well," rather impatiently.

"He listened very attentively until I read him out the advertisement, but that seemed to upset him, for he burst out laughing, and I thought he would never stop. I was half crying by that time, for you had worried me to death all the afternoon, Merle, but nothing I could say would make him grave for a long time. He said once, 'What could have put such a thing into her head?' and then he laughed again as though the idea amused him, and then he rubbed his hands and muttered, 'What an original child it is; there is no deficiency of brain power as far as I can see; who would have dreamt of such a thing?' and so on."

"Then I may flatter myself that Uncle Keith approves of my scheme," I observed, stiffly, for I was much offended at the idea of his laugh.

"Oh dear, no," returned Aunt Agatha, in an alarmed voice, "he expressed his disapproval very strongly; he said it was all very well in theory, and that, on the whole, he agreed with you that the nursery was undoubtedly a lady-like sphere, but he was far from sure that your scheme would be practical. He foresaw all kinds of difficulties, and that he did not consider you at all the person for such a position."

"Why did not Uncle Keith say all this to me himself?" I demanded.

"Because he said it would only be sowing the wind to raise the whirlwind. In an argument he declares women always have the best of it, because they can talk the fastest, and never will own they are beaten; to raise objections would only be to strengthen you more in your purpose. I think," finished Aunt Agatha, in her softest voice, "that he hoped your plan would die a natural death, for he recommended me to withdraw all opposition."

Oh, the cunning of these men. I would not have believed all this of Uncle Keith. I was far too angry to talk any more to Aunt Agatha; I only commanded my voice sufficiently to say that I fully intended to keep my appointment the next day; and as she only looked at me very sadly and said nothing, I had no excuse for lingering any longer, so I took up my candlestick and marched into my own room.

It felt cold and desolate, and as I sat down by the toilet table, such sad eyes looked into mine from the depths of the mirror, that a curious self-pitying feeling made me prop my chin on my hands and exchange looks of silent sympathy with my image.

My want of beauty never troubled me; it has always been my private conviction that we ought to be thankful if we are tolerably pleasant in other people's eyes; beauty is too rare a gift to be often reproduced. If people thought me nice-looking I was more than content; perhaps it was surprising that, with such good-looking parents, I was just ordinary and nothing else, "But never mind, Merle, you have a good figure and talking eyes," as Aunt Agatha once said to me. "I was much plainer at your age, my dear, but my plainness never prevented me from having a happy life and a good husband."

"Well, perhaps I should like a happy life, too, but as for the husband—never dream of that, my good girl; remember your miserable deficiency in this enlightened age. No man in his senses would condone that; put such thoughts resolutely away and think only of your work in life. *Laborare est orare.*"

(*To be continued.*)

THE CONTENTS OF MY WORK-BOX.

HOW BUTTONS ARE MADE.



It is scarcely possible to determine when buttons, which are both useful and ornamental, were first made. In the paintings of the fourteenth century they frequently appear on the garments of both sexes, but in many instances they are drawn without button-holes, and are placed in such situations as to suggest that at that time they were used more for ornament than usefulness.

It was towards the close of the sixteenth century that button-making was first considered a business, and that the manufacturers formed a considerable body.

Button-making was originally a very tedious and expensive process. The button consisted of one solid piece of metal; the ornaments on the face of it were the work of an engraver. To obviate the expense connected with such a method of production, the press, stamp, and engine for turning the moulds were introduced. This improvement led the way for other improvements, both with regard to the materials from which buttons were afterwards made and also the process of manufacture. The plain gilt button, which was extensively used in the early part of the present century, was made from an alloy called plating metal, which contained a larger proportion of copper and less zinc than ordinary brass. The devices on the outer surface were produced by stamping the previously cut out blanks or metal discs with steel dies, after which the necks were soldered in. At the present time every possible kind of metal, from iron to gold, whether pure or mixed; every conceivable woven fabric, from canvas to the finest satin and velvet; every natural production capable of being turned out or pressed, as wood, horn, hoof, pearl, bone, ivory, jet, ivory nuts; every manufactured material of which the same may be said, as caoutchouc, leather, papier maché, glass, porcelain, etc., buttons are made in a great variety of shape; but at the present time they may be classed under four heads: buttons with shanks, buttons without shanks, buttons on rings or wire moulds, and buttons covered with cloth or some other material.

In the process of metal button-making by means of fly presses and punches, circular discs, called blanks, are cut out of sheets of metal. This work is usually done by females, who, while seated at a bench, manage to cut out as many as thirty blanks per minute, or twelve gross in an hour. On leaving the press the edges of the blanks are very sharp. When they have been smoothed and rounded, the surfaces are planished on the face by being placed separately in a die, under a small stamp, and causing them to receive a sharp blow from a polished steel hammer. The next process is that of shanking, or attaching small metal loops, by which they are fastened to garments. The shank manufacture is a distinct branch of the trade in Birmingham, although at times carried on in the same factory.

The shanks are made by a machine, in which a coil of wire is gradually advanced towards a pair of shears, which cut off short pieces. A metal finger then presses against the middle of each piece, first bending it and then pressing it into a vice, where it is compressed so as to form a loop; a hammer then strikes the two ends, spreading them into a flat surface, and the shank is pushed out of the machine ready for use. The shanks in some instances are attached to the blanks by women with iron wire, solder, and resin, after which they are placed in an oven, and when firmly united are removed and form plain buttons. In the majority of cases, however, soldering is dispensed with, the shanks being made secure in the press.

If the button is to be finished without a shank, it is passed on from the press, which it leaves as a blank, to another where the holes are pierced, and then to a third where the roughness is removed from the edges of the holes.

The commonest metal buttons which I have seen in process of making were cut out of scraps of tin, similar to what may be seen on the refuse heap of any shop where tin goods are made. The hand presses worked by women cut out the blanks, made a simple impression on the outside, and turned up the edges all round at the same time. The blanks were then passed on to another press, where pieces of cardboard were inserted, and the edges turned over to keep them firm. The holes were next pierced, and a finish given by a blow from a stamp.

I felt deeply interested in seeing all kinds of buttons in process of being made, some for India, others for Chili, and our own army, but the prettiest and most interesting to witness while passing through the presses, stamps, and hands of the workers were some which were being made for Malta. In passing through the first press the blank was embossed and cut out. By another press the edge was scalloped, and by a third press the open work was effected. The next process was that of so pressing each disc to such an extent that the scalloped edges of two might meet, and thus form a round button of pretty design when united, and a shank fastened in the centre of one of the blanks.

Military buttons, like many others, are made of two discs of metal, the impression on the outer ones being produced by a sharp blow in a stamp, the under ones having two holes pierced in them for the shanks, which are put through and bent flat on the inside. They are next passed through another press which firmly fastens the two discs together, and holds the shank so securely as to obviate the necessity of having recourse to soldering.

Covered buttons are made in an immense variety of textiles. It is impossible in the space allowed for this paper to enumerate them, but I may add that their ingenious construction, their good wearing qualities, the clever mechanism of the tools by which the various discs of cloth, metal, millboard, etc., are cut out, and the methods of uniting them so as to form a complete button, are marvels of skill and industry.

The earliest covered buttons were made so recently as the year 1802, in Birmingham, by Mr. B. Sanders. Those buttons had metal shanks, but by the ingenuity of Mr. Sanders, jun., his father's invention was completed by tufts of canvas, through which the buttons could be attached to garments, being substituted for rigid metal shanks. The only improvement since made has been that of covering the back of the silk-fronted buttons also with silk.

A covered button consists of two discs of metal and one of millboard, thicker or thinner, according to circumstances. In making it, the sheet of iron is first scaled, by the use of powerful acids, and then cut into proper size and shape by a press. The neck, or collet, of the button is japanned after being stamped and cut. The hollow between the neck and shell is filled with millboard. When the parts are put together and pressed the button is brought into shape, and its several parts are consolidated.

It was in the year 1841 that Mr. John Aston made the first three-fold linen button—that is, a button formed of a linen covering and a ring of metal, so put together that both sides and centre were completely covered with separate pieces of linen, and thus produced being quite flat. This being an exceedingly neat and convenient button, it became largely patronised, as it still is by housewives, for all underclothing, having superseded the old thread button formed of a ring of wire, with threads drawn over it and gathered in the centre. A slight improvement was made by Mr. Elliott. During the time that the patent lasted these two gentlemen worked in concert, and established a very successful business.

So great has been the demand for covered linen buttons at different times, that during one single year Mr. Elliott's successors have in the process of making them required 63,000 yards of cloth and 34 tons of metal, and given employment to 250 persons. As the button trade has for a considerable time been in a very depressed condition, it is possible that the productions of this firm may not be of such magnitude as they were a few years since.

With regard to the depressed condition of this branch of Birmingham industries, one manufacturer assured me, only a few weeks ago, that where 150 persons were employed at one time, not more than 20 or 30 would be working then. In visiting one of the largest manufactories the same day, I saw sufficient to convince me of the truthfulness of his statement, for in passing through the different workshops I saw one or two presses, stamps, and turning-lathes at work, whereas several were unused and without attendants. One firm, when trade is in a flourishing condition, will make about 15,000 gross of linen buttons weekly. Ivory buttons are made from the tusks of elephants; but as the material is expensive, and the manipulation has to be conducted with great care, and that chiefly by hand, they can only be used by persons who can afford to pay a goodly sum.

During the last few years, in which a great variety of colours has been introduced, both for ladies' and gentlemen's garments, and buttons have been required to match, it is fortunate that a substitute has been found for ivory in the kernel of the "corozo" nut. This nut grows in clusters on palm-like trees in South America, and is husked like a cocoanut, but is different in shape and considerably smaller in dimensions. The kernel—the part used in button-making—is milk-white, and being softer than animal ivory, is more easily turned, and as it readily absorbs dyes, it can be made to take any colour with little trouble.

The process of making these vegetable ivory buttons is as follows:—After boys have cracked the shells, the kernels are taken by men standing at benches in which small fine-toothed saws are revolving. Only a slight pressure of the nut against the saw is required before it is divided into equal parts. If necessary, the operation is repeated. Providing, however, that the pieces of the nut are of proper dimensions, they are passed on to the turner.

The next process is that of cutting out or turning, and is performed in the following manner:—The turner, after fixing a piece of the nut in the chuck of his lathe, brings a tubular cutter, the face edge of which is toothed like a saw, to work on the exposed front surface of the nut; the result is that of a rough button or mould. As these moulds are rough, they are passed on to another lathe, where they are made smooth, and then to a third, where the holes are drilled. They are next passed on to the dyer, who arranges his colours according to instructions received. It sometimes happens that a mottled appearance is required; when such is the case, girls are employed to touch them with the colours required by the aid of camel-hair pencils. The buttons are next placed in tanks for drying, the tanks being heated by steam for that purpose.

Most of the buttons are polished in lathes by friction from their own dust, held in the hand of the operative.

Porcelain buttons were invented by Mr. R. Prosser, of Birmingham, who, in conjunction with the celebrated firm of Minter and Co., made them in large quantities in the potteries, about the year 1840. They were, however, soon driven from the market by French manufacturers, who sold a great gross—that is, twelve gross, each of twelve dozen—for the ridiculously small sum of elevenpence.

Glass buttons are made by heating canes of glass and pinching them from the end with pliers, which at the same time answer the purpose of a die. They are sold very cheaply, as low as twopence a gross, but it is scarcely possible for any English firm to compete with Bohemia in their production.

Mother-o'-pearl buttons are made out of pearl shells which have been imported from the coasts of Macassar, Manilla, Bombay, the archipelago of the Pacific, the Bay of Panama, and a few other places. Their market value is not always the same. At the present time it ranges from £8 to £10 per hundredweight. The blanks are cut out of the shells by a steel tubular cutter, similar to that used in cutting the vegetable ivory. As the cutter works its way through a shell, small cylinders of pearl are disconnected, which are reduced in thickness by splitting into discs, a little thicker than the button is required to be when finished. These blanks are finished singly in a turning lathe, by being placed in a suitable chuck, and having a steel tool applied to its face for producing the rim and depression in the centre. They are then passed on to another lathe, where the holes are drilled, and afterwards to another, where they are polished by friction and a mixture of rotten-stone and soft soap.

The best white buttons are those which are made from Macassar shells, and the best black from shells of the archipelago of the Pacific. The latter are the dearest, in consequence of the black shells not being so plentiful as those of lighter shades. Some few years since the consumption of mother-o'-pearl shells in Birmingham amounted to nearly one thousand tons annually; the failure of the fisheries in Central America has, however, reduced it to a little more than a third, or about three hundred tons a year.

Thimbles are made by stamping, and afterwards turning in a lathe, the indentations being produced by a suitable instrument. On the Continent the operatives make them with punches in as many as five different mandrils. Scissors, bodkins, etc., have nothing connected with their manufacture which calls for any special notice. Although, as in previous papers, I have conducted my readers in paths not usual to girls and young women, I hope that my description of button-making will interest a considerable number, and teach them to think more of buttons and how they are made and by whom made than they have ever done before.

W. W. B.

BITS ABOUT ANIMALS.

A Sagacious Colt.

A GENTLEMAN whose pretty garden adjoined a park in which a number of young colts were grazing, was much annoyed by the inroads of these animals. He took every precaution to prevent their entrance, but to no purpose. Fences were examined and found intact, the gate was kept shut, and yet one or more of the colts would soon be found devastating flower-beds, or browsing in the kitchen garden. The provoking part of it was that no one could discover how the creatures obtained an entrance.

At length men were hidden in the trees to watch, and the problem was speedily solved. A colt trotted up to the gate and inserted its head between the bars, with the evident intention of raising the latch. He made several vain attempts, but had not mastered the trick. The latch remained in its place, and the colt outside.

For a few moments the animal stood cogitating, then trotted rapidly back to the spot where he had left his companions. He singled out one of the most frequent visitors to the garden, and, by some language peculiar to colts, made known his difficulty. The other at once returned with his companion to the gate, inserted his head below one of the bars, and by a dexterous movement displaced the latch, and the gate swung open. Then, throwing back his head as if to say, "See how easy it is when one knows how," he went back whilst the other entered the garden.

It was noticed by the watchers that this last had not previously been seen within the forbidden precincts, but the one that opened the gate for him had been particularly troublesome. The fact that he was specially selected for the office of porter showed no little sagacity in the would-be visitor to the garden. But, much as the cleverness of the animals might be admired, care was taken to render its exercise useless for the future.

RUTH LAMB.

VARIETIES.

A French Conversation.

Voltaire once said, "It is not clear, therefore it cannot be French." This is only partially true, for the French language furnishes abundant material for puns and misunderstandings, intentional or otherwise. The following amusing instance may serve as an illustration:—

Two sportsmen met together on their way home.

"Where do you come from?" the first asked the second, who was trembling with fright.

"I come - I come—from the forest of Bondy."

"And why are you so excited?"

"I have been attacked by robbers."

"How many were there?"

"*Sept.*"

"What did you say?"

"*Je dis sept.*"

"*Dix-sept?*"

"No; *sans dix.*"

"*Cent dix?*

"Oh, dear! no. *Sans dix, sept.*"

"Good gracious! *Cent dix-sept?*"

"Nonsense. *Sept sans dix-sept.*"

"*Sept cent dix-sept.*"

"You don't understand me. *Je te dis sept sans dix!*"

"*Dix-sept cent dix.*"

"You will drive me mad! *Je te dis sept sans dix-sept!*"

"*Dix-sept cent dix-sept!* I can understand your being frightened with such a number."

TO PRESERVE CUT FLOWERS.—An important rule in preserving cut flowers is never to cram the vase with flowers. Many will last if only they have a large mass of water in the vase and not too many stalks to feed on the water and pollute it. Vases that can hold a large quantity of water are to be preferred to the spindle-shaped trumpets that are often used. Flat dishes covered with wet sand are also useful for short-stalked or heavy-headed flowers; even partially-withered blooms will revive when placed on this cool moist substance. Moss, though prettier than sand, is to be avoided, as it soon smells disagreeably, and always interferes with the scent of the flowers placed in it for preservation.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.—The world deals good-naturedly with good-natured people, and I never knew a sulky misanthropist who quarrelled with it but it was he and not it that was in the wrong.—*Thackeray.*

Mothers' Thoughts.

To a goose one day a gosling came.
As she surveyed it duly,
She said, "No swan in all the world
Is half so pretty, truly."

In words like these all mothers' thoughts
This wise old goose expressed;
For of all babies in the world,
Each thinks her own the best.

UNGRATEFUL GRATITUDE.—There are minds so impatient of inferiority that their gratitude is a species of revenge, and they return benefits not because recompense is a pleasure, but because obligation is a pain.—*Dr. Johnson.*

Double Acrostic.

Dissatisfied with their appointed lot,
These both aspir'd to seem what they were not;
Foil'd in their schemes, they recognis'd, too late,
The folly of attempts to shake the state.
The first became, t' avoid a harsher doom,
A menial, baser than the lowest groom;
The second paid a far more heavy tax;
Tried and condemn'd, he perished by the axe.

1. So fair and flatt'ring, and so bright of hue,
   Will it betray us? or will it be true?

2. Friend of two great philosophers, this youth
   Boasted himself yet more, the friend of truth.
   Throughout a long career he strove to scan
   The wondrous working of great Nature's plan,
   And taught his pupils, strolling at their ease,
   'Neath pleasant shelter of umbrageous trees.

3. The glorious witness to the living faith,
   In tortures passing unto life through death.

4. How many bow'd their heads to meet this thing!
   Priest, warrior, noble, princess, e'en a king.

5. The good old man, whose tender, loving heart,
   Unfitted him to act the sterner part
   Of curbing his rebellious children's will;
   His mild reproof they disregarded, till
   There fell the doom that had been prophesied,
   And in one day the sons and father died.

6. Oft melted and then pour'd into a mould,
   Translucent and inodorous when cold,
   Useful, abundant, and of little cost,
   Mis-spelt, miscall'd by those who use me most.

7. A butcher's son, who rose to eminence
   In legal circles by his clear good sense;
   For public service he was made a peer,
   And held the woolsack twice for many a year.

8. The Roman youth, to prove his hardihood,
   Thrust his right hand into the fire that stood
   Before the king; shrivel'd his hand remained,
   And he this surname by that act obtain'd.

9. A bird of Africa, that shows the way
   To where wild bees their stores of honey lay;
   Then perch'd aloft, content t' await his share
   Of honey which the hunters leave him there.

10. The elder daughter, offer'd as a bride
    To him who foes successfully defied.
    With conquest flush'd, the low-born victor came,
    The fair princess's promis'd hand to claim,
    But only came to disappointment; since
    She had already wed a pow'rful prince.

11. A jutting cape, which, when the Northmen spied,
    A fanciful resemblance they descried
    To human features; so they gave a name
    To mark that cape, and still it bears the same.

12. How do you call that line, which, year by year,
    Traces the sun's course round the pictur'd sphere?

13. In Scandinavian fables I am nam'd
    "Destroyer," and as evil genius fam'd;
    Interpolate one letter, and 'tis strange
    That I become preserver by the change.

XIMENA.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

EDISCENDA.—The highest mountain known has been found in New Guinea, and is called Mount Hercules. It is said to be 32,786 feet high, or 3,786 feet higher than Mount Everest, of the Himalayan Range.

VIOLET.—The best examination to pass would be either the Oxford or Cambridge; but if you do not wish to do so much, that of the College of Preceptors would perhaps be sufficient for your purpose.

A LONELY GIRL.—We think there is too much science and too little history and literature in your list of books, and we should recommend a course of poetry also, as well as some works on art.

A, B, C, D, ETC.—In the chronicles of Robert of Gloucester the age of Brutus is purely legendary. The whole chronicle is partly taken from the fabulous history of Geoffrey of Monmouth.

DORA (Bradford).—"How to Form a Small Library" was at pages 7 and 122, vol. ii. Clean your hair-brushes with flour or bran, rubbing them well together with it as if you were washing them dry. You should write copies daily to improve your hand-writing.

A. and M.—We are inclined to believe that governesses are not in demand anywhere in the colonies unless they be willing to turn their hands to help in the household, just as a daughter of the house might do. If you and your sister be willing to do this, and are both capable and industrious, you might do well in Queensland. Write to the secretary of the Woman's Emigration Society, New Buildings, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's-gate, London, S.W.

E. C. G.—We believe you can obtain grammars and dictionaries in most of the Eastern tongues at Messrs. Trübner's, Ludgate-hill, E.C. We cannot say what progress you would make without a master, as we do not know your capabilities.

MACAW.—We have great pleasure in giving the address of the correspondence class from which you have derived so much advantage, and which you sought through our advice. Miss MacArthur, 4, Buckingham-street, Hillhead, Glasgow. So well managed, as it appears to be from your account, we hope our notice may prove of much use to our readers.

MISS MACKAY.—We thank you for the particulars which you send us of your essay club, called The Rookery, and willingly give your invitation to our readers to join it. There is no charge made for these answers to correspondents. We are glad to give help and promote all useful efforts, and believe we shall do so by giving your address as Hon. Secretary, Governor's House, H.M. Prison, Lincoln.

LEONA WOODFIELD.—Candidates for hospital training are generally required to be from twenty-five to forty years of age. They may enter the Children's Hospital, Great Ormond-street, at twenty-one.

UNION JACK.—The English language is a compound of three different dialects spoken for two or three centuries after the Norman Conquest. That of the East Midland was the speech of the metropolis, in which Chaucer, Gower, and Wyckliffe wrote, and was spoken in East Kent and Surrey. There were also the Northern and Southern dialects, which, blending with the East Midland, formed the basis of modern English. But these three dialects are likewise compounds of the Saxon, Celtic, Danish, and Norman tongues. To get rid of the smell of paint, sprinkle some hay with chloride of lime and leave it in the rooms; also a basin of water, to be changed night and morning. You will perceive traces on the surface of what it has absorbed.

T. C. S.—Why do you not read our answers under this heading? You will find that there are several societies for training female missionaries and catechists.

MARY COMMANDER.—Astronomers measure the distances between the earth and the stars by means of mathematical calculations. You should procure some work on astronomy. There is a nice little book published in our office called "The Heavens and the Earth," and another, rather larger, called "The Midnight Sky;" both are illustrated.

MARY WILLIAMS.—If you refer to any volume of the G. O. P. and read our answers under the above heading, you will see all we can tell you about telegraph clerks. We must decline to fill up space by continually repeating old answers.

WHITE TULIP must do as we have directed "Mary Williams," and find all the addresses of societies where young women are trained for zenana and other missionary work. It is very wrong not to go to church on Sunday mornings merely because of "feeling shy." That is rubbish. Attend to your book and your prayers, and not to your neighbours. Nobody will notice you.

I. D. L. E.—Write to the secretary, Deaconesses' Training Institution, 41, Ferntower-road, Mildmay Park, London, N., and at The Willows, Stoke Newington, N. Otherwise, if you desire experience in parish work, you might be received at St. Luke's Invalid Home, Finsbury House, Ramsgate. You had better write to both these institutions, giving your age, and stating whether your application be made with the full consent of your parents. There are also the London Diocesan Deaconesses' Institution, 12, Tavistock Crescent, Westbourne Park, W. (head sister, Deaconess Cassin), and the East London Deaconesses' Home, 2, Sutton-place, Hackney, E. (deaconess, L. Collier). If you would prefer a situation by the sea, apply to Sister Emma, Winchester Diocesan Deaconesses' Home, Southsea, Hants.

JOSEPHINE.—There is a Governesses' Institute in Paris, at 48, Rue de Chaillot. Apply to the secretary or lady principal. If you wish to belong to a teacher's guild, that of Great Britain and Ireland has its office at 17, Buckingham-street, Strand, W.C. You must address the hon. secretary. You write a very good hand.

BERTHA GREEN and DAISY.—The cheapest and best way for you to improve your education at home will be to join one or more of the amateur societies instituted to assist girls who cannot go to school nor have professional masters. A small directory of girls' educational and other societies and clubs is to appear immediately, edited by one of our own staff of writers, especially for the use of our girls, so many of whom write for the addresses of such and particulars about them. (Messrs. Griffith and Farran, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C.)

A POOR YOUNG GIRL.—So well educated as you are, you would be likely to get on well in a colony. Write to the Colonial Emigration Society, 13, Dorset-street, Portman-square, London, W. They have a home for women and a loan fund. Anyone willing to act as mother's help, and put her hand to anything her employer does, and is, moreover, capable of teaching the young people of the family, would be sure to get on well in a colony.

NELLY HOLMES should advertise in the *Times*, or some good daily paper, for the situation she requires. We cannot tell what salary a young girl in her teens would get.

ART.

C. O.—Our opinion of the drawing is not favourable. The outlines of the figure are not true to nature in its undistorted form; they are those conceived by an uninstructed dress or stay maker. As you are only thirteen years of age, you are not yet acquainted with pure classical forms of beauty, and have time to cultivate your taste. Take lessons at a branch figure-drawing school founded by the South Kensington School of Art. The kind of drawing to which you aspire is much improved of late years, and shop-keepers begin to require that fashion-plates should somewhat resemble the true "human form divine."

INDUSTRY and KATIE.—To preserve seaweed, gather specimens that are growing to rocks in preference to those floating on the water, and lay them in a shallow pan filled with clean salt water. Insert a piece of writing-paper under the seaweed and lift it out of the bath; spread out the plant with a camel's-hair pencil in a natural form, and slant the paper to allow the water to run off; then press between two pieces of board, lay on one of them two sheets of blotting-paper, then the seaweed, and over the latter a piece of fine cambric, over that the blotting-paper, and lastly the second piece of board; replace the cambric and blotting-paper daily, and when the seaweed is quite dry brush over the coarser kinds with spirits of turpentine, in which three small lumps of gum-mastic have been dissolved by shaking in a warm place. Two-thirds of a small phial is the proper proportion. This mixture helps to retain the colour of the specimens.

ELLA and HELIOTROPE.—Painting carefully with muriatic acid will remove the rough coating outside shells and show the mother o' pearl beneath it. They should be frequently dipped in water to remove the burning acid, or it will make holes in the shell. To polish them, dip a rag in hydrochloric acid and rub till clean; then dry in hot sawdust and polish with chamois leather. To paint shells with oil-colours, mix the latter with Siccatif de Courtrai, or with mirrorine, and put on the paints very dry. To paint them with water colours, lay a wash of white of egg over them; mix the paints with Chinese white and white of egg. The best effects are produced with oil colours.

DAISY.—We make no distinction between persons who write to us, whether in service or out of it. We have an enormous correspondence, and very little space is devoted to it. Thus, many correspondents have to wait long for their answers. A good cashmere would suit very well for a wedding dress. Get one that will be of service to you afterwards. If you live in London it should not be very light. Your bonnet could be trimmed with white ribbon.

CHRISTIE.—Try laying on a wash of white of egg before painting in water-colours upon black cardboard. This will remove the greasiness of the surface. Then lay on a wash of Chinese white, and paint in the ordinary manner.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FINANCIER.—We consider that to wash with hot water is not bad for you, but should be supplemented by a good rubbing (performed very quickly) with a wet towel all over the body. This will cause a healthy reaction. But the morning is *really the best time*. "Sesame and Lilies" and "Stones of Venice" are good books to read (of Ruskin's). There is a "Dictionary of English Literature," published by Cassell and Co., which might be useful to you.

MEMORY.—We hear that many people have derived much benefit from the memory systems, and "Stokes on Memory" is a well-known book.

L. NUSSE.—We fear that all such things are only forms of throwing good money after bad. If you really have reason to think that you are entitled to money, go to a respectable lawyer for help.

B. K. E.—No one can limit the power of prayer and faith, and yours may be answered as your heart desires. But do not "do evil that good may come."

OL SIE.—Your verses show much poetic feeling, and an affectionate nature, but you would need to study the subject of composition before your lines were worth anything to anyone.

MONTHLY READER and MAY.—The sooner you get your teeth stopped the better. But make a good choice of a dentist.

A. M. C.—The salaries in drapers' shops vary much, not only in different establishments, but amongst the assistants in each, according to their special departments. Girls with tall, handsome figures, employed for showing off mantles, get more than little girls behind the counter, and dress and mantle, or bonnet and cap makers are comparatively well paid. You must make special personal application.

AN ARUM LILY.—Use a rosemary wash for aiding the growth of the hair. See our articles on the care of the hair, page 631, vol. vi.

ROSINA.—The young men who so far forgot themselves and presumed to speak to you and your friend without a proper introduction, are not suitable acquaintances for respectable girls. But you should not have been rude; you should simply have walked away to your chaperon, or some married person of your acquaintance.

LACK PENNY might, perhaps, teach a few little girls at home. Has she any friends who would be glad to send them to her, instead of to a school, for a couple of hours in the morning, when busy themselves? There is nothing to be ashamed of in earning money, if you have it not, for your requirements.

FLOO.—You slope your letters the wrong way, and we could scarcely read your writing. If you want to improve it, slope it the right way, and cross every "t." We do not know how the mother o' pearl became stained. Probably it was washed in hot water, and so cracked all over. You might try a quick brush over with diluted muriatic acid, and an immediate dip into cold water, then rubbing well with some sweet oil on a soft piece of flannel. Beware of touching your eyes after using muriatic acid, as it burns, and should be put carefully away, that ignorant people or children may not touch it.

E. M. P.—Perhaps your dogs are mangy. In any case you should show them to a veterinary surgeon. Consult our indexes.

ANXIOUS ONE.—Your duty is very plain. Go to your clergyman, and tell him of the discovery you have made, and ask him to baptise you at once. If your name were sent in for confirmation after your course of preparation, you are, of course, ready for your baptism.

TIM TIPPIN should study the art of metrical composition. What she has written is very irregular and incorrect. But even were it perfectly according to rule, there is no new thought in it, no beautiful simile, nothing original. She is very young, and therefore could by no means be expected to produce what a powerful or imaginative intellect alone could produce, when arrived at its full development at some ten or twelve years later in life. So she must learn a good deal more before she can "become famous."

EDITH.—We are unable to find employment and name employers for our correspondents, much as we sympathise with them in their desire to be self-supporting.

URSULA.—We do not answer seven questions. Bride and bridegroom sit side by side at the top of the table, the two fathers take in the two mothers, and first bridesmaid and best man pair together.

I. NIBS.—You would be much wiser to try and get your story as a serial into one of the papers in your own colony. We could not promise to take unknown MS., and unless you copied it you might lose it in passing through the post.

A MARCH ELF should wear her hair in a plait at the back, tied up with a bow of ribbon, and curled a little in front. She is too young to need steels in her dresses.

E. C.—The frontispiece appears to tell its own story of poverty and weakness—a poor dressmaker, unable to finish a dress by a given time. Water may be softened by using borax, ammonia, or oatmeal, when needed for the skin. Boiling water and soda will generally take out stains from table linen.

JESSIE.—We know nothing more about the water scheme than the newspaper report, which "Jessie" has herself seen.

SAFFRON CROCUS.—Read our article on "Lissom Hands and Pretty Feet," vol. i., page 348.

ETHEL.—Pincushions and fans, embroidered and ornamented in various ways, seem the most general contributions at bazaars at present. Painted match-boxes, writing-cases, and painted jars for tobacco, are all useful and sell well.

GRETCHEN.—There is a small volume on "Indian Outfits" published by Mr. Gill, 170, Strand, which is very valuable.

EDINBURGH.—We could not give you the addresses of persons who would buy your work, and a little consideration would have prevented your asking such a question. Your own personal exertions must be used to find outlets for your work. You cannot expect to sit still and be helped.

AYACANORA II. does not say whether the mauve silk be light or dark. Mauve is now a very fashionable colour, and would mix well with dark velvet or velveteen of the same colour for the autumn. It would also look well with cashmere or canvas of the same colour, but of a darker shade. Dark red velvet could also be mixed with it. If the bodice be good, make a Swiss belt, with cuffs and collar of velvet, and long front and back drapery of the same.

FURRIER'S DAUGHTER.—More furs are made up in England than anywhere else, and, as a fur sewer, you will do better here, we should think. But as you want to emigrate, you should consult the Colonial Emigration Society, 13, Dorset-street, Portman-square, W.; office hours, 10 to 4. The secretary will give advice and information.

MABEL has our best thanks for her kind and courteous note.

VERONIQUE.—"That Aggravating Schoolgirl" began in vol. ii., at page 9.

MARIE.—Do not wash your head every morning. The bath water should be tepid. A sponge bath can be taken with very little water and little trouble.

ETHILD MYA BAL.—There is no sequel to the "Wide, Wide World," that we know of. We are very sorry to hear of your suffering, and hope you may soon be better

A GIPSY GIRL.—The lines you send are not poetry, nor are they very original in thought; but if it be a comfort for you to write them, they have served a good purpose.

CUCUMBER.—We know of no cure but the constant use of a pair of tweezers.

AN OLD ANGLO-GERMAN GIRL.—We were much interested in your letter. We can sympathise with all our girls, at every age, and in every climate. The series will be concluded soon.

FAIRY DELL (Cyprus).—You would have to apply to a surgeon. Gargle the throat night and morning with salt and water, or vinegar and water, to strengthen it. Perhaps you need a tonic.

SNOWBELL.—The book is not of any great value; but if you be not satisfied, you might consult some first-class bookseller, such as Mr. Quaritch, Piccadilly.

AMY.—There is a Home for Governesses in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, Paris, of which Miss Pryde is the superintendent. Address her at 22, Rue des Acacias, Avenue de la Grande Armée.

DOLORES.—There are no stated times for giving competitions in our paper—which you call "compesition classes." They involve great additional trouble and the monopoly of time to an extent of which our young readers have little idea. Imagine the labour of reading through about 4,000 contributions, comparing all together, and judging between them! Of course, such an undertaking can only be volunteered once in a way, or the daily work of the magazine could not be carried on. Your handwriting is not yet formed, but promises well.

OURANG-OUTANG and GORILLA.—Have nothing to do with the appliance called "Planchette." It is employed in divination, or what is akin to it. We do not undertake to supply "characters from handwriting." There are many people who advertise to do so for thirteenpence.



GUERNSEY FLOWERS.



VOL. VIII.—NO. 355. OCTOBER 16, 1886. PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE BROOK AND ITS BANKS.

BY THE REV. J. G. WOOD, M.A., Author of "The Handy Natural History."

"Whyles owre a linn the burnie plays,
As through the glen it dimpl't;
Whyles round a rocky scaur it strays;
Whyles in a weil it dimpl't;
Whyles glittered to the nightly rays,
Wi' bickering, dancing dazzle;
Whyles cookit underneath the braes
Below the spreading hazel."
Burns: "Halloween."

CHAPTER I.

The many aspects of a brook—The eye sees only that which it is capable of seeing—Individuality of brooks and their banks—The rippling "burnie" of the hills—The gently-flowing brooks of low-lying districts—Individualities even of such brooks—The fresh-water brooks of Oxford and the tidal brooks of the Kentish marshes—The swarming life in which they abound—An afternoon's walk—Ditches versus hedges and walls—A brook in Cannock Chase—Its sudden changes of aspect—The brooks of the Wiltshire Downs and of Derbyshire.

A BROOK has many points of view.

In the first place, scarcely any two spectators see it in the same light.

To the rustic it is seldom more than a convenient water-tank, or, at most, as affording some sport to boys in fishing. To its picturesque beauties his eyes are blind, and to him the brook is, like Peter Bell's primrose, a brook and nothing more.

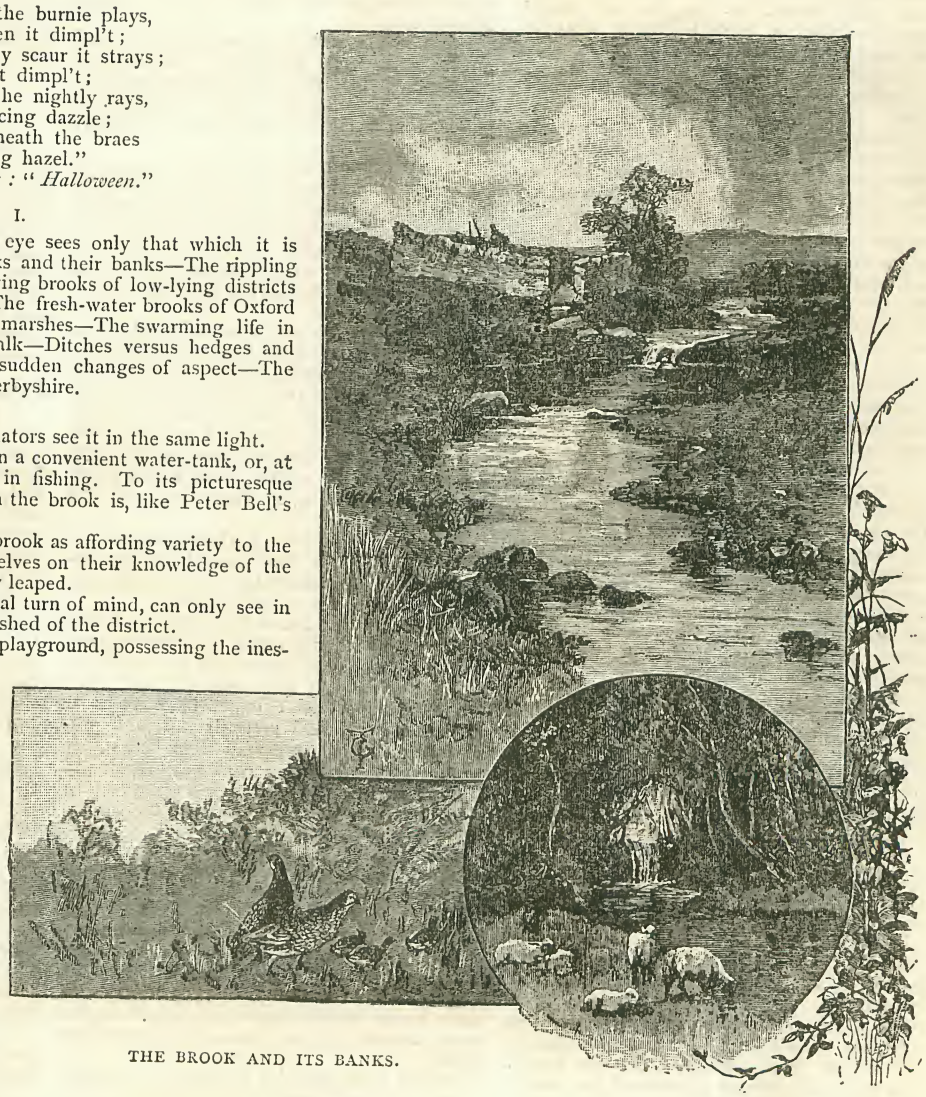
Then there are some who only view a brook as affording variety to the pursuit of the fox, and who pride themselves on their knowledge of the spots at which it can be most successfully leaped.

Others, again, who are of a geographical turn of mind, can only see in a brook a necessary portion of the water-shed of the district.

To children it is for a time dear as a playground, possessing the inestimable advantage of enabling them to fall into it and wet their clothes from head to foot.

Then there are some who are keenly alive to its changing beauties, and are gifted with artistic spirit and power of appreciation, even if they should not have been able to cultivate the technical skill which would enable them to transfer to paper or canvas the scene which pleased them. Yet they can only see the surface, and take little, if any, heed of the wealth of animated life with which the brook and its banks are peopled, or of the sounds with which the air is filled.

Happy are those in whom are fortunately combined the appreciation of art and the gift (for it is a gift as much as an eye for art or an ear for music) of observing animal life. To them the



THE BROOK AND ITS BANKS.

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brook is all that it is to others, and much besides. To them the tiniest brook is a perpetual joy, and of such a nature I hope are those who read these pages.

Not only does a brook assume different aspects, according to the individuality of the spectator, but every brook has its individuality, and so have its banks.

Often the brook "plays many parts," as in Burns' delightful stanza, which seems to have rippled from the poet's brain as spontaneously as its subject.

Sometimes, however, as near Oxford, it flows silently onwards with scarcely a dimple on its unruffled surface. Over its still waters the gnats rise and fall in their ceaseless dance. The swift-winged dragon-flies, blue, green, and red, swoop upon them like so many falcons on their prey; or, in the earlier year, the mayflies flutter above the stream, leaving their shed skins, like ghostly images of themselves, sticking on every tree trunk near the brook.

On the surface of the brook are seen the shadow-like water-gnats, drifting with apparent aimlessness over the surface, but having in view a definite and deadly purpose, as many a half drowned insect will find to its cost.

Under the shade of the willows that overhang its banks the whirligig beetles will gather, sociably circling round and round in their mazy dance, bumping against each other in their swift course, but glancing off unhurt from the collision, protected from injury by the stout coats of mail which they wear.

They really look like unskilful dancers practising their "figures" for the first time. They, however, are not engaged in mere amusement, but, like the water-gnats, are absorbed in the business of life. The naturalist knows, when he sees these creatures, that they do not form the hundredth part of those which are hidden from human eyes below the surface of the little brook, and that the whole of the stream is as instinct with life, as if it had been haunted by the Nipens, the Undines, and the host of fairy beings with whom the old legends peopled every river and its tributaries.

They are just as wonderful, though clad in material forms, as any water spirit that ever was evolved from the poet's brain, and have the inestimable merit of being always within reach whenever we need them.

I will venture to assert that no fairy tales, not even excepting those of the "Arabian Nights," can surpass in marvel the true life-history of the mayfly, the frog, the newt, and the dragon-fly, as will be narrated in the course of these pages. I may go even farther, and assert that there is no inhabitant of the brook and its banks whose biography and structure are not full of absorbing interest, and will not occupy the longest life, if only an attempt be made to study them thoroughly.

An almost typical example of slow-flowing brooks is to be found in the remarkable channels which intersect the country between Minster and Sandwich, and which, on the ordnance map, look almost like the threads of a spider's web. In that flat district, the fields are not divided by hedges, as in most parts of England, or by stone walls—"dykes," as they are termed in Ireland—such as are employed in Derbyshire and several other stony localities, but by channels, which have a strong individuality of their own.

Even the smallest of these brooks is influenced by the tide, so that at the two periods of slack water there is no perceptible stream.

Yesterday afternoon, having an hour or so to spare at Minster, I examined slightly several of these streams and their banks. The contrast between them and the corresponding brooklets of Oxford, also a low-lying district, was very strongly marked.

In the first place, the willow, which forms so characteristic an ornament of the brooks and rivers of Oxford, is wholly absent. Most of the streamlets are entirely destitute of even a bush by which their course can be marked; so that when, as is often the case, a heavy white fog overhangs the entire district, looking from a distance as if the land had been sunk in an ocean of milk, no one who is not familiarly acquainted with every yard of ground could make his way over the fields without falling into the watery boundaries which surround them.

Some of them, however, are distinguished by hawthorns, which take the place of the willows, and thrive so luxuriantly that they may lay claim to the title of forest trees. Blackberries, too, are exuberant in their growth, and in many spots the hawthorn and blackberry on opposite sides of the brook have intertwined their branches across it and have completely hidden the water from sight. On these blackberries, the fruit of which was in its green state, the drone-flies and hawk-flies simply swarmed, telling the naturalist of their multitudinous successors, who at present are in the preliminary stages of their existence.

Among the blackberries the scarlet fruit of the woody nightshade (a first cousin of the potato) hung in tempting clusters, and I could not help wondering whether they would endanger the health of the young Minsterians.

In some places the common frog-bit had grown with such luxuriance that it had completely hidden the water, the leaves overlapping each other as if the overcrowded plants were trying to shoulder each other out of the way.

In most of these streamlets the conspicuous bur-reed (*Sparganium ramosum*) grew thickly, its singular fruit being here and there visible among the sword-like leaves. I cannot but think that the mediæval weapon called the "morning star" (or "morgen-stern") was derived from the globular, spiked fruit-cluster of the bur-reed.

A few of the streams were full of the fine plant which is popularly known by the name of bull-rush, or bulrush (*Typha latifolia*), but which ought by rights to be called the "cat's-tail or "reed-mace." Of this plant it is said that a little girl, on seeing it growing, exclaimed that she never knew before that sausages grew on sticks. The teasel (*Dipsacus*) was abundant, as were also several of the true thistles.

In some places one of these streams becomes too deep for the bur-reed, and its surface is only diversified by the half-floating leaves of one or two aquatic plants.

On approaching one of these places, I find the water to be apparently without inmates. They had only been alarmed by my approach, which, as I had but little time to spare, was not as cautious as it ought to have been. However, I remained perfectly still, and presently a little fish appeared from below. It was soon followed by a second and a third, and before long a whole shoal of fish were floating almost on the surface, looking out for insects which had fallen into the water.

The day being hot, and with scarcely a breath of wind, the fish soon became quite bold. They did not move beyond the small spot in which they had appeared, but they all had their tails in slight movement, and their heads in one direction, thus showing that although the water appeared to be perfectly motionless, there must be a current of some sort, fish always lying with their heads up the stream, so as to allow the water to enter their mouths and pass over their gills.

If then these sluggish streams were unlike those of Oxford, where the ground is low, and nearly level, how utterly distinct must they be from those of hilly and especially of rocky localities!

In the earlier part of the present year I was cursorily examining a brook in Cannock Chase, in Staffordshire. Unfortunately, the day was singularly inauspicious, as the sun was invisible, the atmosphere murky, and a fierce north-east wind was blowing, a wind which affects animals, etc., especially the insect races, even more severely than it does man. Even the birds remain under shelter as long as they can, and not an insect will show itself. Neither, in consequence, will the fish be "on the feed."

On a previous visit, we had been more fortunate, trout, crayfish, etc., testifying to the prolific character of the brook, which in one place is only four or five feet in width, and yet, within fifty yards, it has formed itself into a wide and treacherous marsh, which can only be crossed by jumping from one tussock of grass to another; and yet, again, it suddenly spreads out into a broad and shallow torrent, the water leaping and rippling over the stony bed. Scarcely a bush marks its course, and within a few yards it is quite invisible.

As we shall presently see, the brooks of the chalk downs of Wiltshire, and of the regular mixture of rock and level ground, which are characteristic of Derbyshire, have also their own separate individualities.

We shall, however, find many allusions to them in the course of the work, and we will therefore suppose ourselves to be approaching the bank of any brook that is but little disturbed by man. What will be likely to happen to us will be told in the following chapters.

CHAPTER II.

Life-history of the water-rat—No science can stand alone—What is a water-rat?—The voles of the land and water—Their remarkable teeth—The rodents and their incisor teeth—The tooth and the chisel—The skate "iron"—Chewing the cud—Teeth of the elephant—Feet of the water-vole—A false accusation—Water-voles in gardens—Winter stores—Cats and water-voles—Subterranean pioneering—Mental character of the water-vole—Standing fire—Its mode of eating.

PLOP!

A water-rat has taken alarm, and has leaped into the brook.

A common animal enough, but none the less worthy of notice because it is common. Indeed, it is in many respects a very remarkable creature, and we may think ourselves fortunate that we have the opportunity of studying its habits and structure.

There is much more in the animal than meets the eye, and we cannot examine its life-history without at the same time touching upon that of several other creatures. No science stands alone, neither does any animal, however insignificant it may appear to be; and we shall find that before we have done with the water-rat, we shall have had something to say of comparative anatomy, ornithology, ichthyology, entomology and botany, beside treating of the connection which exists between man and the lower animals, and the reciprocal influence of civilisation and animal life.

In the first place, let us define our animal.

What is a water-rat, and where is its place in zoological systems of the present day? Its name in science is *Arvicola amphibius*. This title tells its own story.

Though popularly called a rat, the animal has no right to the name, although, like the true rat, it is a rodent, and much resembles the rat in size and in the length and colour of its fur. The likeness, however, extends no further.

The rats are long-nosed and sharp-snouted animals, whereas the water-rat has a short,

blunt nose. Then, the ears of the rats are large and stand out boldly from the head, while those of the water-rat are small, short, and rounded. Again, the tail of the rat is long and slender, while that of the water-rat is comparatively short. Place the two animals side by side, and you will wonder how anyone could mistake the one for the other.

The teeth, too, are quite different.

Instead of being white, like those of the rat, the incisor teeth are orange-yellow, like those of the beaver. Indeed, the water-rat possesses so many beaver-like characteristics, that it was ranked near the beaver in the systematic lists.

Now, however, the Voles, as these creatures ought rightly to be called, are thought to be of sufficient importance to be placed by themselves, and separated from the true beavers.

The voles constitute quite a large group of rodents, including several animals which are popularly ranked among the mice.

One very remarkable characteristic of the voles is the structure of their molar teeth.

Being rodents, they can have but two incisor teeth in each jaw, these teeth being rootless, and so set in their sockets that they are incessantly worn away in front, and as incessantly grow from the base, take the curved form of their sockets, and act much like shears which have the inestimable property of self-sharpening when blunted, and self-renewal when chipped or actually broken off by coming against any hard substance. Were the teeth to be without this power, the animal would run a great risk of dying from hunger, the injured tooth not being able either to do its own work, or to aid its companion of the opposite jaw. Either tooth alone would be as useless as a single blade of a pair of scissors.

There is another notable characteristic of these incisor teeth. If you will examine the incisors of any rodent, whether it be a rat, a mouse, a rabbit, or a beaver, you will see that the tips are "bevelled" off just like the edge of a chisel. This shape is absolutely necessary to keep the tooth in working order. How is this object to be attained?

In the solution of this problem we may see one of the many links which connect art and nature.

Should our readers know anything of carpentering, let them examine the structure of their chisels. They are not made wholly of hard steel, as in that case they would be liable to snap, just as does the blade of a foil when undue pressure is brought to bear upon it. Moreover, the operation of sharpening would be extremely difficult.

So the blade of the chisel is merely faced with a thin plate of hardened steel, the remainder being of softer material.

Now, it is not at all likely that the unknown inventor of the modern chisel was aware of the analogy between art and nature, and would probably have been very much surprised if anyone had stated that he had borrowed his idea from the incisor teeth of the water-rat.

Yet he might have done so, for these teeth are almost wholly formed of ordinary tooth matter, and are faced with a thin plate of hard enamel, which exactly corresponds with the hardened steel facing of a chisel.

Any of my readers who possess skates will find, on examination, that the greater part of the blade is, in reality, soft iron, the steel, which comes upon the ice, being scarcely a fifth of an inch in length. The hardened steel allows the blade to take the necessary edge, while the soft iron preserves the steel from snapping.

Should the skate have been neglected and allowed to become a little rusty, the line of demarcation between the steel and the iron can be distinctly seen. Similarly, in the beaver and the water-rat, the orange-yellow colour of the enamel facing causes it to be easily distinguished from the rest of the tooth. In most of the rodents the enamel is white, and the line of demarcation is scarcely visible.

Now we have to treat of a question of mechanics.

If two substances of different degrees of hardness be subjected to the same amount of friction, it follows that the softer will be worn away long before the harder. It is owing to this principle that the edges of the rodent teeth preserve their chisel-like form. Being continually employed in nibbling, the softer backing of the teeth is rapidly worn away, while the hard plate of enamel upon the front of the tooth is but slightly worn, the result being the bevelled shape which is so characteristic of these teeth.

As all know, who have kept rabbits or white mice, the animals are always engaged in gnawing anything which will yield to their teeth, and unless the edges of their feeding troughs be protected by metal, will nibble them to pieces in a few days. Indeed, so strong is this instinct, that the health of the animals is greatly improved by putting pieces of wood into their cages, merely for the purpose of allowing them to exercise their chisel-edged teeth. Even when they have nothing to gnaw, the animals will move their jaws incessantly, just as if they were eating, a movement which gave rise to the idea that they chewed the cud.

It is worthy of remark that other animals, which, though not rodents, need to possess chisel-edged incisor teeth, have a similar habit. Such is the hippopotamus, and such is the hyrax, the remarkable rock-haunting animal, which in the authorised translation of the Scriptures is called the "coney," and which in the Revised Version is allowed in the margin to retain its Hebrew name, "shaphan."

The enamel also has an important part to play in the structure of the molar teeth. Each tooth is surrounded with the enamel plate, which is so intricately folded that the tooth looks as if it were made of a series of enamel triangles, each enclosing the tooth matter.

This structure is common to all the members of the group to which the water-rat belongs. It is the more remarkable because we find a somewhat similar structure in the molar teeth of the elephants, which, like the rodents, have the incisor teeth largely developed and widely separated from the molars.

There is nothing in the appearance of the water-rat which gives any indication of its aquatic habits.

For example, we naturally expect to find that the feet of swimming animals are webbed. The water-loving capybara of South America, the largest existing rodent, has its hoof-like toes partially united by webs, so that its aquatic habits might easily be inferred even by those who were unacquainted with the animal. Even the otter, which propels itself through the water mostly by means of its long and powerful tail, has the feet furnished with webs. So has the aquatic Yapock opossum of Australia, while the feet of the duck-bill are even more boldly webbed than those of the bird from which it takes its popular name. The water-shrews (whom we shall presently meet) are furnished with a fringe of stiff hair round the toes which answers the same purpose as the web.

But the structure of the water-rat gives no indication of its habits, so that no one who was unacquainted with the animal would even suspect its swimming and diving powers. Watch it as long as you like, and I do not believe that you will see it eating anything of an animal nature.

I mention this fact because it is often held up to blame as a mischievous animal, especially deserving the wrath of anglers by devouring the eggs and young of fish.

As is often the case in the life-history of animals as well as of men, the blame is laid on the wrong shoulders. If the destruction of fish be a crime, there are many criminals, the worst and most persistent of which are the fish themselves, which not only eat the eggs and young of other fish, but, Saturn-like, have not the least scruple in devouring their own offspring.

Scarcely less destructive in its own insidious way is the common house-rat, which eats everything which according to our ideas is edible, and a good many which we might think incapable of affording sustenance even to a rat. In the summer time it often abandons for a time the house, the farm, the barn, and seeks for a change of diet by the brook. These water-haunting creatures are naturally mistaken for the vegetable-feeding water-vole, and so the latter has to bear the blame of their misdoings.

There are lesser inhabitants of the brook which are injurious both to the eggs and young of fish. Among them are several of the larger water-beetles, some of which are so large and powerful that, when placed in an aquarium with golden carp, they have made havoc among the fish, always attacking them from below. Although they cannot kill and devour the fish at once, they inflict such serious injuries that the creature is sure to die shortly.

I do not mean to assert that the water-vole is never injurious to man. Civilisation disturbs for a time the balance of Nature, and when man ploughs or digs the ground which had previously been untouched by plough or spade, and sows the seeds of herbs and cereals in land which has previously produced nothing but wild plants, he must expect that the animals to whom the soil had been hitherto left will fail to understand that they can no more consider themselves as the owners, and will in consequence do some damage to the crops.

Moreover, even putting their food aside, their habits often render them obnoxious to civilised man. The mole, for example, useful as it really is in a field, does very great harm in a garden or lawn, although it eats none of the produce.

The water-vole, however, is doubly injurious when the field or garden happens to be near the water-side. It is a mighty burrower, driving its tunnels to great distances. Sometimes it manages to burrow into a kitchen-garden, and feeds quite impartially on the different crops. It has even been seen to venture to a considerable distance from water, crossing a large field, making its way into a garden, and carrying off several pods of the French bean.

In the winter time, when other food fails, the water-vole, like the hare and rabbit, will eat turnips, mangold-wurzel, the bark of young trees, and similar food. Its natural food, however, is to be found among the various aquatic plants, as I have often seen, and the harm which it does to the crops is so infinitesimally small when compared with the area of cultivated ground, that it is not worthy of notice.

Still, although the harm which it does to civilised man in the aggregate is but small, even its most friendly advocate cannot deny that there are cases where it has been extremely troublesome to the individual cultivator, especially if he be an amateur.

There are many hard men of business, who are obliged to spend the greater part of the day in their London offices, and who find their best relaxation in amateur gardening; those who grow vegetables, regarding their peas, beans, potatoes, and celery with as much affection as is felt by floriculturists for their roses or tulips.

Nothing is more annoying to such men than to find, when the toils of business are over, and they have settled themselves comfortably into their gardening suits, that some marauder has carried off the very vegetables on which they had prided themselves.

The water-vole has been detected in the act of climbing up a ladder which had been left standing against a plum tree, and attacking the fruit. Bunches of grapes on outdoor vines are sometimes nipped off the branches by the teeth of the water-vole, and the animal has been seen to climb beans and peas, split the pods, and devour the contents.

Although not a hibernating animal, it lays up a store of food in the autumn. Mr. Groom Napier has the following description of the contents of a water-rat's storehouse:—

"Early in the spring of 1855, I dug out the burrow of a water-vole, and was surprised to find at the further extremity a cavity of about a foot in diameter, containing a quantity of fragments of carrots and potatoes, sufficient to fill a peck measure. This was undoubtedly a part of its winter store of provisions. This food had been gathered from a large potato and carrot bed in the vicinity.

"On pointing out my discovery to the owner of the garden, he said that his losses had been very serious that winter owing to the ravages of these animals, and said that he had brought both dogs and cats down to the stream to hunt for them; but they were too wary to be often caught."

I do not think that the owner of the garden knew very much about the characters either of the cat or water-vole.

Every one who is practically acquainted with cats knows that it is next to impossible to point out an object to a cat as we can to a dog. She looks at your finger, but can never direct her gaze to the object at which you are pointing. In fact, I believe that pussy's eyes are not made for detecting objects at a distance.

If we throw a piece of biscuit to a dog, and he does not see where it has fallen, we can direct him by means of voice and finger. But, if a piece of meat should fall only a foot or two from a cat, all the pointing in the world will not enable her to discover it, and it is necessary to pick her up and put her nose close to the meat before she can find it.

So, even, if a water-vole should be seen by the master, the attention of the cat could not be directed to it, her instinct teaching her to take prey in quite a different manner.

The dogs, supposing that they happened to be of the right breed, would have a better chance of securing the robber, providing that they intercepted its retreat to the water. But if the water-vole should succeed in gaining its burrow, or in plunging into the stream, I doubt whether any dog would be able to catch it.

Moreover, the water-vole is so clever in tunnelling, that when it drives its burrows into cultivated ground, it almost invariably conceals the entrance under a heap of stones, a wood pile, or some similar object.

How it is enabled to direct the course of its burrow we cannot even conjecture, except by attributing the faculty to that "most excellent gift" which we call by the convenient name of "instinct."

Man has no such power, but when he wishes to drive a tunnel in any given direction he is obliged to avail himself of levels, compasses, plumb-lines, and all the paraphernalia of the engineer. Yet, with nothing to direct it except instinct, the water-vole can, though working in darkness, drive its burrow in any direction and emerge from the ground exactly at the spot which it has selected.

The mole can do the same, and by means equally mysterious.

I may casually mention that the water-vole is one of the aquatic animals which, when zoological knowledge was not so universal as it is at the present day, were reckoned as fish, and might be eaten on fast days. I believe that in some parts of France this idea still prevails.

With all its wariness, the water-vole is a strangely nervous creature, being for a time almost paralysed by a sudden shock. This trait of character I discovered quite unexpectedly.

Many, many years ago, when I was a young lad, and consequently of a destructive nature, I possessed a pistol, of which I was rather proud. It certainly was an excellent weapon, and I thought myself tolerably certain of hitting a small apple at twelve yards distance.

One day, while walking along the bank of the Cherwell River, I saw a water-vole on the opposite bank. The animal was sitting on a small stump close to the water's edge. Having, of course, the pistol with me, and wanting to dissect a water-vole, I proceeded to aim at the animal. This was not so easy as it looked. A water-vole crouching upon a stump presents no point at which to aim, the brown fur of the animal and the brown surface of the old weather-beaten stump seeming to form a single object without any distinct outline; moreover, it is very difficult to calculate distances over water. However, I fired, and missed.

I naturally expected the animal to plunge into the river and escape. To my astonishment, it remained in the same position. Finding that it did not stir, I reloaded, and again fired and missed. Four times did I fire at that water-vole, and after the last shot the animal slowly crawled off the stump, slid into the river, and made off.

Now in those days revolvers and breech-loaders did not exist, so that the process of loading a pistol with ball was rather a long and complicated one.

First, the powder had to be carefully measured from the flask; then a circular patch of greased linen had to be laid on the muzzle of the weapon, and a ball laid on it and hammered into the barrel with a leaden or wooden mallet; then it had to be driven into its place with a ramrod (often requiring the aid of the mallet), and, lastly, there was a new cap to be fitted. Yet although so much time was occupied between the shots, the animal remained as motionless as a stuffed figure.

When I crossed the river and examined the stump I found all the four bullets close together just below the spot on which the animal had been sitting, and neither of them two inches from its body. Although the balls had missed the water-vole, they must have sharply jarred the stump.

I was afterwards informed that this semi-paralysis from sudden fear is a known characteristic of the animal. It seems to be shared by others of the same genus, as will be seen when we come to treat of the field mice.

In its mode of eating it much resembles the squirrels, sitting on its haunches and holding the food in its forepaws, as if they were hands. I am not aware that it even eats worms or insects, and it may be absolutely acquitted from any imputation of doing harm to any of the fish tribe.

(*To be continued.*)

"SHE COULDN'T BOIL A POTATO;"

OR,

THE IGNORANT HOUSEKEEPER, AND HOW SHE ACQUIRED KNOWLEDGE.

By DORA HOPE.



"THE late Miss Ella!"

"When are you going to turn over that new leaf you spoke of, my daughter?"

"There's a little coffee left, but the bacon is quite cold."

These were the exclamations that greeted a tall bright girl, as she entered the breakfast room one morning.

"I am very sorry, papa. I really meant to be down in time, but I suppose I must have gone to sleep again after I was called." And being really vexed with herself for having so soon broken her good resolutions, formed for the hundredth time the day before, Ella Hastings accepted the cold bacon meekly, and even turned a deaf ear to the withering sarcasms of her two schoolboy brothers, who were leisurely strapping together their books, and delaying their departure till the last moment.

"There is the postman coming up the garden; run and get the letters, Hughie."

A solemn-looking boy of six years old climbed down from his chair, in obedience to his father's request, and soon came back with a handful of letters, and settled himself patiently by his father's side to wait for the empty envelopes, which formed his share of the morning's correspondence.

An exclamation of surprise from Mr. Hastings caused his wife to look up inquiringly from the letter she had just opened, and he handed her silently a telegram which had been forwarded, with other papers, from his office, where it had evidently been delivered late the previous evening. Kate, the eldest daughter, leaning over her mother's shoulder, read aloud the short notice:—

"Mrs. Wilson dangerously ill; letter follows."

Mrs. Wilson was Mr. Hastings' only remaining sister. His mother had died when he was almost an infant, and this "sister Mary" had slipped into her place as mother, teacher—everything, to her little brothers and sisters; never leaving them, till the father having died also, and her young charges being all old enough to settle in life for themselves, she had rewarded the faithful waiting of her old lover, and they had settled down together in a quiet village a few miles from the noisy town where his business lay. Her happy

married life lasted but a short time, however, and for the many years since her husband's death she had preferred to live entirely alone with her two maids and a strange medley of pet animals—finding employment and interest for her declining years in her books and her garden.

From being so long alone she had grown eccentric in her ways, and very odd and decided in her views; but she kept a warm corner in her heart for her favourite brother and his children, who heartily returned their aunt's affection, though they stood a good deal in awe of her keen penetrating gaze and sarcastic criticisms.

She had always prided herself on her good constitution, and despised doctors and dentists as people who pandered to the fads and fancies of a degenerate generation—a generation who, according to her creed, weakened their backs and ruined their health by lounging on sofas and easy chairs, while, for her part, though seventy years of age, she was thankful to say a straight-backed chair was good enough for her. It may be imagined that for this self-reliant, vigorous Aunt Mary to be taken seriously ill, so ill as to have to summon help, was a great shock, and Mr. Hastings decided at once that he must go to see his sister, and that one of his daughters should accompany him; but the telegram was so short, and gave so little information, that nothing further could be arranged till the noonday post arrived, which always brought the letters from Hapsleigh.

The morning seemed endless, but noon came at last, and with it the promised letter, which was eagerly opened and read. It was from Mrs. Mobberly, a near neighbour of Mrs. Wilson's. She described the sudden illness, and all that had been done for the sufferer. "The doctor says that for a day or two he cannot tell what the result may be, though we may hope for the best. He has sent in a thoroughly trustworthy trained nurse, but he agrees with me that it would be a good thing if one of your daughters could come to take charge of the household, for even if all goes as well as possible it will be a long and tedious recovery, and the invalid must be kept perfectly quiet and free from all worry."

"Well, girls," said Mr. Hastings, as he finished reading the letter, "you must decide between yourselves which of you will go. As there seems no immediate danger, we need not leave till to-morrow morning, so you will have a little time for preparation; but however great a sacrifice it is for you to go, and for us to part with you, there is no question about it. Aunt Mary must not be left alone till she is quite herself again, so I will telegraph to Mrs. Mobberly that one of you will go with me by the first train to-morrow."

There was no room for disputing the point when Mr. Hastings spoke in that decided tone; moreover, the girls themselves would have said just the same—that someone must go; but the question was, "who?"

"Kate, it must be you," said Ella, eagerly. "I do not know anything about nursing or housekeeping, or anything of that sort, and you know I always say and do the wrong thing."

Mrs. Hastings looked anxious and perplexed. "I really do not know what to do for the best," she said. "I do not see how I can spare you, Kate; for if I have one of my bad attacks I must have you at hand; and you see, Ella, you would have everything to learn here just as much as at Hapsleigh, and I think you would find teaching the children very hard work."

Kate, the eldest daughter, was her mother's unfailing assistant, and almost entirely relieved her of the care of the three little ones; indeed, during Mrs. Hastings's frequent attacks of asthma, Kate was both ready and able to take entire charge of the household, and she felt that to leave her mother with only Ella's help would be throwing more care upon her than her delicate health could bear. She spoke decidedly, therefore; and, after a little more discussion, it was agreed that Ella should accompany her father, prepared to stay as long as she might be required.

The rest of the day was fully occupied with packing and making arrangements. Ella was rather apt to let her clothing take care of itself, and, in a sudden emergency such as this, had to borrow right and left. Indeed, Mrs. Hastings and Kate were both kept busy all the afternoon looking over and supplying the deficiencies in her outfit.

"That dressing-gown will not do at all, Ella. It is most important to have a thoroughly warm one when you have to sit up at night. Yours is very pretty, but blue cashmere and lace are not suitable for a sick room in cold weather. You will have to borrow Kate's thick flannel gown. You should have my quilted silk one, but in such a great thickness of material one's arms do not feel quite free to help an invalid, or shake up a bed."

"Here it is, Ella," rejoined Kate; "and I have brought you my thick bedroom slippers, too. They are not so elegant as your Turkish ones, but they are much warmer. Be sure you keep them by the side of your bed, so that you can slip them on directly if you are called up suddenly. You know you take cold so easily, and it would be so awkward if you had one of your bad throats at Hapsleigh."

Mrs. Hastings felt very anxious about her daughter, called upon so suddenly to take up such important and unexpected duties, and gave her a great deal of loving counsel.

"You will have to manage to get up earlier, dear child," she said. "You know Aunt Mary's servants are always rather inclined to go their own way, and they may perhaps try to take advantage of her illness to keep irregular hours and slight their work; and you must remember that you will be responsible for good order in the house, and that is impossible unless all the household are regular and punctual in beginning their day's work at the proper time. I will let you have my little clock, and you can set the alarum at whatever time you wish to get up."

"Yes; I really am going to turn over a new leaf about that; but you know, mother, I shall feel more obliged to get up now when I am responsible for things going right. Oh, dear! what a dreadful thought! I am sure I shall never manage. Why, I can't cook, and I can't keep accounts, and I have no idea how many pounds of meat people want for dinner. I shall order a tin of Australian meat, and just have it at every meal till it is finished, and then get another."

"I am afraid the servants will soon give you notice if you do, Ella," said Mrs. Hastings, laughing at her daughter's ideas of housekeeping. "You will soon get accustomed to the size of joints and puddings, if you get into the habit of noticing them, remembering how long they last. But there are two other pieces of advice which I want you to remember and to act upon. If your father decides that it is necessary for you to stay and act as mistress, he will tell the servants so; but you must assert yourself as mistress at once, and take everything into your own hands. You will find it rather difficult at first, but it will save you a great deal of trouble in the end. I have seen endless discomfort caused by young and timid housekeepers not liking to take the reins into their own hands. But, at the same time, be very careful never to interfere or complain, unless you are quite sure that it is necessary, and that you are in the right. If you are in any doubt you can always consult Mrs. Mobberly; and you must make allowances for the fact that the servants have always been allowed to do pretty much what they liked, and will naturally expect to continue doing so; therefore do not complain unless you have unmistakable grounds for it, and never, under any circumstances, speak hastily or angrily. If you are put out, wait till your vexation has cooled down a little; and then, if you are quite sure you are in the right, speak quietly and kindly, but so decidedly that there may be no mistake about your intention of being obeyed."

"Oh, dear!" groaned Ella, who was almost reduced to tears at the prospect of such serious responsibility. "I am sure I shall come home ignominiously in a week. I know just how it will be. Just think of Aunt Mary's scorn when she finds I don't even know how to boil a *potato!*"

There was no time for lamentations, however, and her mother and Kate both comforted her with the assurance that at any rate no one would blame her if she did her best, and they would expect a few mistakes from a girl only just home from school.

The next morning, at any rate, Ella was punctual, and at eight o'clock they all sat down to breakfast.

"I made tea for you, Ella," said Mrs. Hastings. "I thought it would be better for you before such a long journey. Coffee sometimes disagrees with people who are not very good travellers. And I advise you not to take bacon; it so often makes one thirsty. Here is potted meat; that would be better for you."

Ella felt in very low spirits, and her mother's and Kate's affectionate kindness only brought the despised tears into her eyes. She could hardly touch her breakfast, and was relieved when Kate left the table, and began to look after the small articles of luggage.

"Robin, did you strap up the rugs? Oh, what an untidy bundle!" and the methodical Kate unfastened the straps and rearranged the contents. First the large rug was folded lengthwise till it was just as wide as the length of the bundle should be when finished. Then came Ella's shawl, an awkward one for a neat roll, as it had long fringe; but Kate turned in the fringe all round first, and then folded the shawl itself till it was just a little narrower than the rug; the ulster was carefully folded also to the same size, and both were laid on one end of the rug. Finally, Ella's umbrella and sunshade were laid across the pile of wraps, and all were rolled round carefully, so that none of the articles inside protruded, and the rug, being longer than the others, hid all the ends, and, when strapped round just tightly enough to hold all together comfortably without unnecessary squeezing, it made such a neat-looking roll as compelled even Robin's admiration. Ella's travelling-cap had been inside the bundle before, but Kate took it out and advised her to carry it in her hand-bag, as being easily accessible if she did not wish to undo the strap.

All was ready at last, the rugs, the hand-bag, and the tin trunk, to which at the last moment Kate came running to tie a piece of red braid, by which to distinguish it, making Ella and the boys laugh at what they called her "incurable old-maidishness."

"Never mind," she replied, nodding sagely, "you will thank me when you have to hunt for your box amongst twenty others exactly like it."

Kate had suggested going to the station to see them off, but her father objected.

"We shall get on better alone," he argued. "We settle ourselves comfortably in our corners at once, unroll our rugs, and make everything ready before we start, instead of having to make spasmodic efforts to think of last remarks and messages. Of course, if Ella were going alone I should go to see her off, but as it is I would rather not have anyone with us."

Mrs. Hastings thought this a rather hard-hearted way of looking at the matter; but as Ella quite agreed with her father, feeling convinced she could not be able to keep from crying if the farewells were too long protracted, there was nothing for it but to yield, and as soon as the cab came to the door the parting was hurried through, and, almost before she had time to realise that she was really going, Ella found herself halfway to the station.

The railway journey was a long and troublesome one, involving several changes. Before midday Ella had recovered her spirits and her appetite, and acted on Kate's advice. "Do not wait for father to suggest lunch," she had said; "you may be sure he will not begin to feel hungry till you are quite ravenous." Remembering this, Ella laughed to herself at Mr. Hastings's surprise when she suggested that she was ready for her lunch, and proceeded to unpack her stores.

"This is the first course, I suppose," she said, as she produced two neat white-paper packages, each with the name of the contents written on it. "This one contains potted meat sandwiches, and these are chicken. They look very nice, too. These sprigs of watercress between the sandwiches are a great improvement."

"Yes, I must confess they are very good ones," assented Mr. Hastings, after trying one of each kind. "I think someone must have been giving the cook a lecture on the art of cutting them. Home-made sandwiches have generally too much butter, so that they are too rich to eat, and the paper they are wrapped in is greasy and disagreeable; but these have just the right quantity, and they are made with suitable bread—not, as I have often had them, of spongy bread, full of holes, through which the butter and meat oozes on to one's fingers."

In addition to these there were, for Ella's benefit, a few sandwiches made with damson jam, from which the stones had been extracted. The next course consisted of some small cakes and a few ripe pears. By way of beverage, Mrs. Hastings had supplied Ella with a flask of cold tea, made weak, and with a squeeze of lemon in it, which she had always found the best possible drink for quenching thirst; when travelling herself she always took either this or lime-juice and water. Finally, knowing that Ella had a good appetite, and would probably get very hungry before reaching her journey's end, her mother had told the cook to fill a small jam pot with lemon jelly, and to provide a teaspoon to eat it with. Ella found this most refreshing, and her lunch altogether was very satisfactory; certainly the supply was rather too bountiful, but that fact did not trouble her much, for she soon noticed a poor, hungry-looking boy on one of the stations, who thankfully accepted all that was left.

In spite of the length of the journey, Ella quite enjoyed the day; her father was so kind and took such good care of her. He insisted on her getting out of the carriage and walking up and down the platform whenever the train stopped long enough, that she might not be tired of sitting still; and when it began to get dark he made her put her feet up on the seat and tucked her up with the rug, and made her so comfortable that, to her own great surprise, she went fast asleep, and only awoke as her father was collecting their books and wraps on nearing their destination.

(To be continued.)

MERLE'S CRUSADE.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Aunt Diana," "For Lilias," etc.

CHAPTER III.

THE NEW NURSE.

IN looking back on those days, I simply wonder at my own audacity. Am I really and truly the same Merle Fenton who rang at the bell at Prince's Gate and informed the astonished footman that I was the person applying for the nurse's situation? I recall that scene now with a laugh, but I frankly own that that moment was not the pleasantest in my life. True, it had its ludicrous side; but how is one to enjoy the humour of an amusing situation alone? and, to tell the truth, the six foot of plush and powder before me was somewhat alarming to my female timidity. I hear now the man's startled "I beg your pardon, ma'am."

"I have come by appointment," I returned, with as much dignity as I could summon under the trying circumstances; "will you inform your mistress, Mrs. Morton, that I have come about the nurse's situation?"

Of course, he was looking at me from head to foot. In spite of the disguising plainness of my dress, I suppose the word gentlewoman was clearly stamped upon me. Heaven forbid that under any circumstances that brand, sole heritage of my dead parents, should ever be effaced. Then he opened the door of a charming little waiting-room, and civilly enough bade me seat myself, and for some minutes I was left alone. I think nearly a quarter of an hour elapsed before he reappeared with the message that his mistress was now disengaged and would see me. I followed the man as closely as I could through the long hall and up the wide staircase; not for worlds would I have owned that a certain shortness of breath, unusual in youth, seemed to impede me. At the top, I found myself in a handsome corridor, communicating with two drawing-rooms of noble dimensions, as they call them in advertisements, and certainly it was a princely apartment that I entered. A lady was writing busily at a small table at the further end of the room. As the man spoke to her, she did not at once raise her head or turn round; she was evidently finishing a note. A minute later she laid aside her pen and came towards me.

"I am sorry that I could not attend to you at once, and yet you were very punctual," she began, in a pleasant, well-modulated voice, and then she stopped and regarded me with unfeigned surprise.

She was a very lovely young woman, with an indescribable matronly air about her that spoke of the mother. She would have been really quite beautiful but for a certain worn look, often seen in women of fashion; and when she spoke there was a sweetness and simplicity of manner that was most winning.

"Pardon me," with a shade of perplexity in her eyes, "but I suppose my servant was right in stating that you had come by appointment in answer to my advertisement?"

"Yes, madam," I returned, readily; for her slight nervousness put me at my ease. "I have your letter here."

"And you are really applying for the nurse's situation—the upper nurse, I mean; for, of course, there is an under nurse kept. I hope" (colouring a little) "that you will not think me rude if I say that I was not prepared for the sort of person I was to see."

I could have groaned as I thought of my note. Was it possible that I had spelt "advertisement" wrongly, and yet I had the paper before me; my handwriting was neat and legible, but evidently Mrs. Morton was drawing some comparison between my letter and appearance, and I did not doubt that the former had not prepossessed her in my favour.

I became confused in my turn.

"I hope to prove to you," I began, in a very small voice, "that I am a fit person to apply for your situation. I am very fond of children; I never lose my patience with them as other people do, or think anything a trouble; I wish to take up this work from love as well as necessity—I mean," correcting myself, for she looked still more astonished, "that though I am obliged to work for my living, I would rather be a nurse than anything else."

"Will you answer a few questions?" and, as though by an afterthought, "will you sit down?" for she had been standing to keep me company out of deference to my superior appearance.

"I will answer any question you like to put to me, madam."

"You have never been in service you

tell me in your letter. Have you ever filled any kind of situation?"

I shook my head.

"You are quite young I should say?"

"Two and twenty last Christmas."

"I should hardly have thought you so old. Will you oblige me with your name?"

"Merle Fenton."

A half smile crossed her beautiful mouth. It was evident that she found the name somewhat incongruous, and then she continued a little hastily, "If you have never filled any sort of situation, it will be somewhat difficult to judge of your capacity. Of course you have good references; can you tell me a little about yourself and your circumstances?"

I was fast losing my nervousness by this time. In a few minutes I had given her a concise account of myself and my belongings. Once or twice she interrupted me by a question, such as, for example, when I spoke of Aunt Agatha, she asked the names of the families where she had lived as a governess; and once she looked a little surprised at my answer.

"I knew the Curzons before I was married," she observed, quietly; "they have often talked to me of their old governess, Miss Fenton; her name is Keith now, you say; she was a great favourite with her pupils. Well, is it not a pity that you should not follow your aunt's example? If you are not clever, would not the situation of a nursery governess be more fitting for you? Forgive me; I am only speaking for your good; one feels a little uncomfortable at seeing a gentlewoman desert the ranks to which she belongs."

My face was burning by this time; of course it must all come out—that miserable defect of mine, and everything else; but raising my eyes at that moment I saw such a kind look on Mrs. Morton's face, such quietly expressed sympathy for my very evident confusion, that in a moment my reserve broke down. I do not know what I said, but I believe I must have been very eloquent. I could hear her say to herself, "How very strange—what a misfortune!" when I frankly mentioned my inability to spell, but I did not linger long on this point.

Warmed by her strong interest, I detailed boldly what I called my theory. I told her of my love for little children, my longing to work amongst them, how deeply I felt that this would indeed be a gentlewoman's work, that I did not fear my want of experience. I told her that once I had stayed for some weeks at the house of one of my schoolfellows, and that every night and morning I had gone up to the nursery to help the nurse wash and dress the babies, and that at the end of a week I had learned to do it as well as the woman herself, and that she had told my schoolfellow that she had never seen any young lady so handy and patient with children, and that they were happier with me than with their own sister.

"The second child had the croup one night," I continued; "the mother was away, and nurse was too frightened to be of any use. When the doctor came he praised her very much for her prompt remedies; he said they had probably saved the boy's life, as the attack was a severe one. Nurse cried when he said that, and owned it was not she who had thought of everything, but Miss Fenton. I tell you this," I continued, "that you may understand that I am reliable. I was only nineteen then, and now I am two and twenty."

She looked at me again in a gentle, scrutinising way; I could feel that I was making way in her good opinion. Her curiosity was piqued; her interest strongly excited. She made no attempt to check me as I launched out into further defence of my theory, but she only smiled and said, "Very true, I agree with you there," as I spoke of the advantage of having an educated person to superintend the nursery. Indeed, I found myself retailing all my pet arguments in a perfectly fearless way, until I looked up and saw there were tears in her beautiful brown eyes.

"How well you talk," she said, with a sort of sigh. "You have thought it all out, I can see. I wonder what my husband would say. He is a member of Parliament, you know, and we are very busy people, and society has such claims on us that I cannot be much with my children. I have only two; Joyce is three years old, and my boy is nearly eighteen months. Oh, he is so lovely, and to think I can only see him for a few minutes at a time, that I lose all his pretty ways; it is such a trouble to me. His nurse is leaving to be married, and I am so anxious to find someone who will watch over my darlings and make them happy."

She paused, as the sound of approaching footsteps were audible in the corridor, and rose hastily as an impatient, "Violet, where are you, my dear?" was distinctly audible.

"That is Mr. Morton; will you excuse me a moment?" And the next moment I could hear her say, "I was in the blue drawing-room, Alick. I have sent off the letters, and now I want to speak to you a moment," and her voice died away as they moved farther down the corridor.

I felt a keen anxiety as to the result of that conversation. I was very impulsive by nature, and I had fallen in love with Mrs. Morton. The worn look on the beautiful young face had touched me somehow. One of my queer visionary ideas came over me as I recalled her expression. I thought that if I were an artist, and that my subject was the "Massacre of the Innocents," that the mother's face in the foreground should be Mrs. Morton's. "Rachel Weeping for her Children;" something of the pathetic maternal agony, as for a lost babe, had seemed to cross her face as she spoke of her little ones. I found out afterwards that, though she wore no mourning, Mrs. Morton had lost a beautiful infant about four months ago. It had not been more than six weeks old, but the mother's heart was still bleeding. Many months afterwards she told me that she often dreamed of her little Muriel—she had only been baptised the day before her death—and woke trying to stifle her sobs that she might not disturb her husband. I sat cogitating this imaginary picture of mine, and shuddering over the sanguinary details, until Mrs. Morton returned, and, to my embarrassment, her husband was with her.

I gave him a frightened glance as he crossed the room with rapid footsteps. He was a quiet-looking man, with a dark moustache, some years older than his wife. His being slightly bald added somewhat to his appearance of age. In reality he was not more than five and thirty. I thought him a little cool and critical in manner, but his voice was pleasant. He looked at me keenly as he spoke; it was my opinion at that moment that not an article of my dress escaped his observation. I had selected purposely a pair of mended gloves, and I am convinced the finger ends were at once under his inspection. He was a man who thought no details beneath him, but would bring his masculine intellect even to the point of discovering the fitness of his children's nurse.

"Mrs. Morton tells me that you have applied for the situation of upper nurse," he began, not abruptly, but in the quick tones of a busy man who has scant leisure. "I have heard all you have told her; she seems desirous of testing your abilities, but I must warn you that I distrust theories myself. My dear," turning to his wife, "I must say that this young person looks hardly old enough for the position, and you own she has no real experience. Would not a more elderly person be more suitable, considering that you are so seldom in your nursery? Of course, this is your department, but since you ask my advice——" with a little shrug that seemed to dismiss me and the whole subject.

A wistful, disappointed look came over his wife's face. I was too great a stranger to understand the real position of affairs, only my intuition guided me at that moment. It was not until much later that I found out that Mrs. Morton never disputed her husband's will, even in trifles; that he ordered the plan of her life as well as his own; that her passionate love for her children was restrained in order that her wifely and social duties should be carried out; that she was so perfectly obedient to him, not from fear, but from an excess of womanly devotion, that she seldom even contested an opinion. My fate was very nearly sealed at that moment, but a hasty impulse prompted me to speak. Looking Mr. Morton full in the face, I said, a little piteously, "Do not dismiss me because of my youth, for that is a fault that time will mend. Want of experience is a greater obstacle, but it will only make me more careful to observe every direction and carry out every wish. If you consent to try me, I am sure neither you nor Mrs. Morton will repent it."

He looked at me very keenly again as I spoke; indeed, his eyes seemed to search me through and through, and then his whole manner changed.

I have been told that Nature had been kind to me in one respect by endowing me with a pleasant voice. I believe that

I was freer from vanity than most girls of my age, but I was glad in my inmost heart to know that no tone of mine would ever jar upon a human ear, but I was more than glad now when I saw Mr. Morton's grave face relax.

"You speak confidently," he returned. "You seem to have a strange faith in your own theory, and plenty of self-reliance, but I am afraid that, like most young people, you have only regarded it from one point of view. Are you aware of the unpleasantness of such a situation? If you came to us you might have nothing of which to complain from Mrs. Morton or myself, but we could not answer for the rest of my household; the servants would regard you as a sort of hybrid, belonging to no special sphere; they might show you scant respect, and manifest a great deal of jealousy."

"I have faced all that," I returned, with a smile, "but I think the difficulties would be like Bunyan's lions—they were chained, you know. I do not believe these sort of things would hurt me. I should never be away from the children in the nursery; I should be unmolested and at home."

"Alick!" I could hear a whole petition breathed into that softly uttered word. Mr. Morton heard it too, for he turned at once and then looked at his wife.

"Do you really wish to try this young person, Violet, my dear? It is for you to decide; this is your province, as I said before."

"If she will love our children and watch over them in our absence," she whispered, but I caught the words. Then aloud, "Yes, thank you, Alick, I should like to try her. I think she would make Joyce happy. I can go and see Mrs. Keith this afternoon when I am out driving, and perhaps I could arrange for her to come soon."

"Very well," he returned, briefly, but he spoke in the old dry manner, as though he were not quite pleased. "When you are disengaged will you join me in the library? I have some more letters I want copied."

"I will be ready soon," she said, with a sweet grateful glance at him, as though she had received some unexpected bounty at his hands, and as he wished me good morning, and left the room, she continued, eagerly, "Will you come with me now and make acquaintance with the children. I have seen them already this morning, so they will not expect me, and it will be such a surprise. My little girl is always with me while I dress. I have so little time to devote to them; but I snatch every moment."

She sighed as she spoke, and I began to understand, in a dim, groping sort of way, that fate is not so unequal after all, that even this beautiful creature had unsatisfied wants in her life, that it was possible that wealth and position were to her only tiresome barriers dividing her from her little ones. Her sweetest pleasures only came to her by snatches. Most likely she envied humble mothers, and did not pity them because their arms ached with carrying a heavy infant, aching limbs being more bearable than an aching heart.

A flight of broad, handsomely-carpeted stairs brought us to a long shut-in corridor, fitted up prettily with plants and statuettes. A rocking-horse stood in one corner; the nursery door was open. It was a long, cheerful room, with three windows, looking over the public garden, and fitted up with a degree of comfort that bordered on luxury. Some canaries were singing in a green cage, a grey Persian kitten was curled up in the doll's bassinette, a little girl was kneeling on the cushioned window-seat, peeping between the bars at some children who were playing below. As Mrs. Morton said, softly, "Joyce, darling," she turned round with quite a startled air, and then clambered down hastily and ran to her mother.

"Why, it is my mother," in quite an incredulous voice, and then she caught hold of her mother's gown, and peeped at me from between the folds.

She was a pretty, demure-looking child, only somewhat thin and fragile in appearance, not in the least like her mother, but I could trace instantly the strongest resemblance to her father. She had the straight, uncurling hair like his, and her dark eyes were a little sunken under the finely-arched brows. It was rather a bewitching little face, only too thin and sallow for health, and with an intelligent expression, almost amounting to precocity.

"And where is your brother, my darling?" asked her mother, stooping to kiss her, and at this moment a pleasant-looking young woman came from the inner room with a small, curly-haired boy in her arms.

As she set him down on the floor, and he came toddling over the carpet, I forgot Mrs. Morton's presence, and knelt down and held out my arms to him. "Oh, you beauty!" I exclaimed, in a coaxing voice, "will you come to me?" for I quite forgot myself at the sight of the perfect baby features.

Baby pointed a small finger at me, "O' ook, gurgle-da," he said, in the friendliest way; and I sealed our compact with many kisses.

"Dear me, ma'am," observed nurse, eyeing me in a dubious manner, for probably the news of my advent had preceded me to the upper regions, "this is very singular; I never saw Master Baby take such a fancy to anyone before; he always beats them off with his dear little hand."

"Gurgle-da, ook ook," was baby's unexpected response to this, as he burst into a shout of laughter, and he made signs for me to carry him to the canaries.

I do not know what Mrs. Morton said to nurse, but she came up after a minute or two and watched us, smiling.

"He does seem very friendly; more so than my shy pet here," for Joyce was still holding her mother's gown.

"She will be friends with me too," I returned, confidently; "children are so easily won." And then, as Mrs. Morton held out her arms for her boy, I parted with him reluctantly.

There was no need for me to stay any longer then. Mrs. Morton reiterated her intention of calling on Aunt Agatha that afternoon, after which she promised to speak to me again, and feeling that things were in a fair way of being settled according to my wishes, I left the house with a lighter heart than I had entered it.

(*To be continued.*)



AMONG THE HOLLYHOCKS.

By CLARA THWAITES.

SING among the hollyhocks,
"Summer, fare thee well!"
Ring the drooping blossoms
For a passing bell.

Droop the sunflowers, heavy discs
Totter to their fall.
Up the valley creep the mists
For a funeral pall.

Lingering roses woefully
In the cold expire.
Heap the dead and dying
For a funeral pyre.

While the gale is sighing,
While the wind makes moan,
Sigh among the hollyhocks
Of the summer flown.



"SIGH AMONG THE HOLLYHOCKS
OF THE SUMMER FLOWN."

NOTICES OF NEW MUSIC.



STANLEY LUCAS AND CO.

O, hur vidgas ej ditt bröst. Liebe, liebe. Two Lieder. By Maude V. White.—The first, from the Swedish, has also an English set of words; the setting of the second is in German only, being a translation into that language from the Hungarian.—There is a dreamy charm pervading both of these little ballads, which will be best appreciated by truly musical and well-educated singers.

Two Locks of Hair. Song to Longfellow's poetry. By Sabine E. Barwell. — Very simple. The music is dedicated to Charles Santley, our great baritone singer.

Alone with thee. Song by Gilbert R. Betjemann. Compass E to F sharp.—An ambitious song, full of striking modulations and really dramatic effects. The accompaniments are charming.

Ivy Green. A good song for basses or baritones. The words by Charles Dickens, the music by Arthur C. Stericker.—Plenty of go about it, and quite the song for strong, manly voices.

Wandering Wishes. Poetry by Lady Charlotte Elliot (from "Medusa" and other poems). Music by Robert B. Addison.—A very poetical setting of a very fanciful poem.

Our Darling. Ballad by Robert Reece, with music by Berthold Tours.—This justly favourite composer has written the simplest, most touching, and melodious music to a very touching and sad story. It is a compliment to this ballad to recommend it to all who wish for a good cry. It has this advantage over the maudlin griefs of the discontented folk to whom we have called attention in previous notices, that the poor bereaved parents who miss their little darling from the chair in which he used to listen to their fairy stories and tales of distant lands over the sea, are content to regard him as at rest in the heavenly country, and in the angels' care. After all, if you do get the song, your tears will be happy ones.

EDWIN ASHDOWN.

Inez. Zamora. Two Spanish dances for the pianoforte by Michael Watson.—The first is a Habanera, and is redolent of *Carmen* and Spanish want of energy. It is more characteristic than the second although that is a very good reproduction of the typical peasant dance of all districts of the Peninsula.

Daphne. Valse brillante. *Celadon.* Gavotte. Two drawing-room pieces of more than ordinary merit by J. H. Wallis.—Fairly easy to learn, and effective when learnt.

May-Dew. By Sir Sterndale Bennett; transcribed for the pianoforte by Jules Brissac.—We complained a few months back of someone having converted this lovely song into a part-song; we can only say of the present transformation, that when the voice part is at work all goes fairly well, and from a piano point of view represents the original; but the two bars of symphony before the first and second verses of the song are stripped of all their original life, and a very mangled substitute is offered.

LONDON MUSIC PUBLISHING CO.

The Broken Strings of a Mandoline. Words and music by Edith Frances Prideaux.—The story of a little Italian street-player. The compass is for sopranos; the melody is simple and not very original.

Sketches in Dance Rhythms. 1. Waltz; 2. Minuet; 3. Tarantella. By Erskine Allon.—We have before alluded to these sketches, of which Mr. Allon has composed such excellent examples. We prefer No. 1 of the present series, but do not consider these to be equal to former numbers.

WEEKES AND CO.

Abendlied. Im Rosenbusch. Two songs by J. H. le Breton Girdlestone; the words, by Hoffman von Fallersleben, being translated into English by Dr. Baskerville.—Most interesting little songs, and sure to give pleasure by their sweet simplicity.

Andante. Varied for the pianoforte, and composed by Henry A. Toase. A very quiet, harmless production. Only three variations, and those not so much of the andante as of its accompaniment.

J. AND J. HOPKINSON.

Intermezzo and Minuet for Pianoforte. By George A. Lovell.—Two very nicely-written little pieces. The minuet is especially attractive.

Barcarole for Pianoforte. By Carl Hause.—A good drawing-room piece. The middle movement in F minor makes an effective contrast to the first part.

HUTCHINGS AND ROMER.

The Little Sweep. Song. Written and composed by James C. Beazley, R.A.M.—There is no such title as R.A.M. A.R.A.M. and M.R.A.M. we know, but we must protest against this unlawful use of the name of our oldest academy of music. The song is a stirring and dramatic account of how a lost child was recovered by his mother. It is to be declaimed by a contralto.

HUTCHINGS AND CO.

The Christian's Armour. Oratorio. By Joseph L. Roeckel; the text compiled by Mrs. Alexander Roberts from Ephesians vi.; interspersed with hymns from several sources.—A useful work for services of song or chapel festivities. There is a sameness about the work, and it suggests a weary feeling towards the close. The choruses are mostly rather weak chorale. Occasionally an evidently fugal subject is announced, which is never destined to form the subject for a fugue. However, the story is well put together, the music is quite easy, and many choirs, unable to conquer greater difficulties, will feel at home in this so-called "oratorio."

Six Morceaux de Salon. Pour violin, avec accompagnement de piano. Par Guido Papini. Op. 66.—The author of "La Mécanisme du jeune Violiniste" has given us in these little pieces a charming addition to the *répertoire* of the amateur violinist. Specially tender and expressive is No. 4. The piano shares with the violin both the difficulties and the interests of each of the *morceaux*.

Victoria Gavotte. For piano. By Tito Mattei.—A capital piano piece. We presume from the title that this is Signor Mattei's contribution to the Jubilee Commemoration.

ROBERT COCKS AND CO.

Gladys. Rustic Dance. Composed for the pianoforte by Howard Talbot.—A bright, telling piece. It would be very useful as an *entr'acte* in your Christmas charades.

For Old Sake's Sake. Song for contraltos. By Behrend.

W. MORLEY AND CO.

Watching the Embers. Song. Composed by Ciro Pinsuti to Weatherly's words.—With a pretty refrain, but for the most part made up of a series of common phrases. It is to be obtained in B flat, C, and D minors.

Childie. Song. By Behrend. Published in keys to suit all voices.—The song is very similar to all his others. An old lady advising a child to die young.

The Biter Bit. Song. Words and music by Henry Pontet.—A warning to any who would marry for money, and not for love. In learning the above three songs I am sure that singers will be as much distracted as I have been by little squares like lottery coupons announcing that somebody else's song cost £250. If this statement could appear elsewhere—say on separate slips—the songs would be more pleasant to read.

HENRY KLEIN.

The Land of Song. Song for tenors and sopranos by that clever composer, Franz Leideritz. Not so original as "Flowers from Home," the memory of which still delights us.

ORSBORN AND TUCKWOOD.

Sailing Across the Sea. Song. By Vernon Rey.—Prettily told and easy to learn.

Merry Melodies. A series of duets for two violins for schools and classes, arranged by Arthur Graham. We see from the title-page that there are to be arrangements of the works of eminent composers, but the names are not given.

W. J. WILLCOCKS AND CO.

Offertoire and Fugue in B flat. Grand Offertoire, founded upon subjects in Schumann's Quintet, op. 44.—These are two finely-written organ solos by George F. Vincent. Valuable additions to our stock of English organ music.

MARRIOTT AND WILLIAMS.

Twenty Miles to London Town. Song. Written and composed by Gerald M. Lane.—Mr. Lane is more fortunate in his music than in his words. The ballad—for genuine English ballad it is—is of the "Bailiff's Daughter of Islington" type, and is published in F, G, and A.

Captor and Captive. A song of Araby. By Edwin J. Quance.—A good stirring song for baritones.

BOWERMAN AND CO.

Deuxième Nocturne pour Piano. Par G. J. Rubini.—An unpretending piano piece of the Gustave Lange type.

EXPLANATION OF FRENCH AND OTHER TERMS USED IN MODERN COOKERY.

Part I.

Allemande.—Concentrated white velouté (see velouté) sauce, seasoned with nutmeg and lemon juice, and thickened with yolks of eggs and cream.

Angelica.—A plant, the stalks of which are preserved with sugar; as it retains its green colour it is pretty for ornamenting sweet dishes, cakes, etc.

Appareil.—This word is applicable to a preparation composed of various ingredients, as appareil de gateau (mixture for a cake).

Aspic.—Name given to clear savoury jelly, to distinguish it from sweet jelly. Cold entrées, which are moulded and have the ingredients set in jelly, are also called aspics.

Assiette volante.—A small dish (holding no more than a plate) which is handed round the table without ever being placed on it. Things that must be eaten very hot are often served in this way. Little savouries, foie-gras, or cheese fondus in paper cases are thus handed.

Au bleu.—An expensive way of boiling fish. A broth is made by boiling three onions, two carrots, two turnips, some parsley, pepper, salt, sufficient water, a tumbler of white wine, and a tumbler of vinegar together; the scum is removed as it rises, the fish is simmered in the broth. This broth is called Court bouillon. Fish cooked thus is eaten hot or cold, with suitable sauce.

Baba.—A Polish cake of a very light description.

Bain marie.—A sort of bath-saucepan, which stands on a stove with hot water in it, and has small bright saucepans stood in the water for the contents to cook slowly without reducing or spoiling them. A bain marie has no cover.

Bande.—The strip of paste that is put round a tart; sometimes the word is also applied to a strip of paper or bacon.

Barde de lard.—A slice of bacon. To barder a bird is to fasten a slice of bacon over it.

Béchamel sauce.—Equal quantities of velouté sauce and cream boiled together. The sauce was named after a celebrated cook.

Beignets.—Fritters.

Beurre noir.—Butter stirred in a frying-pan over a brisk fire until it is brown, then lemon-juice or vinegar, and pepper and salt are added to it.

Beurre fondus.—Melted, that is to say oiled, butter.

Bigarade sauce.—Melted butter, with the thin rind and the juice of a Seville orange boiled in it.

Blanch.—To parboil or scald. To whiten meat or poultry, or remove the skins of fruit or vegetables by plunging them into boiling water, and then sometimes putting them into cold water afterwards, as almonds are blanched.

Blanquette.—A kind of fricassée.

Boudin.—A very delicate entrée prepared with quenelle forcemeat or with fine mince.

Bouquet garin.—A handful of parsley, a sprig of thyme, a small bay leaf, and six green onions, tied securely together with strong thread.

Bouilli.—Boiled meat; but fresh beef, well boiled, is generally understood by this term.

Bouillie.—A sort of hasty pudding. Bouillie-au-lait is flour and milk boiled together.

Bouillon.—Thin broth or soup.

Braise.—To stew meat that has been previously blanched, very slowly with bacon or other fat, until it is tender.

Braisière.—A saucepan with a lid with a rim to it, on which lighted charcoal can be put.

Brider.—To put thin string or thread through poultry, game, etc., to keep it in shape.

Brioche.—A sort of light cake, rather like Bath bun, but not sweet, having as much salt as sugar in it.

Brandy butter.—Fresh butter, sugar, and brandy beaten together to a cream.

Caramel.—Made by melting a little loaf sugar in a saucepan, and as soon as it is brown, before it burns, adding some water to it. Sometimes used as a colouring for stews. Made into a syrup by adding more sugar after the water, it is a very good pudding sauce.

Casserole.—A stew-pan. The name given to a crust of rice moulded in the shape of a pie, then baked with mince or a purée of game in it.

Cerner.—Is to cut paste half way through with a knife or cutter, so that part can be removed when cooked to make room for something else.

Charlotte.—Consists of very thin slices of bread, steeped in oiled butter, and placed in order in a mould, which is then filled with fruit or preserve.

Chartreuse of vegetables.—Consists of vegetables tastefully arranged in a plain mould, which is then filled with either game, pigeons, larks, tendons, scollops, or anything suitably prepared.

Chartreuse à la Parisienne.—An ornamental dish made principally with quenelle forcemeat, and filled with some kind of ragoût, scollops, etc.

Chausse.—A jelly bag.

Compote.—Fruits preserved in syrup. Apple and any other kind of fruit jelly. This term is also used to designate some savoury dishes, prepared with larks, quails, or pigeons, with truffles, mushrooms, or peas.

Consommé.—Strong and clear broth used as a basis for many soups and gravies.

Conti (potage). Lentil soup.

Contise.—Small scollops of truffles; red tongue, or other things that are with a knife inlaid in fillets of any kind to ornament them, are said to be contisés.

Court bouillon.—See *au bleu.*

Croquettes.—A preparation of minced or pounded meat, or of potatoes or rice, with a coating of bread-crumbs. Croquettes means something crisp.

Croquantes.—Fruit with sugar boiled to crispness.

Croustades.—An ornamental pie-case, sometimes made of shaped bread, and filled with mince, etc.

Croutons.—Sippets of bread fried in butter; used to garnish. They are various sizes and shapes; sometimes served with soups.

Cuillerée.—A spoonful. In most French recipes I have found ten spoonfuls equal to a quarter of a pint of fluid.

Cuisson.—The name given to the liquid in which anything has been cooked.

Dariole.—A sort of cake served hot. The name of small round moulds in which various little cakes are baked or puddings steamed.

Daubière.—An oval stew-pan in which daubes are cooked. Daubes are meat or fowl stewed in sauce.

Dégorger.—To soak in water for a longer or shorter time.

Dés.—Very small square dice.

Désosser.—To bone; to remove the bones from fish, meat, game, or poultry.

Dorer.—To paint the surface of tarts or cakes with a brush, with egg or sugar, so that they may be glazed when cooked.

Dorure.—The glaze one uses for pastry; sometimes beaten white of egg, sometimes yolk of egg and cold water, sometimes sugar only.

Entrées.—A name for side dishes, such as cutlets, fricassées, fricandeaux, sweetbreads, etc.

Entrées (cold).—Consist of cutlets, fillets of game, poultry, &c.; salads of various kinds, aspics, ham, and many other things.

Entremets.—Second course side dishes. They are of four kinds—namely, cold entrées, dressed vegetables, scalloped shellfish, or dressed eggs, and lastly, sweets of any kind, puddings, jellies, creams, fritters, pastry, etc.

Escalopes.—Collops; small round pieces of meat or fish, beaten with a steak beater before they are cooked, to make them tender.

Espagnole.—Rich, strong stock made with beef, veal and ham, flavoured with vegetables, and thickened with brown roux. This and velouté are the two main sauces from which nearly all others are made. The espagnole for brown, the velouté for white.

Etamine.—See Tammy.

Etuver.—To stew meat with little moisture, and over a very slow fire, or with hot cinders over and under the saucepan.

Faggot.—A bouquet garni.

Fanchonettes and florentines.—Varieties of small pastry, covered with white of egg and sugar.

Faire tomber à glace.—Means to boil down stock or gravy until it is as thick as glaze, and is coloured brown.

Farce.—Is ordinary forcemeat, such as is used for raised pies.

Feuil etage.—Very light puff paste.

Flamber.—To singe fowls and game after they have been plucked.

Flans.—A flan is made by rolling a piece of paste out rather larger than the tin in which it is to be baked, then turning up the edge of the paste to form a sort of wall round. Flans are filled with fruit or preserve, and baked.

Foncer.—To put slices of ham or bacon in the bottom of a saucepan, to line a mould with raw paste, or to put the first layer of anything in a mould—it may be a layer of white paper.

Fontaine.—A heap of flour with a hollow in the middle, into which to pour the water.

Fondu.—Or fondue. A cheese soufflé.

Fricandeau.—Fillets of poultry or the best pieces of veal, neatly trimmed, larded, and well glazed, with their liquor reduced to glaze. They are served as entrées.

Fricassée.—A white stew, generally made with chicken and white sauce, to which mushrooms or other things may be added.

Fraiser.—A way of handling certain pastry to make it more compact and easier to work.

Frémir, frissonner.—To keep a liquid just on the boil—what is called simmering.

Galette.—A broad flat cake.

Gateau.—Cake. This word is also used for some kinds of tarts, and for different puddings. A gateau is also made of pig's liver; it is therefore rather difficult to define what a "gateau" is.

Gaufres.—Or wafers. Light spongy biscuits cooked in irons over a stove.

Glacer.—To glaze; to brush hot meat or poultry over with concentrated meat gravy or sauce, so that it shall have a brown and shiny appearance. Glaze can be bought in skins. Glacer, in confectionery, means to ice pastry or fruit with sugar.

Gniocchi.—Small balls of paste made with flour, eggs, and cheese to put into soup.

Gramme.—A French weight. An ounce avoirdupois is nearly equal to thirty grammes.

Gras.—Made with meat and fat.

Gratins (au).—Term applied to certain dishes of fish, game, poultry, vegetables, and macaroni dressed with rich sauces, and generally finished with bread-crumbs or bread-raspings over the top.

Gratiner.—Is to brown by heat, almost burn.

Grenadins.—Similar to a fricandeau, but smaller; grenadins are served with vegetable purées.

(*To be continued.*)

THE SHEPHERD'S FAIRY.

A PASTORALE.

By DARLEY DALE, Author of "Fair Katherine," etc.



"HE STRUCK ACROSS UNBEATEN PATHS."

WHEN John Smith, as for reasons of his own he called himself, left Pierre, he pulled his hat well over his eyes and started off across the downs in the direction of Lewes. He knew the country well, and partly on this account, partly because he did not wish to be recognised, he struck across unbeaten paths, where he was not likely to meet anyone, avoiding the high roads as much as he could, and travelling as near as possible as the crow flies, over downs and meadows to the village he was seeking. It was a good six miles, and he had neither time nor inclination to pause and look at the scenery around him, so full of charm to those who live among it, so repellent at first to the stranger's eye, which has not been educated to notice the various tints and colours which sweep over the soft rounded outlines of those purple downs, but is at once caught by the grey hollows of the hills and the patches of white chalk which peep out every here and there on the steeps, and at a distance look like the perpetual snow of Alpine regions. The scenery of the Sussex Downs is like the Sussex people in this respect—it requires to be well known to be thoroughly appreciated; cold and reserved at first, it is only on better acquaintance you learn the sterling worth, the truth, the real kindness of heart, and the hospitality which characterise the Sussex people. And the downs themselves will not yield all their beauty at once; you must live among them to thoroughly know and love them; cold and grey and monotonous as they look at first, in the autumn especially, you will see what a variety of colours they can show when the fields are golden with corn, and the downs themselves richly dotted with wild flowers, and the clouds cast fleeting shadows over the slopes, and the purple and green of the nearer hills melt away into delicate blues and rosy greys in the distance. And then in winter the clouds play such tricks with the soft rounded hills and their white chalk sides, which chalk will reveal itself in all its nakedness every here and there, that it is often easy to imagine yourself in Switzerland, and difficult exceedingly to tell where the downs end and the clouds begin, so softly have they blended together, those grey clouds, those white and purple downs. No, the downs are not monotonous to those who look with careful eyes, at least, though the casual observer may see nothing in them but multitudes of sheep. Unique they may be, unlike the rest of England they certainly are, but not monotonous. And then the dales, with the villages nestling in the bottom, are so picturesque, and the green pastures, separated by dykes, have a homelike appearance, with the small black Sussex cattle with their long white horns, at least to a Sussex eye.

Over some of these meadows the carpenter, with the little French baby in his arms, now made his way. Hitherto he had been lucky and had met no one, but now he was approaching a village a few miles from Lewes, which, for the purposes of this story, we will call Bournemer, and though the sun had set, it was still too light for him to risk being recognised, so he still kept to the fields, which he could the more easily do, as the house he sought was nearly a mile from the village. At last he saw it standing in the next field with a clump of trees on one side of it; it was little more than a cottage, though from the sheds adjoining it might have been taken for a small farmhouse; it was sheltered from the north by the down at the foot of which it lay, its red roof telling well against the soft grey background in the evening light. It

faced the field, the road at the foot of the down running at the back of it, and already there was a light in one of the lower rooms; the front door was closed, but the gate of the field was open, details which the carpenter took in at a glance, and interpreted to mean that the shepherd was gone to fold his sheep for the night, and his wife was at home awaiting his return to supper.

"He will be back soon. I must be quick; now is my time," said the carpenter to himself, making his way towards the house by the clump of trees, which afforded him a little shelter. Here he paused for a few minutes, and, after listening intently, put the baby on the ground while he took off his shoes. Then, picking it up, he crept quickly and noiselessly across the path towards the front door, on the step of which he laid his burden, and then crept back to the trees, where he put on his shoes, and with the purse which Léon had given him for the baby's maintenance in his pocket, he made his way back to the boat on the beach, congratulating himself on the success of his scheme. No one, he argued, was any the worse for it, while he was one thousand francs the better. He had wronged no one, as the baby was sure to be well taken care of. John Shelley was certain to take it in, and would probably think the Lord had sent it to him, and, with a chuckle over the shepherd's simplicity, he went his way.

The baby was asleep when he deposited it on the doorstep, but it woke shortly after, and began to cry lustily for food, but the doors and windows being all closed, its wailing did not penetrate to the inside of the house. But before the carpenter had been gone half an hour footsteps approached the house, and the shepherd and his dog entered the gate of the field in which it stood. A fine, big, handsome man looked this shepherd as he paused to fasten the gate; about thirty years old, fair, with a florid complexion, blue eyes, and a long, yellowish beard, a face more remarkable for its kindly good humour than for its intelligence. He was dressed in a long smock, and he carried a crook, so that there was no mistaking his occupation, of which, by the way, he was very proud; his father and his grandfather and their fathers and grandfathers had been shepherds before him for many generations, and that he should ever be anything else than a shepherd was the last idea likely to enter John Shelley's mind. A shepherd by birth and education, he followed his calling with an ardour which would have amounted to passion in a warmer temperament. His sheep were his first thought on waking, his last as he closed his eyes at night, and he understood them and their ways thoroughly. The life suited him exactly; it might be a lonely life, wandering for hours on the downs without meeting a living creature day after day, except, perhaps, occasionally a neighbouring shepherd, but he was used to it. It might be an anxious life, especially in lambing time, but he was lucky, and rarely lost any lambs. It might be a dangerous life sometimes in the winter fogs, rambling about on the hills with the risk of falling into a chalk pit and breaking his neck, but he was always too anxious about his sheep when overtaken by a fog to think of his own danger. Then the wages were good, and the same all the year round, with the chance of making some extra money in the shearing season, and so much a head on each lamb that he reared; and to all intents and purposes he was his own master, for the farmer to whom the sheep belonged entrusted the management of the flock entirely to him.

But while the shepherd was fastening the gate the dog ran to the baby, whose cry had reached his quick ears before it did his master's, and having sniffed all round it, he set up some short, quick barks, and ran back to the shepherd, calling his attention to the baby as plainly as his inability to speak would allow him.

"What is it, Rover? what is it? Down, sir, it is only the baby crying; the window must be open," said the shepherd, as he approached the house, but Rover, as if to contradict his master, ran up to the bundle on the doorstep, and barked louder than ever.

John Shelley took longer to take in the fact that an infant was lying crying on his doorstep than his dog had done. He stooped and looked, and took off his hat to rub his head thoughtfully and stimulate his brain that he might grasp the idea, and then he stooped again, and this time picked up the baby, and throwing open the door of the large kitchen, with its sanded floor of red bricks, stood on the threshold, holding out the wailing child, and saying—

"Look here, Polly, see what I have found on the doorstep."

Mrs. Shelley, who was sitting working, with her foot on a cradle which she was rocking gently to and fro, more from habit, since the baby was asleep, than for any real reason, looked up and saw in her husband's arms a bundle wrapped in a red shawl embroidered with gold.

"What is it, John?" she asked; but a cry from the bundle answered the question, and she sprang to her husband's side in astonishment.

She was a tall, good-looking woman, five or six years younger than the shepherd, with brown hair and eyes, and a rich colour in her cheeks, which came and went when she was excited; a bright intelligent face, not beautiful, scarcely handsome in repose, but which at times was so animated that she often passed for a very pretty woman.

"Give it to me. Oh, John! John! where can it have come from? The dear little creature! And see what lovely things it has! Only look at this satin quilt in which it is wrapped, and, see, John, a toy of coral with gold bells! My pretty one, hush! hush! hush!" And Mrs. Shelley rocked the child in her arms; but her astonishment and admiration got the better of her motherly instinct for a moment, and she proceeded with her examination of its clothes. "Its nightdress is the finest cambric and trimmed with real lace, and see this exquisite handkerchief tucked in for a feeder; look! there is a coronet on it, John. I verily believe the 'Pharisees," as the children say, brought it. Do go and see if there is a fairy ring in the meadow, then I shall be sure they did!"

Now, Sussex peasants — shepherds especially—were very superstitious in the days in which this baby was found, and both John Shelley and his wife half believed that the fungus rings, so often found on the downs, were made by the fairies, or "Pharisees," as they called them. So, partly to see if he could find any further clue to the child, partly to look for the fungus ring, John Shelley took a lantern and went out to explore the premises.

As soon as he was gone, Mrs. Shelley, who was an impulsive woman, gave the little stranger the supper that by right belonged to her own infant.

"My boy is stronger than this little



A VISIT FROM DAME HURSEY.

fragile creature, and he must wait till I have fed it," she said to herself. "Poor little mite, I don't believe it has been undressed for days, its beautiful dress is so dirty. I shall have time to bathe it and put it on some of Charlie's clean things before John comes in to his supper."

And as John was very slow and deliberate in all his actions, and his wife very quick in all hers, by the time he came back the little stranger was washed and dressed, and fed, and sleeping quietly in the cradle, while Mrs. Shelley nursed her own boy.

"Well, John, have you found any fairy rings?"

"No, Polly; no, I can't make it out at all; it is very odd--very odd indeed. I can't think where the child came from," said John, shaking his head, slowly. "I don't believe the fairies brought it, though," he added, after a pause.

"Who do you think did, then?" asked Mrs. Shelley, quickly.

"I don't know who brought it, but I tell you what, Polly, I believe God sent it and means us to take care of it."

"Take care of it! Why, of course we must, John. You don't suppose I dreamt of sending it to the workhouse, do you? Little darling! Why, it is the very thing we have been longing for, a little girl; it shall be Charlie's foster-sister. All I hope is, whoever brought it will let us keep it. I love it already!"

"But, Polly, it isn't our child. We must take care of it, of course, for to-night, but you will have to go to Parson Leslie to-morrow and ask him what we ought to do to find out who it belongs to."

"Indeed, and I shall do no such thing," said Mrs. Shelley, hastily.

But the shepherd was master in his own home, and announced decidedly—

"Then I must go to-night, late as it is."

"And knock the parson up? It will be eleven o'clock before you get there. Sit down and get your supper, do, John, and we can talk about consulting him to-morrow."

"That won't do, Polly; either I must go to the rector to-night or you must promise to go to-morrow. Which is it to be?"

"There never was such a pig-headed man as you. If you set your mind on a thing there is no turning you. I suppose I shall have to go, or you'll be rushing off now, and I want my supper. One thing I am sure of, John, and that is, the baby belongs to rich people, and, I think, to some nobleman, for all the things have a coronet on them, and its clothes are all so fine."

"Is there no name on any of them?"

"No, nor anything to give us the least idea who the child is. It has evidently been accustomed to luxury, though, and somehow I fancy it is a foreign child. I never saw any baby's clothes made as these are," said Mrs. Shelley.

A foreign child was an idea John Shelley could not accept so suddenly. His slow phlegmatic mind could not travel beyond his own country—scarcely beyond the Sussex downs.

"More likely to be one of the quality's children. They don't make their clothes as we do, I expect; but if you show Mr. Leslie that coronet he may be able to make something of it."

And so it was arranged that Mrs. Shelley should go the next day and consult the rector about their new-found treasure; but she fully made up her mind to use all the eloquence in her power to persuade Mr. Leslie to convince John it was plainly their duty to keep the baby which had been so mysteriously brought to them until its rightful owners claimed it.

The next morning John Shelley was up betimes, as, indeed, he always was; but it was shearing time, and he was unusually busy, and it was, moreover, Saturday, and he hoped, with the help of the men who went round the country shearing in the month of June, to finish his flock that evening, so taking his breakfast and dinner with him, he told Mrs. Shelley not to expect him back till the evening. Across the dewy meadows in the fresh June morning, the loveliest part of the day, went John Shelley, startling a skylark every now and then from the ground, from whence it rose carolling forth its matin song, gently at first, but louder and louder as it sprang higher and higher, until lost to sight, its glorious song still audible, though John Shelley was too much occupied with his own thoughts, and, perhaps, too much accustomed to the singing of the lark, to pay much attention to it. Even his dogs, Rover and Snap, failed to wake him from his meditation, until he reached the meadow where he had folded his sheep for the night, and then every thought, except whether the sheep were all safe, vanished from his mind as he stood counting them. A few words to the dogs explained his wishes that the shorn sheep were to be driven out and the unshorn left in the fold for the present; and then, after a great deal of barking on the part of the dogs, and shouting from the shepherd, and rushing and scrambling on the part of the sheep, their bells jingling a not unmusical accompaniment to the thrushes and blackbirds, which were pouring out their morning song in the adjoining copse, this manœuvre was effected, and John led his shorn flock to the downs, walking in front with his crook in his hand, while the dogs brought up the rear, yelping and barking at the heels of any erring sheep that strayed outside the flock.

The shepherd was a man who concentrated all his thoughts on the business he had on hand, and as he led his sheep to the down on which he meant to leave them to the care of the dogs for the day, he was making a nice calculation of how long it would take him and his assistants to finish the shearing, when, just as he was about to leave the sheep, he was accosted by an old woman. She was tall, thin, with a slight stoop, a hooked nose, bright black eyes, and rough, crisp, grizzly hair, which gave her rather a witch-like appearance; nor did the bonnet perched on the top of her head, its crown in the air, tend to dispel this notion. She had a knotted stick in one hand, and a basket with some pieces of wool off the sheeps' backs which she had collected from the bushes in the other. It was Dame Hursey, the wool-gatherer, well known to John Shelley and every other shepherd in the neighbourhood, with all of whom she often had a gossip, and celebrated in the district as the mother of an unfortunate son, a fine, promising young sailor, who, having been convicted of robbery some years ago, and served a long sentence in Lewes gaol, had never been heard of since, unless his mother was in his confidence.

A great gossip was Dame Hursey; she always knew all that went on in the neighbourhood, for she led a wandering, restless life, never at home except at night, sticking and wool-gathering in the autumn and winter, haymaking and gleaning in the summer, gossiping, whenever she had a chance, at all seasons. If anyone were likely to know anything about this strange baby, always supposing the fairies had had nothing to do with it, it was Dame Hursey, and the shepherd, being relieved of any further anxiety about the sheep, walked with her and told her the story.

John Shelley was neither a quick-witted nor an observant man, except with regard to the weather, every sign of which he took in, or he would have noticed that Dame Hursey started perceptibly when he told her the time he found the baby, and that a glance of quick intelligence shot into her bright eyes as she heard the story; but when he had finished she gave it as her firm opinion that the "Pharisees," and no one else, must have brought the child, and she urged John on no account to part with it, as there was no telling what revenge the fairies might take if their wishes were set aside. And the old wool-gatherer proceeded to tell such wonderful stories of the terrible vengeance wrought by these mysterious little beings on people who had despised their gifts, that the shepherd was glad to put an end to such unpleasant suggestions by walking off at a rapid pace to his unshorn sheep.

"It is strange, very strange, that I should have met my George the very same night, coming from Shelley's place too. He has had something to do with this baby as sure as wool is wool. I'll go round by Mrs. Shelley's and have a look at this wonderful child; perhaps I may find out something. I doubt it will be a bad thing for George if he is found out this time, if, as I suspect, he knows a deal more about it than we do, and he was up to no good last night or he would not have made me swear not to say I had seen him as he did. Well, the child is safe enough with the Shelleys, and I'll do my best to frighten them into keeping it," muttered Dame Hursey to herself, as she bent her steps towards the shepherd's house.

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

"Excellent Heart."

Take a good-sized, tender heart. Extract all seeds of selfishness, and proceed to stuff as follows :—

1 lb. crumbs of comfort.

1 quart milk of human kindness.

Several drops essence of goodness and happiness.

Good dripping from the eaves of Love's dwelling.

Blend these well with a little of the oil of Time to mellow and soften.

Place the heart on a warm hearth with Love's rays full upon it and some of the light of other days. Move it now and then, but do not probe it. Keep the world's cold blasts from it if possible, but do not allow it to be absorbed in its own juices. It will take time to prepare, but when ready is fit for king or peasant and welcome at any table.

Sauce for above.

Pint or more good spirits, a few honeyed words ; a little cream of society may improve, but is not necessary. Carefully avoid cold water, vinegar, or pepper, or acidity in any form.

The above will keep for years.—S. L.

Contented.—If you can live free from want, care for no more, for the rest is vanity.

The Storms of Adversity.—A smooth sea never made a skilful mariner, neither do uninterrupted prosperity and success qualify anyone for usefulness and happiness. The storms of adversity, like the storms of the ocean, arouse the faculties and excite the invention, prudence, skill and fortitude of the voyager.

A Wise Mother.—The celebrated Orientalist, Sir William Jones, when a mere child was very inquisitive. His mother was a woman of great intelligence, and he would apply to her for the information which he desired; but her constant reply was : "Read, and you will know." This gave him a passion for books, which was one of the principal means of making him what he was.

Twenty-four Notes in One Bow.—The *Daily Post* of February 22nd, 1732, contains a curious announcement with regard to Castrucci, the violinist, namely, that he would play a solo "in which he engages himself to execute twenty-four notes in one bow." This piece of charlatanism, so misplaced in a truly able musician, was excellently capped on the following day by a nameless fiddler advertising his intention to play twenty-five notes in one bow.

A Cat Story.—There was a favourite Tom cat owned by a family in Callander, in Scotland, and it had on several occasions shown more than ordinary sagacity. One day Tom made off with a piece of beef, and the servant followed him cautiously, with the intention of catching him and administering a little wholesome correction. To her amazement, she saw the cat go into a corner of the yard, in which she knew a rat-hole existed, and lay the beef down by the side of it. Leaving the beef there, puss hid himself a short distance off and watched until a rat made its appearance. Tom's tail then began to wag, and just as the rat was moving away with the bait he sprang upon it and killed it.

Hearing with Difficulty. — "Dr. Willis tells us," says Burney, in his "History of Music," "of a lady who could *hear only while a drum was beating;* insomuch that her husband actually hired a drummer as a servant in order to enjoy the pleasure of her conversation."

Courage.—Courage which grows from constitution often forsakes people when they have occasion for it ; courage that arises from a sense of duty acts in a uniform manner.

The Influence of Fortune.—Fortune, good or ill, does not change men or women ; it but developes their character.

Weak Minds.—Two things indicate a weak mind—to be silent when it is proper to speak, and to speak when it is proper to be silent.—*Persian Proverb.*

A Successful Wedding.—A New York girl has just enjoyed the triumph of having the biggest wedding given in that city for years. She whispered around that the man she was to marry had a red-haired wife somewhere, who would be at hand to interrupt the ceremony. The church was crowded.

Two Sides to Pleasure.—Pleasure is to woman what the sun is to the flower; if modestly enjoyed it beautifies, it refreshes and improves ; if immoderately, it withers and destroys.—*Colton.*

The Ills of Life. — There are three modes of bearing the ills of life : by indifference, which is the most common ; by philosophy, which is the most ostentatious ; and by religion, which is the most effectual.

An Observation on Rogues.—After long experience of the world, I affirm, before God, I never knew a rogue who was not unhappy.—*Junius.*

Answer to Double Acrostic (p. 30).

1. L i P
2. AristotlE (*a*)
3. M a r t y R
4. B l o c K
5. E l I
6. R e s i N (*b*)
7. ThurloW
8. ScœvolA (*c*)
9. IndicatoR (*d*)
10. M e r a B (*e*)
11. N a z E
12. EcliptiC
13. L o K (*f*)

Lambert Simnel. Perkin Warbeck.

(*a*). His adage was "Amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, magis tamen amica veritas." From his custom of delivering instruction whilst walking, his disciples were styled "Peripatetics."

(*b*). Familiarly pronounced "rosin."

(*c*). Left-handed.

(*d*). Indicator Major, the great honeybird of South Africa.

(*e*). See 1 Samuel, xviii.

(*f*). Lo(c)k.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

E. A. T.—There is a School of Telegraphy in Moorgate-buildings, at the back of Telegraph-street, E.C. All candidates for free admission must have passed an examination in handwriting and the first four rules of arithmetic under the Civil Service Commissioners, in Cannon-row, W.C., aged not under fourteen nor over eighteen years. They must be gifted with quickness of eye and ear and a delicate touch. In three or four months they have acquired the art, working four hours a day. They must be proficient in the use of four instruments. The pupils in this school are only intended for service in London.

Cedrica.—In reference to Gall's or Mercator's projection, you may perceive that by doing away with perspective you obtain the relative distances, as well as the height of the mountains compared with the general surface, without deducting through foreshortening. You write fairly well, but too large to be pretty.

Sine.—The auroræ are closely connected with the earth's magnetism, although their exact relationship is unknown. The appearance takes place equally round both magnetic poles. The most general opinion seems to be that they are illuminations of the lines of force which undoubtedly circulate round our earth. At all events, the corona forms itself round the magnetic poles, and its lines correspond to the earth's magnetic field. Displays of auroræ are almost always accompanied by magnetic storms, which so much affect our telegraph instruments, although the latter may occur when there is no visible aurora. An artificial aurora was produced by electrical means by Professor Lindstroem, in 67° north latitude, which was found to exhibit the spectrum of the true aurora. You will find all information respecting the "Zodiacal light" in "Guillemin on the Heavens."

C. H. C.—No examinations are required for teachers in high schools ; but of course preference is always given to those who have passed examinations, and they obtain better salaries. The senior or the higher Cambridge examinations for women would be the best, and would ensure a good position.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Marie.—Your having given your parrot meat has given her a taste for raw meat. Perhaps a chemist could suggest a wash or powder to shake in under the feathers, that would taste bitter and disagreeable and yet prove harmless. Possibly your bird is troubled with small vermin, which irritate the skin and induce it to pick at the roots of the feathers. Examine the skin and plumage. We have given a long recipe for destroying the vermin in canaries.

Tum Yum.—You had better buy a little bottle of oil-gold and paint your picture-frame with it. See our article, "Lissom Hands and Pretty Feet."

Trica Raeburn.—Your verses are not correctly written, but the sentiments expressed are good. When you make an adverb of the word "true" you should drop the final "e."

M H. M.—Write or see a map-setter, such as Wyld, or any other of those in or near Trafalgar-square and Charing Cross. The ways and means of colouring and disposing of your maps will be explained to you by these people.

Peckham Rye.—The poet Wordsworth had an only daughter, Dora, married to Mr. Quillinan. She was burnt to death in 1847, and left two daughters. The bishops are nephews of the poet.

Pharmaceutical.—The word "Pharmacon" can be found in all Greek lexicons. It is probably of Oriental extraction. It originally meant any medicine taken internally or externally, and apparently its original signification was good—or, at all events, not bad. Then, secondly, it came, like the word "accident," to get a bad sense attached to it, and it was used for a "poisonous drug," from which is derived its third and last sense, an "enchanted potion," or "enchantment." In the New Testament the word is translated "sorcery," not "drugs." See Rev. xxii. 15.

Daffodil.—Pampas grass may be cleaned by putting it into a large vessel of clean cold water, when after some time all the dust and dirt will come out, and it may be lightly shaken till dry. It may also be bleached with chloride of lime.

Sunbeam.—Do not on any account do so dangerous a thing as to put paraffin oil on your hair. Besides, the very bad smell of the oil would be most offensive to others if not to yourself.

Delia T. (Lausanne).—From your writing we conclude that you are very young. If so, your verses give some promise of better ones when older.



EDITED BY CHARLES PETERS.

The Poems are written by the Author of "John Halifax Gentleman," Sarah Doudney, Helen Marion Burnside, F. E. Weatherly, Annie Matheson, Anne Beale, Mrs. G. Linnæus Banks, the Rev. W. Cowan, Sydney Grey, Edward Oxenford, Isabella Fyvie Mayo, Clara Thwaites, Harriet L. Childe-Pemberton, the Dowager Lady Barrow, and others.

Illustrated by Frank Dicksee, A.R.A., M. Ellen Edwards, W. J. Hennessy, Davidson Knowles, John C. Staples, Robert Barnes, Charles Green, Arthur Hopkins, William Small, Frank Dadd, the late Cecil Lawson, and others.

"As *A Crown of Flowers* is carefully printed upon fine paper, full value is given to the engravings, which is one of the features of the magazine from which they are selected, and shows what a marked advance has been made of recent years in the character of such illustrations, which will, in the present instance, vie with anything of the kind produced on this or the other side of the Atlantic."—*The Pictorial World.*

JACKDAY.—It is suitable for every day. You write very well. There is no "e" in truly.

LITTLE EMILY.—See "Girls' Christian Names," pages 39, 134, 235, 381, vol. iv.

OCKLAWAKA.—Certainly, it is quite improper to walk about alone with a man to whom you are not engaged. We know of no cure suitable for all alike for sea-sickness. Lie down on deck, drink water before being sick, and beware of starving. At the same time, do not select pork nor a suet dumpling just at first. In cases of very severe sickness, swallowing small scraps of ice before and after a spoonful of *consommé* or jelly is desirable, and an icebag should be applied to the spine.

A TRING GIRL should consult a doctor about the moles if very unornamental.

LADY JANE GREY.—The "seven whistlers" are curlew, or herringspear birds, thought to be storm-bringers when heard overhead at sea. You will find a story in Buckland's "Curiosities of Natural History" about them.

ANNIE SPIKE should write to the Religious Tract Society, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., for the tracts she needs. The lines are not poetry—nothing but badly-rhymed prose.

HARTY.—Wills can be inspected at Somerset House, in the Strand, W.C.

UNE PETITE FLEUR.—No one could interfere with you in keeping a private school, so far as we know.

JAMIE'S DARLING.—We thank you warmly for your kind letter, and wish you much happiness in your new life and position.

NO STONE UNTURNED must send her tale to a publisher; but we do not think she will get much—probably nothing; but, on the contrary, will have to pay, for a first attempt.

ASPHODEL.—The 29th of April, 1870, was a Friday. When a man says he is "very much in love" with the girl to whom he is speaking, he means her to give him some encouragement to say more, and in a business-like, practical way.

A FEARFUL ONE.—A polypus in the nose has to be cut out, but the patient must be under the influence of chloroform. It is more usually a man's than a woman's disease. Your letters should be rounder.

UNE DEMOISELLE.—It is our ordinary form of greeting to say "How do you do?" It is an idiomatic phrase, and does not exact an answer as to the state of your health any more than the salutation "Good day." If anxious for information as to how you are, more direct inquiries will follow the salutation. Only ignorant persons reply to "How do you do?" "Very well, thank you; how are you?"

A. B.—The first and second volumes of the G. O. P. are entirely out of print, as also are all the indexes, excepting that for vol. vi. None of these will be reprinted. We request our readers to take note of what we say, as it will save them waste of time in writing for them.

RUBY KINGSLEY.—We cannot continue giving space for repeating the story of the willow pattern

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MISS KING, the Secretary of the Society for Promoting the Employment of Women, 22, Berners-street, Oxford-street, W., writes:—In the G.O.P. for September there is an article (one of a series) on wood engraving by Mr. R. Taylor. I have read the articles with great interest, and I entirely agree with the greater part of what Mr. Taylor says. But he writes as if there were no opening for girls in the trade. I fully admit that only a small number are at present employed in it, but he writes that he does not believe that engraving can be effectually taught in schools or classes, and that he has not met with a single individual who has attained by this means skill enough to earn a livelihood. Now it is a fact that there are 12 or 14 girls employed at an engraver's in the City, who have learnt engraving at the City and Guilds of London Art School, which was established about six years ago, and some of these girls are doing excellent work and earning very good wages. Engraving is an art which requires persevering study for four or five years at the least, so that the school has not yet been established for a sufficiently long time to have trained a large number of girls, but the instruction given there is thoroughly good, and if the girls will persevere as long with it as they would be obliged to do if they were regularly apprenticed, I do not think there is any fear but that they will succeed in getting employment; but their work must be good. If you will kindly look at page 9 of our Report, published in May last, you will see an account of the school. There are vacancies now in the school, particulars of which I shall be happy to give to anyone who will call here between 11 and 5. I shall be greatly obliged if you will mention this school and its successful work in the next number of the G.O.P., for I fear that Mr. Taylor's statement is calculated to injure it materially.

I am, dear sir,
Yours obediently,
GERTRUDE J. KING, Sec.

A full account of the Kennington class was given in the G.O.P., January, 1884, page 180, in the article on Art in the series of "Work for All."



VOL. VIII.—No. 356. OCTOBER 23, 1886. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

A DREAM OF QUEENS' GARDENS.*

A STORY FOR GIRLS.—IN TWO PARTS.

By DANIEL DORMER, Author of "Out of the Mists."

PART II.

A QUEEN'S DREAM.

YET the recollection of that book is helping to soften Hazel. There is a tender bit of writing at the close of the lecture which can hardly fail to reach any woman's heart, unless it be wholly hardened; and Hazel's is not a hard heart. So she muses on it, growing gradually calmer and happier. After all, she might be of some use in the world if she were to try, and if One Divine would be with her.

She stoops down to throw some coal on the fire. She is too much exhausted physically to make it up carefully; but with an effort piles on large blocks and small indiscriminately, then throws in a handful of matches from a box within reach. What strange chaos there seems to be in the grate after a little while! One after another the matches go off with a phiz and short-lived flare, and each seems to light up a more curious scene than the last. From being mere piled-up blocks of coal in a grate, they grow to be a half blocked up entrance to some unknown place. There is a large shining black portal, half ruined, surrounded with *débris*. By degrees Hazel's languid curiosity is excited, and she wonders whither it leads. Why should she not explore? . . . . The next match which takes fire lights up the slight form leaning far back in the big chair, with the soft, golden brown hair half loosened, and the dark, shadowed eyes fast closed. And Hazel has passed through the dark gateway, and is in a wonderful world.

* Sesame and Lilies. By John Ruskin, LL.D. 1. Of Kings Treasuries. 2 Of Queens Gardens.

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"LILACS AND LABURNUM TREES BLOOM ABUNDANTLY AROUND."

What a strange black gateway to have led into so fair a garden! Hazel pauses at the entrance, her eyes glistening, her breath taken away with delight at the beauty of the scene before her. A paradise of fresh green shade and exquisite light and colouring. Wide-spreading chestnuts, graceful, feathery birches, and a hundred other trees, clothed and robed in their tender young leaves, mingle with a glory of pink and white spring blossom, which seems to fill the air like a snowstorm in the clear, blue sky. The South wind blows and fans Hazel's cheek, and wafts delicious breath of flowers and sweet-brier around her. Beneath the shower of snowy blossom stretches smooth, green grass, and masses of brilliant flowers glow, expanding their petals up towards the sun.

After a while Hazel wanders forward in a dreamy intoxication of delight, every moment discovering fresh beauties. She finds a beautiful grotto, where are large rocks and cascades and running streams and fountains. She enters by a low archway of stone, covered with drooping ferns, and there, right before her, is a large clear pool at the foot of a huge rock. She flushes with the prettiest of shy pleasure and frank admiration at sight of her own reflection.

How beautiful! A girl in a long, white robe, with a sweet, dark-eyed face, which she knows to be her own. She is leaning slightly forward, and the eyes—so often heavy and weary—are brimming with happiness, the lips parted in a smile. Her hair, with its pretty, sunny ripples, is unbound, and the wind blows it slightly back from her shoulders. And, most wonderful and striking of all, a circlet of pure gold rests upon the shapely head, and a second circlet is clasped round the waist. Then she is a queen? No doubt of it. And then comes, to the joy of admiration of all she has seen, the added joy of certainty that all is her own. This is a queen's garden, and she is the happy queen!

More and more dawns gradually upon her. There are those near at hand dear to her, to whom she is also dear, whose queen she is. Oh the joy of it all! She clasps her hands in ecstasy, and the pretty reflection in the pool is more than ever lovely, only she has forgotten it now.

A serious thought must have come into Hazel's mind, for suddenly a different expression appears in her eyes; a look of perplexity and shade of sorrow. The consciousness in her new life is growing, and, alas! it is not unmixed with pain. This garden is not all the world, then? She puts her hand to her brow, trying to recall something. Slowly it comes back to her in words, noble words, spoken by one whose face is a darkness to her. And she listens—

"It is you queens only who can feel the depths of pain, and conceive the way to its healing."

Ah! that is enough. She has lost her desire to recall more. She would fain turn back to the former delight and forget the existence of pain. But the steady voice persists, and will not be quenched.

"Instead of trying to do this, you turn away from it; you shut yourselves within your park walls and garden gates; and you are content to know that there is beyond them a whole world in wilderness, a world of secrets which you dare not penetrate, and of suffering which you dare not conceive."

Hazel looks round on the garden. How pleasant it is! Why should she leave it? Why should she concern herself with what may lie outside this home-kingdom of hers? She tries again to banish the voice, yet she knows in her heart, if she would only look for its knowledge, that, outside of that little rose-covered wall, the wild grass, to the horizon, is torn up by the agony of men, and beat level by the drift of their life-blood.

Yes, it is useless; there is no escaping the truth the voice tells. So Hazel yields herself to listen as it goes on.

"I knew you would like that to be true; you would think it a pleasant magic if you could flush your flowers into brighter bloom by a kind look upon them; nay, more, if your look had the power, not only to cheer, but to guard. . . This you would think a great thing! And do you not think it a greater thing that all this (and how much more than this) you can do for fairer flowers than these, flowers that could bless you for having blessed them, and will love you for having loved them; flowers that have thoughts like yours, and lives like yours, and which, once saved, you save for ever? Is this only a little power? Far among the moorlands and the rocks, far in the darkness of the terrible streets, these feeble florets are lying, with all their fresh leaves torn and their stems broken; will you never go down to them, nor set them in order in their little fragrant beds, nor fence them, in their trembling, from the fierce wind?"

Engrossed with the voice, Hazel has been walking on, little heeding whither she goes, when, as its tones die away, a groan startles her. How terrible its sound; how incongruous, interrupting the soft harmonious chorus of the soaring, singing birds! So painfully near it seemed, too, it could but have been a very little distance off outside that gate which she sees before her. Her first impulse is to draw back and retire, shuddering, far into the garden. But, behold! the gate swings back of its own accord, and in the face of that fact, and with the remembrance of the words she has heard, she dare not do other than pass through the open way.

What a strange, wide world, and how dreary! A great, mad battle is raging; the grass, sloping up to the horizon, is scorched with the heat of the sun—the sun which only made a pleasant warmth in the shady garden. There is the fierce galloping of horses, and wrestling and fighting of men. Shouts and groans fill the air and drown the song of the birds. There are heaps of dying and wounded. Ah! there is one man not a stone's throw from her; his must have been the voice that reached her within her gates. How remarkable that she should have heard nothing before of all the great din. Another groan, followed by some inaudible words, causes Hazel timidly to approach the wounded man. He is evidently one of the very poorest of the "common" soldiers; and there is a look in his face which speaks the word death with a shudder in the girl's heart. A gleam lightens the agony in the man's eyes as he sees the white form and gentle face above him. He gazes steadily a moment, as though to make sure his vision is not a passing illusion; then Hazel catches the words, "Were you sent to me?"

Very quietly she tells him in whose name she comes. Then, with a long, struggling sigh of satisfaction, without a shadow of further questioning in the dying eyes or voice, he whispers—"Hope even for me in Him, then, since He sent you!"

So the low, flickering flame of life, set free, leaps up to its source; and the forsaken home rests in unbroken peace.

Saddened, and yet peaceful, too, Hazel turns slowly away from the battle-field, and walks on, not noticing whither she goes. Jarring sounds recall her, and she finds herself in a narrow valley, surrounded by noisy children and brawling women. No one seems conscious of her presence. A lot of men are lounging against the wall of a public-house. The low building is conspicuous by its being in good repair, while its neighbours are all in a shattered condition. The window-frames are painted and varnished, and the open entrance discloses a smart interior. A few doors beyond this the houses reach the climax of desolate disorder. The whole place is tumbling down; the window is broken; the battered door is off its hinges, propped up against the wall. A cripple girl is sitting on a broken box, turned upside down, immediately outside this miserable hovel. Her face is a greater shock to Hazel than any of the other wretchedness around. There is a desperation of bitterness in that set, white face, with its hollow eyes and cheeks, which is absolutely appalling. Hazel had always imagined that suffering must of necessity, by its own inherent nature, bring with it a patience which would be reflected in a sweet face. Slowly, as she scans those immovable features, full of pain, and still more full of dogged rebellion, this idea has to be abandoned. Here obviously is a human being in the midst of a noisy squalor, whose physical disease and torture is unlightened by one softening ray of hope; whose misery is too sullen and dull to rise even to the hope of putting an end to itself.

One moment and the deformed girl starts apprehensively. A sob has sounded in her ear, and some one, unlike any she has ever seen heretofore, stands beside her, taking her hand in mute, unspeakable compassion. She cowers back against the wall and drags away her hand; Hazel's purity and loveliness raises in her only a shrinking dislike and dread of contact.

It is long before the pleading, loving voice gains any hearing; but at last, before the two part, some faint expression of intelligent thought has dawned on the lame girl's brow; and in her mind a question has been raised, "Can it be that there is one who loves me and has need of me?"

The evening sunlight is falling through the birches in the beautiful garden; the air is full of fragrance and harmony; the queen is returning. Wearily she opens the gate to enter. She is filled with pain, for the many sadnesses to which she has drawn near have touched her own soul with the shadow of suffering.

Suddenly, in the chequered shade of the trees at the entrance of the garden, she stops and turns round, for a bright radiance envelops her. And, lo! there stands One, in glorious light—One in whose Divine face love is shining. Hazel bows down, her whole soul overwhelmed with reverent awe. Then her hand is taken and held with a touch which thrills her with exquisite rapture, and a voice in her ears says—

"Come, see with Me My garden."

And the air, which is filled with light, grows buoyant, and, while her hand is still clasped by the Divine Guide, she is wafted upwards.

Stretched out below, the hills and vales of the earth are one vast garden. All is indistinct at first; expanses of misty colour and tint; but by degrees the scene resolves itself into more definite form. The whole is intersected and watered with streams, more or less clear and pure, which arise and are replenished from a bright vapour, the Spirit of Life, which shines, issuing forth from an empty tomb in a rock in the East. There are banks of wild violets and primroses, and woods filled with anemones and hyacinths—myriads of beautiful flowers, reaching over all the world.

Hazel has hardly taken in anything of the wonder of the scene, when her attention is attracted by an arch of white mist above the earth, and, as it seems, but a few paces from her. Gradually this path of mist grows clear as crystal, and the colours glancing in it take shape, and form a clear, transparent picture.

A cornfield on a summer evening, filled with blossoms of poppies and corn-flowers. A wild storm sweeps over the field; the corn is beaten down; the flowers are crushed beneath its weight, draggled and withered. A poppy, torn up by its roots, is whirled through the air.

A mist sweeps over the crystalline cloud, and where it grows clear again the scene is changed to a wild hill-side. Scarlet and blue flowers intermingle in the distance; in the foreground lies a single poppy, withered and dying. Slowly, beside it a lily grows up; as it grows the fading poppy is stirred, touched by its leaves; and the tiny bells waving over it inspire new life and vigour, till at length, grown whole and fresh, it is loosened from the brown uptorn roots, and floats upwards, to bloom more beautiful in Paradise.

Again the mist passes over the light picture and changes it. A woodland scene is painted there now. Amid the fern and moss and twigs under the trees, wild flowers are blowing. A pathway intersects the little wood, and across it shadows of the trees fall, with sunlight between. In the foremost patch of sunshine, at the edge of the path, is a sprinkling of anemone leaves. And there amongst them a delicate blossom, half crushed by the superincumbent weight of moss, the fallen leaves of last year, and tiny, lichen-covered twigs. The white, transparent petals are soiled and deformed, thrust down to the earth. As Hazel looks, regretting that she has not the power to stretch forth her hand and clear away the destructive weight, the leaves and twigs tremble, and are uplifted, and fall away from the slender plant, for close beside it a hardy little fern frond slowly uncurls itself and arises. The frail blossom stirs slightly, released from the overwhelming pressure; but has no strength to do more. Oh, for water to revive it! And, lo! from the fair green fern drops of dew embosomed there are shed and scattered over the downcast head. They are drunk in, and by degrees the drooping cup is raised to the friendly fern. And then, the straight young frond, itself ever growing, waves aside in a natural, graceful sweep, and allows the sunshine in all its strong radiance and reviving force to fall full on the flower. And the half-closed bell, joyously expanding, grows white and strong and beautiful.

And so the crystal pictures change and change, till Hazel's every helpful act has been set forth. Then, as the last fades, and the arch of storied light itself dissolves and melts, with one all-absorbing passion of eternal devotion flooding her whole being, Hazel turns to Him who has kept her beside Him throughout, her hand retained in His. For one moment she beholds Him, the Unutterable One; and in His Sacred Face she reads, amid ineffable love and infinite majesty, a look of gratitude. And once more the Divine accents fall on her ear, saying—

"'Inasmuch as thou didst it unto one of these My brethren, even these least, thou didst it unto Me.'

"Let not those, the queens of the earth, to whom I have given the priceless gifts of life and leisure, hold either lightly. Life, with its sorrows and its joys, is but the education time fitting them to live for ever with Me. The leisure I have bestowed may be used for Me, in doing work in My garden—work which I have prepared for them to do, and which I long to see done. Let them see to it that they waste not the opportunity in fretful discontent and idleness—'And whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones, a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, she shall in no wise lose her reward.'"

* * * * *

Hazel awoke. The moon was streaming in through the window. The grate was filled with shining blocks of coal, and a few half-burnt matches. Aching all over, and shivering with cold, she closed her eyes once more, and a period of insensibility followed.

Many days and nights of feverish illness ensued—days and nights in which Hazel had much to suffer, and was only from time to time conscious of the loving, unceasing care which watched over her. In those intervals when her mind was not dazed and confused, she saw a face, old and plain and wrinkled, which was to her as the face of an angel, for Miss Bright tended and watched her with all the self-sacrifice of a noble, true woman.

At length, after a weary, weary time of pain, Hazel fell asleep once more. Her dream came back to her, for she thought she was resting in the warm sunshine on a bed of lilies in the same beautiful garden. And when she opened her eyes she found her room was really bright and warm with a fire and sunshine, and fresh and sweet with the fragrance of lilies of the valley, a large bunch of them standing beside her, and more lying on the white coverlid of her bed. Her eyes filled and her heart swelled with gratitude. Softly she whispered, as though she spoke to someone close beside her, "Dear Lord, I am so thankful to Thee for making me better. I so longed to live a little while more to do some work for Thee in Thy garden. I bless Thee so!"

The door opened, and Brightie came in. The brave old woman broke down as she clasped Hazel in her joy at the improvement in her. The two cried together for a little while; there was so very much to be glad about that the gladness was too great for self-control.

A few days later, a girl with a white but radiantly happy face is resting in a cane arm-chair, her feet supported by a footstool, in the garden of a pretty country house at Fridorf. The sunshine is hot, but she is shaded from it by a trellis work of young-leaved creepers overhead. Lilacs and laburnum trees bloom abundantly around. The lawn before her is smooth and green, and beyond is the sea.

"How wonderful God's love is!" the girl says, presently, reaching out her hand to an old woman with a peaceful face who shortly joins her, and who clasps and retains the hand with an answering look more eloquent than speech.

THE END

HINTS ON MODELLING IN CLAY.

By FRED MILLER.



MODELLING in clay is a very agreeable change in one's artistic occupation, for it is quite unlike other branches of art, and calls into play a different set of faculties for its performance. It needs a greater amount of "hand cunning" than does painting, and is in that sense akin to wood carving, to which delightful craft it is, indeed, almost indispensable, and, I might add, part of the necessary training one has to undergo to become a carver in wood. And as on another occasion I am going to write a few hints on wood carving, the present article may be taken as a prelude to the one on that subject.

The materials necessary to try one's hand at modelling are very inexpensive. The clay is the most essential thing, and this can be purchased at one or two artists' colourmen, or, better still, at any pottery. I have had clay sent me from the potteries in Staffordshire, and those of my readers who live near a pottery would have no difficulty in supplying themselves with clay. The clay used for flower-pots does for coarse work, but is not sufficiently carefully prepared for fine work. It burns a rich red colour, and is, of course, terra-cotta. The clay used in making the terra-cotta plaques and vases is what you require for fine work. There are two or three firms who supply London shops with terra-cotta vases, etc., and I have no doubt that clay might be purchased of them.

The clay used in making tiles does for modelling, but perhaps the best is that which burns a cream colour. It is a dull grey colour, rather dark before it is fired, and it should be noticed that it is difficult to tell the colour clay will burn by its appearance when unbaked. Thus a grey clay may burn a rich red or pale cream. The qualities necessary in clay for modelling are plasticity, which enables it to be worked without falling to pieces, and fineness—a perfect freedom from grit, small stones, and other impurities. It should be quite soft to the touch, and when pressed and kneaded should feel smooth and silky. Old clay is more plastic as well as being tougher than new, and in potteries clay is often kept a considerable time before it is used. The clay should not be allowed to dry when it is not in use, and to prevent this it must be wrapped in wet flannel. Should it dry quite hard, there is nothing to do but to put it into a vessel and pour water on it, allowing it to stand until the clay becomes soft. Some of the moisture must then be allowed to evaporate, otherwise it is too soft for use. This is another point to be observed in clay used for modelling. It must not be too damp. If it sticks to the fingers it is too wet, and if it resists the pressure of the fingers, too dry. The state between stickiness and stubbornness is what is wanted.

Now as to the tools. Wooden modelling tools can be purchased at some artists' colourmen, and also at some tool shops. You must choose those tools you think look handiest. A little practice will soon show you which are the best to have.

Each modeller has a predilection for certain tools, and it will take my readers very little time to find out which tools give the best results. I often shape those I buy myself to fit them for particular work. In addition to these wooden tools, it is necessary to have a fine steel one to work the clay when it is dry. Modelling tools are very inexpensive. You really require no other tools but these wooden ones and a steel one, but it is necessary to have a few boards to work your clay upon. They should be strong, with battens at the back to prevent them

warping, which they are liable to do owing to the dampness of the clay.

We will start our work with a very simple design, for our aim should be to overcome the difficulties by degrees. The design I have chosen (fig. 1) was modelled as a tile about eight inches square, and the first thing to be done is to roll out a piece of clay about half an inch thick, and fairly flat all over. It is as well to work the clay up in one's hands, damping it occasionally if too dry. If clay be allowed to remain untouched for any length of time it gets set, and does not work easily; therefore, thoroughly work it up with the hands. It may be made into a ball, and can be rolled out flat with a thick ruler or rolling pin. The clay has a tendency to curl up round the rolling pin, and care must be taken to prevent this. If the rolling pin be covered with leather, this is to a great extent prevented. The design can be made on tracing paper, and by marking over the tracing paper placed over the clay with a hard point, an impression sufficiently distinct will be left to guide one in doing the actual modelling. The first thing is to build up the oranges, which can be done by sticking little pellets of clay on to the slab, pressing them down with the fingers, and rounding the oranges roughly into shape.

Don't be too particular about this part of the work; be content to get some approximation to the shape, leaving the finishing to be done with the tools. Build up the stem in like manner, or you might roll out a thin piece of clay and stick this on to the slab. In sticking clay on to clay, it is always advisable to wet both the clay and the slab to ensure thorough adhesion, and in working the design into shape it is even a good plan to dip the fingers into water, as the extra moisture makes it easier to press the clay into the requisite shape.

The leaves can be modelled separately, and stuck on to the clay slab one by one. Do as much of the work as you can with the fingers. In modelling, the fingers are the best tools, after all. They do their work so much more expeditiously and effectively than the so-called "tools" do, and, depend upon it, the more the preliminary work is done with the fingers the better, as the use of the fingers tends towards boldness of design and vigour of execution. People, in starting a new employment, are very apt to be finiking owing to timidity, and this must be overcome from the outset—this tendency to pettiness—and in the case of modelling, the best way to overcome it is to do all the preliminary work with the fingers. Build up the design boldly and freely, studying only the principal masses and most important forms. When this is accomplished, let the clay stand a little time uncovered, as the use of water will have made it very sticky, and the modelling tools cannot be used as efficiently when the clay is in this state as when it is drier.

The modelling tools will enable you to begin to finish up the design, for at present the design exists only in its rough state. Pick the clay out of the interstices of the design, and begin to refine the different forms by putting in the more delicate curves. It very much depends upon the nature of the design as to how far in the direction of finish you carry the work, but as your modelled tile will not be exposed to rough usage, you may under-cut it, as modellers say. Under-cutting is the taking of the clay away from the back of the various forms. In the leaves, for instance, instead of leaving a solid mass of clay at the back, this should be carefully cut away underneath, or under-cut, so as to give lightness and delicacy to the work. Of course, it is necessary to leave some clay here and there to attach the various forms to the slab. The under-cutting may be carried to such a pitch as to make the design look weak, and as though it would fall to pieces with a puff of wind. When this is the case, I reckon the finishing has been carried too far. Clay should always look strong enough to hold together, and I may say I never thought much of that fancy china one sees which is covered with flowers and foliage modelled as delicately as though wrought in some precious metal. Sooner or later the edges get chipped off, and the charm of such work is immediately gone. Of course we know that an accident may destroy work that is not wrought in this delicate manner, but modelled clay should be delicate without being weak—it should at least look as though it could hold its own with fair usage.

Get as much of the work done as possible while the clay is plastic, and with a little practice a modelled design can be finished entirely while the clay is damp. In fact, the work is better when wrought from the plastic clay than when finished up with steel tools after the clay is dry. There is a certain crispness about the modelling when wrought from plastic clay, which is often wanting in work tooled up when the clay is hard. To my thinking, the best work is always that which looks as though it had been thrown off in a happy moment, and which has a certain number of the tool marks showing, as though the worker were not ashamed to let his craftsmanship be seen. Work which has been touch and retouched, and rubbed down and smoothed until all life, vigour, and crispness have departed from it, looks what it is, amateurish (in the worse sense) and weak.



FIG. I.—A TILE.

Our First Experiment.

I have had many opportunities of seeing amateurs work during the years I have been teaching, and I have noticed that they have a mistaken notion of what finish really is. It certainly does not consist in smoothing the work until it has the texture of a wax doll, and I have often noticed that work is often wholly spoilt in the so-called finishing.

In the subject I am dealing with—modelling in clay—this is particularly the case, and, reader, I pray you avoid it. I would sooner you leave the work rough, with all the marks of the tools showing, so that you get vigour and crispness in your work, than that you should in your endeavour to efface the marks of the tools make your work tame and effeminate.

In working up the leaves, don't attempt to put many veins in them. Hardly do more than indicate the centre vein. Nothing looks worse than to see the various forms covered with a network of minute markings. You will find, if you try and put in the veins in your modelled tile, your leaves will not look as though



FIG. 2.—A PLAQUE.

they were veined, but as though some stiff-legged insect had crawled over the damp clay, and had left its trail behind it. In putting in the stamens in flowers, you will have to have recourse to an expedient, for it is evident that you cannot copy every individual stamen in clay any more than you can make your clay petals as thin and delicate as nature. You must translate the effect of nature into clay, and in the case of the stamens you will find it a good plan to build up the centre of the flower, and then press into it a pointed stick, repeating the operation until the whole of the centre is perforated, as it were, like a grater.

In order to make a contrast between the design and the background, you can dot or line over the slab upon which the design is lying, so as to make the surface rough in texture. When the clay is quite dry, which will take some week or more to effect, you can put any further work into the design with the steel tool, which must be used to scrape the clay; for if you exert any pressure upon the dry clay it very soon chips, and it is almost impossible to repair such damage, and for this reason: that if you stick on a piece of wet clay to the dry clay, the moisture of the wet clay is soon absorbed by the dry, and the piece stuck on immediately falls off. The only chance is to keep damping the part damaged until the clay all round gets quite moist again, and you must then model another piece on to the broken part. Dry your work very slowly at first, to prevent it cracking or warping, and when it seems quite hard put it into a warmer place, for, though clay may appear hard on the surface, there is sure to be a good deal of moisture inside, especially if the clay be thick, and should it be put into a kiln before the moisture is entirely evaporated, the modelled clay will fly into minute fragments, and cause incalculable damage to other work in the kiln. I recommend my readers to put their work into a hot oven two or three times after it has been drying for two or three weeks, so as to insure the clay being quite hard. I lost several works through firing them before they were dry enough.*

The heat that china is put to fix the colours is not sufficient for baking clay, and it must be sent to some place where under-glaze pottery is fired. This first firing turns

* As will be seen, the tile design, fig. 1, is what is termed a "bas relief," *i.e.*, the forms in many cases are only just relieved from the ground, and only here and there are any of the forms in entire relief.

the clay into "biscuit," and if any painting is to be done on it, now is the time to do it. Underglaze or Barbotine colours should be used, and they should be put on in thin washes. The whole work must then be glazed and fired. But I shall not touch further on this part of the subject here, for I must say something about modelled decoration applied to vases and plaques.

The plaque or vase to receive modelled decoration must be of the same degree of dampness, or nearly the same degree of dampness, as the clay used in modelling, for reasons already stated. You cannot put modelled decoration on to clay that is dry, or ware that has been fired. To make a plaque, it is almost necessary to have a plaster mould. You might make this for yourself by buying a china plaque the shape and size you require, and filling this plaque with plaster-of-Paris, being careful to let the plaster come to edge of plaque all round. When the plaster is dry, trim the edge round, and take it out of plaque. You must now roll out a flat sheet of clay sufficiently large to cover this plaster mould, and, by pressing the clay evenly all over the mould, and trimming round the edges with a knife, you will get a clay plaque sufficiently good to answer your purpose. Don't attempt to remove the clay immediately from the plaster, but let it remain on a few hours, to enable the clay to set. The surface of this plaque may be kept moist by keeping a damp flannel over it. When the modelling has been started, the damp cloth must not press upon the modelled portions, but be supported on a wicker frame.

It is always better to model direct from nature—and for this reason. By taking a leaf and pressing it into a piece of clay, and marking it round with a darning-needle, you get the exact shape of the leaf, and by pulling off the leaf you can bend the clay impression into any form you like, and put it upon your clay plaque or vase, pressing it into the curve you wish it to take. A little very wet clay should be put on back of leaf, to ensure it sticking to plaque. I have taken as my illustration (fig. 2) the garden poppy, and if I were modelling it direct from nature, I should first of all roll out a strip of clay for the stem, and put this on the plaque so that it makes a graceful curve. Strip off the leaves one by one, and take impressions in clay, and then fasten them to plaque, following the natural growth, and yet arranging them so that the leaves fall into their places agreeably. The back leaves, instead of being modelled, might be just marked in outline on the plaque itself. This will give depth to the design. The leaves should not be put on the plaque flatly, but should be bent and twisted as is necessary to suggest the growth of nature. The flower will present the greatest difficulty, as the serrated edges of the petals must be carefully done.

In the case of flowers like chrysanthemums, it is necessary to build up the most prominent flower solidly in clay, putting on the outer petals separately. The back flower can have the near petals modelled, while the distant ones can be just indicated on plaque with incised lines. Don't attempt to copy every petal in clay, which is an impossibility, but try and get the general effect of the flower in your modelling. Take the prominent petals first, and put them on in their proper positions, and the less important petals can then be filled in in the intervening spaces. This is the plan to adopt in all intricate work. Put down your principal forms first of all, and you will have little difficulty in getting in the less important ones, for the principal forms act as measuring points to the rest of the work, and enable you to preserve that pro-

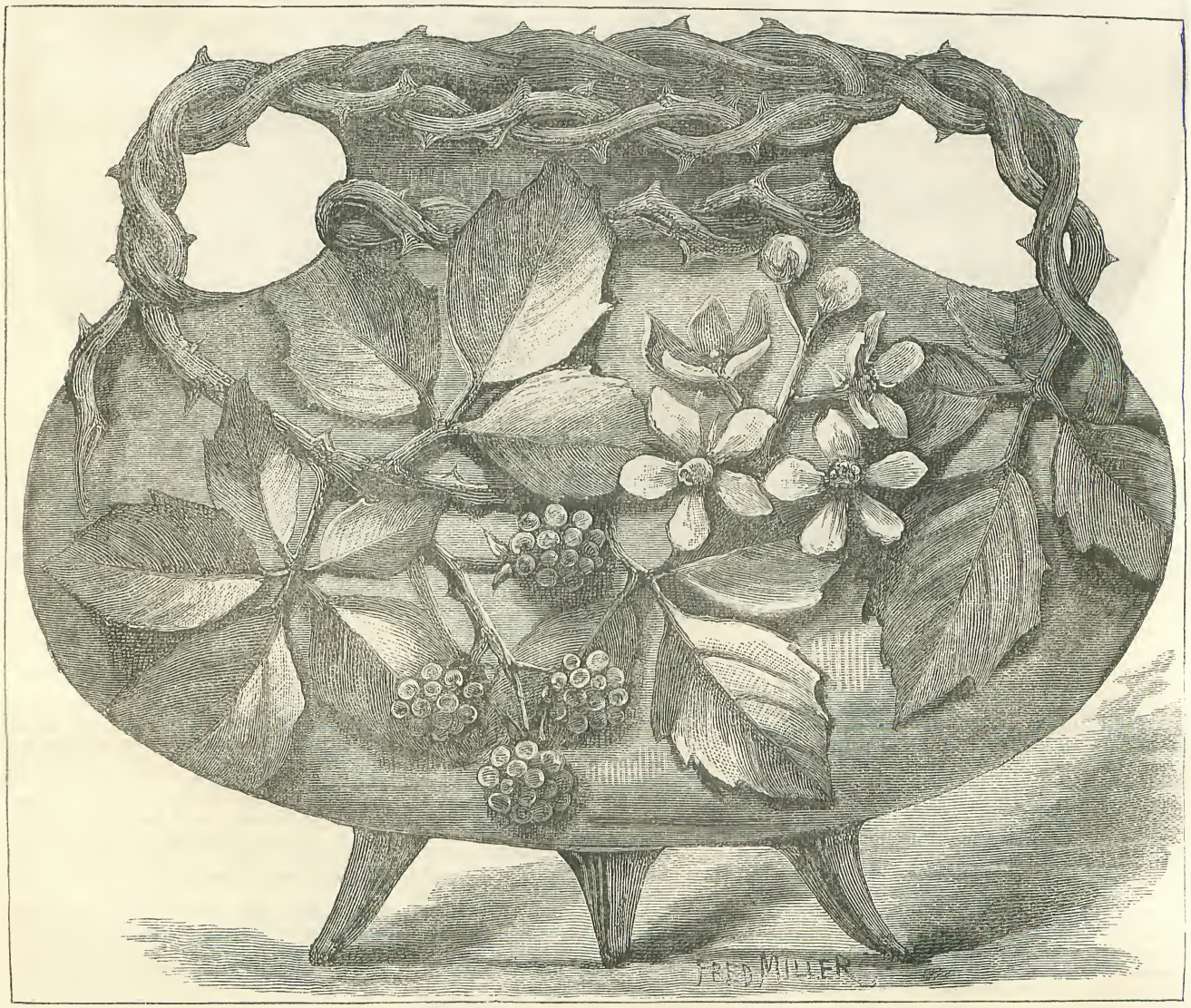


FIG. 3.—A VASE.

portion between the various parts of the design which is essential in all good designs. It is necessary in modelling to simplify nature somewhat, for we cannot imitate nature in clay. What we have to do is to seize upon the principal points, the curves of the stems, the position, form, and characteristics of the flowers and leaves, and put them down intelligently and in as telling a manner as possible. Let the work dry carefully before having it fired, and you can either finish it up in colours, and have it glazed, or let it remain as it is. I often used to use my Barbotine colours (see articles on "Barbotine Painting," in Nos. 440 and 584, vol. iv., of the G. O. P.) for colouring modelled work and glazed it with my soft glaze. I have also sent some work to the potteries, and had a coloured glaze put over the whole work. I may here say that much may be learnt by studying good modelled work, and even copying some stone or wood carving in clay. The pottery of Della Robbia and Palissy should be studied whenever the student has the opportunity of so doing.

I need not say much as to modelled work or vases. You must have some shapes sent up from the potteries in the "green" state, for it is almost impossible for amateurs to "throw" their own vases on a wheel. Space forbids me to describe the potter's wheel, but visitors to the Health Exhibition two years ago had the opportunity of seeing a potter at work, which is much better than reading about one. Those adventurous spirits who wish to try "throwing" vases, should get a small wheel from the potteries (it will cost, including carriage, about £8), and have a few lessons from a practical potter. In the meantime, get some firm to procure for you a few unbaked vases, and when you receive them it will be necessary to wrap them up in damp flannel for a day or two, so that the modelled work will stick on the vase. Let the shape of the vases be very plain and simple, with a good broad surface to receive the modelled decoration. I have chosen as the illustration (fig. 3) the blackberry, as it is a very ornamental plant and one familiar to all readers. Throw on your stalk first of all, letting it wrap round the vase, and so place it that the leaves, flowers, and fruit can spring from it so as to be seen to the best advantage. The stalks might be placed in such a way as to form handles. Get a certain quaintness into the modelling, and don't be too intent upon imitating nature, for, do what you will, you will find it impossible to accomplish this. Therefore, be content to decorate your vase with a graceful spray of bramble, with all essential characteristics of the plant indicated, and the general "swing" of the plant expressed in your work. Model each part separately, either by pressing the leaves into clay and marking them round, or by modelling pure and simple, and then fasten the various parts on to the vase with diluted clay. Don't let any part of the work stand out too prominently; for not only will the shape of the vase be destroyed, but there is always much more liability to damage if the design be very prominent than when it just lies, as it were, closely to the surface of the vase. And yet it is not necessary to put everything perfectly flat on the vase. The stems, for instance, can be raised in places, so that there is a space between the stem and vase; and so with leaves, flowers, and other details.

It will be seen that I make the stems form an ornamental rim round the vase and also round the neck. Dry the vase very slowly, and in sending it to be fired, wrap plenty of cotton wool around it, so that no pressure can be exerted upon any portion of the modelling. This applies with equal force to all modelled work. Red terra-cotta vases decorated with modelling, and merely baked, are most effective. Terra-cotta vases should not be too small; the larger they are the more effective is their appearance in a room. I have some more than two feet high, and when filled with dried rushes, etc., they fill up a corner charmingly.

As a general rule let your modelled work be drawn to a natural size, and let it be rather over than under the natural size, for if modelled work is smaller than nature, the effect is apt to be petty and insignificant. Birds and insects can often be introduced with advantage.

I have recently been modelling some large works, using clay employed in making drain tiles, and having them fired in an ordinary brick kiln. In fact, I started some of my work with large size drain tiles, which I obtained when they were quite wet, and by pulling up the top and spreading it out a little, and putting a slab of clay on the bottom, I obtained cylindrical vases, upon which I modelled some decoration; but as the subject is one of peculiar interest, and is somewhat new to my readers, I must just reserve a few remarks upon this subject for another occasion, when I will give sketches of some of the vases I have recently been modelling. This work is within the reach of everyone, especially my country readers, for there are few villages of any size that have not a brick kiln in their vicinity, and for large work, such as ornamental flower-pots, vases for holding bulrushes, and garden vases, this is most admirably adapted.



LOVE ON, LOVE EVER.

By RUTH LAMB.

"Love not, love not, ye hapless sons of earth."

How world-worn must have been the weary heart
When this sad strain belied its noblest part!
What! Bid us cease to love! Why life were pain
If this best attribute were given in vain.

Cease not to love. O, wherefore shouldst thou scorn
The flowers thy path beside, to cull the thorn?
Or heed the man who, all unblest with sight,
Counsels his fellow-man to shun the light?

Gazing around, 'tis ever hard to trace
The Maker's image in the Creature's face.
Seek it not there. That image wouldst thou prove,
Know the Divine gleams through our works of love.

If cruel Death a dear one rend away,
Let thy love follow; do not with the clay
Bury thy heart. Soar higher. Wherefore bow?
Yesterday's mortal is immortal now.

If thy life's labour meet with scant return,
Thou who hast wrought it should'st be last to mourn.
Nay more, rejoice. Each unpaid debt of love
Is so much treasure garnered up above.

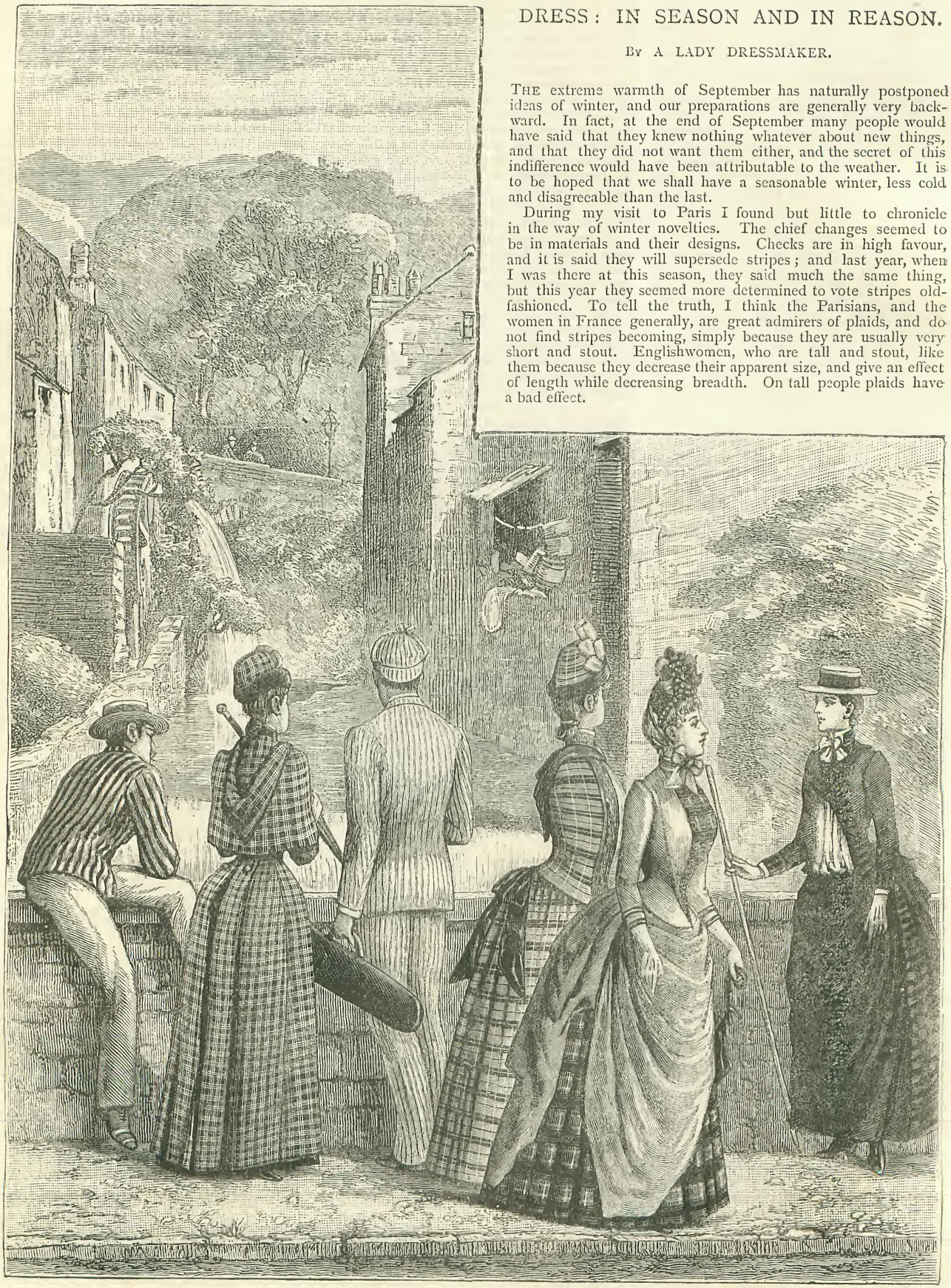
Let cold ingratitude bring no dismay,
But rather aid thee on thy heavenward way.
Work on, love on, aye to increase the debt;
Thy God is not unrighteous to forget.

DRESS: IN SEASON AND IN REASON.

By A LADY DRESSMAKER.

THE extreme warmth of September has naturally postponed ideas of winter, and our preparations are generally very backward. In fact, at the end of September many people would have said that they knew nothing whatever about new things, and that they did not want them either, and the secret of this indifference would have been attributable to the weather. It is to be hoped that we shall have a seasonable winter, less cold and disagreeable than the last.

During my visit to Paris I found but little to chronicle in the way of winter novelties. The chief changes seemed to be in materials and their designs. Checks are in high favour, and it is said they will supersede stripes; and last year, when I was there at this season, they said much the same thing, but this year they seemed more determined to vote stripes old-fashioned. To tell the truth, I think the Parisians, and the women in France generally, are great admirers of plaids, and do not find stripes becoming, simply because they are usually very short and stout. Englishwomen, who are tall and stout, like them because they decrease their apparent size, and give an effect of length while decreasing breadth. On tall people plaids have a bad effect.



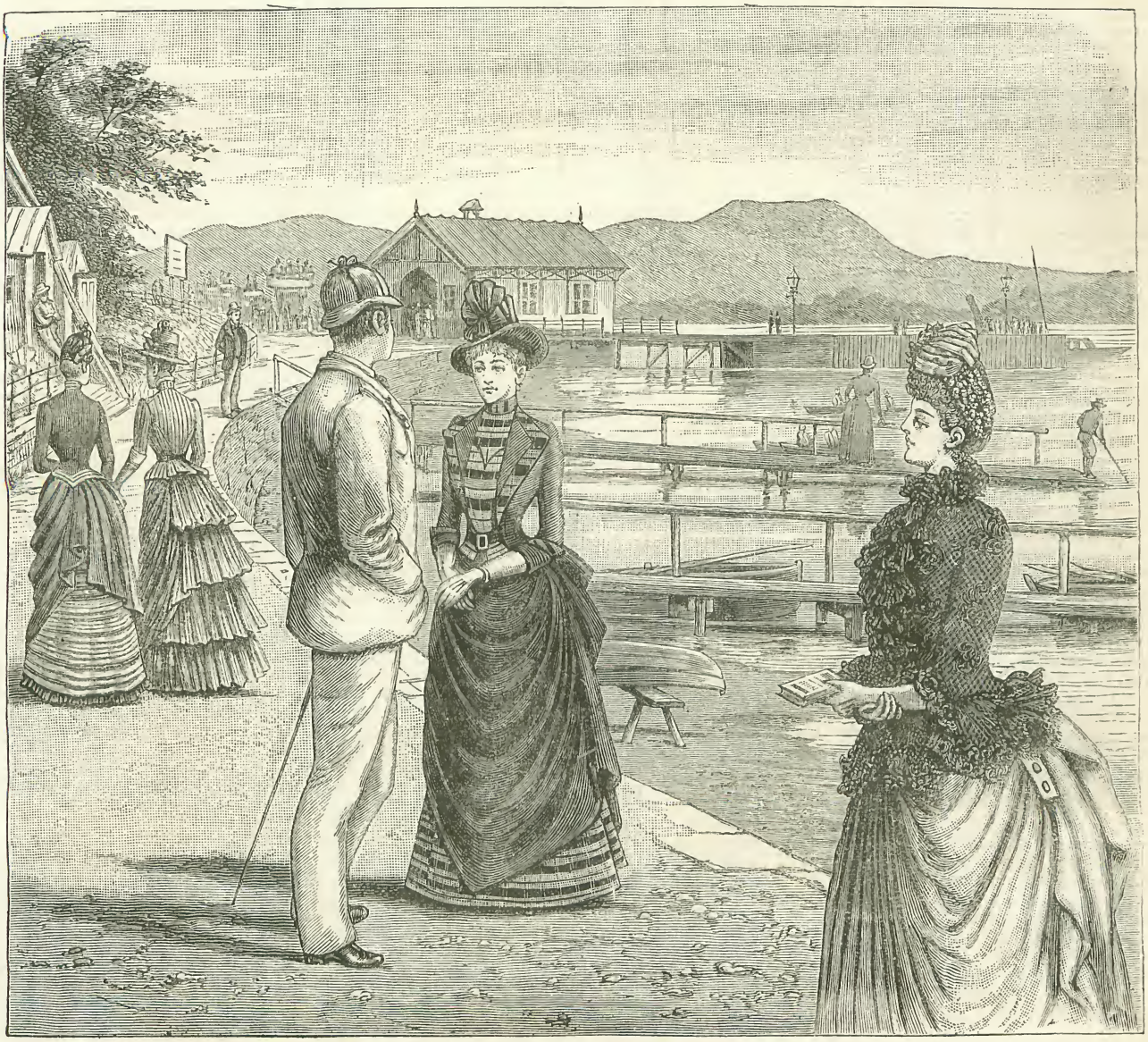
AUTUMN CLOAKS, ULSTERS, AND GOWNS.

Rough-faced materials constitute the majority of those prepared, and plain stuffs are still united with plaided and striped ones in the same dress; but this is not an absolute rule this year, for some dresses are entirely of either plaids or stripes, or else are of plain material only. Many of the materials are plain, with a bordering at one edge of plaid. For instance, a grey of rough-faced stuff had a bordering of a large check in lines of a paler grey, a little relief being given by pale lines of a clear Naples-yellow. The effect was quiet and subdued by the roughness of the surface of the cloth. With this gown the underskirt was made of the plaid material, quite plain, and the overskirt of the bordered part was draped above it in simple straight long folds, the plaid part being at the lower edge of the overskirt. The bodice was of the plain, and it had a plastron, or waistcoat front, of the plaid. The buttons (as are many in use this year) are of smoked pearl, and are very small for the fronts of gowns and larger for the jacket-bodices. Bretelles of velvet are used as trimmings to the bodices of these rough woollens, and the collars and cuffs are almost invariably of the same material, which seems likely to retain its popularity through the winter. The velvet collars are both useful and becoming, and, in addition, they save white trimmings at the neck. We rather rejoice in our emancipation from that bondage, and I hear many people say they will never resume it again, now they have once found that they can look well without the once inevitable white collar or frill. The tendency in every woman's mind who is possessed of ordinary good sense is to simplify everything connected with clothes, and I feel sure we shall all be healthier and happier when we have banished many things from our wardrobes which we now think absolutely needful.

"Dr. Jaeger's sanitary woollen clothing," about which I have so often written in praise, has raised up some rival manufactures amongst our English makers, who have long been famous for their merino or lambswool stuffs. Pure woollen under-garments in England have always been thought to wear and to wash badly, and much of this has probably been owing to the fact that the washing was very bad, and that no one before Dr. Jaeger ever tried washing woollens scientifically, so as to take out the grease and perspiration, and not to harden the material at the same time. By Jaeger's method this is done with lump ammonia and soap. The soap is cut into small pieces and boiled into a lather with water, and the lump ammonia is then added. This lather is used at about 100° Fahrenheit, and the clothes must not be rubbed, but allowed to soak for about an hour in the water, and must then be drawn backwards and forwards repeatedly in the bath till clean. Three waters are to be used, the two after the first lather being of the same heat, and of pure clean water. This leaves the clothes delightfully soft and supple, and their wearing qualities suggest nothing further as an improvement.

Some of the new English underclothing is very light and good, and claims to be of pure merino-wool. It is of varying thickness, and many ladies, both young and old, are adopting it for combinations; these and one petticoat forming the whole of the clothing. Of course, the thickness of these garments is to be suited to the season, and the gossamer clothing manufactured for the warm season leaves nothing to be desired in its lightness and apparent coolness.

One does not associate thick materials with great heat, and the mere look of thick wool



BY THE LAKE SIDE WITH THE BOATS.

would make one begin to feel hot, however foolish it may sound to say so. When the skin becomes used to wearing wool it will be found more comfortable than either cotton or linen, and we, moreover, avoid the chance of chills after being over-heated. I know several people who date their almost perfect immunity from colds to the use of woollen underclothing, who previously had been martyrs to colds and coughs, and had been constantly imprisoned in the house during quite mild seasons. In England the climate (need I say so?) is fickle and changeable, and, singular to say, we may be, and many people are, apparently wrapped up carefully and seasonably, and yet we may all err on every hygienic point, in regard to the weight and porosity of materials.

So far as I can see in the newest styles, the loose-fronted bodices have it all their own way. Many of them only fasten at the throat and waist, either large buttons or handsome clasps being used. These jackets stretch open over the front to show a full waistcoat, this latter being a scarf long enough to continue below the waist and round it at either side, so as to form a sort of sash, showing under the edge of the bodice and ending under the long coat-tails at the back in ends or a bow.

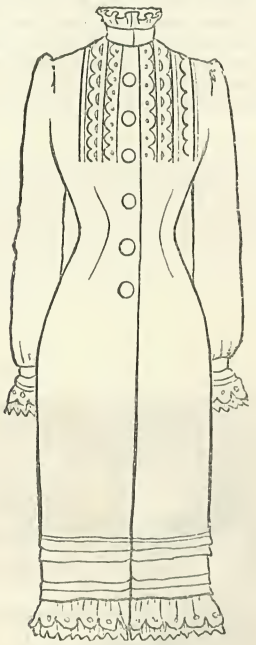
The newest bonnets are still high in the front, or, if not high themselves, the trimmings are high. The horseshoe crowns which were introduced in the summer bid fair to become extremely popular, and the stringless bonnet will be in vogue as long as possible, and I have no doubt many people will wear it through the winter, too. Beaver bonnets are announced to take the place of kid or felt, and I have seen some black beaver crowns with open-work jet fronts, which appeared incongruous.

Leaves of all bright hues, the bramble and its berries, the blackberry, and the virginian-creeper, are likely to be in great favour for trimmings this autumn. These will be used even upon velvet and beaver bonnets.

There is a very strong feeling in many quarters in favour of restoring the "princess" cut of dress to favour. In a letter from a lady, it is very wisely said, in writing to a contemporary, "For active exercise, a dress ought to be cut all in one—'princess,' as the milliners call it—and so arranged in the skirt that there is no drapery which will catch in things, come unstitched, and look untidy; everything wants to be taut and trim, like tailor's work. But even the ladies' tailors will insist upon making a skirt and little jacket-bodice, instead of a dress in one piece. It is almost impossible to use the arms freely—to go out in a sailing-boat, for instance, and help in its management—or, in fact, to raise the arms high, without causing a hiatus between the two parts of the garment at the sides of the waist. I have noticed this happen so often, even with smart tailor-made gowns, the wearer being generally blissfully unconscious of the accident, that I feel bound to draw attention to it.

"It was curious to note the awful revelations made recently by a storm of wind on an elevated promenade by the sea. Every steel stood out in bold relief even under the most *bouffante* drapery. Upper-skirts broke away from the under, and displayed the sorry fact that the latter were only shams, formed of lining-calico, with patches of good material put in here and there, where the over-garment was cut open. One neat tailor-gown revealed the cotton back to the pretty waistcoat, a pretence which is carried out in every suit of clothes made for men, but which seemed an aggravated offence to art in a well-dressed woman. It was comforting to turn from such sartorial mistakes to a group of young girls sensibly clad in simple gowns, guiltless of pretence, of steels, or *tournures*. Gathered bodices and full plain skirts, confined by broad sashes, combined the elements of grace and utility, and exhibited no foolish attempt to distort and pervert nature."

I have given the full extract, as it contains much matter for thought for my readers, both young and middle-aged. I suppose everyone read with interest the celebration of the centenary of M. Chevreul, the great French chemist, who has been for years a great student of colour, and to whom we owe many alterations, inventions, and suggestions in dyes and colours. Trade has been assisted and developed by his researches, and the subject of colour harmonies has been placed by him in the position and basis of a science. When we admire the loveliness of our coloured materials, and notice the wonderful improvements of late years, we women may thank the industry and talent of M. Chevreul. I put in a long quotation from him some months ago, and it may interest some of my readers to hear that M. Chevreul has attained his hundredth year as a total abstainer, but



A LADY'S PYJAMA.

drank his own health in a glass of champagne, tasted for the first time!

From a recently-published book I gather the following ideas, and as they coincide with what I am always impressing on my readers with reference to tight dresses and stays, I quote them gladly, as showing that there are other sensible women in the world, a class which I hope will every day increase:—"If you lace tightly, nothing can save you from acquiring high shoulders, abnormally large hips, varicose veins in your legs, and a red nose. Surely such penalties, to say nothing of heart disease, spinal curvature, and worse, are sufficiently dreadful to deter either maids or matrons from unduly compressing their waists? No adult woman's waist ought to measure less in circumference than twenty-four inches at the smallest, and even this is permissible to slender figures only. The rule of beauty is that the waist should be twice the size of the throat. Therefore, if the throat measure twelve and a half inches, round the waist should measure twenty-five. The celebrated statue know as the 'Venus de Medici,' the acknowledged type of beauty and grace, has a waist of twenty-seven inches, the height of the figure being only five feet two inches."

And, while on this subject, I must mention that some new stays, made of elastic material, have recently been advertised, which I should imagine were comfortable. Dr. Jaeger also has an elastic knitted bodice on his list, which is in reality a description of stays, and would afford sufficient support to a slight figure.

The illustrations to our dress instructions of this month show the prevailing characteristics of the gowns of the month, and also demonstrate how little change there is in them. As the majority of the community is still moving about at this season, most of the dress thought about and worn is suitable for travelling, as well as autumn. Now that we no longer think it needful to put on all our old clothes and to make our appearance grotesque, as was formerly the case, we very frequently follow the French and American plan, and have a special dress made for the tour we are about to undertake, which will do for day wear, as well as for journeying while we are away; then, furnished with a second nice black silk or satin for very best occasions, we are sufficiently well clad for every purpose. A dust cloak, travelling cloak, and short jacket are added, and some wise people take their fur capes; in fact, for short expeditions of a month or six weeks we do not like large trunks nor encumbrances, so we curtail all our wants, and are so much the happier, having less anxiety and worry. In addition to all this, we save our shillings in fees, and charges for over-weight, very considerably, and, when we are rid of the heavy trunks, last, not least, we break no backs.

While I am on this topic, I must mention that the late Exhibition (the Healtheries) was of great assistance to travellers in showing how much can be done to decrease weight and bulk in every way, and setting wits to work to improve in all directions. Thus we have wonderfully improved waterproofed cloaks, hygienic boots and shoes; and the improvement in trunks and bags is immense, in addition to their moderation in price.

The greatest unanimity prevails with regard to the small jackets, which seem patronised by young girls, as well as married women of every age. They are generally loose-fronted, but tight-fitting at the back, the fronts being lined with coloured silk. Many of them are braided, some gold braid being used, and many have a flat braided plastron in the front to button over and give a double-breasted effect. Serge in all hues seems very much liked, but the most popular are dark navy-blue and cream-white. Short cloaks, with sling-sleeves and hoods, are very much worn, also short mantelettes, like our paper-pattern for last month. These may be made in the material of the dress.

This autumn I must again mention the numbers of slightly full bodices of the "Garibaldi" and "Norfolk jacket" class that this season has brought out, to be worn with skirts of different materials. The different ladies' tailors of renown have taken up this idea, and it is probable that we shall see them greatly worn during the winter season. Some of these have a yoke, and some have a straight band on the shoulders, into which they are fulled. They are made in flannel, linen, and twilled silk, in all colours, striped, spotted, and plain, and with them the becoming fashion of the full basque has come in. Yoked bodices will be a decided winter style.

With these bodices there is generally a turned-down collar and long cuffs of velvet, and the belt should be also of velvet. In other cases the belt matches the full bodice, and is of moiré or Petersham ribbon.

The fancy for stripes as well as plaids is shown by the dresses in the illustration of the autumn fashions. The figure standing in the centre of our boating picture at the English lakes, shows a blue flannel or serge, made up with a striped material. The vest and revers show the stripe as well as the underskirt.

The back of this dress is shown by one of the distant figures. The other wears one of the new blouse bodices, which will be the style of the winter. In the larger of our illustrations is shown the general tendency of the day. The cloaks and ulsters are of plaid, and there is but little change in the shapes. The girl in the sailor's hat shows one of the full white under-vests, the jacket being almost of a Breton style. The edge is braided, and so is one panel at the side of the skirt. The two bonnets, one in each picture, show one with strings and one without. They are not quite so high, and both have the horseshoe crown, which, as the last summer novelty, bids fair to be adopted for the autumn and winter.

The pattern for this month will, I hope, be a surprise, as well as a great comfort, to those of my readers who select it, and who wish to attain to the greatest amount of comfort and hygienic advantages in their underclothing. The pattern in question is a combination nightgown, or lady's "pyjama," and is a novelty which will be found of much value and comfort. It consists of five pieces — front, back, lower back, and two sleeve pieces. The method of putting together is carefully indicated by marks in the pattern, and no difficulty will be experienced in the making-up. The amount of material required will be from 4½ to 5 yards, and calico, flannel, or swansdown, or the new cotton flannel, may, any of them, be used to make it. For the winter season it will be found to supply a great increase in warmth, and, to the invalid, a great comfort, as it fits closely, will not form creases, nor "ruck up," as the ordinary nightgown always does, to the discomfort of the wearer.

Each of the patterns may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate-hill, E.C., price 1s. each. It is requested that the addresses be clearly given, and that postal notes, crossed so as to be eligible only to go through a bank, may be sent, as so many losses have occurred through the sending of postage stamps. The patterns already issued can always be obtained, as "The Lady Dressmaker" shows constantly in her articles how they can be made use of.

The following is a list of those already issued:—April, braided loose-fronted jacket; May, velvet bodice; June, Swiss belt and full bodice, with plain sleeves; July, mantle; August, Norfolk or pleated jacket; September, housemaid's or plain skirt; October, combination garment (underlinen); November, double-breasted out-of-door jacket; December, zouave jacket and bodice; January, princess under-dress (under-linen, under-bodice, and skirt combined); February, polonaise with waterfall back; March, new spring bodice; April, divided skirt and Bernhardt mantle with sling sleeves; May, Early English bodice and yoke bodice for summer dress; June, dressing jacket, princess frock, and Normandy peasant's cap, for a child of four years; July, Princess of Wales' jacket-bodice and waistcoat for tailor-made gown; August, bodice with guimpe; September, mantle with stole ends and hood. October, "pyjama" or night-dress combination with full back.

THE SHEPHERD'S FAIRY.

A PASTORALE.

By DARLEY DALE, Author of "Fair Katherine," etc.

CHAPTER IV.



MEANWHILE, Mrs. Shelley had washed and dressed her own three boys, and had introduced the little stranger to the two elder, Charlie, the baby, being already on intimate terms with his foster sister, for whose sake he had to submit to much less attention than had hitherto fallen to his share, for which reason he was unusually cross this morning. Willie, the second boy, the living image of his father, was barely three years old, and too young to pay much attention to the baby, or to understand that it had arrived in an unusual way; but Jack, the eldest boy, quite took it in, and stood lost in admiration of the wonderful baby with its beautiful clothes, so unlike Charlie's, and the lovely coral and bells, as his mother showed them all to him. Jack was five years old, a tall, strong child for his age, and very like his mother in face; he had her quick temper, too, though Mrs. Shelley had hers pretty well under control, while little Jack often got into trouble by giving way to his. Nothing ever escaped Jack's notice; he was always all ears and eyes, and he took in every detail of the strange baby's belongings as intelligently as his mother could have done, and, to her joy, for she was by no means sure what kind of a welcome Jack, who resented the arrival of little Charlie, saying, "Mother didn't want anyone else to love her when she had him," would give to the strange baby, he was enchanted with it, and was as anxious as Mrs. Shelley herself to keep it.

"It is the fairies' baby; they brought it, didn't they, mother? We will always, always keep it, won't we?"

"I don't quite know yet, Jack; father says perhaps we shall have to send it away," said Mrs. Shelley.

"It shan't go away. How dare father say so? He is a wicked man to want to send it away," cried the boy, with flashing eyes and crimson cheeks.

"Jack, I am ashamed of you; you must not speak of your father in that way; if he says it is to go away it must go, whether we like it or no."

Jack hung his head and hid his face on his mother's shoulder, while she, remembering how indignant she had been with the shepherd for hinting at sending it away the night before, stooped and kissed her boy's curly head, and Jack raised his head again and renewed his attentions to the baby.

"What a pretty little thing it is; see how it holds my finger. I think it will love me, mother, though it is not my real sister. Oh! do make father keep it, will you?"

For the first time since Mrs. Shelley had had the baby, she now hesitated about keeping it; the boy had unconsciously struck a wrong chord, and his mother, with a prophetic instinct, coupled with a quick imagination, for a moment saw that it was possible this little stranger who, as Jack had already grasped, was not his real sister, might, in future years, destroy the harmony and peace of the home circle. But it was only a momentary hesitation; the thought flashed across her mind and vanished again, almost as quickly as it had come. Could she have known how true that prophetic instinct was, would she not have gone counter to all her own inclinations, and disregarded all Jack's wishes and prayers, rather than have run the risk of introducing strife into her peaceful household? As it was, the motherly pity she felt for the baby was stronger at the moment than the foreboding light which had flashed across the distant future, and she answered hurriedly—

"I must go and see Mr. Leslie first, dear, and hear what he says; do you think you could take care of Charlie while I am gone with the baby? I shall take Willie with me, or he will be getting into mischief."

Jack, proud to be of use to his mother, professed his ability to look after Charlie, privately regretting it was not the beautiful strange fairies' baby which was to be left under his charge.

"Jack, I can't be back before the clock has struck twelve; it is now half-past ten, so it will strike twice before I come back, do you understand; and both the hands will have to be on the twelve at the top, do you see? So now, if it seems a long time, do not be frightened, I shall be back soon after twelve. If baby cries, rock the cradle, but don't try to take him out; if he sleeps you may wash the potatoes for dinner. Now, good-bye," and Mrs. Shelley, with the infant in her arms and Willie running by her side, set off to the Rectory, while Jack stood at the door watching her out of sight.

The first half-hour passed quickly enough. The baby slept, and Jack washed the potatoes, and was delighted when the clock struck eleven. But the next hour was interminably long, and little Jack got very tired of rocking Charlie, who was awake now, and would

scream every time his brother stopped rocking. Every few minutes Jack ran to the door to see if his mother was coming, and then ran back and rocked violently at the cradle. At last he thought he heard footsteps, and, running to look, saw, not his mother, but Dame Hursey, making her way towards the house.

Now, Jack did not care about Dame Hursey's visits even when his mother was at home. He was half afraid of the witch-like old woman, and to have a visit from her while he was alone was the last thing he desired, so he came in quickly and banged the door, hoping she would think they were all out and go away, if only he could keep Charlie quiet. But Dame Hursey had seen and heard the door shut, and so, after knocking two or three times without any result, she quietly lifted the latch and walked in, while Jack, who was kneeling by the cradle, looked up, half defiantly, half frightened.

"Mother is out; there is no one at home but me," said Jack, sharply.

"Oh, is she? Well, I'll sit and rest a bit till she comes in. Who have you got there in that cradle?"

"Charlie, my new brother," said Jack.

"And where is the fairies' baby? Ah! you see, I know all about it. I know everything; there is no keeping secrets from me. That is the shawl it was brought in, isn't it, now?" said Dame Hursey, rising and examining minutely the Indian shawl in which the baron had wrapped his daughter, and which was lying on a chair.

Jack, more convinced than ever that Dame Hursey was a witch, thought perhaps she might be able to tell him where the fairies had brought the baby from if he were civil to her, so he answered all her questions and described minutely all the baby's belongings.

"Ah! well, it is the Pharisees you have to thank for bringing her here. Mind you all take care of her, and one of these fine days she'll turn into a beautiful princess and make you all very rich; but if you talk much about her the fairies will be angry and take her away. You tell your mother I said so; I can't wait any longer."

And Dame Hursey, who had been prying about the kitchen to see if she could find any other belongings of this mysterious baby, took her departure, much to Jack's joy.

Shortly after she left Mrs. Shelley came home, and Jack was so full of Dame Hursey's visit and her account of the fairies' child that he forgot to ask the result of his mother's interview with the rector, while Mrs. Shelley, on the other hand, was not at all pleased to find Dame Hursey had been prying about her cottage in her absence, and congratulated herself on not having left any of the baby's little garments about, for she might never have found them again if she had.

The next day the rector called and had a long talk with the shepherd and his wife about the baby, though he could throw but little light upon it, except, of course, to utterly discredit the ridiculous notion that the fairies had brought it. That it belonged to rich people was clear from its clothes; and to foreigners, from the coronet, which was certainly not English. More the rector could not say, except that its parents evidently wanted to get rid of it, and had connived at placing it on the shepherd's doorstep.

As to keeping it, that was a point entirely for the shepherd and his wife to decide. If they chose to send it to the workhouse, no one could blame them for doing so. He doubted exceedingly anyone ever claiming it, but he advised Mrs. Shelley to lock up all its clothes and things in case of their being needed for identification at any future period. He also counselled them, if they thought of keeping the child, to weigh the matter well before they decided, as it would be cruel kindness to take it in for a time and then tire of it and send it to the union.

But John Shelley was not a man to do this, as his wife well knew. If he decided to keep the child he would do his duty by it, and go to the workhouse himself before he suffered that to do so. All that day John was very thoughtful, but when he came in to supper that night he told Mrs. Shelley he had made up his mind, and they would keep the baby and bring it up as their own daughter. Here, however, Mrs. Shelley raised an objection.

"We will keep it, by all means, John, but we can't bring a delicate little thing like this up as we shall our own strong boys, who must work for their living. This child may be claimed any day by its parents, so we must try and have it educated like a lady when it gets old enough."

John was inclined to dispute the wisdom of this; but as its education was a thing of the far future, he very wisely thought it was useless to discuss it, and resolved to let matters shape themselves, feeling sure the baby would take its own place as it grew older. One matter puzzled the good shepherd sorely. He was most particular in having his own children baptised when they were a month old, and they could not tell whether this baby had been baptised or no, though the rector thought its parents were most likely Roman Catholics, in which case it would be sure to have been christened, as it was two or three months old.

The next question was, what was it to be called? For, if baptised, they had no means of discovering its name. But here Jack came to the rescue.

"Let's call her Fairy, mother. Dame Hursey says she is a fairy, and it is a pretty name."

"So it is, my son; and though she is no fairy, but a real child like you, we will call her Fairy. It is a very good name for her, and when she is old enough we will tell her why," said the shepherd.

And so Fairy was the little stranger called as long as she lived in the shepherd's family.

(*To be continued.*)

A PRINCESS WHO LIVED TWO LIVES.

A ROMANCE OF HISTORY.



HERE was no lovelier woman in all the Russias than Carolina, the wife of Alexis, eldest son and presumptive heir to Peter the Great. Her beauty was not only that of the body, for her sweet temper and gentle disposition made her beloved by all who were brought in contact with her. The only being who did not yield to the charms of her surpassing beauty and amiability was the one who ought to have prized her above all others—her husband. His nature was far too coarse and brutal to appreciate the treasure that he possessed, and the more he saw how universally beloved his wife was, the more did she become an object of aversion to him. For some time he treated her with cold neglect, but by degrees he became more brutal in his behaviour, until one day, when she offended him in some trifling respect, he dealt her an inhuman blow which stretched her, apparently lifeless, at his feet. Well pleased at being delivered so easily from what he only regarded as a hateful burden, he gave orders that she should be buried with all due pomp, and hastened away to another part of the kingdom.

But when her ladies of honour came to raise the unhappy princess, they found that she still breathed. Under the devoted attention of the Countess of Konigsmark, who had always been her confidential attendant, she slowly won her way back to life, and this while her funeral obsequies were being celebrated with the greatest pomp throughout the length and breadth of Russia, while the principal courts of Europe were mourning her premature decease, and while her unnatural husband was drowning the remembrance of his horrible crime in revelries and excesses of all kinds. None knew that she was still alive but the Countess of Konigsmark and one or two other of her most devoted adherents. They kept her concealed from everyone; for well they knew that Alexis, should he hear of her recovery, would take measures to rid himself of her effectually. Acting under their advice, the princess collected all the valuables she was able to lay her hands on, and, in company with an old domestic, who assumed the character of her father, set out for Paris. Here, however, she felt still within reach of Alexis, and so, with her supposed father, she set sail for Louisiana, where the French had lately formed extensive colonies. They settled down in New Orleans, and Carolina began to rapidly recover her health and beauty.

A young man, by name Moldask, who held a Government appointment in New Orleans, and who had spent many years in Russia,

thought that he recognised in the beautiful stranger the princess who had been the brightest star of the Muscovite Court. However, he could not believe that the highborn lady of whose death he had heard and the daughter of the feeble old man who had lately arrived from France were the same person, wonderful though the resemblance between them might be. He kept his ideas secret, but made himself so useful and agreeable to the strangers, that finally they settled to cast in their lot with his, and live under the same roof. Before the lapse of many months the news of Alexis' death reached New Orleans. Moldask noticed the agitation with which his friends received it, and told them that their secret was his. They did not attempt a denial; so he offered to sacrifice his private fortune, throw up his position in New Orleans, and take Carolina back to Moscow. This offer she would hear nothing of. She thanked Moldask again and again for his noble generosity, but expressed her fixed determination not to revisit the scene of all that had been most unpleasant in her life. She begged him not to betray her secret, and he readily promised to keep it inviolate. The truth was that he had lost his heart to the widow of Czar Peter's son. Respect, however, controlled his feelings. He knew how exalted was her real station compared to his, and resolved to conceal his love.

Time passed on, and one autumn evening a paralytic stroke carried off Carolina's pseudo-father. After this it was, of course, impossible that she and Moldask should continue to inhabit the same house. He came to her on the morning after her faithful old friend's funeral, and explained that he must seek a new abode unless she would so far cast away all thoughts of her former station as to consent to call him husband. The princess, who had long regarded him with feelings warmer than those of mere friendship, agreed to link her fate with his, and from now began the happiest period of her so far troubled life. Their union was blessed by the advent of a little girl; nothing seemed wanting to render her happiness complete.

Years rolled by, and Moldask was attacked by a disease which baffled the skill of the New Orleans doctors. His wife was determined that he should have the best medical advice, and so persuaded him to sell all his possessions and embark for Paris. Their journey was not in vain; the skill of the Parisian physicians restored Moldask to good health, and he obtained employment in a department of the French Government.

One day, as Carolina was walking in the public gardens with her little girl, she met the son of her faithful friend, the Countess of Konigsmark. She recognised him instantly, and, fearing that he might know her, tried to brush past him with averted head. The Marshal, however, was struck with her appearance, and, turning round, followed her until she sat down beneath some trees. The instant that he caught a fair sight of her he recognised his former mistress, and quickly approaching, bent his knee and carried her hand to his lips. She implored him not to divulge her secret, but to come with her to her home, and hear how she had fared since Alexis had, as he thought, killed her. The Marshal consented to accompany her; he listened with interest to her tale, and when he had heard it to the end announced his intention of informing the King of France, that her highness might be restored to her proper position and honours. Carolina, however, was quite determined that this should not be. She begged the Marshal to keep her secret for one week, as her husband had certain negotiations, which would be ruined if her identity were disclosed. This he consented to do, and Carolina dismissed him, with the assurance that on that day week he should be definitely informed of her wishes in the matter.

On the appointed day the Marshal found that the princess and her husband had left their home. However, he succeeded in tracing them, and told the king of the noble lady who was then in his dominions. His Majesty entered into negotiations with the Empress MariaTheresa, with a view to deciding upon the manner in which her august aunt should be treated. The upshot of these negotiations was a most tender letter from the Empress to Carolina, asking her to make the Austrian court her home, and promising to load her husband and herself with honours and distinctions. But the happy wife and mother felt that the life she had been leading for the last few years was preferable in every way to the artificial existence of a court, and refused her niece's generous offer. It was renewed again and again; but nothing could shake her determination.

For many years she led a life of the utmost happiness, and then death deprived her of both husband and daughter. Maria Theresa renewed her offers; but Carolina preferred to pass the rest of her days in solitude. She accepted a small pension from the Empress, and retired to a small cottage at Vitry, near Paris. After a quiet existence here for some few years more she passed away, without ever having regretted her refusal to rejoin the brilliant circle of a court.

VARIETIES.

Curious Fresco.

In the Carthusian Monastery of Garignano, a few miles from Milan, are some frescoes by Daniel Crespi, of Busto, which are said to be marvels of art and imagination. One of them is grim enough, at any rate, and awful. It represents a dead person rising from his bier, to announce to all whom it might concern that, although they were burying him in the abode of holiness, and were now adoring him as a saint, he was, as a fact, condemned to hell.

Perhaps one of our own famous modern divines was thinking of this fresco when he declared that one great source of surprise, to those who went to heaven, would be to find so many there they had not expected to see, and to *miss* so many they had thought to meet.

"No' the day, honest woman!"

Dr. John Erskine, a well-known Scottish divine, was remarkable for his simplicity of manner and gentle temper. He returned so often from the pulpit minus his pockethandkerchief that Mrs. Erskine at last began to suspect that the handkerchiefs were stolen by some of the old women who lined the pulpit stairs. So both to baulk and detect the culprit she sewed a corner of the handkerchief to one of the pockets of his coat tails. Half way up the pulpit stairs the good doctor felt a tug, whereupon he turned round to the old woman whose was the guilty hand, to say, with great gentleness and simplicity:—

"No' the day, honest woman, no' the day. Mrs. Erskine has sewed it in!"

A Brave Wife.

In 1872 a storm overtook a Boston ship on the banks of Newfoundland. The captain—Captain Wilson—had his shoulder-blade broken by the fall of a mast, and the first mate and part of the crew were at the same time disabled.

No sooner, however, had the captain been carried to his cabin than his wife, a woman of one-and-twenty, hurried on deck, told the men to work with a will, and she would take them into port. The wreckage was cleared, the pumps manned, and the gale was weathered. Then a jury-mast was rigged, the ship put before the wind, and in twenty-one days she reached St. Thomas. After repairing damages there, finding her husband still helpless, the indomitable woman navigated the ship to Liverpool.

Captain Wilson was never able to resume work, and for seven years his brave wife supported him and their only child by working as clerk in a dry goods store. Then he died, and Mrs. Wilson was deservedly appointed to a custom-house inspectorship by the American Government.

Old Friends.—The world has few greater pleasures than that which two friends enjoy in tracing back, at some distant time, those transactions and events through which they have passed together.—*Dr. Johnson.*

A Rare Companion.—She whom you can treat with unreserved familiarity, at the same time preserving your dignity and her respect, is a rare companion, and her acquaintance should be cultivated.

Things of Value.

What shines and glitters has its birth
But for the present hour alone;
The real—the thing of truth and worth—
To all posterity goes down.
—*Goethe.*

Beethoven in Germany.—When the German talks of symphonies he means Beethoven; the two names are to him one and indivisible; his joy, his pride. As Italy has its Naples, France its Revolution, England its Navigation, so Germany has its Beethoven symphonies. The German forgets in his Beethoven that he has no school of painting; with Beethoven he imagines that he has again won the battles that he lost under Napoleon; he even dares to place him on a level with Shakespeare.—*Robert Schumann.*

A New Use for a Dog.—A farmer's daughter in the West of England received a hairy poodle dog from a friend in town. The unsophisticated damsel wrote back thanking her friend for the present, and saying that she found it very handy, when tied to a stick, to clean windows with.

The Worst of Success.—She that has never known adversity is but half acquainted with others or with herself. Constant success shows us but one side of the world, for, as it surrounds us with friends who will tell us only our merits, so it silences those enemies from whom alone we can learn our defects.

Rights and Duties.—There is no right without its duties, and no duty without its rights.

MERLE'S CRUSADE.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Aunt Diana," "For Lilias," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

MERLE'S LAST EVENING AT HOME.



O it is all settled, Merle."

"Yes, Aunt Agatha," I returned, briskly, for she spoke in a lugubrious voice, and as one sad face is enough beside the family hearth, I assumed a tolerably cheerful aspect. If only Aunt Agatha's eyes would not look at me so tenderly!

"Poor child!" she sighed; and then, as I remained silent, she continued in a few minutes, "I wish I could reconcile myself more to the idea, but I cannot help feeling a presentiment that you will live to repent this strange step you are taking."

I found this speech a little damping, but I bore it without flinching. One can never set out down some new road without a few friendly missiles flying about one's ears. "Remember, I told you such and such a thing would happen if you did not take my advice. I am only warning you for your good." Alas! that one's dearest friend should be transformed into a teasing gad-fly! What can one do but go straight across the enemy's country when the boats are destroyed behind one? I always did think that a grand action on Xenophon's part.

"You have not given me your opinion of my new mistress," was my wicked rejoinder.

Aunt Agatha drew herself up at this and put on her grandest manner. "You need not go out of your way to vex me, Merle. I am sufficiently humiliated without that."

"Aunt Agatha," I remonstrated; for this was too much for my forbearance, "do you think I would do anything to vex you when we are to part in a few days? Oh, you dear, silly woman!" for she was actually crying, "I am only longing to know what you think of Mrs. Morton."

"She is perfectly lovely, Merle," she returned, drying her eyes, as I kissed and coaxed her. "I very nearly fell in love with her myself. I liked the simple way in which she sat down and talked to me about my old pupils, making herself quite at home in our little drawing-room, and I was much pleased with her manner when she spoke about you; it was almost a pity you came into the room just then."

"I left you alone for nearly half an hour; please to remember that."

"Indeed! it did not seem nearly so long. Half an hour! and it passed so quickly, too. Well, I must say Mrs. Morton is a most interesting woman; she is full of intelligence, and yet so gentle. She has lost her baby—did she tell you that? only four months ago, and her husband does not like her to wear mourning. She is a devoted wife, I can see that, but I have a notion that you will have some difficulty in satisfying Mr. Morton; he is very particular and hard to please."

"I have found out that for myself; he is a man of strong prejudices."

"Well, you must do your best to conciliate him; tact goes a long way in these cases. Mrs. Morton has evidently taken a fancy to you, Merle. She told me over again how her baby boy had made friends with you at once; she said your manner was very frank and winning, and though you looked young you seemed very staid and self-reliant."

"I wish Uncle Keith had heard that. Did she say any more about me, Aunt Agatha?"

"No, you interrupted us at that point, and the conversation became more general; but, my dear, I must scold you about one thing: how absurd you were to insist on wearing caps. Mrs. Morton was quite embarrassed; she said she would never have mentioned such a thing."

"But I have set my heart on wearing them, Aunt Agatha," I returned, very quickly; "you have no idea how nice I shall look in a neat bib apron over my dark print gown, and a regular cap such as hospital nurses wear. I should be quite disappointed if I did not carry out that part of my programme; the only thing that troubles me is the smallness of my salary—I mean wages. Thirty pounds a year will never make my fortune."

"You cannot ask more with a good conscience, Merle; you have never been out before, and have no experience. Mrs. Morton said herself that her husband had promised to raise it at the end of six months if you proved yourself competent; it is quite as much as a nursery governess's salary."

"Oh, I am not mercenary," I replied, hastily, "and I shall save out of thirty pounds a year. I must keep a nice dress for my home visits and for Sundays, though it is dreadful to think that I shall not always go to church every Sunday until little Joyce is older; that will be a sad deprivation."

"Yes, my poor child, but you must not speak as though this were the only serious drawback; you will find plenty of difficulties in your position; even Mrs. Morton confessed that."

"The world is full of difficulties," I returned, loftily; "there have been thorns and briars ever since Adam's time. Do you remember your favourite fable of the old man and the bundle of sticks, Aunt Agatha? I mean to treat my difficulties in the same way he managed his. I shall break each stick singly."

She smiled approvingly at this, and then, as Uncle Keith's knock reached her ear, she rose quickly and went out of the room.

The moment I was left alone my assumed briskness of manner dropped into the mental dishabille that we wear for our own private use and comfort. Those two had always so much to say to each other that I was sure of at least half an hour's solitude, and in some moods self is the finest company. Yes, I had destroyed my boats, and now my motto must be "Forward!" This afternoon I had pledged myself to a new service—a service of self-renunciation and patient labour, undertaken—yes, I dare to say it—for the welfare of the large sisterhood of waiting and working women. A servant? No, a soldier; for I should be one among the vanguard, who strive to make a breach in the great fortress of conventionality. Not that I feared the word service, considering what Divine lips had said on that subject—"I am among you as one who serveth—" but I knew how the world shrank from such terms.

I have always maintained that half the so-called difficulties of life consist mainly in our dread of other people's opinions; women are especially trammelled by this bondage. They breathe the atmosphere of their own special world, and the chill wind of popular opinion blows coldly over them; like the sensitive plant, they shiver and wither up at a touch. I believe the master minds that achieve great things have created their own atmosphere, else how can they appear so impervious to criticism? How can they carry themselves so calmly, when their contemporaries are sneering round them? We must live above ourselves and each other; there is no other way of getting rid of the shams and disguises of life; and yet how is one who has been born in slavery to be absolutely true? How is an English gentlewoman to shake off the prejudices of caste and declare herself free?

Ah, well! this was the enigma I had set myself to solve. And now the old life—the protected girl's life—was receding from me; the old guards, the old landmarks were to be removed by my own hands. Should I live to repent my rash act, as Aunt Agatha predicted, or should I at some future time, when I looked back upon this wintry day, thank God, humbly and with tears of gratitude, that I had courage given me to see the right and do it, "ad finem fidelis," faithful to the last?

* * * *

I found those last few days of home-life singularly trying. Indeed, I am not sure that I was not distinctly grateful when the final evening arrived. When one has to perform a painful duty there is no use in lingering over it; and when one is secretly troubled, a spoken and too discursive sympathy only irritates our mental membrane. How could Job, for example, tolerate the sackcloth and ashes, and, worse still, the combative eloquence of his friends?

Aunt Agatha's pathetic looks and pitying words fretted me to the very verge of endurance. I wished she would have been less mindful of my comforts, that she would not have insisted on helping me with my sewing, and loading me with little surprises in the shape of gifts. But for the bitter cold that kept me an unwilling prisoner by the fireside, I would have escaped into my own room to avoid the looks that seemed to follow me everywhere.

But I would not yield to my inward irritability; I hummed a tune; I even sang to myself, as I hemmed my new bib aprons, or quilled the neat border for my cap. Nay, I became recklessly gay the last night, and dressed myself in what I termed my nurse's uniform, a dark-navy blue cambric, and then went down to show myself to Uncle Keith, who was reading aloud the paper to Aunt Agatha. I could see him start as I entered; but Aunt Agatha's first words made me blush, and in a moment I repented my misplaced spirit of fun.

"Why, Merle, how pretty you look! Does not the child look almost pretty, Ezra, though that cap does hide her nice smooth hair? I had no idea that dress would be so becoming." But the rest of Aunt Agatha's speech was lost upon me, for I ran out of the room. Why, they seemed actually to believe that I was play-acting, that my part was a becoming one! Pretty, indeed! And here such a strange revulsion of feeling took possession of me that I absolutely shed a few tears, though none but myself was witness to this humiliating fact.

I did not go downstairs for a long time after that, and then, to my relief, I found Uncle Keith alone; for men are less sharp in some matters than women, and he would never find out that I had been crying, as Aunt Agatha would; but I was a little taken aback when he put down his paper, and asked, in a kind voice, why I had stayed so long in the cold, and if I had not finished my packing.

"Oh, yes," I returned, promptly, "everything was done, and my trunk was only waiting to be strapped down."

"That is right," he said, quite heartily, "always be beforehand with your duties, Merle; your aunt tells me you have made up your mind to leave us in the morning. I should have thought the afternoon or early evening would have been better."

"Oh, no, Uncle Keith," I exclaimed, and then, oddly enough, I began to laugh, and yet the provoking tears would come to my eyes, for a vision of sundry school domestics arriving towards night with their goods and chattels, and the remembrance of their shy faces in the morning light seemed to evoke a sort of dreary mirth; but to my infinite surprise and embarrassment, Uncle Keith patted me on the shoulder as though I were a child.

"There, there; never mind showing a bit of natural feeling that does you credit; your aunt is fretting herself to death over losing you—Hir-rumph; and I do not mind owning that the house will be a trifle dull without you; and, of course, a young creature like you must feel it, too." And with that he took my hands, awkwardly enough, and began warming them in his own, for they were blue with cold. If Aunt Agatha had only seen him doing it, and me, with the babyish tears running down my face.

"Why, look here," continued Uncle Keith, cheerily, with a sort of cricket-like chirp, "we are all as down as possible, just because you are leaving us, and yet you will only be two or three miles away, and any day if you want us we can be with you. Why, there is no difficulty, really; you are trying your little experiment, and I will say you are a brave girl for venturing on such a brave scheme. Well, if it does not answer, here is your home, and your own corner by the fireside, and an old uncle ready to work for you. I can't say more than that, Merle."

"Oh, Uncle Keith," I returned, sobbing remorsefully, "why are you so good to me, when I have always been so ungrateful for your kindness?"

"Nay, nay, we will leave bygones alone," he answered, a little huskily. "I never minded your tandrums, knowing there was a good heart at the bottom. I only wished I was not such a dry old fellow, and that you could have been fonder of me. Perhaps you will understand me better some day, and——" Here he stopped and cleared his throat, and said "hir-rumph" once or twice, and then I felt a thin crackling bit of paper underneath my palm. "It will buy you something useful, my dear," he finished, getting up in a hurry. A five-pound note, and he had lost so much money and had to do without so many comforts! Who can wonder that I jumped up and gave him a penitent hug.

It was long before I slept that night, and my first waking thoughts the next morning were hardly as pleasant as usual. A premonitory symptom of home-sickness seized me as I glanced round my little room in the dim, winter light. Aunt Agatha had made it so pretty; but here a certain suspicious moisture stole under my eyelids, and I gave myself a resolute shake, and commenced my toilet in a business-like way that chased away gloomy thoughts.

Never had the little dining-room looked more inviting than when I entered it that morning. One of Uncle Keith's carefully hoarded logs blazed and crackled in the roomy fireplace, a delicious aroma of coffee and smoking ham pervaded the room. Aunt Agatha, in her pretty morning cap, was placing a vase of hothouse flowers some old pupil had sent her in the centre of the table, and the bullfinch was whistling as merrily as ever, while old Tom watched him, sleepily, from the rug. I was rather long warming my hands and stroking his sleek fur, for somehow I could not bring myself to look or speak in quite my ordinary manner; and though Uncle Keith did his best to enliven us by reading out scraps from his newspaper, I am afraid we gave him only a partial attention. When Uncle Keith had bade me a husky good-bye, and had gone to his office, Aunt Agatha and I made a grand feint of being busy. There was very little to do, really, but I considered it incumbent to be in a great state of activity. I am afraid to say how many times I ran up and down stairs for articles that were safely deposited at the bottom of my box. Aunt Agatha put a stop to it at last by taking my hand and putting me forcibly in Uncle Keith's big chair.

"Sit there and keep warm, Merle; the cab will not be here for another half hour; what is the use of our pretending that we are not exceedingly unhappy? My dear, you are leaving us with a sore heart, I can see that, and it only makes me love you all the better. Yes, indeed, Merle," for I was clinging to her now and sobbing softly under my breath; "and however things may turn out, whether this step be a failure or not, I will always say that you are a brave girl, who tried to do her duty."

"Are you sure you think that, Aunt Agatha?"

Then she smiled to herself a little sadly.

"You remind me of the baby Merle who was so anxious to help everyone. I remember you such a little creature, trying to lift the nursery chair, because your mother was tired; and how you dragged it across the room until you were red in the face, and came to me rubbing your little fat hands, and looking so important. 'The chair hurted baby drefful, but it might hurted poor mammy worser:' that was what you said. I think you would still hurt yourself 'drefful' if you could help someone else."

It was nice to hear this. What can be sweeter or less harmful than praise from one we love? It was nice to sit there with Aunt Agatha's soft hand in mine, and be petted. It would be long before I should have a cosy time with her again. It put fresh heart in me somehow; like Jonathan's taste of honey, "it lightened my eyes," so that when the final good-bye came, I could smile as I said it, and carry away an impression of Aunt Agatha's smile too, as she stood on the steps, with Patience behind her, watching until I was out of sight. I am afraid I am different to most young women of my age—more imaginative, and perhaps a little morbid. Many things in everyday life came to me in the guise of symbols or signs—a good-bye, for example. A parting even for a short time always appears to me a faint type of that last solemn parting when we bid good-bye to temporal things. I suppose kind eyes will watch us then, kind hands clasp ours; as we start on that long journey they will bid God help us, as with failing breath and, perhaps, some natural longings for the friends we love, we go out into the great unknown, waiting until a Diviner Guide take us by the hand. "God help you, poor soul," we seem to hear them say, and perhaps we hear the drip of their tears as they say it; but in that other room, who can tell how gently those human drops will be wiped away, in that place where pain and trouble are unknown?

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

IMPERIUM ET LIBERTAS.—There is no question of etiquette in the matter of the Highland friends of the bridegroom appearing at the wedding in their national costume. It is only a matter for their own decision and their friends' permission.

V. D. V.—You were exceedingly wrong in taking walks with any man without your parents' permission, and you degraded yourself by enlisting the aid of a servant to get letters from him unknown to them, and so led her to do wrong and to act in an untrustworthy way to her master and mistress. You ought to tell her that you regret having so done, and will do so *no more*.

A DEVONSHIRE DUMPLING says: "I would rather not drink vinegar or raw lemon-juice, if you do not mind, please." Dear little reader, pray do not feel uneasy on that score; nothing is further from our wishes! If your health be so good, leave yourself and your wholesome fat alone. If out of health, the case is otherwise. Dropsical puffing should be prescribed for by a doctor.

ROSS-SHIRE LASSIE.—The 5th October, 1869, was a Tuesday; the 25th March, 1865, was a Saturday.

LILY.—The passage you quote may mean that the blessed ones who have attained to perfect purity in the kingdom of their Father above were greater than the greatest still on earth.

A LIVELY GIRL is not likely to "get too stout." She inquires, "What is the best kind of a *fiancé* to have?" Judging of her suitability for assuming the responsibility of selecting one, and of leaving her mother's sheltering wing, we should reply—a gilt gingerbread man.

A METEOR.—The Rosicrucians were a mystic brotherhood, made known to the outer world in certain books published in 1614-15-16. The last book, published in 1616, was acknowledged by Johann Valentine Andreæ, and entitled "The Chymische Hochzeit Christiani Rosenkreuz." The former works are likewise described by him. From these we learn that one Christian Rosenkreuz, a German noble of the fourteenth century, founded a brotherhood of seven adepts on his return from the East, and that among their laws was one that they should each heal the sick gratis (or, at least, endeavour to do so), should meet annually at a certain secret place, and adopt the symbol of the *Rose Crux*, or rose springing from a cross, the device on Luther's seal. In 1622 societies of alchymists at The Hague and elsewhere assumed this title, and the tenets of the community were held by Cabalists, Freemasons, and Illuminati, and professed also by Cagliostro. It is said that a Lodge of Rosicrucians now exists in London.

TUMPY.—Our answers depend on the questions and style of the letters addressed to us. You were right in your surmise. Your writing is legible, but not sufficiently regular. If you write us a ridiculous letter we promise you a suitable answer. We are so sorry for your poor father. Could he not subscribe for *Punch*, or procure a few copies of the famous "Mrs. Brown" series?

HIGHLAND MARY inquires, "Who was the author of the first settler, and where is it?" How can we tell "where it is"? There have been "first settlers" in every part of the globe. The first part of your letter is better written than the concluding portion, and gives good promise for a good running hand by-and-by.

C. HORSELL.—The lines you send us are very faulty; in fact, are only badly-rhymed prose; but if it amuses you to write such, do not desist, as outlets are useful to very young people, and it seems desirable for them to give vent to their feelings a little.

NOLENS VOLENS.—Many people do not begin "My dear So-and-So," nor end with "Yours sincerely," etc., on a postcard, but merely write their address in full at the top, and the message signed beneath it, with initials only. But you can do as you like in the matter; there is no rule. We wonder that, having such suspicions of our honesty, you continued to read our paper.

ROUSSEAU and FLOSSY.—We know of no cure for mere nervousness, unless, as sometimes happens, it passes into a disease, when a doctor should be consulted. Try to forget yourself in the pleasure of adding to the enjoyment of others.

HOPE ATHELING.—*A.E.I.* means "for ever." "I don't think" is a common colloquialism used by everyone, and is not more incorrect than such expressions generally are.

J. S. F.—

> "Not even the tenderest heart, and next our own,
> Knows half the reasons why we smile and sigh,"

is from Keble's "Christian Year," 24th Sunday after Trinity, verse 1.

MARIE.—The quotation—

> "A primrose by a river's brim
> A yellow primrose was to him,
> And it was nothing more,"

is from Wordsworth's poem, "Peter Bell," part i., stanza 12.

ERA.—The signification of the bee appearing on the monument of the Prince Imperial, is that the French royal mantle and standard were thickly sown with golden bees instead of "Louis flowers" of *Fleurs de lys*. The origin dates back to the time of the early Egyptians, who symbolised their kings under this emblem, the honey indicating the reward they gave to the well-doers, and the sting the punishment they inflicted on the evil. More than 300 golden bees were found in the tomb of Childeric, A.D. 1653. Offer your song to some composer. Sometimes they are in request; more frequently there are more offered than are required. All depends on the fancy of the composer. Only two questions are allowed,



and the answers given at the discretion of the Editor. We regret that you have been disappointed

CISSIE.—You cannot interfere with the laudable work of the rector in building a schoolhouse for the use of his parishioners; it is his duty. But the parents of the children will have the right of choice between this school and your private one. Mourning for a parent lasts a year; but you are free to wear it longer if you like.

WINNIE E. L.—You should consult a doctor. We cannot usurp his place, though we are always willing to give sensible advice on hygienic and sanitary matters.

POLLY and OTHERS.—The measurements of a classic figure, as given on authority, are: height, 5 feet 4½ inches; bust, 32 inches; waist, 24 inches; 9 inches from under the arm to the waist, with long arms and neck. The proportions of a larger and more stately woman or girl would be: height, 5 feet 5 or 6 inches; bust, 36 inches; waist 26½ inches; hips 35 inches; thick part of arm, 11½ inches; wrist, 6½ inches. The hands and feet should not be too small. "Polly" will see that no arrangements are made by judges of true beauty and its lines for waists of 15 or 16 inches. They are simply deformities.

BUDDIE.—The book was published anonymously.

C. B. GLOUCESTER.—Easter Day fell on the 25th March, in 1546, 1641, 1736, 1886, and will fall next time in 1943. Tram, used as a prefix to way and road, is the last syllable of the name of their inventor, Mr. Benjamin Outram, who in 1800 made improvements in the system of railways for common roads, then in use in the North of England. The first iron tramroad from Croydon to Wandsworth was completed July 24th, 1801. Mr. Outram was the father of the celebrated Indian general, Sir James Outram.

WILD HYACINTH.—We know of nothing save to benefit your general health. The intense perspiration is evidently an effort of nature. Do you take a tepid bath every morning, and as much exercise as possible? You have doubtless received your book.

R. H. P.—We do not think cold and haughty people are at all nice, nor do we think they could be happy themselves, or make others happy. The Christian ideal is neither coldness nor haughtiness, but sympathy and love. You must take care of those long tails at the end of your words in writing. Better tie them up as the Dutch farmers do the tails of their cows. They are in writing ugly and useless appendages.

NANNIE B. and FIDDLESTICKS have our best thanks for their letters.

ISIS.—We are much obliged for the account of your visit to the Temple, and we regret we can make no use of it. You will acquire more ease in writing by constant practice.

GERTRUDE.—We think the first year you must take what is offered to you in the way of salary.

A FIELD OFFICER'S DAUGHTER.—We have perused the two poems, and consider that they hold some promise of better things, though both are faulty in construction and rhyme.

INCONSISTENCY'S paper is too much like a schoolgirl's composition for our pages; but she evidently tries to think, which is more than many people do.

ELSIE.—We never heard any more of the saying about Brighton, than "a country without trees and a sea without ships," and we have looked for the original authorship in vain.

SWEET VIOLETS.—We know of nothing but constant rubbing and the practice of gymnastics to do your shoulders good. You probably have some trick of standing crookedly that has helped to make it grow out, such as standing on one leg, or giving down on one side.

FOREVER AND EVER writes English very well, though her writing is rather too pointed to suit English tastes. But at 16 she has plenty of time to alter it if she likes.

B. H. M. W.—The lines show much good feeling and affection, but no poetic talent.

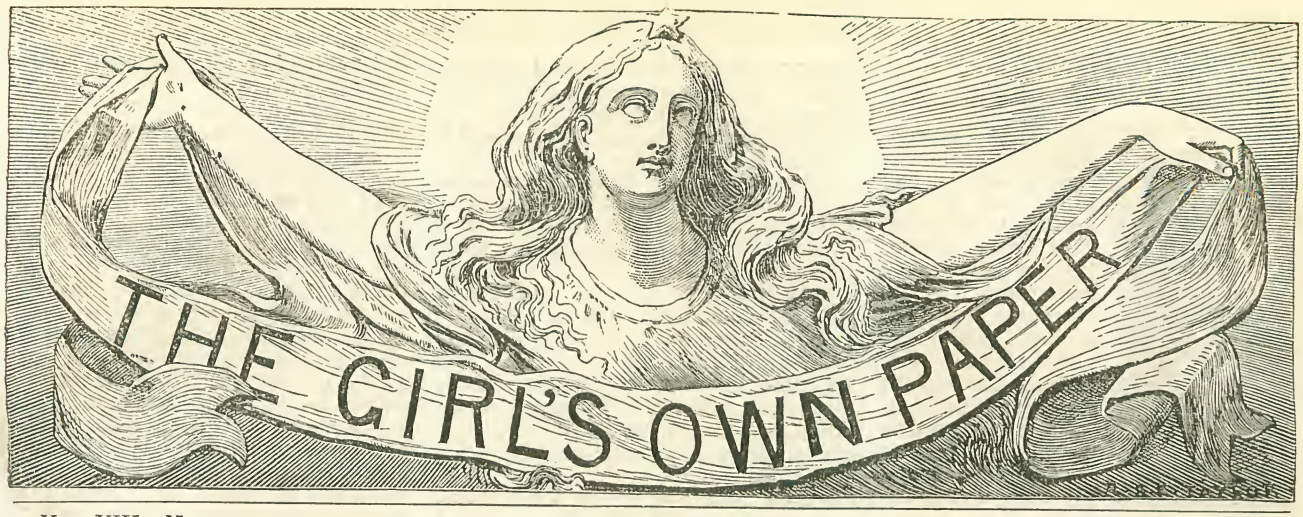
A WELL WISHER.—Rydal and Loughrigg, a township of England, Co. Westmoreland, on the Leven, two miles N.W. of Ambleside, celebrated for its beautiful lake, on the banks of which stands Rydal Mount, long the residence of the poet Wordsworth.

MADGE.—We think "Madge" must not worry herself, as she certainly cannot help people who will not allow themselves to be helped, in her way at least of assisting them; good advice is generally unpalatable. She must look on the best side of the matter, and hope that her friend may be happy and comfortable in her own way. We doubt that you could have prevented the marriage, as your friend is very likely tired of the trouble of earning her living, and thinks of marriage as a way of escape. You must commend both her and her affairs to God, and cease worrying yourself.

NELL.—Your mother's brother is your uncle, no matter whether by the father or the mother. To put the case in another way, your grandfather's son is your uncle by whatever wife he had, first or fourth. Of course you could not marry him. See the "table of degrees of affinity" in the Book of Common Prayer.

ONE OF OUR GIRLS.—We think that men not much exposed to cold and damp, and night work, such as sailors and soldiers, do not need the warmth nor stimulant obtained by smoking any more than women do. Nevertheless, a single cigar or pipe daily would not be injurious to a grown man, though much so to a young lad in his teens. Men are so careless about cleansing their pipes from that poisonous nicotine, that multitudes have found their habit of excessive smoking a highly provoking cause of cancer in the mouth.

HEBRIDEAN.—We think some foolish person has been worrying you with nonsensical fault-finding. We do not see that you were wrong in any way. You were with other girls and with your brothers, and that should be sufficient protection, whoever you were walking with. Do not allow yourself to be teased.



VOL. VIII.—NO. 357. OCTOBER 30, 1886. PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE SHEPHERD'S FAIRY

A PASTORALE.

By DARLEY DALE, Author of "Fair Katherine," etc.



All rights reserved.] "THE POOR LITTLE BARONESS, WHO WAS ASLEEP, STARTED UP."

CHAPTER V.

THE CHATEAU AFTER THE LOSS OF THE BABY.



As the baron had conjectured, the housemaid whom he had called out of the nursery to look for Léon's cane, on finding her master had gone without it, did not hurry back, but stopped talking to some of the other servants for perhaps a quarter of an hour, when she returned to the nursery, and to her amazement found the baby was gone. She was not alarmed at first, except she supposed she should get a scolding from the nurse, who she imagined had come in and taken the child to another room; however, having the excellent excuse that her master had called her away she went in search of the nurse, but now not finding her anywhere, and hearing from the footman that she was not expected back till very late, Marie became seriously alarmed.

"Perhaps madame has taken it into her room; she might have heard it crying, and fetched it," suggested the footman, and Marie, very much against her will, felt she was in duty bound to go and see.

So, knocking at her mistress's door, she called out, "Madame, has she taken the baby?"

The poor little baroness, who was asleep, started up, and called to the servant to come in.

"Madame, has she the baby?" repeated the girl.

"The baby? No, what do you mean? Where is it, and where is nurse?" cried the baroness, jumping up and slipping on a dressing-gown and slippers.

Marie began to cry, and to pour forth such a volley of words, excuses, fears, alarms, and wonders that the baroness could make out nothing, and rushed to the nursery to see for herself what had happened. The empty cradle did not, however, throw much light upon it, and the servants who answered the bell, which the baroness clashed wildly, looked as scared as the sobbing Marie to find the baby had disappeared. A search from attic to basement was at once instituted, the men-servants were sent into the grounds with lanterns, the whole house was turned topsy-turvy, in the midst of which the nurse returned, and finding her baby was gone, went into violent hysterics, while the young baroness, with flying hair and dilated eyes, rushed about, wringing her hands, and looking, as she felt, distracted with grief.

The search was, of course, in vain, and they were just coming to the conclusion that the baby had been stolen, when the baron returned from seeing Léon off.

The moment the baroness heard his voice in the hall she flew down the wide oak staircase, crying, "Arnaud! Arnaud! My precious baby is gone, it is stolen; find her, find her, or I shall go mad." And a glance at her wild eyes almost testified she spoke the truth.

"She is not stolen, she is safe enough," said the baron, sulkily.

"Safe? Where? Where? Take me to her, my precious one; where is she?" cried the baroness, with a loud burst of hysteric laughter on hearing her child was safe.

"Silence, Mathilde, don't behave in this ridiculous style. Come with me," said the baron, in a tone his wife had never heard him use to her before, and which had the effect of reducing her to tears; and, sobbing wildly, she hung on her husband's arm as he half led, half carried her upstairs, and laid her on a sofa in her own room.

"Now, Mathilde, if you will try and compose yourself, I will tell you what I have done with the baby. For some time I have felt sure that you were ruining the child's health by the absurd way in which you coddle it up, and, moreover, making yourself a perfect slave to it, neglecting all your other duties," began the baron, as he seated himself on the edge of the sofa by the side of his sobbing wife, who was, however, much too anxious about her baby to be able to listen patiently to the marital lecture to which the baron was about to treat her.

"But Arnaud! Arnaud! where is the baby? Oh, do tell me; it is cruel to keep me in this suspense," sobbed the baroness.

Now, to be cruel to his wife was the very last thing the baron intended; it was only out of the extremity of his jealous love for her that he had sent the baby away. Thoughtless and selfish he might have been, but surely no one could say he had been guilty of cruelty to this wife, whom he loved so madly that even her love for her child had raised the demon of jealousy within his breast. The word "cruel" stung him to the quick; it was a new phase of his conduct, one that had never struck him before, and as he glanced at the poor little baroness, who had half risen on the sofa, and was looking at him with an agonised look on her pretty face, he was seized with remorse, and felt it impossible to go on with the *rôle* he had attempted to play of the wise father and husband, who had only acted for the good of his wife and child. Already he was beginning to repent of his rash act, and if it had been possible to go after the yacht the chances are the baron would have started at once, and brought back the baby for the pleasure of seeing its mother smile again. As it was impossible, the next best thing was to make the best of it, and if Mathilde could not be comforted in any other way, why he must promise to let her have it back again. He decided all this as he petted the baroness, and tried to comfort her by whispering fond nothings into her ear; but he soon found all his caresses were useless, unless he yielded to her entreaties and told her where the baby was, and as all he knew about it was that it was on board Léon's yacht, on which it was being taken, he believed, to England, though he was by no means sure, this did not tend to allay the poor mother's anxious fears.

Her baby confided to the wild Léon's charge, tossed about in a yacht with not a woman on board to take care of it, her fragile little daughter, on whom the wind had never been allowed to blow, now at the mercy of wind and waves for days, and then, supposing the child was alive, which in her present mood the baroness declared to be impossible, even if it were, not to know where it was till Léon came back, perhaps for a week or more, for the baron dare not tell her it would probably be a month before he returned—oh, it was unbearable! She was sure she could neither eat nor sleep until she had her baby back. Life until then would be a burden to her. What could she do without it? Already she was sure it knew her; and oh, how happy she had been watching by its cradle! If Arnaud only knew how she delighted in nursing and playing with it, even to gaze on it while it slept was a joy to her! Oh, if he only understood, he would never have been so cruel as to send it away.

All the baron's arguments as to the advantages to the baby which were to be derived from his scheme, and the wonderful health and strength it was to derive from leading a less luxurious life, failed to reassure the baroness, and she passed a sleepless night, and looked so ill and miserable the next morning that the baron was angry with her for looking ill, and with himself for being the cause. No one in the house but the baroness had been told the night before what had become of the baby, the general opinion being that it had been taken or sent to some woman in the neighbourhood to look after; but when it became known that it was sent away in Léon's charge no one knew where, the sympathy with the baroness was universal, and the baron found himself looked upon as a jealous tyrant, with no real love for either his wife or child.

"A nice father you are," cried his brother Jacques.

"The idea of trusting Léon with a baby. Why, he will pitch it overboard if it cries," said little Louis, a remark which so annoyed the baron that he promptly seized Louis by the collar and turned him out of the room.

"You really must have been mad, Arnaud, to dream of such a thing as entrusting Léon, of all people in the world, with an infant," said the old baroness, for once taking the part of her daughter-in-law against her son.

Père Yvon said nothing just then; it would not have been wise to have done so while the baron's temper was ruffled by the criticisms of his family or in their presence, but when he was alone with Arnand, Père Yvon spoke his mind pretty freely, and read the baron a severer lecture than he had ever done all the years he was under his tuition.

It was nothing but jealousy which had prompted such a mad, cruel act, and jealousy of the most unreasonable—he might almost say unpardonable—kind: a father to be jealous of his wife's love for his own child! There was a German saying, excellent in the original, but which lost the double play upon the

words in the translation which Père Yvon quoted to the baron—

"Die Eifersucht ist eine Leidenschaft,
Der mit Eifer sucht muss Leiden schaffen,"

which means, freely translated, that jealousy is a passion which brings misery to him who indulges in it; and Père Yvon impressed upon Arnaud that if any misfortune happened to the baby, he would have no one to blame but himself, for though all sins bring their own punishment, jealousy is undoubtedly one that can never be indulged in with impunity. This, and much more to the same effect, Père Yvon said, and the baron, lying in an easy chair, listened patiently enough, partly because he was very fond of the chaplain, and partly because he was so angry with himself now for his folly that it was a relief to him to be blamed roundly for it.

All that day the baroness wandered about the house in a vague, restless way, unable to settle to anything, and trying to amuse herself by consulting with the nurse as to how they should go and fetch the baby back when they discovered where it was. She ate little or nothing, and after another sleepless night looked so worn and ill that the baron sent for a doctor, who came and urged strongly that the baby should be sent for at once, or he would not be answerable for the consequences; the suspense and anxiety were telling so on the baroness that if the strain lasted much longer he feared she would have an attack of brain fever.

On hearing this the baron was dreadfully alarmed, and telegraphed to Léon's agent at Havre to let him know immediately he heard from M. Léon de Thorens, who had sailed two nights before in the Hirondelle for a cruise in the Channel. The agent telegraphed back that he knew no more than M. le Baron at present, but so soon as he received any further information he would let the baron know. This did not reassure the baroness, who had taken it into her head that something had happened to the yacht, and not all Arnaud's promises that the moment he knew where the child was he would go himself and bring her back could comfort the poor, anxious little mother, who, with pale cheeks and black marks round her great brown eyes, which were always large but looked bigger than ever now that they had not been closed since the baby left, wandered about the château, looking like a picture of despair.

This lasted for nearly a week, and then came a telegram from the agent to say the Hirondelle was lost in a fog off the east coast of England with all hands drowned. The baron was alone when the telegram was handed to him, and the news was such a shock to him that he read the message over again and again before the words, though they were burnt indelibly into his brain, conveyed their full meaning to his mind. Slowly he grasped the terrible truth; poor Léon, the life of the house, wild, handsome Léon was drowned, and his own poor innocent baby as well, drowned, and by his fault. He was little better than a murderer, he thought, in the first outburst of his grief, and he must tell Mathilde, and perhaps kill her too. How should he ever have the courage to do this? Strange to say, though perhaps, after all, it was not strange, the baron was far more cut up at the sad fate of his little girl, whom, a few days ago, he had been so anxious to get rid of, for a while, at least, than he was at the news of poor Léon's death. So much hung on the baby; Mathilde's life might almost be said to depend upon its recovery, and now he must go and strike the blow which would perhaps kill her. Père Yvon was indeed right; his jealousy was truly bringing a terrible punishment in its train, and the baron buried his face in his hands, and sobs of bitterest grief shook his whole frame. At last, rousing himself, he went to the door of the study where the chaplain was engaged teaching the younger boys, and beckoned him out. Père Yvon saw at a glance by the baron's pale, scared face, as well as by the telegram he held in his hand, that something terrible had happened, and drawing Arnaud into the nearest room, he asked eagerly what was the matter. The baron answered by placing the telegram in his hands, and paced the room in a frenzy while Père Yvon read it. The chaplain's first thought was for the poor widowed mother, whose darling son was thus cut off in the beauty of his youth. He had known her so many years, and had comforted her in so many sorrows, it was natural he should think of her first, before the other mother, who had her husband to comfort her, and whose child was only an infant of a few months old.

"La pauvre baronne! My poor madame! It will break her heart: her darling son," murmured the chaplain.

"Ah, poor Léon. I can't realise it yet that we shall never see him again, and my poor, innocent baby too; it will kill Mathilde. Oh, mon père, how are we to tell them?" groaned the baron.

"I will tell your mother; it is not the first time I have been the bearer of ill news to her, and you must break it as gently as you can to your wife. It is a sad day indeed for this household, but the Lord's will be done. He knows best, and He will not send any of us more than we are able to bear," replied Père Yvon, as he went on his sad mission to the old baroness.

As he had said, he had broken many sorrows to her, but he had never had to deal a heavier blow than when he told her her favourite son was drowned, the son of whom she was so proud, whom she loved better than all her other children; but the baroness was a saintly woman, and one of her first sayings after she heard the news was, "Mon père, it is hard, but it is just—he was my idol."

She did not grieve in any extravagant way; she did not absent herself from any meals; she attended mass, for she was a devout Catholic, in the private chapel every morning, and, indeed, spent a great deal of time there in prayer; she never gave up one of her accustomed duties, visited the poor as regularly as ever, but from the day she heard the sad news to her death, which happened a few years later, she was scarcely seen to smile again, and she was never heard to mention Léon's name except to Père Yvon. Hers was a *life-long sorrow, too* deep for words, too deep for even tears to assuage its poignancy; her heart was broken; she had no further interest in this life; all her hopes were centred on that life where she hoped to meet her darling son again, never to be separated from him.

The young baroness bore her trial very differently. She gave way to a passionate outburst of grief on learning that her baby was drowned—a grief in which the baron shared, and was, indeed, in more need of consolation than his wife, for to his sorrow was added remorse and bitterest stings of conscience for having brought such sorrow to his wife, about whom he was very anxious, until the doctor assured him the sad certainty was even better for her than the terrible suspense she had been enduring for the last week. To a young, passionate nature hitherto undisciplined by the sorrows of life, like the young baroness's, anything was easier to bear than suspense, and the doctor assured Arnaud that the passionate grief in which his wife indulged would do her no harm—on the contrary, she was more likely to get over it quickly. Violent grief is rarely lasting; there invariably follows a reaction.

A few days later the baron received another telegram from the Havre agents, telling him they had found out that the Hirondelle had left Yarmouth, on the Norfolk coast, where she had been lying for two or three days, the day before she was lost, and was then intending to cruise round the coast of Great Britain. The baron was immediately raised from the depths of despair to the highest pinnacle of hope on hearing this, for he felt sure Léon had gone ashore at Yarmouth to place the baby with some Englishwoman, and had remained there some days on purpose. Confiding his new hope to Père Yvon, he at once decided to start that night for England by Dover and Calais, for already steamers ran once or twice a week between these ports. He would then go on to Yarmouth by stage-coach, and make all inquiries for his baby. His difficulty was, he did not know the language, but living near the Château de Thorens was a Monsieur de Courcy, who had married an English wife, and spoke English very well. He was intimate with the De Thorens, and the baron hoped he might be able to help him in his trouble.

Accordingly he called on the De Courcys at once, and, to his great relief, Monsieur de Courcy offered to go to Yarmouth with him, while Madame de Courcy suggested that the baroness should come and stay with her during their husbands' absence, for the château was a very gloomy place for the poor young mother while the shadow of death rested upon it. Arnaud jumped at this, for he had never been separated from his wife since their marriage, and he would far rather leave her with this pretty young English lady than at the château, while his mother's grief for Léon saddened the whole household.

It was easy to account for his journey to England, by saying that he was going to get particulars of the accident from the place off which it happened. This would seem only natural to Mathilde, who must on no account be told that he had any hope of finding the child. She had accepted the news of its death without questioning it, and it was far better to let her continue under this impression than to raise fresh hopes, which, after all, might never be realised, and if he could only persuade her to come to Parc du Baffy while he was away he would feel quite happy about her.

Madame de Courcy and the baroness were on intimate terms with each other, although Madame de Courcy was a staunch Protestant, and both the baron and baroness bigoted Romanists; but the great attraction to Mathilde, as Madame de Courcy guessed, would be her child, a beautiful boy of three years old, in whom the baroness had delighted until her own baby was born and absorbed all her time and affection. Knowing this, Madame de Courcy offered to send her boy to the château with the baron, hoping to inveigle the baroness to return with him to Parc du Baffy, a manœuvre which succeeded admirably, for Mathilde, not having seen the little Rex for some weeks, was so enraptured with him that she could not part with him, and as Madame de Courcy could not be asked to spare her child as well as her husband, the baroness consented to go and stay at the Parc while the baron was away. The little Rex was too old to remind her of her own baby, and his pretty mixture of French and English amused her immensely, and for the moment charmed away her sorrow. Had she known the real object of her husband's visit to England, the suspense and anxiety would have made her seriously ill; not knowing it, the change and Rex's society did her good, so that Madame de Courcy was able, after a day or two, to write to the baron and tell him his wife was certainly better and more cheerful since she had been at the Parc de Baffy.

Meanwhile the baron and M. de Courcy reached Yarmouth safely, and learned the day and hour on which the Hirondelle arrived and also left Yarmouth, and that the cause of her remaining so long there was the absconding of an English sailor, named, or, at all events, calling himself, John Smith. The baron was more elated than ever at hearing this, for he knew the Englishman was to place the baby out to nurse, and if he were safe, the chances were that the child was too; but when, after having run two or three John Smiths to earth and discovered that they bore no resemblance to the original, it became evident that the real John Smith had made himself scarce, and was probably not John Smith at all, the baron's hopes of recovering the child again fell, though he could not abandon the idea that if he could only find the runaway sailor he should hear some news of the child. The wish was, perhaps, father to the thought, but he could not help thinking the child was not on board the Hirondelle when she went down, now that he found the English carpenter had left the yacht at Yarmouth. But the baron felt his inability to speak English a great drawback to prosecuting his inquiries as fully as he would have liked, although M. de Courcy was very kind and did all any friend could have been expected to do; still, it was not the same as speaking the language himself, as the baron felt, and he bitterly regretted he had never tried to master its difficulties. Many of the Yarmouth fishermen and boatmen remembered the Hirondelle and the handsome French gentleman to whom she belonged, but not one had ever seen the sign of a baby on board her, though this did not throw much light on the matter, as the baby might easily have been kept below or removed at night.

At last, after spending a week or ten days in fruitless inquiries, the baron and his friend returned to France, the baron convinced in his own mind that some hope of his child being safe still existed, a hope which he dared not communicate to the baroness, but which, nevertheless, lingered in his breast for many a long day.

(*To be continued.*)

THE ROMANCE OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND;

OR,

THE OLD LADY OF THREADNEEDLE STREET.

By EMMA BREWER.

INTRODUCTION.

A GENTLEMAN asked me the other day upon what subject I intended next to write, and on telling him that the Editor had kindly permitted me to deal with the Bank of England and the National Debt, he said, "Nonsense! what do girls want to know about the Bank of England and the National Debt? Let them be content to leave all such knowledge to men, and rest satisfied if they get their dividends all right and know how to spend them properly and keep out of debt."

He seemed to forget that to do even the little he permitted us would require knowledge and education of a liberal character, and that without these our desires might outrun our income, and getting into debt might prove our normal condition.

A thorough knowledge of our circumstances is better than partial blindness, and to see things all round and weigh them justly is better than sitting with hands folded while men see and judge for us.

The subjects of the Bank of England and the National Debt are well worth a study, and will not fail to afford us both varied and interesting information.

Among other things they will tell us how the Bank of England came into existence; what the nation did previous to its existence; how our country came to have a debt which it has never been able to pay off, and how it would prove a calamity if it were possible to pay it off suddenly.

Again, we shall learn the meaning of "selling out" and "buying in" money, and what is understood by "consols," "reduced threes," "stocks going up and down," "a run upon the Bank," "panic," and many other such terms.

There is no reason why girls should not be able to give answers to all of these, and every reason why they should, seeing that an intimate knowledge of these subjects is as much a part of our nation's history as is the history of our kings and queens, our wars, and our institutions.

And even beyond this, it is a matter of importance that girls having property, little or much, should understand the character of those to whom they entrust it.

There are many and valuable books published upon these subjects, but they are expensive to buy and take a long time to wade through; in addition to this, they are so learned that we women-folk fail often to get the simple information we require, even when we have read them.

The Bank of England, either by name or by sight, is known, I suppose, to all of us; but its origin, its working, its influence, is not so familiar to us, and it does not seem to me that we should be going at all out of our province if we were to ask the "Old Lady of Threadneedle-street" to tell us something of her history, her household, and her daily life, seeing that most of us contribute to her housekeeping, some more, some less.

We trust her so completely that "safe as the Bank of England" has passed into a proverb; yet, for all that, we should like the old lady's own account of how she came into existence, and how she became such a power in the land, and what she does with all the money we lend her, and out of what purse she pays us for the loan.

She certainly ought to be able to tell an interesting tale—for her palace, her servants, her house-keeping, her treasures, her cellars, her expenditure, her receipts and clearing, the frights she has every now and again both given and received, must each and all be more amusing and full of interest than any fairy tale told by Grimm or Andersen.

CHAPTER I.

THE STORY OF THE OLD LADY OF THREADNEEDLE STREET.

AND so you want me to tell you the story of my life! Telling tales is not quite in my line, but I will do the best I can; and should I become garrulous and tedious, as old ladies are wont sometimes to be, you must recall me by a gentle reminder that you live in the present century, whose characteristics are short, decisive, and by all means amusing.

My career has been a strange and eventful one, as you yourselves will see if I can interest you sufficiently to listen to the end.

Of course, I was not always known as the Old Lady of Threadneedle-street; indeed, I

can well remember the feeling of annoyance with which I saw *Mr. Punch's* illustration of me in 1847, as a fat old woman without a trace of beauty, except in my garments, which were made of bank notes. I have kept a copy of it, and will just pencil you the outline.

The annoyance was intensified when I found myself handed down to posterity by him as the *Old* Lady of Threadneedle-street. He could have no authority for this picture, seeing that, like the Delphian mystery of old, I am invisible, and deliver my oracles through my directors.

You are girls, and will quite understand the distress of being thrust suddenly into old age. Up to 1847 I was young, good-looking, and attractive, and to be bereft of my youth and romance at one blow; to know that from henceforth all would be prosaic and business-like, that I should never again have lovers seeking my favour, was a condition of extreme pain. I had always prided myself on my figure, but even this *Mr. Punch* did not leave me, but told the world that it was due to tight-lacing. It was very cruel, and I have sometimes thought it was envy of my position; but let that go. I took counsel with myself, and determined to face the future with the resolve to be the very nicest old lady in the world, and to make myself so useful to my fellow-creatures that they should love me and stand by me even though my first youth had passed. And I am sure you will agree with me in thinking that I have accomplished this, and that not only have I kept clear of weakness and decrepitude, but have achieved for myself a reputation and position second to no lady in the land.

It has been necessary for me to make this little explanation, otherwise you might have thought I had never been young. And now to proceed.

It was in the reign of William and Mary that I first saw the light, being born in Mercers' Hall on the 27th of July, 1694.

From this place, after a few months, I was removed to Grocers' Hall, Poultry; not the stately structure with which you are acquainted, but one much more simple, which was razed to make room for the present building.

I may say, without vanity, that my birth created a sensation throughout the length and breadth of the land.

The House of Commons even was not exempt from this excitement, but set aside its serious work to discuss whether or not I should be strangled and put out of the way, or nurtured into strength by its support and countenance.

Those members who were in favour of the last resolution declared that I should rescue the nation out of the hands of extortioners, lower interests, raise the value of land, revive public credit, improve commerce, and connect the people more closely with the Government, while those of the contrary opinion assured the House that I should engross the whole money of the kingdom, that I should weaken commerce by tempting people to withdraw their money from trade, that I should encourage fraud and gaming, and corrupt the morals of the nation.

Little recked I of all the stir and commotion my birth was causing, as, nursed and cared for by my father, William Paterson, a Scotch merchant, and his friend, Mr. Michael Godfrey, I gradually grew into strength. It was not till long afterwards that I heard and understood the circumstances of my birth, and how around me were centred the interests of the kingdom.

When I was only twelve months old, those who were bound together to take care of my interests separated my father from me, giving as an excuse that he was of too speculative and adventurous a spirit to be entrusted with my welfare.

Poor father! It has always seemed to me very sad that he who had worked so long and so persistently for my success should have been condemned to spend the last years of his life in solitude and neglect in Scotland, while I, his child, was gradually becoming everything that his highest ambition could have pictured; but so it was.

I have often wished that he had employed those last weary years of his in writing a history of his life. I am sure it would have interested all classes of readers, but I suppose he was too sad and out of heart. He was forty-one years of age at the time of my birth, having been born in Dumfries in 1658. He was one of those who may be said to live before their time. He possessed great ability, knowledge, and experience, and was a great traveller, yet, with all this, his life was a series of disappointments and failures.



THE OLD LADY OF THREADNEEDLE STREET.
From "Punch."

His great friend, Michael Godfrey, who had worked so faithfully by his side, would, I am sure, never have forsaken him, but he was struck down by a ball in the trenches of Namur, in 1695, while seeking the king in my interests.

He was a great loss to me, although I was too young at the time to estimate it fully. He has left behind him a quaint and graphic account of my infancy, with which I shall hope to make you acquainted later on.

Should you feel any interest in him, look in St. Swithin's Church some day when passing, and there you will find a monument to his memory, which records that he "died a batchelour, much lamented by his friends, relations, and acquaintances for his integrity, his knowledge, and the sweetness of his manners."

My name "Bank," which signifies "bench" or "high seat," I derived from Italian forefathers, who, in early days, carried on their business in the public places or exchanges on *benches*.

This business of theirs consisted chiefly in being the depositories of the wealth of rich people, and making payments for them according to written orders, and further in receiving money from some people on interest, and lending it to others at a higher rate. I have been told that in their day making a profit by lending money was not considered at all an aristocratic proceeding, and procured for those who indulged in it the name of usurers, a word I do not like; it savours of sordidness.

From my very birth I was educated to be reliable, steady, secure, and faithful, and to be true and just in all my dealings.

It was made clear to me that it was the lack of these qualities in the money affairs of the kingdom which had led to the necessity of my existence, and I was made distinctly to understand that it was only upon my developing largely these peculiar traits of character that I should continue the existence thus begun.

My education was quite different from that of other girls. I had to learn arithmetic almost before I could speak, and the state and condition of kings and governments were instilled into my mind as regularly as food into my body.

There were no novels, no light literature for me, except what I could extract for myself out of the dry material placed before me. Still, my mind was not warped with this peculiar bringing up, and now that I am an old woman, I think I can see that I owe this to the character of those who governed and directed me.

Of course, this peculiar education and training kept me far ahead of other girls, and while they were scarcely out of the nursery, and still enjoying battledore and shuttlecock, I was seeking information, either by reading or conversation, concerning my forefathers, position, duties, and property.

Young as I was, I began to feel creeping over me a sense of responsibility, and a longing to know how best to fulfil all that was required of me. I knew that I was rich, but how did I become so? I knew that my riches were expected to make others rich, but how? I was always asking questions, and sometimes succeeded in getting an answer, which served as a clue, and sent me to search old parchments or to make comparisons.

It was some time before I could piece the scraps of information together, but gradually I did so, and then assuredly I saw the awfulness of my influence and position, and determined, with God's blessing, to be a comfort and support to the widows and orphans who trusted in me, as well as a source of strength, security, and honour to the nation and its rulers, and I resolved that henceforth my name, *the Bank of England*, should carry with it a meaning wherever it was heard, far beyond its original signification; it should be another term for wealth, honour, and thrift—a something to be trusted, and in which nothing foul, mean, or sordid must be found.

(*To be continued.*)

HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF MUSICAL FORMS.

Sketch I.—The Oratorio and Passion Music (Sacred Drama).

By MYLES B. FOSTER, Organist of the Foundling Hospital.



In a former number, in prefacing reviews of new music, we said sufficient upon the subject of listening to music to call the attention of our many readers to the performances going on so frequently in all parts of the world, and now we persuade ourselves that there may be some to whom a short account of the various and varied forms, to which our attention as audience is most frequently invited, would be of interest, even though they have some knowledge of the subject already; and that there may be others to whom these very incomplete sketches may appear as information, and as an incentive to further investigation.

For our first sketch we have chosen the oratorio, for it is undoubtedly the highest form of musical dramatic art, and is founded upon and contains the greatest and deepest truths of the Christian life. As regards the actual music forms employed, we find, indeed, similar ones in the operas, such as the various forms of recitative, the aria, the duet, and the chorus, and even the scena; but in the sacred works, who are the heroes and heroines? Are they not the instruments of the Divine power, the messengers of the good tidings? And what are the subjects? Are they not the struggles, the trials, the victories of noble souls? With such sacred characters, with such lofty thoughts, the composers of the oratorio, dealing, not with the semblance of truth that the opera contains, but with the truth itself, are bound to express their feelings and emotions in the grandest and most perfect thoughts.

Purely sentimental ideas, and the whole list of passions and struggles in human existence, rather form the basis of opera than the proper subjects for oratorio, and the modern attempts to transform the sacred ideal into the region of operatic and dramatic realism seem to fall singularly short of expectation. To our minds, the strongest period in the history of oratorio was the time of Handel and Bach, and writers of to-day have yet to graft on to their work the more careful study, and the strengthening influence of these noble masterpieces in stronger cuttings, to make the struggling young plant a healthy and beautiful tree. Let us progress, by all means, but true progression is but the joining of all that is good in the preceding age with all the fresh beauty God bestows upon us in this our day.

We seem to be comparing or contrasting the secular form opera and the sacred oratorio, and it is interesting to know that the origin of both may be traced back to the same source—viz., early miracle plays and moralities. For some time after the introduction of Christianity into Eastern Europe, the new converts seem to have retained their fondness for the heathen practice used in religious, as in secular, celebrations of theatrical representations, which were chiefly upon mythological subjects, and all of which angered and distressed the priests of the new religion. However, the latter soon found out that it was necessary to reach the minds of these people through their more acutely trained senses and the medium of their old traditions, and thus in these early ages the dramatic element worked its way into the church worship. Spiritual plays were arranged by the priests in all parts of Christianised Europe, who chose scenes and stories from both Old and New Testaments, and from the lives of the saints and holy men. The plays were acted upon a stage, usually erected under the choir of the church. As women were not permitted to appear, priests took all the characters, male and female. We learn, from many reliable sources, that these sacred representations had a great effect upon the pious worshippers.

In the course of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and chiefly in the west of Europe, profane elements crept in amongst the holy legends, and these religious entertainments also developed so greatly, that hundreds of actors would be engaged in representations lasting over several days, whilst the eager audiences were so large that the churches could not contain them, and the stage had to be erected in the market-places, and out of doors.

The direction passed more and more into the hands of the laity, who employed jongleurs, histrions, and strolling vagabonds, whose acting included gross buffoonery, and whose profanity completely choked the religious growth first implanted by these miracle plays. The stages, it should be explained, were of curious construction, being divided into three stories, the upper one containing the heavenly characters, the middle one being for the people upon earth, and the lowest for the denizens of hell.

At the beginning of the sixteenth century the whole Catholic world was influenced by those reforms so necessary to the Christian Church of that time, and so bravely contended for and gained by Luther. The demoralisation which weakened all the church's fabric was deeply deplored by the Catholic clergy, and we find at the close of this century St. Philip Neri founding a congregation of priests in Rome and drawing youths to church by dramatising in simple form such stories as the Good Samaritan, the Prodigal Son, etc., which were set to music in four parts with alternate solos, first by Animuccia (a pupil of Goudimel), and later on by the great Palestrina. These "sacred actions" or plays were not performed in the church itself, but in an adjoining chamber, called in Italian "oratorio," an oratory, and the title has since then adhered to this species of sacred work.

Our girls will be pleased to know that the first oratorio, set to music by Emilio del Cavalieri, was written by a lady, Laura Guidiccioni. It was acted for the first time in the year 1600, probably in the oratory of the Church of Santa Maria della Vallicella, in Rome. The name of the work is "The Representation of the Soul and the Body." It was to be played in appropriate costumes, and certain choruses were to be accompanied, in a reverent and sedate manner, by solemn dances. Some of the characters were Time, Pleasure, the World, Human Life, the Body, etc.

As the various forms of music, already named as common to the opera and oratorio, developed in the former, so in proportion they expanded and became freer in the latter; those portions which had been mainly founded upon plain song became more expressive and dramatic, and the melody assumed a flowing and cantabile character. But whereas you would imagine that a closer connection between the secular and sacred would be the result of this change, nevertheless, the composer's conviction that the music must strive to be of adequate importance to the sacred words and subjects caused a line to be drawn, ever growing more and more marked, as time and growth in grace and knowledge went on, between the secular and sacred musical drama.

In the seventeenth century we find Carissimi greatly advancing oratorio, and composing really noble music. You may remember a revival of his "Jephtha," by Mr. Henry Leslie, a few years back. Scarlatti, Stradella, and others also contributed to this period. But, notwithstanding its Italian birth and infancy, it remained for Germany to bring oratorio to a vigorous manhood, and to its lofty position in the world of music. The compositions of Handel and Bach, early in the eighteenth century, placed this sacred art form upon a pinnacle of such height and strength, that few composers have the stamina or knowledge wherewith to reach it.

Having gazed at this, for a time, culminating summit, let us go back to the early days again for a moment to notice a branch of this tree, a member of this sacred family, whose growth has been parallel with that of the subject of our sketch, viz., the Passion oratorio, one dealing with the sufferings and death of our blessed Redeemer. Foremost amongst the miracle plays, in which originated the sacred drama, was the representation, during Holy Week, of the Passion of our Lord. To this day we have interesting relics of this custom, such as the Oberammergau play in South Bavaria, the performances in the Sistine Chapel in Rome, and in some parts of Spain. The oldest Protestant composition on this subject was published in 1570.

At the commencement of the seventeenth century a great development followed in the writings of Heinrich Schütz, who wrote music to the Passion, as told by all four evangelists, and whose tercentenary was celebrated last year by commencing the publication of all his works. He did much towards the great musical development in Germany. Following in his footsteps came Sebastiani, at the end of the century, and Keiser at the commencement of the eighteenth. In Keiser's Passion we find, in addition to the Bible narrative, reflective passages for a chorus, holding much the same functions as the old Greek chorus, with interpolated solos for "the Daughter of Sion" and "the Believing Soul," some of which are used later on by Bach, especially in his setting of the subject according to St. John's Gospel. John Sebastian Bach added, moreover, many well-known chorales in which the people could join, and these favourite old hymn tunes had the greatest power over the hearts of the worshippers.

Now we have returned to the period at which we left oratorio, and side by side with Bach's great Passion music stand up those massive monuments, the oratorios of Handel, of which so much has been written, and many of which you all know and love so well. It is worthy of notice, if only to show how recently (viz., almost halfway through the eighteenth century) action, and costume, and other accessories were tolerated in connection with the sacred subjects, to tell you that at the performance of his first English oratorio, "Esther," at the theatre in the Haymarket, Handel appended the following note to the playbills :—

"N.B. There will be no acting on the stage," this being called shortly after "oratorio fashion," even when applied to performances of secular dramatic subjects, which were to be sung, and not acted.

After these great works of Handel, no important oratorio was heard in England until Haydn's "Creation," in 1798. Then, in the present century, Spohr followed with his "Crucifixion," "Last Judgment," and "Fall of Babylon;" and then Mendelssohn, that greatest disciple of Bach, whose "Elijah" and "St. Paul" quite revived the taste for oratorio, and gave an impetus to it, which extends to our day.

To end this fragmentary sketch, we may fairly say that oratorio should contain two important elements :—

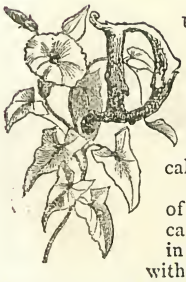
I. The narrative form, as subject of the whole work.

II. The didactic and contemplative, as interpolations in soliloquy, or in chorus of adoration, prayer, and warning.

A third element, the dramatic accessories of costume, scenery, and action, we have dispensed with, and, I think, happily so.

We find in these days in many nations, including our own dear country, composers are striving after this highest and noblest ideal; let us pray they may receive that strength necessary for so great a responsibility. There is none greater in music, and our hearts tell us that unless a composer knows and believes himself that the subject which in reverence he approaches is the truth itself, which he must proclaim and preach as a conviction of his own—we say that unless he thus incorporates himself in his work it is but mockery, and the result of it nothingness.

NOTES FOR NOVEMBER.



DURING this month we get the finest effects of the changing tints of foliage; after a wet, windy summer the colours are poor, but fine and varied after dry calm weather.

These autumnal changes of colour are caused by decay and death; the life in the leaf enabled it to withstand certain chemical changes, which it can no longer resist as the vital force vanes, and the green colouring matter is either changed or destroyed.

We can prove this fact for ourselves if we notice how often, while all the rest of a tree is green, the leaves and small branches which are partly broken, and have, therefore, lost a great part of their vitality, lose their green colour, and become yellow or red.

Not only are the broad effects of a landscape made beautiful in autumn by the rich colouring of large masses of trees, but the close observer will find every hedge, bottom, and wild common flaming with colour. Heath tell us "it is the commonest plants whose colours are the most beautiful and striking." Amongst those which produce the most brilliant autumnal tints, the following are found almost everywhere in the hedges in England: Bramble, hawthorn, wild strawberry, dock, spindle-tree, herb robert, cranes-bill, silver weed, hedge maple, dogwood, black bryony, ivy; while in the kitchen gardens nothing can exceed the beauty of the asparagus and the common carrot.

Many birds come to England from the north to spend the winter. Wild ducks, woodcocks, fieldfares, and curlews are coming now, besides thrushes, larks, and other small birds. Some of these live with us all through the year, and are only joined by relatives from colder climates. In very cold winters many birds who do not usually migrate, are driven south in search of food; but the reception they meet with is hardly calculated to attract great numbers of strangers to our shores; for the notice one usually reads in the newspapers is that such and such a rare bird "has been seen and *shot*."

"It is as hot as we have it in India, or, at any rate, I feel the heat as much." One often hears this statement on a hot summer's day from an Indian visitor; while, on the other hand, our Canadian cousins assure us that their bright, clear winter, though so intensely cold, is not so trying as ours. This is to a great extent caused by the unusual moisture of the air in England. John Burroughs tell us that "the average rainfall in London is less than in New York, and yet it doubtless rains ten days in the former to one in the latter," which he explains by the fact that in England "it rains easily, but slowly."

That we can bear greater dry than damp heat is easily proved by holding one's hand before a fire, and then plunging it into hot water, using a thermometer in both cases to test the heat. The same fact with regard to cold can be tried by holding both hands in a draught of cold air, the one hand being wet, the other dry.

Lovers of natural history are not all aware what advantages the first sharp frost offers them for the study of animal and vegetable life in ponds. Thoreau, one of the most devoted admirers of nature, says in his "Walden," that, "The first ice is especially interesting, being hard, dark, and transparent, and affords the best opportunity that ever offers for examining the bottom, where it is shallow; for you can lie at your length on ice only an inch thick, like a skater insect on the surface of the water, and study the bottom at your leisure, only two or three inches distant, like a picture behind a glass."

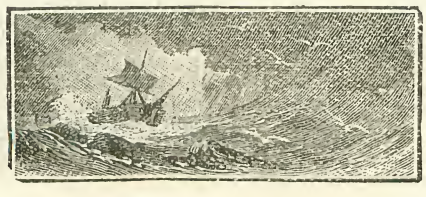
Country girls have an opportunity during the early darkness of winter afternoons of appreciating one of the dangers which beset arctic explorers during the long twilight which takes the place of day during the winter months in those northern climes. In towns, the well-lighted and well-paved streets make walking in the dusk as easy as in the day; but girls, whose walks lead through fields and rough country lanes, know how many trips and stumbles are caused by the uncertain light before darkness sets in. Greely, in his terribly sad history of the sufferings of his men during their arctic expedition, tells us how much their difficulties were increased by this dimness of the light. It was necessary that they should go long journeys on foot, each man carrying a heavy load of provisions and other stores; and he adds: "The absence of sufficient light to cast a shadow has had very unfortunate results, as several of the men have been badly bruised and sprained. When no shadow is formed, and the light is feeble and blurred, there is the same uncertainty about one's walk as if the deepest darkness prevailed. The most careful observation fails to advise you as to whether the next step is to lie on a level, up an incline, or over a precipice. A few bad falls quite demoralise a man, and make him more than ever distrustful of his eyesight."

There is not much to be done in the garden this month, but bulbs may still be put in, though the flowers will not be so good as those planted earlier. Hyacinths, narcissi, and tulips planted now ought to flower in April.

If the weather is mild, the grass should be rolled occasionally; early peas and beans may be planted in a dry place, and a little radish seed sown in a warm corner, but they must be carefully covered if a sharp frost comes.

Green hedges should be clipped, and shrubs needing it pruned. Now that the leaves are off, the fruit trees may be more easily examined, and dead branches, or those that rub against one another, removed.

If the weather is very cold, take care of delicate plants by spreading cocoa-nut fibre or light manure over the beds, or by covering the plants with matting.





CHILD ISLAND.

FAIRY TALE FOR YOUNGER GIRLS.





A LONG time ago—so long that it was ages before my grandfather was a little boy, and long before his grandmother was a little girl—there was, not far from fairyland, a beautiful lake, the waters of which were so clear that as they sparkled in the sunlight they glistened and gleamed like silver: and so it was called the Silver Lake. Beautiful white swans sailed majestically on its surface, and thousands of gold fishes swam in its clear waters.

On one part of the lake the most lovely water-lilies opened up their white flowers, looking, as some people said, like tiny boats; but one of the little girls I am going to tell you about thought they looked like a set of green saucers and white cups, and used to call them the swans' best tea-things. Now, in the midst of this Silver Lake stood the beautiful island called Child's Island. Such a lovely little island as it was had never been seen before, and I verily believe has never been seen since.

Black clouds never came near it, for there the sky was blue and cloudless always, and I am told that at night more stars might be seen from that pretty isle than from any other part of the world; but whether that is true or not I cannot tell. But I do know that its shores sloped green down to the water's edge, that the brightest and sweetest flowers bordered every pathway, that the roses were without thorns, and there was not a single nettle in the whole island. I know, also, that the grass was the greenest, the trees the shadiest, the flowers the brightest, and the fruit the ripest to be found anywhere. As to the animals, there were none but the gentlest kind. Little white mice went peeping about with their wee pink eyes, pretty tame squirrels bounded from tree to tree, and a herd of graceful fawns fed and played in the meadows. Birds of the gayest plumage and sweetest song were there; pretty poll-parrots hopped among the trees, crying, "What's o'clock? What's o'clock?" In short, it was the brightest, merriest, sunniest spot in the world, and I can say no more in its praise than that. All day long the sun shone gently down upon the little isle, and the wind never raised its voice above a whisper.

But, besides birds and butterflies, fawns and flowers, there was something else in this pretty isle. Now, what do you guess that something was? Why, a beautiful fairy palace.

I call it a fairy palace, not because fairies lived there, for they did not, but because it was the work of fairy hands, and was more beautiful than any other palace in the world. It stood in the midst of a lovely garden, but no wall or railing shut it in from the rest of the island; and you



and I, had we been there, might have walked across the green lawn, and plucked some of the gay flowers, and gone up the marble steps, without anyone saying, "Stop! You must not go there." Round about the palace, in groups of twos and threes, were several little houses, all very beautiful and all exactly alike.

Now, I daresay you will think that this was a very pretty place, at the same time, very strange; yet the strangest and, to me, the most charming thing of all was that there were none but children in this little island. They were all quite young, the eldest amongst them were not twelve years old; they were the king and the queen, who, of course, lived in the beautiful palace. And thus, because only children dwelt there, it was called Child Island.

Well, these little folks had nothing to do but to play; and a rare time they had of it, as you shall hear; but

perhaps you would first like to know how it happened that they were alone in this island without any grown people to take care of them. Then listen, and I will tell you.

The Silver Lake and Child Island belonged to the good fairy Corianda, who was very fond of little children, and took great pleasure in inventing games for, and otherwise amusing them. She loved all children, but she was especially fond of those of Noviland, the king of which was one of her subjects. She used often to slip on her magic veil, which rendered her invisible, and go amongst the little folks of Noviland to watch them at their play, or at their lessons, or to peep at them whilst they slept. It was in this way that she found out there was scarcely a child in Noviland but what was discontented with what it had, and sighed for what it had not.

One fancied that Noviland would be the jolliest place in the world for little boys if there were no lessons, no schools; but grammar and spelling spoiled all. Pepitia thought that if she might wear fine dresses like mamma, have a coach and six to ride in, and no one to control her, she would be perfectly contented. The little Teresa sighed for a land where there was no A B C, and Dorinda for one where toys grew on trees, and no hard-hearted shopkeeper demanded money before they were plucked. Herbert wished he lived in a place where there were plenty of gay butterflies, and that he had nothing to do but to hunt them. Thus each child had something to wish for, and something to be discontented about.

I wonder whether there are children in any other part of the world who, like those of Noviland, want what they have not, and grumble at what they have? Do you know any? Ah, no! I suppose there are no other little folks so silly, so I won't urge the question, but go on with my story.

When the good fairy heard all these murmurings, she said to herself, "I will gratify these little people for a short time in what they want, and we shall see if they will be happy then."

So she set her fays to work, and had built on Child Island the beautiful palace and houses I have told you of. When all was ready, she and her fays took the little grumblers out of their beds one fine night and wafted them away, whilst still asleep, to Child Island, taking care, I should tell you, to leave changelings from Fairyland in their places, so that the parents might not be filled with grief in the morning to find that their dear children had been stolen away.

The next morning, after the sun had dispelled the mist which always seemed to hang about him before breakfast at Child Island, and he was fresh and bright for the day, like little boys with clean faces ready for school, the young strangers were all assembled on the lawn in front of the palace, and the fairy spoke to them as follows:—

"My dear children, as you all fancy you would be happier if you were quite free from control, and if you had nothing to do but to play, I have brought you to this beautiful island, where you can amuse yourselves all day long. You will have everything supplied to you, and there will be no one to dictate to you. These pretty houses I give you to live in. The palace is for the king and queen, and the other houses are so precisely alike that none of you will be able to dispute as to choice. You, Philip, who are the eldest boy, shall be king, and you, Pepitia, who are the eldest girl, shall be queen. Be kind and good-natured to one another, and I will always be your friend. Don't eat too much fruit or cake, as that will make you ill. Now, come with me, and I will show you the inside of the palace."

Then they followed the good fairy, in a merry crowd, up the marble steps into the hall of the palace, and a grand hall it was, with its rows of pillars and richly decorated walls. The fairy led them up the staircase and through the royal apartments, which consisted of drawing-rooms, dining-rooms, bedrooms, and dressing-rooms, where the looking-glasses reached from floor to ceiling and the wardrooms were filled with magnificent dresses. Then into the throne-room, hung with crimson velvet embroidered in gold, and where, at the upper end, were two golden thrones inlaid with precious stones and cushioned with crimson velvet. The more they saw the more delighted the little folks were; they clapped their hands with joy, and cried, "Oh, my! how beautiful!" at least twenty times in a minute.

"Oh! shouldn't I like to be you," said Amanda to Pepitia, "you will be queen, and have all these fine things."

After they had seen all that was in the palace, the fairy took them over the other houses, all of which were elegantly furnished, but it would take up too much time to tell you of all the beautiful things that were in them. Just fancy how you would like to furnish a little house that had drawing-rooms, dining-rooms, bedrooms, kitchens, and whatever you fancy you would like to put there *was* there, and even more than that. No wonder the children were pleased.

After the fairy had shown them all the pretty things the houses contained, and had allotted to each set of children the particular house they were to inhabit, a crystal car, drawn by six white swans, was seen to approach the shore. Then the fairy said, "Now, my little dears, I must go, for here is my coach and six come to fetch me." So she kissed them all round, bade them be good children, said she would come to see them again some day, got into her car, and was soon out of sight, the children shouting, "Good-bye, dear Fairy, good-bye," till they could see her no longer.

Then they said, "What shall we play at first?"

"Let us go into that pretty dell, where the fawns are at play, and gather some of the flowers," said Pepitia. To this they all readily assented, and ran skipping and singing into the dell. Some pulled long rushes and sat themselves down to weave little baskets; some gathered nosegays, some played with the fawns. Presently one of them said, "Oh! suppose we have a dance."

"Yes, yes, yes, so do," cried a dozen little voices.

"But there's no music," objected the queen, "we can't dance without music. How I wish we had some!"

"I'll hum a tune," said Sophia; and she immediately began one.

"No, that's so stupid," said Amanda.

"Oh!" screamed a little boy. "Look there!"

"Look where? What's the matter?" cried they all.

"Why, look at that big yellow thing," replied the child, pointing to a large gourd which lay upon the ground, "it's opening all by itself!"

And sure enough it was slowly opening, as if it were a monster mouth taking a lazy yawn. The children clustered together and watched it eagerly, when, to their great amazement, out popped a little figure, not more than six inches high, dressed in a suit of sky blue velvet with white lace ruffles at the throat and wrists. The dress was fastened down the front and at the knees by diamond buttons; diamond buckles were in its shoes, white silk stockings on its legs, and on its head a crimson cap with white feather. As soon as this quaint little figure jumped out of the gourd he was followed by another, and another, and another, till there were a full score of them, all dressed exactly like the first, and each carrying a tiny musical instrument in his hand.

As the last jumped out the gourd closed, and the leader of the Liliputian band stepped a few paces in front of his fellows, and, taking off his feathered cap, made a low bow to the king and queen, then, without speaking a word, he sprang on to the foremost branch of a white Mayflower bush, which was in full blossom, and immediately his little companions perched themselves on different branches behind him, and began tuning their tiny instruments.

The children, full of glee, arranged themselves for a dance, the band struck up "Sir Roger de Coverley," and away they all went, their little feet keeping time to the music as truly as the leader's tiny baton. They danced, and they danced, and they danced, till they were too tired to dance any more, then they flung themselves down to rest; upon which the little leader of the band jumped down from his perch and placed himself on a broad smooth leaf, that two of his band spread on the grass opposite to where sat the king and queen.

He made a low bow to their majesties, the band struck up, and the little fellow commenced dancing a *pas seul*. If you had seen him prancing and capering about the leaf, now with his arms akimbo, going jauntily round and gracefully bending his body from side to side, keeping time to the music as he did so; now suddenly clasping his hands above his head, whirl rapidly round and round till he got to the front edge of the leaf, and then, springing into the air, come down on the very tips of his pointed shoes; if you had seen all this I think you would have laughed and shouted as loudly as did Rosetta, Minette, and all the rest of the little folks. When the droll fellow had finished his dance he flourished his feathered cap, made a low bow, and backed to where his companions were standing. The gourd slowly opened again, and each little fellow making his bow, popped in as quickly as he had popped out; then the gourd closed, and nothing more was seen of the little musicians that day.

The children gathered round the gourd and tried to open it; tapped at it; called to the little musicians to come back; bent down their pretty heads to listen; but all was useless, no sound came from it, and they might as well have tried to open the oak tree 'neath which they stood as it.

Now, for fear you should think that the good fairy had left these little children to take care of themselves entirely, to cook their own food, wash their own clothes, make their own beds, and all that sort of work—for children, you know, cannot do these things for themselves, and that is why they are always so good and obedient to mammas and papas and kind aunts, who see to all these things being done for them—I will tell you what queer, droll little beings she left in the island to attend to the domestic concerns of the young king and queen and their little subjects.

Just shut your eyes and fancy you see a little brown figure with small dark eyes, like black beads, sharp nose, thin lips, and glossy red hair, combed off the face, plaited into a long tail behind, and tied by a bow of black ribbon. Then fancy this little figure, with arms so long that they reach to its knees, dressed in a dark blue smock frock without sleeves, a red leather belt round its waist, dark red trousers on its legs, and green morocco shoes on its feet; then call it a Noman, and you will see precisely the sort of beings which were left to wait on the young inhabitants of Child Island. They were all alike and all dressed alike; they used to make their appearance and begin to dust and sweep.

and light fires, and such like, just after cock-crow every morning, and they all disappeared every night directly the children were safely tucked in bed. They came all together and they disappeared all together, but where they came from or where they went to nobody ever knew, so you must not expect me to tell you.

I daresay you will think these Nomen a strange race, but I am going to tell you something stranger still concerning them, and that is that none of them could talk, no—not one!

Was not that odd? They had some way of talking amongst themselves by means of signs, but the only words they could say to their young masters and mistresses were, "nob, nob," which meant no, and "yah, yah," which meant yes. These they uttered very quickly, and nodding their heads at each sound.

Now, the good fairy had charged these little beings to be very kind and attentive to the children; to cook their meals and serve them nicely, and to keep their houses in pretty order.

She also charged the children to be kind and gentle to the Nomen; never in any way to tease, annoy, or insult them, for if they did, the fairy said, and she looked very grave as she said it, "some punishment would immediately follow." This Master Edmund found to be quite true, when one day he attempted to kick the Noman who was brushing his hair, for as he raised his leg to kick, an invisible hand pulled the other from under him, and Master Edmund measured his length on the floor. So, also, Miss Sophia, who said one day, whilst looking in the glass, admiring herself and sneering at the Noman who was fastening her frock, "What a fright you are with your squiny eyes and red hair! I shouldn't like to be such a fright as you are." Upon which she immediately felt a sharp prick on her nose, whereon a large red pimple, as big as a cherry, made its appearance; her frock was torn to tatters, and on going to her wardrobe for another she found it quite empty, so she had to wear her rags all that day, as it was not until the next that the clothes came back to her wardrobe, and the pimple left her nose. I warrant me she will never be saucy to the Nomen again!

Master King Philip had a lesson of the same kind once, at his dinner table, when all his court were dining with him. Calling to one of the Nomen who were waiting, "Make haste, you brown rascal, and fill me a glass of wine!" the words were scarcely out of his mouth than he got a smart sounding slap on his face, and his elbow was violently jerked, so that he spilt all his wine, whereupon the little lords and ladies tittered, and some were so uncourtly as to laugh outright, and say it "served him right," which made Master King Philip wish he had not been so bounceable.

One evening, after they had been some weeks on the island, the king told his courtiers to prepare for a butterfly hunt, which he intended to have the next day. Early on the morrow they all assembled at the palace, attired in green and white, and each carrying an ivory rod, at the end of which was a green net, with which to catch the butterflies. On reaching the top of the staircase the little lords went to the dressing-room of the king, and the little ladies to that of the queen. Her majesty was dressed in white satin trimmed with green.

"Won't you wear your crown?" asked Rosetta.

"Well, I don't know," said the queen, in an undecided tone of voice. "Ought I? Won't it be too heavy for the chase?"

"Oh, but kings and queens always wear their crowns when they go out—don't they?" said Rosetta, appealing to her companions.

"Yes, yes; to be sure they do. Wear the crown—do wear the crown!" they all cried, clapping their hands.

Pepitia did not require much persuasion on the subject, as she dearly liked to be finely dressed. And, indeed, when she had put it on, and also her velvet train lined with satin and trimmed with ermine, I must confess she did look a charming young queen. The little Dorinda was so struck with her appearance that she screwed up her face into a comical expression of surprise, and, holding up both her hands, exclaimed—

"Oh, my! Aren't you smart!"

"But I don't like the way your hair is done," said Amanda, who was disposed to be quizzical.

"Don't you?" rejoined the queen, tartly. "Then you needn't."

Amanda was on the point of making an equally tart reply, when fortunately the king appeared at the door, and so interrupted the threatened dispute. He also wore his crown and train, and, moreover, he carried the ball and sceptre in his hand; for this little monarch was not disposed to part with any of the insignia of royalty, and thought he might as well not be a king if he did not wear the grand trappings belonging to his office.

Then the whole party went down into the hall to be marshalled into proper order by Alphonse, who always took upon himself to be master of the ceremonies whenever he could get a chance. This was not effected without a vast deal of chattering and confusion; and report says that one or two sounds like "Shan't!" "Shall!" were distinctly heard, followed by what sounded like, and probably was, a slap.

The little train-bearers were especially difficult to manage, owing to their constantly wanting to speak to one or other of their companions in the rear, which inclination occasioned their majesties several unmajestic jerks from behind, and, of course, called forth a sharp reprimand from the majesty so pulled; the only effect of which was a vast deal of giggling amongst the little girls, and the making of droll faces by the little boys.

"Please, queen, Edmund's making a face!" cried a little lady-in-waiting, looking at the culprit and speaking to the queen.

"Oh, you story-teller!" cried Edmund, indignantly. "I ain't."

"I'll box your ears if you do so again, you rude boy," said the queen, turning sharp round on the guilty Edmund. At this threat the urchin made a queer grimace, and then pretended to cry, sobbing out, "Oh, please, queen, don't!"

At length all were got into their proper places, and the procession set out. The king and queen, with their train-bearers, marched first, then strode consequential Master Alphonse, and the rest of the party followed, two and two, all singing a jingling rhyme as they marched, and swinging their nets to the tune. This is what they sang:—

"Bring your nets and make haste;
Come away to the butterfly chase,
Up the meadow and through the dell,
By the path we know so well;
Shout loud, jump *high*,
And haste to catch the butterfly."

When they came to the dell where most butterflies were to be found they all separated and got their nets ready, whilst Alphonse took a thin switch and gently beat amongst the flowers, which grew in great profusion.

Presently a cloud of large, brilliant butterflies flew up, and the children, shouting, started off in chase of them. The train-bearers were not proof against the excitement of the moment, and, quite forgetting their post of honour, scampered off pell-mell with the rest, leaving their majesties looking rather foolish.

"The rude little things, to run off in that manner!" *cried the queen.*

"Here, I say, you Alphonse!" shouted the king, forgetting his dignity, "come back! I shan't play if you're going off like that. Come back."

But Alphonse was too busy chasing a brown and gold butterfly to heed King Philip or anybody else.

Just then there flew past an immense butterfly with wings of crimson, black, and gold. Philip immediately forgot all about being a king; away went ball and sceptre, and off he started in full chase. Now the queen loved butterflies no less than the king, so no sooner did she see him take to his heels than she started off in pursuit of the same butterfly.

Away they *both went, their trains flying* behind them, over hillocks and through bushes, quite regardless of their fine clothing.

The butterfly led them a fine dance; many a time they thought they had got it, but it always managed to fly off just as the extended thumb and finger were about to close upon it. Philip and Pepitia were tired, though by no means inclined to give up the chase, when the butterfly burrowed itself deep into a convolvulus flower that grew on the top of a not very high bank.

"Now we shall have him," cried Philip, as they both scrambled up the bank. But, alack and alas! Pepitia's foot got caught in her long train just as she got to the top of the bank, and down she fell, roly-poly, to the bottom.

Poor Pepitia! she quite forgot she was a queen, and began to cry most lustily, not the less because she could not use her arms to raise herself, for in her tumble she had got so rolled round and round in her train that she could not move her limbs.

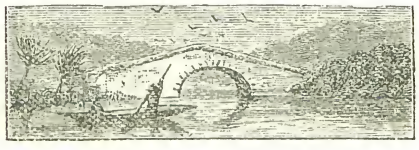
Philip ran quickly to her assistance, and soon extricated her from her embarrassment, but as she still continued to cry, he tenderly, for he was a tender-hearted boy, sat her down on a grassy mound and tried to console her.

"What is the matter? Have you hurt yourself, dear?"

But Pepitia only sobbed and sobbed instead of answering, partly because she was hurt, and partly because she was vexed, and the poor little king began to fear she would never leave off crying.

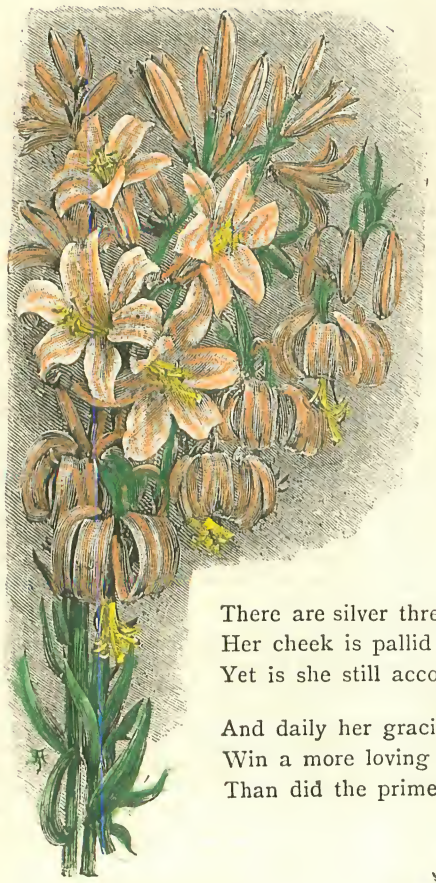
"I wish that Alphonse and the rest would come back," said he, feeling disposed to pick a quarrel with "that" Alphonse when he did come.

(*To be concluded.*)



AFTERNOON TEA.

(*See Frontispiece.*)



A PRETTY cottage, and maidens three,
Blithe and happy as maids can be,
Out in the garden at afternoon tea.

Just such a feast as girls will make—
Fruit and flowers and a big plum cake,
And plenty of laughter for laughter's sake.

The sunflowers nodded their heads so tall,
The dahlias smiled 'neath the moss-grown wall,
The three little maids outdid them all.

I warrant me in that garden gay
Was never a bloom more fair than they,
As they sipped their tea on that summer day.

Three little maids. Ah! one is dead,
And one is married; and one, unwed,
Now lives alone in the old homestead.

There are silver threads in her golden hair,
Her cheek is pallid and lined with care,
Yet is she still accounted fair.

And daily her gracious, tender ways
Win a more loving meed of praise
Than did the prime of her girlish days.

Yes, youth will wane as the years go by;
Too soon do the rose-leaves scattered lie,
But charms there are which never die,

And hence it happens that oft we trace
Through timeworn features the soul's sweet grace,
And beauty lives in a faded face.

SYDNEY GREY.



HEALTHY LIVES FOR WORKING GIRLS.

"Grant her in health and wealth long to live." THESE are the words in which many of us, Sunday after Sunday, pray for our gracious Queen. We desire for her health and wealth; and justly so; both are necessary. The one for her comfort, and to enable her to perform her arduous duties; the other for her exalted rank and position.

For ourselves, however, it is to be hoped we rarely pray for what is termed wealth; but, on the other hand, how needful it is that we should supplicate unceasingly for health. "Grant me health, Lord, to perform my daily task." We have, indeed, need to ask for that unpurchasable, that priceless blessing. If we possess it already, we need to implore its continuance; if we have lost it, so much the more earnestly and devoutly should we solicit a return to its paths. Yes, next to the possession of a healthy conscience, we hold physical health to be the greatest of all gifts, but, like most of the grandest, fairest, and divinest things on earth, many of us accept it as a matter of course. And when, through our own want of forethought, through neglect of the most ordinary rules of health, through reckless indifference, we are forced practically to acknowledge that the most robust health has its limits of endurance, then we chafe and pine; and life, which seemed such a joyous, easy thing a month ago, is now a dreary burden, duty a heavy chain, pleasure a fiction; and self, weary self, rises in the ascendant,

occupies all our sympathies and thoughts, and leaves us dissatisfied and indifferent, ungrateful and ungracious.

There are those who believe that by not attending to or neglecting their health they are acting unselfishly. They say it is so selfish to be always considering whether this is good or harmful or that is likely to encroach upon the domain of health. If this sentiment is carried to the verge of hypochondria, we grant its truth. There is nothing more odious than a person who is constantly looking out for the weathercocks, and who, as soon as he finds the wind in a certain quarter, shuts himself up, and carefully excludes all intercourse from the outer world; or who can trace certain symptoms—the hypochondriacs' pet word—to the extra spoonful of salt or sugar in yesterday's seasoning; who is a bore to his surroundings and a melancholy object of interest to himself; who is nothing but a useless encumbrance upon the face of the earth.

This is not the taking care which we advise or suggest. Things good in themselves may be perverted into errors by the spirit and the want of judgment with which they are pursued, and we fervently believe that if our prayer for health is answered, it will be first by the opening of our own eyes to facts and laws to which we were hitherto blind, or of which we have been ignorant, than to the practical observance of these laws, and our willingness to be subject to them.

But it is not of those who are merely inconvenienced by illness that we would speak to-day. Not of those who are only subjected to the loss of a little pleasure, a good deal of temper, and who are learning a lesson in being patient. In a word, we do not write for the well-to-do invalid, but for a very different class. Our remarks are intended especially for those of "our girls" to whom health is, perhaps, the only capital they possess. To whom loss of health means loss of work, loss of wage, anxiety, which aggravates matters, and perhaps serious privations to those in any way dependent upon their exertions.

Yes, the army of girl and women workers in this great metropolis is, indeed, a vast one, and work for them is no sinecure. If they cannot work so thoroughly or efficiently as men, at least it is for them greater toil than for the sterner sex. Of a more delicate organisation, of less robust frame, of smaller powers of endurance, the "buffets of fortune" meet with less resistance, and are more readily yielded to. Added to this, men have the advantage of being early trained to the habit of work which many of our girls have not, and they have greater facilities afforded them for outdoor exercise, of which they very readily avail themselves. These are all advantages which women do not possess, or if they do, it is after a careful course of acquired systematic training with a view to meet those demands upon their health and strength which are entailed by the continued and steady application to one branch of labour or to one particular profession. There is no doubt that a girl cannot take up an engagement which demands her daily presence at a stated place and at a given time, to perform duties which perhaps require the concentration of mental powers, and very frequently the maintenance of the body in one position for many hours together. There is no doubt, we repeat, that unless such avocations are begun and continued with decidedly common-sense views as to diet, hygiene, and general deportment, but little time will elapse ere our girl will succumb for a greater or less period to the unusual fatigue and the unwonted restrictions to which she has to submit.

It is fatal in such cases to regard health from a careless or indifferent standpoint. It is a question which must be considered by every one of the legion of working girls and women who labour for their own, and often for others' bread. Looking at it from the most practical standpoint, it will be found to be the greatest economy in the end. If the health is kept at a fair standard of excellence, the mental powers are maintained in a state of useful energy. As soon as health is below par, even when not sufficiently so as to force us to desist from work, the brain loses its elasticity; we are dull, become mere machines instead of intelligent workers, and our duty gets irksome and fails to interest us. And here let us interpose one word. If we wish to spare ourselves that most wearying of all sensations, that fatal sense of boredom and disgust for our daily task which sometimes creeps in upon us, we must try with all our hearts to take an interest in what our hands find to do. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do that do with thy might." It is not only right to think and act up to this; it is the greatest wisdom also; for our own comfort and happiness. Work done with a will only takes half the time in doing. The hours fly, and the sense of weariness has no time to creep in. This is a spirit, it will be found, which can be easily cultivated, and will, after a little effort, come quite naturally, much to our benefit in every way.

It has seemed to us, in spite of the great advance that has been made in the teaching of hygiene, and the possession by many of a fair knowledge of the laws which govern it, that there is still a lamentable want of practicability in its application; that is to say, the theories we learn, and to which we subscribe, are rarely, and then very imperfectly, carried out in actual individual life. We grant that great improvements are visible on all sides, in what we might term general hygiene; but where we perceive a great deficiency still, is in that personal application of the laws of health which must and can only be properly applied by individuals to themselves, so as to make them fit into the circumstances under which they exist.

It will not help our girls much, for instance, to have learnt the number of cubic feet of oxygen that is necessary for turning the purple blood into scarlet—the amount of nitrogenous, phosphatic, carbonaceous, and other elements which are requisite for building up new tissue, etc., etc., and many other dry facts of a kindred nature, if she does not put this knowledge to practical use. There is a wide division between facts thus learnt off glibly at school and the practical application of them to our daily wants.

The human body, if it is to be maintained in but a fair state of health, requires a certain amount of fresh air—a certain amount of flesh-forming, bone-forming, brain-forming, and warmth-giving nutriment. Our girls require to have a tolerable, if not exactly a faultless, circulation, in order that these various foodstuffs may be digested, *i.e.*, converted into these flesh, bone, and brain-forming tissues. In order to have a tolerable circulation, the body must have a regular amount of exercise and of fresh air. There, in a nutshell, is the secret of the whole matter. Given a fairly normal state of health to begin with, that health may be maintained by a little wise direction of our actions towards supplying the really very moderate demands of Nature, upon which, however, modest as they are, she insists, to enable her to carry on the process of healthy life. Deprive her of that little, and the results are such as we too frequently see—broken-down health from overwork (so-called) of many of our busy sisters. It is our intention here to endeavour to put this plainly before our girls.

We will imagine, then, that some of our girls have to pass many—say eight or ten—hours of their days in work; that that work is sedentary work; that our girls are very apt to stoop, for their poor backs get weary sometimes. We will imagine that it is winter, and sitting as they do all day, they like to have all the windows closed. Our girls will not feel very hungry when meal-time comes, especially if they have to provide their own meals. In fact, many of our girls practise a little economy in this direction, if the choice of doing so rests with them. Economy, we all know, is imperative in many conditions of life—not only amongst working girls; and it is a serious matter to practise it wisely—to determine and mark clearly the line that divides the luxuries from the necessities. In the former practise as much economy as you will; in the latter it is only a false way of meeting matters which will have to be balanced by-and-by with heavy interest.

Well, our girls not being very hungry (for their lungs are full of impure air, and they feel tired and weary—rather sleepy too—all from the same cause), they think they will make themselves "a nice cup of tea—strong, you know." They do not care whether they have milk with it or not, so long as the tea is strong and gives them a fillip. With this they will eat a little roll and butter or bread and cheese. This so-called meal is either partaken of in the room in which they work, or our girls go out for it. In the latter case they stand a little better chance; for often the fact of going out of the room in which they have been seated all the morning brings with it a sense of returning appetite, and induces them to procure a more substantial meal. But even this is rarely the case; for they have an odd sinking at the chest, and if they eat a heavy meal and sit down directly after it, they get that weight behind their waistbands, they cannot breathe, and they feel altogether miserable. They do not feel like this, they think, after the good, strong tea—the clearest proof to them that they should look to it as a main resource during the midday rest. Probably tea is again hailed with delight during another break in the work-hours; and at the end of the day our weary one is so fearfully tired, although she has been sitting all day, that she feels as though her limbs would never carry her home. Come what may, she must ride. She puts herself into the first Underground Railway carriage that will take her to her destination, and, exchanging the carbonic acid gas of the workroom for the sulphurous gas of the underground tunnels, she arrives home spent and utterly tired out, longing to get to bed and rest her weary limbs and pillow the poor, fatigued head. In the morning, feeling refreshed after Nature's kind and grateful rest, she plucks up again and walks to the scene of her duties. But she has to be there by a certain time, and, somehow, she always manages to be just a little late in starting, so that at the last she has to hurry to arrive at the appointed hour. She looks at every clock she passes; she starts at some which tell her that it is later than she thought, feels relieved at others which are more merciful; and, putting on an extra spurt at the last, manages to arrive just to the minute.

But what good can our girl get from a walk taken under such circumstances? It is ten times as fatiguing—the mind is harassed, the heart is beating wildly, and the breathing is short and hurried.

The routine of the previous day is then repeated. There is the same shyness of air, the same imperfect meal, the same lassitude, the same finale.

Pursue this course, or one similar to it, for a few months and we defy any girl to keep well. She may not yet break down altogether, but she will have lapsed from positive into negative health, and the merest straw may turn her negative health into actual bodily incapacity—which means the loss of work and wages to which we have referred.

And is it to be wondered at? Our girl has

been steadily withholding from Nature all those elements upon which she imperatively insists as the condition under which alone she will consent to carry on her work. Long-suffering she is, and ever eager to repair any neglect that has not been carried too far. Only return to the right path, and she busily sets to work to make good the ravages which have followed upon our ignorance or neglect of her laws. But it must be the right path. None other will do. She will not be cajoled into working with any other than her own simple tools.

Our girls have withheld from her air, food, exercise—the three great factors of her powers—and have given for them miserable substitutes. Though kind, she cannot be put off with excuses. She is inexorable, and the same results will follow our neglect of her laws, whether it be due to a want of acquaintance with them or want of attention. It is as much, if not more, from these causes, then, that our girl has become ill than from the supposed overwork. Overwork might have been the immediate cause; that is to say, her collapse might have followed upon a little extra pressure or hurry of work; but the real cause will be found to lie in that steady neglect of the primary laws of health to which we have alluded, and upon which too much emphasis cannot be laid. Had it not been so, the fatigue engendered by an extra hour's work would have been set right by a good night's rest.

And when our girl is ill, her recovery will depend upon the degree to which she is enabled to meet the demands of Nature. If she can have plenty of rest, peace of mind, fresh air, light, digestible, and nourishing food, sunshine, and genial surroundings, she will soon be herself again. But if our brave worker has not these indispensables, or has them in a chance, get-me-if-you-can sort of way, then she lingers on, and often rises from her couch but half cured, and plunges on again under the old conditions, until something occurs which some persons call "a chance," some by another name, which mercifully changes the current of her life for a while, or perhaps for a permanency.

It is said that "men do work while women weep." That is part of an old-time ditty. In this generation women do not leave all the work to their brothers, and we will hope that in proportion as we work more, so we weep less. And women are not to be pitied that it is so. Work is one of the greatest of blessings, and when its aim is high, is, we believe, blessed. There is no reason why our work should be irksome to us, or should be aught but a pleasure. We must make up our minds to a certain number of disagreeables, and be prepared to meet them as they arise; but beyond that we should endeavour to take a pleasure in our work and a pride in its correct fulfilment. This will be easy to do with health, but without it will require more moral resolution than many of us possess.

Let us then turn this subject over in our minds and see if nothing can be done to make matters a little smoother; to enable us to be happy in our work-a-day lives; to lessen the chances of becoming ill, and, in spite of circumstances, to meet Nature's demands in one way or another.

First, then, as to air. That early morning walk is a good thing. It is well to get the lungs filled with pure morning air. Even in the London streets the air is tolerably good at that time. But many of our girls live a little way from the crowded streets, and only come into them for business or professional purposes. Some live too far to walk the whole distance into town. If that is the case, they should ride part of the distance. They should choose for the walking that part of the route which has the most trees about it, going a little out of their way even to walk through one of the parks or squares. They should not hurry, but should take care previously to allow themselves ample time. This can quite well be done by a little management, and when our girls are imbued with a sense of its importance we are sure will be. They should, if possible, meet one of their companions who is going the same way, and should chat to their hearts' content. (We are not afraid of the non-performance of this part of our prescription.) This will exercise the lungs, send plenty of fresh air into them, and lessen fatigue. A walk, under such conditions, is of untold value.

Our girl then will begin her day in better spirits. She will feel in a lighter mood; difficulties will be brushed aside. Instead of a furtive glance at the clock, and a thankful gasp that she has arrived in time, she will never think of the hour till she enters the room, for she has not troubled her mind about it, knowing she has given herself ample time. With all the arts of persuasion at her command she will then seek to lead her companions to have the windows open, just a chink or two at the top; and will gradually lead them round to her own conviction of the necessity for fresh air, and of the great desirability there is for an outlet for the carbonised air which is being emitted by one and all from their lungs. Before long she will have gained her point, and the open window will be a daily fact.

We are speaking now, of course, of our sensible girl, the one who has taken in the justice of our remarks, and who intends to act up to them as far as she can.

At luncheon time she will produce from her store some well cut sandwiches, made preferably with brown bread, and, with heroic determination, refuse tea (for it is hard to give up a habit), and will, instead, regale herself with a glass of milk, or a cup of cocoa; or, if she has neither of these, she will make a little strong beef-tea of Liebig's extract of meat, and partake of it with her roll and butter, remembering that, by the addition of an egg, she will make her broth more sustaining.

If she goes out to a restaurant and does not care for meat, she will recollect that its properties may be found more or less in eggs, in milk, in lentils, in haricot beans, in oatmeal, and in peas. Oatmeal porridge and milk form an excellent, inexpensive, and nutritious lunch or midday dinner. In some form or other one of these nitrogenous foods should be taken during the midday meal; and, if the taste and finances permit, should be supplemented by a little fresh, stewed, or dried fruit. Fruit is most wholesome, and is well enclosed within the border line of necessities.

Then, when tea time comes round, our sensible girl will either take milk again, or else will dilute her tea largely with milk, or, failing that, with water, and will refuse altogether to drink tea that has "stood" for more than a quarter of an hour. In the evening she will feel less tired (*i.e.*, less exhausted from want of air and food), and will repeat her method of procedure of the morning on her journey home. Arrived there, she will feel far less weary and exhausted, and will enjoy a quiet, social evening, a book, a little music, or some such relaxation.

But we can hear her, O.S.G., saying, after pursuing this *régime* for awhile, "It is true I am better in a great many ways, but I do still have back-ache, I do still have the weight in my chest, which I know now to be indigestion; you say nothing about that. Even your pea-soup or your oatmeal porridge punishes me, and make me wish we could altogether live without eating."

Be not so impatient, my dear sensible one, we are coming to that now. One great reason of your back-ache is that stoop of yours. You seem to think it essential to maintain your spine in the shape of the letter C. You have got into a very bad habit, and if you try now to sit upright you get as tired as possible—your back, too, is not the only sufferer; your digestive organs are all cruelly cramped—all the delicate machinery, by the aid of which occur the changes of the food in its conversion to the different bodily tissues, is impeded in its action, is hemmed in, is fretted. Instead of a free circulation, and an unimpeded course between all the channels of communication, the functions of digestion are carried on with difficulty, and the stooping pose is the cause of many other complications into which we have not space to enter here.

We have said that exercise is necessary. A great part of that is indeed gained by the walk to and from business. But that is not sufficient. Indeed, we do not consider that walking exercise, exclusive of any other, is sufficient to keep the body in health; but in the instance we are imagining it is especially insufficient. The body ill brooks being kept in one posture for any length of time; and during sedentary occupation some of the muscles are maintained in a state of extension, whilst others are as unduly kept in a state of relaxation. These relative conditions, kept up as they are for hours and hours, cannot fail to have their marked results on the health of our girl. If she were at home, she would throw her work aside, get up and walk about a little, or run upstairs to stretch out her limbs; but in business this is not to be thought of; so she must bear it as best she can. Not so, say we. There is even here a remedy—even here a way of procuring an immense amount of relief. Our only fear for its adoption, however, rests in its extreme simplicity. But when our girl thinks a little more she will learn that all really great and effective things are simple, and that it is only their useless wrappings that blind people to their real simple grandeur. We shall give O.S.G. our remedy in its modest garb of truthfulness, and she will, we think, not reject it. We would advise her, then, three or four times during the day, to stand upright by her chair—she need not even move from her place—throw her shoulders back, stretch her head up, expand her chest, and arch the spine well inwards, remaining in that position for at least half a minute. This will entirely change the posture of all the muscles, those which before were expanded being now contracted, and *vice versâ*. She will then send her arms straight up over her head, and either bring them down from there like a wheel, or, if she has not room for this, will bend her arms so as to form a V with each arm, the two points of the V being respectively the shoulder and hand and the lower point the elbow. If done properly, this will beautifully expand the chest, and will contract the muscles of the back both laterally and longitudinally. Our girl must take care, however, to keep her head very erect, if she would have the whole benefit of the exercise. The whole business occupies about a minute and a half; it is as easy and as simple as breathing; and, we repeat, its usefulness is not to be measured.

The chief difficulty in this part of our *régime*, after its extreme simplicity, will lie in its novelty. It will seem absurd and ridiculous to those who do not understand these matters, but O. S. G. will have to learn to bear the ridicule of others some time during her life, and she might as well begin now. She may be sure that only those will laugh at her whose opinions are not worth considering, and if she quietly persists in doing what is right, the ridicule will first be changed into respect, and then into imitation.

O. S. G. must remember that her health is her all. At least, it is the all of the girl of whom we are speaking. Now, it is most imperative that she should guard that health as she would a treasure. Once aware of the

simple rules which must be observed to that end, she will shape her actions so as to make them fit in with the circumstances of her life.

The dress of our girl workers is also a point to be considered. It should be durable, suitable, comfortable, and should be made simply and practically. The dress is far better when made in one, *i.e.*, not divided at the waist, then the weight of the garment is equally distributed over the body, from the waist and shoulders. There should be no steels or kindred impediments, which have to be considered in sitting down. A durable wool material, thicker in winter, thinner and lighter in colour and texture in summer, is always the most durable, and keeps its freshness longer. The bodice should fit well and comfortably at the neck and round the armholes, so that there is no pressure anywhere.

For a working gown there is nothing, in our opinion, to equal the princess dress, made to clear the ground, and modernised, if our girl wills, by a flouncing, and a little puffed drapery behind, either with or without a scarf loosely tied round the waist.

For slender girls the round-gathered dress and bodice (in one) are very useful and suitable. The principal advantage of the princess dress is its continuity from the shoulders downwards, leaving the waist free of bands and tapes. With spotless collars and cuffs, our girl will be both suitably and well dressed. A good woollen combination under-garment for warmth and protection from the cold, thicker in winter, thinner in summer. One, or at the most two, woollen petticoats, made with sloping bands, to prevent pressure at the waist, will form a very comfortable and practical dress, and, moreover, one that will present a very fair appearance.

No, we know we have said nothing about stays; we are no friend to them; we dislike them heartily, and we shall never rest until we can release our girls from their trammels. We know the difficulties that present themselves on all sides, but these can be met and overcome. Once release our girls from this bone and steel bondage, her health will rise to a high state of excellence. But she has so accustomed herself to use her stays as a prop upon which she leans, that not without great resolution on her part will she consent to pass through the small discomfort of the change.

Once she has done so, however, she will wonder that she never thought of it before, so light, so free, so agile will she feel. These stays are our girls' worst foes, and have as much to answer for the indigestion as all else put together.

If our girls wish to be happy, merry workers, as well as hard, responsible workers, they will have to learn to do without stays; they will have to train their own muscles to supply them with the support they now seek in the corset.

"How are we to do this?" we hear some exclaim, who have followed us so far. "How are we, who work from morn till eve, to begin 'training our muscles?' We have no time now for that sort of thing."

Get a little more patience, dear girls. Reforms go slowly, but steadily, if willing hearts go together. We hope ere long to show you that this, too, is possible.

Meantime, for an immediate step in the right direction, let us urge upon those who have not the courage to throw aside the corset, to set about rendering it less harmful. Let the working corset be soft, and denuded of its bones, and let the front steel be exchanged for a very flexible one, and let the stays, above all, be very loosely laced. We feel we are weak in conceding thus much even, but we look upon it as the thin end of the wedge, which represents the fulfilment of our aim.

We think we have now said enough to set our girls thinking, and though we have far from exhausted our subject, we hope that each reader will be able to deduce some hints which may be applicable to herself.

BOOKS FOR TIRED GIRLS.

HAVE not some readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER a few to spare?

A little reading-room and library for business girls is about to be opened in the new Y.W.C.A. Buildings, 316, Regent-street, now quickly nearing completion. Help is greatly needed in making it really attractive for those whose minds are hungry after the day's mechanical work, but who are too weary to take up a prosy volume.

Brightly written works of history, biography, natural history, travels, etc., would be warmly welcomed, and good poetry and fiction; also graver books, specially such as would be helpful to Sunday-school teachers.

Parcels should be addressed to Miss L. Trotter, 316, Regent-street, London, who will thankfully acknowledge them.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

H. F. and CONAMARA.—Write to Griffith and Farran, St. Paul's-churchyard, E.C., for a small shilling manual called a "Directory of Girls' Clubs," which will give you a large choice of educational, literary, industrial, artistic, and religious societies instituted for the benefit of girls, the cost being little more than nominal.

M. HEDGE.—The change of your address, from what has been given in the "Directory of Girls' Clubs," will probably cause you inconvenience, which it is now too late to avoid. You should have named the probability of a change. In any case, we can tell our readers that those who wish to avail themselves of your useful Society for Studying Languages, should address the secretary at Lyndhurst Lodge, Chelsea-road, Southsea, Hants.

A. G. O. E.—We scarcely think that any system for helping the memory for ordinary use would be of service to you in the matter of playing long pieces of music by heart; it is so much a mechanical operation, the hands often acting while the mind is preoccupied with other matters. Try to learn a simple air, not a long piece of six pages.

A SWISS GIRL.—The Cambridge and Oxford examinations are open to students of all nationalities alike. For information respecting those of either university, write direct. If you wish to compete in the Cambridge junior local examination, held in December, you must be under seventeen. Write to the Rev. G. F. Browne, St. Catherine's College; fee, £1. For the Cambridge senior you must be under eighteen. The Cambridge higher (local) examinations are held in December and in June; fees, £1 and £2. An honour certificate in this examination admits to Tripos examinations the members of Girton and Newnham who have resided during a sufficient number of terms, provided the student has passed in language and mathematics. If your age should exclude you, you might go to the universities of Edinburgh, Glasgow, or St. Andrews, where no limitations are made in respect to age.

GUESS.—We advise you to write to the British chaplain of the Embassy Chapel, in the Rue d'Agues-seau, for information and the best advice, as he has taken a special interest in the matter of English girls being sent to French schools, and has publicly discussed the question in all its many bearings. Address the British Chaplain.

ANXIOUS MOTHER.—See our answer to "Guess." There is a French Protestant institution, directed by Madame Yeatman Monoury, 27, Bd. Eugène, Parc de Neuilly, Paris, which is, or was, patronised by the Rev. Canon Fleming, the late Bishop of Carlisle, Bishop of Down, Lord Napier of Magdala, and other persons of consideration. There is also a Protestant school at 27, Rue des Bois, près du Bois de Boulogne, for which the charge amounts to £60 per annum. Apply to the lady directress, Mademoiselle Jonte.

ART.

A COLONIAL SUBJECT.—The illuminating body mentioned is used on parchment and hot-pressed drawing-paper. It is mixed with the water-colours to render them opaque.

R. C. M.—1. To press flowers, gather them when dry, not quite full-blown, and before the sun has faded them; press them between sheets of botanical-paper, change and dry the latter constantly. 2. You can draw an outline upon a mirror with red pencil and Indian ink. It is better, however, to mark the design through tracing-paper with a knitting-needle.

ASTHORE and DOLLY.—The generality of the advertisements named by you are not to be relied on, and we advise your not spending your money as you propose.

LARRY WILFER.—Female art scholarships are conferred by the Slade School, by the Crystal Palace School of Art, and by the National Art Training School, South Kensington. Apply for further information to the secretaries of each of these schools.

A WOULD-BE ARTIST.—There is a school of wood-engraving at 122, Kennington Park-road. The yearly fee for instruction is £3, and free scholarships after the first year are obtainable by students. These latter must be upwards of sixteen years of age.

PRINCESS PEACE.—1. There is a preparation sold by Lechertier and Barbe for fixing chalk drawings. It is a liquid, which is blown upon the picture when finished with an apparatus resembling a scent-spray (price 2s.). 2. If you can obtain regular employment from a good firm, wood-carving is profitable, especially when you can originate your designs; but these appointments are not to be had every day. Show some of your work to an upholsterer, or a carver and gilder, and you may either obtain an engagement or at least an order.

HOUSEKEEPING.

A YOUNG WIFE is certainly entitled to display any large articles of silver she may possess on her sideboard in the dining-room.

PASTORA should have the silver cleaned by a silversmith. 2. A recipe for "pot pourri" has lately been given.

A FARMER'S DAUGHTER.—The feathers required a very much longer time for drying, and must also be "stripped," as it is called, *i.e.*, all the large thick stalks taken out. It is these which have not dried, and retain the animal particles, causing the smell.

PINCHER and FREDA.—A recipe for "pot pourri" was given at page 224, vol. v.

A YOUNG DOMESTIC.—We should recommend the eiderdown quilt being sent to a cleaner's, as it will only lead to disappointment if you wash it at home. Put a little glycerine on the tea-stain before it goes to the wash.

PRIMROSE should try a little tripoli and water upon the surface of the table. It will remove the spots.

PRIMEVERE.—There have been no other papers but those you mention on "Economical Housekeeping," but we shall probably give more on both subjects.

WILLOUGHBY.—We do not think that either green gooseberry jam or jelly can be kept green; they always boil a light red.

NOVICE IN HOUSEKEEPING.—If you paid more attention to ascertaining what meat, game, fish, poultry, fruit, and vegetables were in season (fully in), and then procured them at places where you had not to pay for extra high rents, as you do when shops are situated in expensive localities, you would bring down your bills greatly.

MISCELLANEOUS.

INKY PEN.—We sympathise much with your anxiety, but we can only say to you as we say to all who wish to succeed in literary work, you must try and try again for a long time before you will succeed, and success is not even then assured.

E. MC. T.—Your sedentary life as a dressmaker does not agree with you. You should try to take more exercise and warming food. Dress in woollen underclothing, and rub the body well in the morning with a cloth dipped in salt and water.

VIOLET VERNON.—We have heard that the homœopathists have a special cure for such little excrescences.

TOM-TIT writes very well. The 2nd of January, 1865, was a Monday.

NYMPHIA ALLA.—Disease or weakness of the nervous system is often, unhappily, an inheritance from our parents. Not that they may be nervous themselves, but that their course of life—late hours, over-taxed brain, poor living, fast living, drink, or bad constitution, etc., result, one or more, in bequeathing a wretched inheritance of weak nerves, not positive disease, to their children. Live generously, go to bed early, be much in the open air, and take a tonic if required, and by a doctor's advice.

ALONE.—We sympathise with you, and approve of the sentiments you express in verse; but the latter is not even correct in composition, quite apart from its lack of any ideality, which is inseparable from true poetry. No sentence should be divided (excepting as a joke in a burlesque piece) between two lines thus—

"But 'what' He was preparing *for*
Him was not on earth; it was where"

B. W. complains of "taking fits of laughter into her head." Evidently, she has apartments to let in that repository. *In any case, it is well* that she should find so much to entertain her and feel so bright and happy. This state of things will only change too soon.

FIDDLESTICKS.—Your verses have been written without due knowledge of metrical composition.

MATY GERTY.—We are glad to hear that you have rosy cheeks. Surely you would not like to look like a washed-out, pasty-faced, sickly little girl? Young folks often get spots in the face from eating too fast, swallowing half-masticated food, and indulging in too much jam and sugar and "lollypops." By this means they spoil their teeth as well as their skin.

GLADYS.—Your neck should be examined by a good surgeon. You may have broken some small tendons, and need to be bandaged. It might be desirable to go to one of our first-class hospitals, and so get the opinion of more than one experienced surgeon. You write a pretty hand. On no account change it to the coarse "park-paling" style of writing which so many girls affect to look "strong-minded." They do not take us in by it!

VERY GRATEFUL WOMAN.—Homœopathic doctors give vegetable medicines—not minerals. The principle of the system is "like cures like." Allopaths give drugs of a directly opposite character to the disease, instead of that which, taken in health and in different proportions, would produce the disease to be cured.

L. M. O.—The famous Library of Alexandria was burnt by the Saracens in 642 A.D. It was a union of two collections. One was made by the Ptolemies, and the other was that of Pergamus, formed by Eumenes, and given by Mark Antony to Cleopatra. Eumenes was a chief officer in the army of *Alexander, and well* worthy to succeed him, as he did.

JOEY.—We will consider your wishes in future, if possible.

UNHAPPY S. (we cannot read the name).—We feel for you much in being separated from a home so dear to you; but you must look away from all second and human causes of this separation to the ruling Hand of One who is as good and as merciful as He is wise and mighty. If you wish for peace and real happiness, seek His favour and guidance and personal care in daily prayer. Lay your troubles at His feet, and ask Him to give you a contented spirit, and grace to be thankful and reverently loving towards "Him who first loved us."

ROSEBUD.—Wear stuff shoes, instead of leather, and let them be very easy and wide in the toe.

AMERICA.—You will find a full list of Miss Wetherall's (Susan Warner's) works in any encyclopædia. We have not room in our over-crowded correspondence column for long lists of books, so only give the chief works of interest.

SWEET NINETEEN (?).—The young ladies of a family are called Miss Edith, Miss Margaret, etc., by gentlemen who do not know them well.

IONA would not require to know the name of the head of the department. She should ask for the secretary or the head clerk.

PRIMROSE.—Lord Beaconsfield was by birth a Jew, and of very ancient and distinguished family; but he became a Christian by conviction. Having had no personal acquaintance with him, we could not possibly answer such a question as yours, even were it right to do so.

DAISY A.—Your contribution is declined, with thanks. It is not devoid of merit, but needs more experience in writing.

GEORGIANA W.—We are much obliged, but do not think the essay fit for our amateur page, nor is the subject new nor interesting enough.

ETON GARDENS had better wear gloves to protect the hands. We know no other way.

A FIJI GIRL.—The work of a bookkeeper is the same almost everywhere. She keeps books, and in a hotel she would make out the accounts of the visitors, of course.

DAMARIS.—The lady bows first, of course, if she has been formally introduced. Invite the brother, certainly. If you know the family you do not need a separate introduction to him.

LAURA.—We have always prophets of evil amongst our friends, and a celebrated American advises that "no one should prophesy unless he knows." There are no reasons for believing that there are any real inspired prophets now, if that be what you mean.

STRUGGLING BIRD.—We sympathise with you; but in committing your way to God in prayer, you do the best that we could recommend. It is best to avoid any exercise of authority over your sister, who is so wild and wilful; but should she do anything very wrong, you will have to lay the case before your father, painful and ungracious as the duty may be. You are right in regarding example as better than precept.

CAMOMILE is thanked for her grateful letter. If she used a better pen her friends would like her writing better.

FERNIE.—1. Herne Bay is on the east coast, and thus exposed to the trying winds from that quarter, to which you specially object. Ventnor, in the Isle of Wight, various places on the south coast of England and in the Channel Islands, especially in Jersey and the Isle of Sark, would suit your mother. The latter island is specially ordered as a cure for asthma. 2. After pressing the leaves between sheets of blotting-paper, varnish them with a solution of gum-arabic.

SIRENA.—If you eat hot cake or buttered bread, of course take off one glove at afternoon tea.

A YOUNG WIFE.—We are not quite sure that we should advise any business man to give up in England and go to Australia unless he saw his way very clearly indeed. Why do you not write to your friend who has already emigrated, and take his advice on the subject? Write also for full particulars of expenses and advice to the secretary of the Colonial Emigration Society, 13, Dorset-street, Portman-square, W. The rates of passage, third-class, are £18 and kit; sailing vessel, second-class, from £20 to £28; third-class, £17 to £21.

A LOYAL IRISH GIRL.—We are very glad that you have been improved by the late competition. We are much obliged by your kind offer. Your letter is very creditably written and composed.

SWEET WILLIAM.—Directions for bookbinding were given in vol. ii., pages 342, 426, and 810.

R. L. I.—Our paper can be got in all the colonies. Many thanks for the information that the free grants of land were stopped in Tasmania in January last.

A NURSERY GOVERNESS, we think, is unhappy and discontented because she dwells on herself and her own feelings too much, and thinks too little of other people and their happiness. She must try to live most in others, and in giving pleasure and love to them. As yet she fails to comprehend the Christ-like character which is so lovely an acquisition, and the higher service to which we are destined by following Him in all things. Love is the keynote, and, if she try, in so doing is the happiest and truest life to be found.

YOUNG LOCHINVAR should bear in mind the enormous ages attained by the antediluvian patriarchs, and that the world around them was so quickly populated that Cain might, and did, meet with plenty of people who possibly, as he thought, would regard him as a monster to be driven from amongst them. A long course of years succeeded that on which he slew his brother through envy and a hatred as to what was holy and God-fearing. In the first days of man upon earth they married their sisters, there being no physical objection to it ordained by a merciful God.

M. R. (Norwood).—We pity you! To what a miserable, unwholesome state of deformity you have reduced yourself! We do not open our columns to persons who boast of having so far degraded themselves.

F. M. C.—On no account take a cold bath if it do not agree with you. Have it tepid, or as warm as you feel comfortable. If the bath-sheet were warmed you would run no chance of being chilled. The 17th June, 1865, was a Saturday. The violin is not an easy instrument to learn, and requires a good ear; but we should recommend it in preference to the banjo or the concertina. The guitar is also unsuited for general music.

LIZZIE MATTIE CLOVER.—Coals are called "black diamonds" because coals and diamonds are both carbon.

SINGLE DAHLIA.—You do not name your age. Try St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, W. Write to the matron. We could not say whether it would be against you. The 12th March, 1864, was a Saturday.

HOPEFUL.—Perhaps you need a tonic. Ask a medical man, and take plenty of exercise and a tepid bath every morning.

LUCY.—From what you say of your being "saucy" to your stepmother, and that you are slapped "whenever you tell lies," and that you think you "ought to do as you choose," we see that you have been a spoilt child, and deserve some sort of correction. You are evidently well and suitably fed. We greatly disapprove of tight-lacing. If you were good, obedient, and respectful, you might then venture to say when the maid laced you in. It is to be regretted that so young a girl should wear any at all.

A BUNCH OF VIOLETS might undertake bookkeeping, or, if she know any thing of millinery, she might get a little extra work from that. Her pay in the shop is very small. Everyone should be paid enough to live upon, and 8s. a week is not enough to live and dress upon.



I. No charge is made for answering questions.
II. All correspondents to give initials or pseudonym.
III. The Editor reserves the right of declining to reply to any of the questions.
IV. No direct answers can be sent by the Editor through the post.
V. No more than two questions may be asked in one letter, which must be addressed to the Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, *Paternoster-row, London, E.C.*
VI. No addresses of firms, tradesmen, or any other matter of the nature of an advertisement will be inserted.

SWEET SEVENTEEN.

By F. B. DOVETON.

A GIRLISH head enwreathed with ferns (no more)
  Before the reader lies;
She would seem versed in Love's delicious lore,
  From those deep dreamy eyes,
That would the future's dusky realm explore,
  With all its mysteries.

The sunbeams sleep upon that wavy hair,
  In morning's golden glow.
Across that face so gloriously fair
  Light shadows come and go—
The ghosts of thoughts that we may well despair
  To fathom. Be it so!



Her summer dreams are innocency's own,
  Her fancy is at play
In fairy regions to the world unknown,
  Beyond the garish day.
Nor to fruition shall those dreams have grown
  Till years have rolled away.

He will be passing happy on whose ear
  Her gentle tones shall fall,
When day is dead, and many a dewy tear
  Is shining on its pall;
He, who at twilight's hush, when none are near,
  Shall win her from them all!



VOL. VIII.—NO. 358.] NOVEMBER 6, 1886. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

MERLE'S CRUSADE.

BY ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Aunt Diana," "For Lilias," etc.

CHAPTER V.

MRS. GARNETT'S ROCKERS.

I HAD plenty of time for such introspective thoughts as these during my brief railway journey, and before my luggage and I were safely deposited at 35, Queen's Gate.

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"I WAS UNDRESSING THE BOY BY THE BEDROOM FIRE."

Again I rang the bell, and again the *footman in plush* and powder answered the door, but this time there was no hesitation in his manner.

"Miss Fenton, I believe," he said, quite civilly. "If you step into the waiting-room a moment I will find someone to show you the way to the nursery," and in two or three minutes a tall, respectable young woman came to me, and asked me, very pleasantly, to follow her upstairs.

On the way she mentioned two or three things; her mistress was out in the carriage, and Miss Joyce was with her. The nurse *had left* the previous night, and Master Reginald had been so fretful that the housekeeper had been obliged to sleep with him, as Hannah had been no manner of use—"girls never were," with a toss of her head, which showed me the rosy-cheeked Hannah was somewhat in disfavour. Mrs. Garnett was with him now, and had had a "great deal of trouble in lulling him off to sleep, the pretty dear."

We had reached the children's corridor by this time, and I heard the full, cosy tones of Mrs. Garnett's voice in "Hush a bye, baby," and the sound of rockers on the floor. The sound made me indignant that my baby should be soothed with that wooden tapping. No wonder so many children suffered from irritability of the brain; for I was as full of theories as a sucking politician.

"Ook, gurgle-da," exclaimed baby, and pointed a fat finger at me over Mrs. Garnett's shoulder. Of course he was not asleep; it would have been an insult to his infantine wisdom to suppose it.

"Oh, Master Baby," exclaimed Hannah, reproachfully. "I did think he had gone off then, Mrs. Garnett; and you have been rocking him for the best part of an hour."

"Ah, he misses his old nurse," returned Mrs. Garnett, placidly. She was a pretty-looking woman, with flaxen hair, just becoming streaked with grey. Perhaps she was a widow, for she wore a black gown, and a cap with soft floating ends, and had a plaintive look in her eyes. "I hope he will take to you, my dear, for he nearly fretted his little heart out last night, bless him; and Mrs. Morton crept up at two o'clock in the morning, when Mr. Morton was asleep, but nothing would do but his old nurse; he pushed her away, and it was 'Nur, nur,' and we could not pacify him. Poor Mrs. Morton cried at last, and then he took to patting her and laughing at her in the drollest way."

"I will just take off my bonnet and try and make friends with him," I returned, and Hannah, who really seemed a good-natured creature, ushered me into the night nursery—a large, cheerful room, with a bright fire, and a comfortable-looking bed, with a brass crib on each side—and pointed out to me the large chest of drawers and hanging wardrobe for my own special use, and then went down on her knees to unstrap my box.

"Thank you, Hannah, I will not wait to unpack now, as I daresay Mrs. Garnett is wanted downstairs," and as soon as she had left the room I opened the box and took out the pretty cap and apron, and proceeded to invest myself in my nurse's livery. I hope Aunt Agatha had not made me vain by that injudicious praise, but I certainly thought they looked very nice, and gave me a sense of importance.

The tall housemaid—Rhoda they called her—stared at me as I re-entered, but Mrs. Garnett gave me an approving glance; but it was baby who afforded me most satisfaction, for he screwed up his little rosebud of a mouth in the prettiest fashion and said, "Nur, nur," at the same time holding out his arms for me to take him. I must confess I forgot Aunt Agatha in that moment of triumph.

"He takes to you quite nicely, my dear," observed Mrs. Garnett, in her cosy voice, as the little fellow nestled down contentedly in my arms.

"Yes, you may leave him to me I think now," I returned, quietly, for I felt that I should be glad to be left to myself a little. I was very thankful when my hint was taken, and Mrs. Garnett and Rhoda went downstairs and Hannah disappeared into the next room. My charge was becoming decidedly drowsy, and after a few turns up and down the room, I could sit down in the low chair by the fire and hear the soft, regular breathing against my shoulder, while my eyes travelled round the walls of my new home.

Such a pleasant room it was, large and bright, and sunny, and furnished so tastefully. The canaries were singing blithely; the Persian kitten was rolled up into a furry ball on the rug; a small Skye terrier, who I afterwards discovered went by the name of Snap, was keeping guard over me from a nest of cushions on the big couch opposite. Now and then he growled to himself softly, as though remonstrating against my intrusion, but whenever I spoke to him gently, he sat up and begged, so I imagined his animosity was not very bitter.

"My lines have fallen to me in pleasant places." I wonder why those words came to my mind. I wished Aunt Agatha could see me now, sitting in this lovely room, with this little cherub on my lap; she would not be so despondent about the future. "I do believe it will answer; I mean to make it answer," I said to myself, energetically. Indeed, I was so absorbed in my reverie, that Mrs. Morton's soft footsteps on the thick carpet never roused me until I looked up and saw her standing beside me, smiling, with Joyce beside her.

I coloured with embarrassment, and would have risen, but she put her hand on my shoulder, still smiling, to prevent me. She looked lovelier than ever in her rich furs, and there was a happier look on her face than I had seen before, as she stooped down and kissed her boy.

"He is sleeping so nicely, the darling. Mrs. Garnett tells me he has taken to you wonderfully, and I hope my little girl will follow his example; it is such a relief to me, for he nearly broke our hearts last night with fretting after nurse. He looks a little pale, do you not think so?" And then she stopped and looked in my face, with a puzzled smile. "What am *I* to call you? I never thought of that; shall it be Miss Fenton? but there are the children, they could not manage such a *difficult* name."

The difficulty had never occurred to me, and for the moment I hesitated, but only for a moment.

"The children will always call me nurse, and I suppose your household will do the same, Mrs. Morton. I think for yourself, you will find Merle the handiest name; it is short."

"It is very pretty and uncommon," she returned, musingly, "and it has this one advantage, it hardly sounds like a Christian name; if you are sure you do not object, perhaps I will use it, but," speaking a little nervously, "you need not have worn this," pointing to my cap. "You remember I said so to your aunt."

"I think it better to do so," I returned, in a decided voice; in fact, I am afraid my voice was just a little too decided in speaking to my mistress, but I was determined not to give way on this point. "I wish to wear the badge of service, that I may never forget for one moment what I owe to my employers, and—" here the proud colour suffused my face—"no cap can make me forget what is due to myself."

I could see Mrs. Morton was amused, and yet she was touched too. She told me afterwards that she thought me that moment the most original young woman she had ever seen.

"You shall do as you like," she returned; but there was a little fun in her eyes. "It certainly looks very nice, and I should be sorry if you took it off. I only spoke for your aunt's sake and your own; for myself I certainly prefer it."

"So do I," was my independent answer; "and now, if you please, I think I will lay baby in his cot, as he will sleep more soundly there, and then it will be time to get Joyce ready for her dinner," for, in spite of my cap, I had already forgotten to say "Miss Joyce," or to call my mistress "ma'am," though I have reason to know that Mrs. Morton was not at all displeased with the omission.

"It might have been a princess in disguise waiting on my children, Merle," she said to me, many months afterwards. But I knew nothing of the secret amusement with which my mistress watched me as she stood by the nursery fire in her furs, warming herself; I only knew that I loved to see her there, for from the first moment my heart had gone out to her. She was so beautiful and gentle; but it was not only that.

Baby woke just as I was putting him in his cot, and I had some little trouble in lulling him to sleep again. Hannah was dressing Joyce, and as soon as she had finished, I tried to make friends with the child. She was very shy at first, but I called Snap, and made a great fuss over him. I was just beginning to make way, when the gong summoned Mrs. Morton to luncheon, and soon after that the nursery dinner was served. Hannah waited upon us very nicely, and then took her place at the table. She was a thoroughly respectable girl, and her pre-

sence was not in the least irksome to me. I always thought it was a grand old feudal custom when all the retainers dined at the baron's table, taking their place below the salt. Surely there can be nothing derogatory to human dignity in that, seeing that we shall one day eat bread together in the kingdom of Heaven.

I wonder if half the governesses fared so luxuriously as I that day; certainly the chicken and bread sauce was delicious. As soon as we had finished, baby woke up, and I fed him, and then Joyce and he and I had a fine game of romps together, in which Snap, and the kitten, and all Joyce's dolls joined.

I had dressed the kitten up in doll's clothes, and the fun was at its height, when the door opened, and Mr. Morton came in. I discovered afterwards that it was his custom to make a brief visit to the nursery once in the four and twenty hours, sometimes with his wife, but oftener alone.

Joyce ran to him at once; she was devoted to her parents, especially to her mother, but the boy refused to leave me, unless his father would take the kitten too.

"I suppose I must humour you, my fine fellow," observed Mr. Morton, pleasantly, as he kissed the little fellow with affection, and then he turned to me.

"I hope you find yourself comfortable, nurse, and that my children are good to you."

"They could not be better, sir, and I am quite comfortable, thank you," I returned, with unusual meekness. I was not a very meek person generally, as Uncle Keith could testify, but there was a subduing influence in Mr. Morton's look and voice. I must own I was rather afraid of him, and I would not have omitted the "sir" for worlds, neither would I have seated myself without his bidding; but he took it all quite naturally.

"As my wife and I are dining out, Joyce will not come down in the drawing-room as usual," he observed, in his business-like manner. "Do you hear, my little girl? Mother and I are engaged this evening, and you must stay upstairs with Reggie."

"Werry tiresome," I heard Joyce say under her breath, and then she looked up pleadingly into her father's face. "Her is coming by-and-by, fardie?"

"Oh, no doubt," stroking the dark hair; "but mother is driving at present. Now, say good-bye to me, Joyce, and you must give me a kiss, too, my boy. Good-evening, nurse." And that was all we saw of Joyce's father that day; only an hour later, when the nursery tea was over, and I was undressing the boy by the bedroom fire, while Joyce stood beside me, removing the garments carefully from a favourite doll, and chattering as fast as a purling brook, I saw Mrs. Morton standing in the doorway, looking at us.

Joyce uttered a scream of delight, and threw herself upon her. "Mine mother! mine mother!" she repeated over and over again.

Mrs. Morton had the old, tired look on her face as she came forward, rather hurriedly. "I cannot stay; there are people downstairs, and when they have gone I must dress for dinner." She gave a sort of harassed sigh as she spoke.

"Could you not rest a little first?" I returned. "You have been out the greater part of the day, and you do not seem fit for the evening's fatigue," for there was quite a drawn look about the lovely mouth.

She shook her head, but, nevertheless, yielded when I gave her up my chair and put the boy in her arms; in his little chemise, and with his dimpled shoulders and bare legs, he was perfectly irresistible to his mother, and I was not surprised to see her cover him with kisses. "My bonnie boy, my precious little son," I could hear her whisper, in a sort of ecstasy, as I picked up the little garments from the floor and folded them. I seemed to know by instinct that it was only this that she needed to rest her; the drawn, weary lines seemed to vanish like magic. What a sweet picture it was! But her pleasure, poor soul, was short lived; the next moment she had recollected herself.

"There are all those people in the drawing-room! What would my husband say at my neglecting them? Good-night, my darling; be good; and good-night, Merle." She smiled at me in quite a friendly fashion, and hurried away without another look.

"I always do say master does make a slave of mistress," grumbled Hannah, as she filled the bath; "she never has a moment to herself that I can see. What is the use of having children if one never sees them." And though I refrained from any comment, I quite endorsed Hannah's opinion. As soon as Hannah had cleared the room, I shaded the light and began quietly arranging my clothes in the wardrobe, and then I sat down in the low chair beside the fire. Through the open door I could see Hannah's bent head as she sat at her sewing. The nursery looked warm and cosy—a very haven of comfort; but I wanted to be alone for a time to think over the occurrences of the day. "To commune with one's own heart and to be still." How good it is to do that sometimes. For a few moments my thoughts lingered lovingly in the little cottage at Putney. Aunt Agatha and Uncle Keith would be talking of me, I knew that. I could almost hear the pitying tones of Aunt Agatha's voice, "Poor child! How lonely she will feel without us to-night!" Did I feel lonely? I hardly think so; on the contrary, I had the warm, satisfied conviction at my heart that I was in my right place, the place for which I was most fitted. How tenderly would I watch over these helpless little creatures committed to my care! how sacred would be my charge! What a privilege to be allowed to love them, to be able to win their affection in return!

I had such a craving in my heart to be loved, and hitherto I had had no one but Aunt Agatha. It seemed to me, somehow, as though I must cry aloud to my human brothers and sisters to let me love them and take interest in their lives; to suffer me to glean beside them, like loving Ruth in those Eastern harvest fields, following the reapers lest haply a handful might fall to my share, for who would wish to go home at eventide empty handed as well as weary?

(To be continued.)

GIRLS' FRIENDSHIPS.

By the Author of "Flowering Thorns."

CHAPTER II.

HOW THEY ARE MADE.

PERHAPS the first, easiest, and on the whole, least durable of girls' friendships is formed at school. Not such a school as we go to at twelve, where we have class competitions, good-conduct marks, and fines for talking, but such a school as we go to at sixteen, to "finish," when individual emancipated life is so near that we begin to realise it, and dimly feel that the friends we now make may form part of it.

Everything looks rather *couleur de rose;* one year, or at the very most two, and we shall be free and at home, where the nicest girl we ever met must come to visit us; then we shall return the visit, and together we shall live in reality those charming times we romance over in low tones after the lights are put out.

Very little will patch up a so-called friendship at school; a room mate, especially if you have only one, who is not utterly uncongenial, is almost sure to become a great friend—the girl who is equal with you in your favourite lesson, the girl who comes from your county or town, or whose "people" know your "people." Every schoolgirl must be able to think of a dozen other reasons why such and such girls selected each other as friends.

(And here I may remark in passing that you will find it extremely interesting to try and find the beginnings, the first causes of the friendships you have either experienced or witnessed. It will enable you to form ideas as to the relative weight of circumstances and character, and it is good to know the reason why things are even little things.)

Well, do these friendships last? In nine cases out of ten they do not, though by means of fitful correspondence they may drag on a feeble existence for years. The bond of union which school supplies being once broken,

Lucy and Kate find new interests quite unconnected with each other, which may be difficult to explain on paper, and the opportunities of meeting may be few.

Besides, Kate, who was "quite the nicest girl at school," does not seem so exceptional when brought among Lucy's relations. They think her a little free and easy, or too particular and strait-laced. She is poor, and mamma is afraid of "the boys" falling in love with her; or rich, and may stay "only one week," the seeming significance of which sets the family back up, and she is not asked again.

There are a hundred trifles which part school friends, whose affection has been of short, rapid growth, and which must therefore wither in a new atmosphere, unless its roots have struck deep down into the hearts of both.

So the letters become shorter and fewer, till there comes so long a pause that neither can remember who wrote last, and each, of course, feels that the other is to blame for the silence.

"If Kate really cares about me she will answer my last letter," says Lucy.

"If Lucy wants to drop the correspondence, I'm sure I shan't force her to keep it up," says Kate.

So the letter is never written, and the friends part; and though I am a great admirer of the virtue of constancy, I still hold that there are cases in which it is a mere mockery, the empty husk which we had much better fling away when the kernel is gone.

But girls' friendships are often made by propinquity, neighbourhood, adjacent homes, and constant meetings in the ordinary round of life.

The average girl, especially if living in the country, has not usually a very large circle of acquaintances from which to choose her friends (and notwithstanding what is said about the sufficiency of family affections, I do think a "particular friend" is almost a necessity to girl nature, and need not and ought not to interfere with home ties and interests). Even if her mother's visiting list is long, each household will not include a girl of her own age with whom she could be intimate, and many will live at a distance to make frequent intercourse out of the question.

Yes, your circle will narrow to some five or six, perhaps even three or four, girls, and you will naturally see most of the one living nearest to you.

You meet in your strolls, if you live in the country, you continually "drop in" to tea and tennis at each other's houses. If you live in a town, you drop in just before or just after your round of more formal visits, and you get to know each others' daily lives, daily interests, pleasures, and difficulties very thoroughly, and this interweaving of the day-to-day existence forms many a friendship.

You get accustomed to each other; the trivial incidents of the hour, perhaps its gossip, which have a transient interest for the one, interests the other no less. Your friend knows just what work you are doing, just what book you are reading. You have a great deal of time for talking, and by degrees each knows almost everything about the life of the other, for the lives are short, and at this period neither profound nor intricate.

Now, if you are really fitted to be friends to one another, this intimacy may be a very good beginning; you know each other thoroughly, and the mutual affection, sympathy, and help I spoke of in a former paper are much more possible when there is such perfect acquaintance. At the same time there are features in such a friendship which tell very much against the idea of its long continuance.

To begin with, such frequent meetings must often exhaust the materials for conversation. Girls do not usually "take in" to such large extent that they can be continually "giving out" with interest to their hearers. Do you not sometimes find that you have nothing more to say to your friend since you saw her yesterday? You have had one short, stupid letter from a school companion, you have tried your hand at making orange fritters and failed, and cook says you must try something easier; you have read a little more of the book you discursed yesterday, and done a little more of the painting, and when these subjects are disposed of conversation flags.

You begin to find each other just a little, a very little dull, and it is really a relief to meet a slighter acquaintance to whom you can tell the whole history of the painting, or the last tennis party for the first time.

I do not believe that "familiarity breeds contempt" between people who are worth knowing and loving, but I do think that girls are all the better for having certain chambers in their hearts, into which even the special "intimate" may not enter; and for being by herself at times, instead of continually hunting up a companion, for hours which would otherwise be solitary. Girls don't think enough, and how can they if they are constantly in the company of those who think no more, and so seldom by themselves.

You would become closer friends if you took time apart to progress individually, each in the direction her character or opportunities point out.

There may be something, too, of undue influence of two opposite characters or tastes when both are young and pliable, but of this I do not now speak.

And what is the end of the ordinary friendship of neighbourhood? One of the girls leaves the place and gets elsewhere a new set of the little social interests that bound them together. They are not worth writing about, though they might have taken hours to talk them over, and having less and less in common, her friends drift apart through lack of a strong tie to bind them together, though, perhaps, they never quite drop.

A third and somewhat higher class of friendship is that formed over association in work, or some deep common interest.

This will occur when girls meet to study some subject of real interest to both, not for the mere sake of "doing something" after their school life has closed, but for the earnest use to which they intend to put their requirements.

It may be art in one of its branches, or music, which, indeed, is art, too. One of the most delightful of friendships I ever heard of was cemented over the task of acquiring the "accomplishment of verse."

Or two girls may throw themselves heart and soul into benevolent Christian work, not, as I said before, for the mere sake of "doing something," but because they really long to help their fellow-creatures physically, morally, spiritually, for Christ's sake. Meeting in this way, and fitted by natural character to be friends, they will probably become so, and, unless some quarrel arise, caused by earnest difference of opinion, will, I think, remain so longer than any I have mentioned before.

And now I come to speak of what I must consider the most perfect method on which a friendship can be formed. I mean the elective friendship which depends on no accident of association or neighbourhood, and is, to my mind, the most satisfying of all.

We cannot say what drew us to our friend. We met her for a few days at a country house, or were introduced to her casually at a dinner-party. Nothing in ordinary circumstances would have been more likely than to part and meet no more. But we did not part; something had united us—we felt we must see more of each other.

This attracting something lends a strange charm to friendship, and, whether the two are alike or unlike, it matters little—they are sure to be helpers and sympathisers, because, it seems to me, and I say it with all reverence, this something which we cannot define is a God-given bond of union. The two are meant to be friends—meant to act beneficially upon each other; and, perhaps, because they cannot understand it or reason over it, the tie proves stronger than they or anyone can break.

They may be thrown together in any of the ways I have suggested, but with a difference; then neighbourhood, association, was the primary element in the formation of the friendship; now it is secondary to the elective attraction. Both feel that their souls would have come together in whatever circumstances they had met.

I cannot think these elective friendships ever really cease, though a quarrel, a misunderstanding may break them seemingly for ever. There is a spiritual *oneness* which refuses to divide.

In conclusion, let me add one word about the bond of union which the love of Christ makes. If that is in any friendship you need not fear its dissolution. If few girls begin their youthful friendships with such a tie, can they not, will they not strengthen their union with it when they see how it can bless and sanctify such union with friendship the most perfect we can know on earth?

(*To be continued.*)

THE SHEPHERD'S FAIRY.

A PASTORALE.

By DARLEY DALE, Author of "Fair Katherine," etc.

CHAPTER VI.

JACK'S SMOCK FROCK.

TWELVE years had elapsed since the shepherd first found the little baby on his door-step when, one afternoon in July, Mrs. Shelley was sitting working hard at some coarse-looking needlework, on a bench just outside the house. By her side stood her two younger sons, Charlie and Willie, both of them golden-haired, red-cheeked, chubby urchins, strikingly like their father. Willie, who was now fifteen, was dressed as a sailor, for he had already been three years in the navy, and was now at home for a week's holiday, while Charlie, whom we last saw crying in his cradle, was on his way to feed the pigs, and had just deposited his pail in front of his mother to stop and look at her work.

"Is it nearly finished, mother?" asked Charlie.

The "it" was a smock made of very coarse linen, over which Mrs. Shelley and another little pair of hands had been toiling hard every afternoon for the last fortnight.

"Yes, if Fairy would only sit still and help me, we might finish it before supper. Just call her, Willie, I can't think what the child is doing; she is in her own room," replied Mrs. Shelley, who is now a comely woman of six or seven and thirty, and has apparently had but few sorrows, as not a wrinkle marks her smooth forehead, nor has a single grey hair yet made its appearance among her bright brown locks.

"Well, whether it is finished or not, Jack will never wear it, I am sure, so I hope I shall have it handed over to me," said Charlie.

"Nonsense, Charlie, pray don't say anything of the kind before Jack. Your father will insist on his wearing it, and as Fairy has made a great deal of it, I hope we shall persuade him to put it on to-morrow," said Mrs. Shelley, rather anxiously, for she was by no means so sure as she professed to be that Jack would condescend to wear a smock.

"I know he won't, mother; but what has Fairy got in her hand? Oh, my goodness me, what is that fine thing, Fairy?" asked Charlie, as, in answer to Willie's repeated shouts, Fairy made her appearance.

She was a tall, slight child, straight as a dart, still rather fragile in appearance, but with a healthy pink in her cheeks that did credit to Sussex air and living. Her hair was long, and floated about in the summer breeze in great waves of gold, the long silky tresses reaching below her waist. In striking contrast to this golden hair and fair pink and white complexion were her great brown eyes, with their long, dark lashes and delicately, though firmly, pencilled eyebrows. The rest of her features were nothing out of the common way, but her fair hair and dark eyes and brilliant complexion would at once have attracted attention, if, young as she was, she had not already been one of those people who can't come into a room without making their presence felt. The name little Jack—no longer little, by the way—had chosen for her years ago suited her exactly. Lightly as a fairy she tripped and flitted about, bright as a sunbeam, as though no such thing as care or sorrow existed in the world. Dainty in all her ways, neat and trim in her dress, with tiny hands and feet, a better name than Fairy could not have been given her. She was dressed in a pink print, simply yet well-made, and altogether the child looked out of keeping with her surroundings, particularly with her foster brother, Charlie, in his corduroys and his swill-pail by his side.

"You dreadful boy, take that horrid pail away before I come a step further," cried Fairy, pinching her little nose with her delicate white taper fingers.

"All right, but do show us that fine thing you have in your hand first," said Charlie.

"No, no, no; go to your pigs first, you'll spoil my lovely present for Jack if you come near me," said Fairy, hiding her hands behind her, and running backwards to avoid any chance of a collision with Charlie and his pail as he prepared to obey her commands.

"What is it, Fairy?" asked Mrs. Shelley, as Charlie moved off, looking up with curiosity from her work.

"It is a shaving-case I have been making for Jack out of that quilt of mine you said I might have, mother," replied Fairy, holding out an elaborate shaving-case, beautifully quilted in blue satin.

"A shaving-case? But, my dear Fairy, Jack does not shave. How could you cut that lovely thing up in this way?" said Mrs. Shelley.

"A shaving-case! What is the use of it if he did shave?" asked Willie, who was of a practical turn of mind.

"The use of it! Why, to keep his shaving-cloths in, of course. Mr. Leslie has one something like this, only not half so pretty," said Fairy, eyeing her handiwork with admiration.

"It is much too good for Jack," said Charlie, who had come back from his pigs.

"Nothing is too good for Jack, is it, mother?" asked Fairy, with an imperceptible nod at Willie.

"It is very unsuitable, Fairy, and I think it is a pity you cut up that quilt for it; but come and help me to finish this smock, you idle child, do."

"That dreadful smock! and I know Jack will never, never, never put it on, though we have pricked our fingers over it for weeks. And John will be angry, and insist, and Jack will be in a passion, and refuse, and instead of having a nice happy birthday, poor old Jack will be miserable. Mother, let's give him the smock to-night, and have the row over before to-morrow. Run and get me my thimble, Charlie, please, and Willie, thread my needle for me, and I'll soon help mother to finish this ugly smock," said Fairy, seating herself with a business-like air as she folded up the shaving-case in some silk paper.

"Well, it is not a bad plan, Fairy; we will give Jack the smock when he comes in this evening," said Mrs. Shelley.

"Yes; and I'll keep my present till to-morrow, and that will put him in a good temper, before we start for our picnic," said Fairy, stitching away with great energy. An hour later, just as the smock was finished and the boys were gone to get tea ready, the shepherd entered at the gate carrying a quantity of wheatears threaded on crow-quills. He looked vexed, and Mrs. Shelley, who could read her husband's face like a book, asked what was the matter.

"Why, again Jack has forgotten to attend to those traps for the wheatears; when I did them myself I caught a hundred in one day; now I leave them to him I get perhaps eighteen to twenty, because he is too lazy to dig out the turf and make the traps properly; here are only ten brace this evening, and they are as plentiful as sparrows just now."

"John, you are a greedy man, and Jack is not lazy; he does not approve of killing birds; he thinks it is cruel, that is why he has not seen to the traps, so you must not scold him about it, will you?" said Fairy, looking up into the shepherd's grave face, as she stroked the white breasts of the wheatears.

"You had better see to the traps yourself, John; there is always a fuss about them every summer since you gave them to Jack to attend to. You know, as Fairy says, he is so fond of birds, and he knows so much about them too, that he can't bear snaring them."

"Knows so much about them! I should think he did. Why Mr. Leslie says if Jack had only the means of getting himself some good books, he would be a first-rate ornithologist, which means a man learned in birds, John," said Fairy.

She had always called the shepherd John since she could speak, and Mrs. Shelley and John were quite content that she should do so, as he was not her father, though Fairy persisted in calling his wife mother, to Mrs. Shelley's secret joy. They were both greatly attached to their foster-daughter; as for the shepherd, he never contradicted her in anything, and though over-strict as his wife thought with his own boys, he never seemed to think Fairy could do wrong, and had never been heard even to rebuke her in the mildest way since he found her; and when Mrs. Shelley remonstrated with him, as she sometimes did, he excused himself by saying she was not his own child, so he did not feel the same responsibility about her.

Luckily for Fairy, Mrs. Shelley did not humour her and look upon her with the same excessive admiration the shepherd and the boys did; they regarded her as a superior being, and thought her way of queening it over them perfectly right and natural. Mrs. Shelley loved the child she had been a mother to tenderly, and was proud of her beauty and cleverness, and yet, while she constantly impressed on her boys that Fairy was a lady by birth and therefore in a very different position to any of them, and, moreover, might any day be claimed by her own parents and taken into her own sphere, she insisted on the same obedience from her as she expected from her own children.

"Jack had far better become a man learned in sheep than in birds, seeing he is to be a shepherd. I can't see the use of all the learning Jack gets hold of; it can't do him any good," said the shepherd.

"Oh! you dear, good old shepherd, I believe you think the world was made for sheep, and shepherds the only useful people in it," exclaimed Fairy.

"I think if Jack learns his business and his Bible and Prayer-book, he will do very well without any other learning. It is quite right and proper that my little Fairy should learn to play the spinnet and to speak French, which nobody here understands, and many other things of which I don't even know the names, but I don't think that kind of knowledge will make Jack a good shepherd or a good Christian, and that is all he is required

to be," said John Shelley, stroking Fairy's golden head fondly as he spoke.

"But if he could be a very clever man some day and perhaps learn a profession, you would think that better than being a good shepherd, would you not?" said Fairy, who was in Jack's confidence, and knew that as he watched the sheep on the downs he dreamt dreams of this kind.

"No, Fairy, no; if God had meant Jack to be a gentleman he would not have given him a shepherd for his father. His duty is to labour hard to get his own living in that state of life in which it has pleased God to call him, as the Catechism says."

"But, John, why did God let me be brought up by a shepherd, then?" asked Fairy. "You see He does not always mean people to remain what they are born or I should not be here, should I?"

This was an argument to which John's slow mind could not supply an answer. Conservative to the backbone in all his notions, like most Sussex people, be their politics what they may, the law of progress was no law to him, but rather rebellion to the divine appointments, and that Jack should wish to be anything else but a shepherd like his ancestors was to him as inexplicable and incomprehensible as it was profane and wicked.

Fairy's presence among them had often been an enigma to him. Accustomed to work in a groove himself, his mind never travelling beyond the downs on which his life was spent, he could not fathom the divine purpose in placing her under his care, but yet being quite clear in his own mind it was God's will for her at present, he did his duty towards her without questioning; but the idea of Jack rising out of his own sphere of life into a higher was another matter altogether.

"I don't know," said John, at last, as Fairy repeated her question.

"By the bye, how long have I been here exactly?" asked Fairy.

"Let me see; twelve years last shearing-time," said the shepherd, whose dates were few and simple, sheep-washing, shearing, lambing, and next and last sheepfair being the principal.

"But I want to know the day of the month; and I'll tell you why. You all have birthdays except me, and no one knows when mine was, so I am going to keep mine for the future on the day I was brought here, so I shall be like the sheep; you count their age from their first shearing, not from the day they are born, and I am going to count mine from the day I was found. Now try and remember when it was, will you?"

"Twelve years ago last shearing; it was on a Friday, the day before the shearing ended, somewhere about this time, for we finished shearing last Saturday week," said John.

"It was earlier, John; it was the twenty-sixth of June; I wrote it down in my Bible the night you found her; but come into supper; the smock is finished at last," said Mrs. Shelley, folding up the ugly garment with a sigh.

"Jack's smock? I am glad of that, he must put it on to-morrow; he will look every inch a shepherd then," said John.

"Indeed, he won't wear it to-morrow; we are all going to have a holiday, and going to the seaside for the day; but where is Jack? I wish he would come into tea. I want him to help me with my lessons; I shall be much too tired to do them to-morrow," said Fairy, as they went into the kitchen.

(*To be continued.*)

"SHE COULDN'T BOIL A POTATO;"

OR,

THE IGNORANT HOUSEKEEPER, AND HOW SHE ACQUIRED KNOWLEDGE.

By DORA HOPE.

PART II.

THE next morning Mr. Hastings had an interview with the doctor, who told him that Mrs. Wilson's recovery depended to a great extent upon her having absolute quiet, and freedom from all anxiety or annoyance. He advised that the nurse, in whom he had perfect confidence, should have the entire responsibility of the sick room, but as it was clear that she could not be always on duty, he hoped it could be arranged for Ella to remain and take the management of the house, and at the same time relieve the nurse occasionally by taking her place in the sick room.

It was absolutely necessary, he said, for Mrs. Wilson's sake, that there should be a mistress in the house, for already the nurse had complained to him that her patient had been very much disturbed by the loud talking and banging of doors; and that she herself had found considerable difficulty in getting her wants attended to, and her meals provided with comfort.

The doctor's opinion settled the matter; Ella must stay, and in order to make everything as easy for her as possible, Mr. Hastings called in the servants, and explained to them that he left his daughter in charge of the house, and that until Mrs. Wilson was well enough to attend to business herself, they were to take all orders from, and refer everything to, Ella.

At first all went smoothly enough; the servants were frightened at Mrs. Wilson's illness, and were ready to help and obey. Contrary to her expectations, too, Ella found her time pass very quickly; instead of days seeming dull, there was only too much to do and think of

Directly after breakfast each morning, she had an interview with nurse to get her report, and consult as to the invalid cookery for the day. Then Bertha, the cook, had to be talked to, and arrangements made for the day's meals; then there were the fowls and ducks to feed, the one-eyed pony to visit, and talk to while he nibbled his daily apple, and the peace to keep between the seagull and jackdaw, whose habitual friendship could hardly stand the test of breakfast-time. And if she lingered too long with these and the dogs, Sir Paul, the parrot, was screaming loudly, threatening to "tell the missus," while the whole cageful of little birds were twittering and scolding that they had not been attended to first of all.

"The mistress always did them herself," the cook said; and Ella supposed it was her duty to do the same. These various duties occupied most of the morning, and the afternoon was spent in her aunt's room, while the nurse rested, and prepared for the night's watch.

The arranging of meals was Ella's greatest difficulty at first, but she managed it more easily than she expected, for Bertha generally had something to suggest for her own and the kitchen meals, and the nurse always knew what to advise for her patient. Some of the dishes she ordered seemed to Ella anything but appetising; one especially, suet and milk, she thought sounded absolutely nasty, though the nurse assured her it was very light and wonderfully nourishing; and, indeed, when at last Ella was persuaded to taste it, she had to acknowledge that if she had not known what it was she really would not have disliked it. The nurse generally prepared this herself, as she said all depended on the care in making. She put a ½lb. of suet in a pint of milk, and simmered it gently, stirring frequently, till the milk was as thick as good cream. She then strained it carefully, and flavoured it with almond or lemon, which so effectually disguised the taste of the suet in it, that it became a favourite dish with Mrs. Wilson.

Coffee jelly was another dish which nurse introduced to vary the too constant beef-tea, and which had the advantage of being very quickly and easily prepared. She made a cupfull of strong coffee, strained out the grounds very carefully, and added as much sugar and milk as though for drinking hot, and enough isinglass to stiffen it, and either left it in the cup or poured it into a mould, and when cold it was ready to turn out and serve as a jelly. This was only given occasionally, as it was not considered very strengthening; but nurse found it useful to make a variety.

Ella expected a great quantity of arrowroot would be used; indeed, that was her one idea in regard to invalid diet, but the doctor did not care for it, and never ordered it.

"It is no use," he said, when she once suggested it, "unless you add nourishing things to it; it is nearly all starch, and there is nothing in it that could sustain life by itself. Common wheaten flour is far more valuable, and either that or corn flour should always be used in preference to arrowroot when it is important to get as much nourishment as possible."

The nurse was a kind-hearted woman, as well as an efficient attendant, and was as ready to teach the duties of a sick room as Ella was to learn them.

"It is a cold day, Miss Ella, you must keep the fire up," she said one day before retiring for her afternoon rest. "Do not wait till the fire has gone down, but put more coal on when this seems nearly burnt through Many nurses will tell you that you should have some coal

wrapped in paper, ready to lift on to the fire without making any noise, but I do not like that way myself, the paper makes such a dirty fire. So look here, miss, I take care to have plenty of pieces of coal of a nice size in the scuttle, and then I keep this old pair of gloves by the side of the fire (I will leave them there for you to use), and I slip them on and lift the pieces of coal up with my fingers; I don't make noise enough to wake a baby that way, and can lay each piece just where I want it too."

Ella felt very nervous at first, when she was left alone in charge of the sick room, but gradually she became accustomed to the darksome silent room, and rejoiced in finding herself less awkward and stupid than she had imagined herself to be. At home it was Kate who was always at hand when anyone was ill, Kate who entertained callers, and Kate who always knew the right thing to do or say; while Ella believed herself to be by nature awkward and devoid of tact. She was finding out now, however, that it was only the opportunity to make herself useful, not the ability, that had been lacking, and though her want of experience caused her some difficulties which might have been avoided, she soon found that prayerful patience and careful thought enabled her to undertake duties which astonished herself.

The first disturbance of the general peace was occasioned after she had been only a few days at Hapsleigh, by the nurse's objection to take her meals in the kitchen with the servants. She had never been expected to do so before, she said, and she really must ask to have her meals prepared comfortably. The servants were offended at this slight upon their kitchen and their company, and retorted that "they had had enough of her stuck-up ways," that "they were every bit as good as she was, only they did not give themselves such airs," and so on; all of which greatly dismayed poor Ella, when the disturbance reached her ears. She thought the matter over, and had decided that nurse should have her meals in the dining-room, so that the servants could not complain of extra trouble, as they would only have to lay another place at the table; but Mrs. Mobberly, who came in very opportunely in the midst of her deliberations, dissuaded her from it

"It is all very well now," she said, "while your aunt is so very ill that you must of necessity be in her room whenever the nurse is away having her meals, but we hope she will soon be so much better that there will be no need for that, and you will sometimes find it awkward then to keep nurse waiting till you have finished. No, you had much better insist at once upon her meals being comfortably prepared for her upstairs."

"But where can she have them? There is not even the tiniest sitting-room upstairs, only the small bedroom which nurse uses for herself, and the large one where I sleep."

"Then I think, if I were you, as yours is such a large, airy room, I would have one of these small tables moved into it, and let nurse have all her meals there. You will find she will prefer it to coming downstairs, as it is near enough to the sick room to hear every sound, and if you make a rule that your bedroom shall be put straight directly you leave it in the morning, and the windows thrown wide open, it will be quite fresh by the time she wants it."

Ella thanked Mrs. Mobberly warmly for her advice, which she promised to follow, and as she walked down the garden with her to the gate, she told her of her mother's parting advice, that when it was necessary to speak to the servants, she should first of all make quite sure she was in the right herself, and then assert her authority decisively, so that there might be no doubt about her intention of being obeyed.

In spite of her brave words, however, Ella felt her courage ebbing away as Mrs. Mobberly disappeared in the distance, and she had to summon up all her resolution and give her orders at once, before it all evaporated.

The servants listened to what she had to say in perfect silence, and after waiting in vain for a reply, she had to leave them, feeling very much discomfited, but no sooner was she safely within the shelter of the breakfast-room than their tongues were loosed, and she heard their loud, rude voices angrily discussing what she had said, and declaring they would not put up with such interference, and adding, to Ella's dismay, in almost the very words she herself had used before leaving home, that "she was a fine one to come ordering them about, for they did not believe she even knew how to boil a potato." Poor Ella felt very much hurt, for she had tried to speak kindly though firmly, and she had flattered herself that they had not discovered her ignorance. That evening's entry in her diary was—

"My first attempt at asserting myself a failure. Decided that managing a house is not my vocation."

In spite of all these difficulties, however, the time passed very quickly, and Ella had the happiness of feeling that she was really useful. As Christmastide approached, a fierce struggle went on in her mind; she had never thought of being away from home on Christmas Day, and it would be very lonely and dull at Hapsleigh, so different from the merry party who always met at home on that day; but her mother had written that she must judge for herself if it would be right to leave, and when she thought of her aunt, who was beginning to look to her for entertainment and company, and of the quarrels certain to arise between the other members of the household, her mind was soon made up, and, although with a very heavy heart, she wrote that she thought she must stay.

The answer came promptly, and was full of praise and warm encouragement, which comforted and helped her.

"If your happiness cannot be with us, my child," her mother wrote, "remember that we celebrate the season when our Lord left His Father and His home to bring happiness to mankind, and you are treading closely in His footsteps just now. Let your Christmas joy this year be in making joy for others, and you will find a depth of happiness you never imagined before."

A short time before Christmas Ella was sitting in her aunt's room, putting the finishing touches to sundry little presents she was making to send home, when her aunt interrupted her: "I shall want you to go into town for me to-morrow, Ella," she said; "you had better write the things down as I tell you them. You will find a pencil and half sheets of paper in that little drawer in the table."

Mrs. Wilson loved to make unexpected presents, and her circle of charities was wider than anyone guessed. She had that spirit of thoughtful generosity which is as rare as it is valuable, and she was never tired of finding out and relieving those who, from poverty or friendlessness, were likely to be overlooked in the general rejoicings at Christmas. This year her illness made her private gifts difficult to manage, and Ella had to be taken into a good many secrets which surprised and touched her.

"Well, first I want you to buy an interesting book, the sort that a boy would like, to cost about six or seven shillings, and have it sent to this address; you can put in my card and say I hope the boy will like it. Are they poor, did you say? No, not very, but this boy is the 'ugly duckling' of the family, and everybody snubs him, they say he is so dull and stupid, and I think a little kindness will help him to assert himself. Then go to the poulterer's, and have a turkey or goose sent to these addresses."

"Oh, Aunt Mary," *exclaimed Ella, aghast,* "I daren't choose turkeys, I don't know anything about them."

"Stuff and nonsense, my dear!" replied her aunt, who had little pity on ignorance; "it is high time you learnt, then. You had better get a basket of nice hothouse fruit for the Miss Duquenes; they are as proud as princesses and as poor as church mice. I don't believe they get half enough to eat; you must manage to give them some money, somehow."

"Would postal orders do? I could post them in the town, and there is no need to put any name on them."

"Very well; they are nasty new-fangled things, but I suppose *you must* use them; there were no such things when I was young. And do not forget to go to Miss Alexander's as soon as you can. Dear me! I had no idea Christmas was so near; she ought to have had her order long ago."

"Is that the queer-looking little lady with blue spectacles?"

"Yes; she used to be a governess, but people think no one can teach children unless they have certificates and degrees now-a-days, and her eyesight failed too, so she has to live on a small annuity, but she can see to knit, and she likes to make a few things to sell when she can. You had better ask her to make a nice warm shawl for your mamma, and one of those nice little garments, boot-socks and overalls in one, for the Jenkins' baby; ten to one its mother is sending it out with hardly anything on its poor little legs, and its head and shoulders wrapped up like an Eskimo. You can look round and see if she seems to have anything else made ready, and buy a few little things."

Ella did not much like these vague and general orders; she would much rather have been told exactly how much to pay for each article, but she promised to do her best.

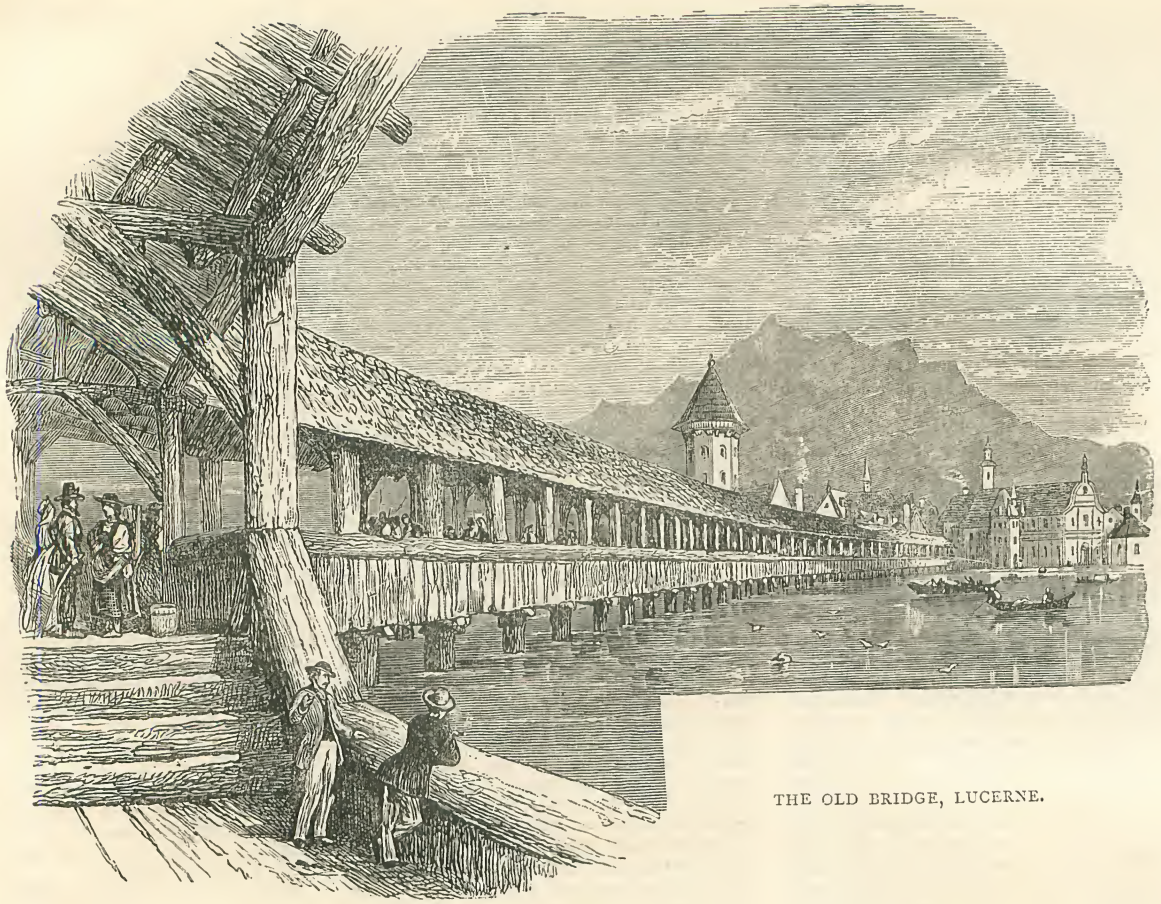
Mrs. Wilson's last commission was to call on an old gentleman, in feeble health, who had lost his money through the failure of a bank, and was now unable to procure any of the comforts which his failing health required; his only son had lately died, and the old man was now alone. The one relic of his past wealth was a store of beautiful old china, which it had been the happiness of his life to collect.

"You must go and call on him, Ella, and say that I want a piece of fine old china for a present, but I cannot go out myself to buy it, and cannot trust you, and I thought he might know of some one who is breaking up a collection. If so, will he kindly choose a piece and send me? Then you see, my dear, if he needs the money he can send me some of his own china."

Ella did not know old Mr. Dudley, and felt rather shy and embarrassed when she went to pay this call, and afraid of betraying her aunt's real intention; but he put her so much at her ease at once, that instead of running away directly she had delivered her message, she spent a long time with him admiring his treasures. His old-fashioned courtesy pleased Ella, and she readily promised to come again and tell him if her aunt was satisfied with his choice of china, for he had undertaken the commission, and Ella felt sure, from his manner, that he had understood Mrs. Wilson's real intention, and intended to avail himself of it.

Ella had to pay several visits to the town before all her shopping was finished; for there were presents to buy for the servants and nurse, and decorations for the kitchen, and the parcel of gifts for her own family to pack and send home; and all these matters took up so much time that Christmas Day dawned before she had time for any regrets.

(To be continued.)



THE OLD BRIDGE, LUCERNE.

OUR TOUR IN NORTH ITALY.

By TWO LONDON BACHELORS.

We are only a couple of young bachelors—almost "green"—but we enjoy life greatly and appreciate art when we see it, so on our savings we decided to see a bit of Italy, and the glorious paintings, buildings, and picturesque street-corners for which that country is so justly renowned.

We borrowed books from all our friends, and sought second-hand bookstalls for every conceivable authority, and a month before our day for starting we were so brimful of knowledge, that we decided to acquire no more, but to depend on what we had already achieved.

How tedious the days before the one memorable day which should see us off to Bâle, and how alarming a cold in the head, caught by one of us two days before the date! Would it develop into something too serious to travel upon? Surely, never did so simple an ailment command so careful a treatment or portend so formidable, or possibly formidable, a catastrophe! Breakfast in bed was the order of the last two mornings, and two visits from a doctor, who won golden opinions from the two jolly bachelors for prescribing change as the best medicine. He is a wise doctor, that Scotchman, and we will seek his counsel on other occasions—though not just at present, we trust.

We left Victoria Station on an April morning, being "seen off" by three kind friends, one of whom nearly lost his life by foolishly standing on the carriage step while the train steamed to the full extent of the platform. The risk our friend underwent only made us love him the more for his devotion to his chums; and, really, we would prefer to see no possible danger in such a friendly desire to prolong the last glimpse of such interesting worthies as ourselves.

We found the sea at Dover very blue, as usual, and very smooth, so that it was a very short passage to Calais, and we found considerable pleasure in re-reading Ruskin's reference to the fine old church tower. He says:—

"I cannot find words to express the intense pleasure I have always in first finding myself, after some prolonged stay in England, at the foot of the old tower of Calais church. The large neglect, the noble unsightliness of it; the record of its years written so visibly, yet without sign of weakness or decay; its stern wasteness and gloom, eaten away by the Channel winds, and overgrown with the bitter sea grasses; its slates and tiles all shaken and rent, and yet not falling; its desert of brickwork, full of bolts, and holes, and ugly fissures, and yet strong, like a bare brown rock; its carelessness of what any one thinks or feels about it, putting forth no claim, having no beauty, nor desirableness, pride, nor grace; yet neither asking for pity; not, as ruins are, useless and piteous, feebly or fondly garrulous of better days; but, useful still, going through its own daily work—as some old fisherman, beaten grey by storm, yet drawing his daily nets, so it stands, with no complaint about its past youth, in blanched and meagre massiveness and serviceableness, gathering human souls together underneath it; the sound of its bells for prayer still rolling through its rents; and the grey peak of it seen far across the sea, principal of the three that rise above the waste of surfy sand and hillocked shore—the lighthouse for life, and the belfry for labour, and this—for patience and praise.

"I cannot tell the half of the strange pleasures and thoughts that come about me at the sight of that old tower; for, in some sort, it is the epitome of all that makes the continent of Europe interesting, as opposed to new countries; and, above all, it completely expresses that agedness in the midst of active life which binds the old and the new into harmony. We in England have our new streets, our new inn, our green shaven lawn, and our piece of ruin emergent from it—a mere specimen of the middle ages put on a bit of velvet carpet to be shown; and which, but for its size, might as well be on a museum shelf at once, under cover:—but, on the Continent, the links are unbroken between the past and present; and, in such use as they can serve for, the grey-headed wrecks are suffered to stay with men; while, in unbroken line, the generations of spared buildings are seen succeeding, each in its place. And thus, in its largeness, in its permitted evidence of slow decline, in its poverty, in its absence of all pretence, of all show and care for outside aspect, that Calais tower has an infinite of symbolism in it, all the more striking because usually seen in contrast with English scenes expressive of feelings the exact reverse of these."

At Tergnier we alighted for dinner, being allowed twenty minutes for five courses and



dessert. But hunger of a violent kind prevented any unreasonable grumbling, and we fortified ourselves for a long night's journey. Of course, when our dinner had digested, we thought of all the horrors of midnight railway journeys, and remembered seeing the poor Curate of St. Pancras after the same journey into Switzerland a year or two ago. His head was plastered and bandaged, and he, poor fellow, looked a sorry pickle after the burglary and attempted murder, but was it not a splendid subject for a sermon when he found himself at Chamounix and able to preach! And did he not profit by the unusual opportunity! In thinking of this we each said our prayers quietly, when we fancied the other was not looking, and towards midnight we wound up our watches, which we understand are seldom remembered by travellers on night journeys.

At this stage of the narrative it seems highly desirable to describe ourselves, and we hasten to prove a total absence of any reluctance:

No. 1 is a slim youth just over twenty, with a delicate complexion and curly hair, but whose digestion is atrocious, frequently causing his normally amiable character to be tinged with viciousness, and

No. 2 is ten years older and the reverse of No. 1 in feature and figure, and also (alas!) in disposition, being crotchety and irritable whenever events turn out uncomfortably, as frequently happens when there are no members of the fair sex near to make the passage through life's waters smooth. He remembers, though would fain forget, some trifling difficulties in the matter of mending, button sewings, &c., which caused him to prove a less desirable companion than might otherwise have been expected.

FLÜELEN.

However, the two arrived safely at Bâle, and, after a matutinal bath in a slop basin at the station, and a very hot breakfast in two minutes in the refreshment room, proceeded direct to Lucerne, where they put up at the Swanen.

Old Haefeli always pretends the keenest interest in the latest arrival, so we were not surprised on the following day that our hotel bill was not less than usual. Of course, before leaving that lovely town we did the "lion" and the "lions" of the place, including the picturesque old bridge, with its numerous paintings of horrible subjects connected with the eventful lives of SS. Leodegar and Maurice, the patrons of Lucerne. But, although there seems to be no way of getting at the details of the story, thus primitively depicted, which evidently embraces old priests without heads and warriors worshipping the phenomenon, we admired the colouring and quaint drawings of the pictures.

The Rigi was partly covered with snow, so that it was impossible to get either on foot or by train higher than Kaltbad—and when once an official saw us attempting to walk through a likely field for a better view, warned us sternly against any such foolhardy attempt.

This was amusing, after the information contained in the Hotel Guide Book, which runs thus:—"Some daring ascensionists up the Rigi, only obstinate themselves to disdain the railway, and so *walk* up the mountain *on foot*."

Our run down to Weggis was exhausting from the speed with which it was done, but we soon found ourselves safely and comfortably ensconced at the hotel at Brunnen, where we intended to spend the night previous to proceeding by the St. Gothard into Italy.

En passant we might remark on the pleasure of the Lucerne Lake, "out of season." We were the only visitors in the hotel, and were treated with liberality in the matter of fare, and with unbounded courtesy and attention. Our walk through the village at night was grand from its loneliness and mystery. We have since been there in August, but, O! how different! We do not like brass bands and noisy German tourists.

Early next morning we went by steamer over the Lake of Flüelen, and were much struck with the view of this place from the distance—the quaint red steeple, and the little Swiss châlets looking so pretty against the huge mountains, which are here more striking than anywhere on the banks of the lake.

At Flüelen we continued our journey by the St. Gothard Railway, but by an unlucky chance we got into a compartment with an Italian professor of languages—a terrible nuisance—who was delighted at having an opportunity of improving his English pronunciation at our expense.

The older and wiser bachelor, realising that it was impossible to prevent our companion from chattering, determined to turn him to account, and commenced to ask questions in Italian, adding to his small store of knowledge of that language. But the younger bachelor, to whom the magnificent scenery was entirely new, would stand the worry no longer, and got into another compartment.

The scenery of the St. Gothard Pass, at once after leaving Flüelen, is magnificent to a degree. At every turn of the railway is presented a scene of snow mountains, of roaring torrents, and of towering precipices, which are so characteristic of this superb country.

At Geschenen the train stopped for about half-an-hour, so we got out and looked about us, and found, to our delight, the whole of this superb gorge enveloped in snow. The novelty of the sight proved so tempting that we resolved to see more of it, and ascend to Andermatt, some miles from Geschenen, thus sacrificing our railway tickets to Lugano.

We ordered a carriage at the station, and wrapping ourselves up well—for it was very cold—commenced our drive in right good spirits. Before starting we were joined by a tall, handsome Englishman, who, like ourselves, had not been able to resist the temptation of breaking his journey at Geschenen.

Shortly after leaving the station we entered the dreary Schöllenen defile, certainly one of the finest in all Switzerland. The road here is cut in the sides of huge granite rocks. At the base of the gorge rushes the foaming Reuss, tearing madly against the rocks, which try in vain to arrest its course. All the way from Geschenen to Andermatt the ascent is very steep—the road in some places being almost suspended over the Reuss. Of course, our progress was slow, as, in addition to the steepness of the road, we had to pass by (and sometimes through) huge snow drifts from twelve to twenty feet high. When we crossed the famous Devil's bridge it was covered with mist, produced by the spray from the neighbouring cataracts. The *old* Devil's bridge, a few feet below the new one, has been disused for many years, and is now covered with moss and lichens. After leaving these the road passes through a long tunnel (covered with icicles in the early spring) into the valley of Unseren, which No. 2 said was fertile in summer—but how different when we saw it! The pastures were covered with snow and ice, and so altered was the scene, that the younger bachelor (No. 1) thought he was beholding a huge lake snowed over.

Andermatt looked very pretty with its ancient Romanesque church and funny little white-washed châlets, and how glad we were to get there! famished with hunger, and fearfully cold, notwithstanding all our wrapping up! We drove to a smart-looking hotel, where we were received pleasantly.

After dinner the younger bachelor, who is of rather a foolhardy temperament, and is, or rather was, very green, was seized with a desire to immortalise himself by climbing a mountain unattended, by sleeping out in the snow, or doing something perfectly ridiculous. So, promising his friend he would be back again in a couple of hours (a compact which he never intended to keep, by the way), he marched out of the hotel already thinking himself a kind of hero. Coming back again in about three hours and a half, he related that he had gone past Hospenthal to some place on the old St. Gothard road, where he was suddenly stopped by the path being so covered with snow that farther progress was absolutely impossible. So, humbled and disappointed, he came quickly home to find his friend in a terrible state of mind at his lengthened absence. In the evening we had some music—for both bachelors are musical—the older having a baritone voice, and the younger playing the piano. How cold that night was! and how welcome was the great eider-down pillow, which is generally such a nuisance in continental hotels.

The next morning, after a hearty breakfast, we commenced our return journey to Geschenen; the driver, after leaving the tunnel and the snowdrifts, tearing down the defile at a most dangerous pace. At the station we took fresh tickets to Lugano, travelling third-class to make up for the extravagance of abandoning our former tickets, and then waited for the train which was to take us to Italy. Yes, to Italy, that wonderful country of which we had read so much, about which we had acquired so much information, and had been so longing to see for the last six months! The train, with its huge powerful engine, came slowly into the station, looking very important, as if it knew that it was conveying its passengers to the most famous country the world has ever seen.

The entrance to the great tunnel is within a few yards of Geschenen Station. When we consider that this is the longest tunnel in the world (from Geschenen to Airolo, nearly nine and a half miles), and that the rock which is pierced consists of such hard material as quartz and granitic gneiss, the work may well claim to be one of the great engineering feats of the century. The difficulty of supplying the workmen engaged on the boring of the tunnel with air, necessitated the building of huge air reservoirs (just outside Geschenen Station), which, in addition, were used for setting the boring machines into motion. The air was forced into these reservoirs by water supplied from the Reuss. The operations were commenced at both ends in 1872, under the auspices of M. Louis Favre. This great contractor, to whose industry and genius so much of the final success of the scheme was due, died of apoplexy whilst inspecting the tunnel, after seven years of unremitting labour and anxiety. The difficulties which poor Favre had to contend against were terrible, not the least of which were the crushing of the masonry, the striking of springs, and a riot among the workmen, which took place in 1875.

We were a little disappointed with the length of the tunnel, especially as we had heard that the boring alone had taken nearly eight years to accomplish. But travelling through a tunnel is not a very agreeable sensation, as passengers by the Underground Railway will know, so we were glad when the train emerged from the darkness and slowly wended its way past Airolo, the first Italian village on the south side of the St. Gothard. The scenery changes its character almost immediately on leaving the tunnel; for though it is still, of course, mountainous, with a roaring torrent, the Ticino, almost equal to the Reuss in its impetuousness, yet it is much more luxuriant than the Swiss side. Mulberry trees and vines gradually begin to appear, and the little church towers (called in Italian, Campanili) becoming more frequent as one goes south, greatly add to the picturesqueness of the landscape.

Here it may be as well to remind our girls that the Canton Ticino, though Italian in language, in scenery, in architecture, and, in fact, in all its characteristics, yet politically belongs to Switzerland.

After passing Faido the scenery becomes, if possible, more beautiful, and at Bellinzona, the capital of the Canton, we saw our *beau-ideal* of Italian landscape. From a distance especially Bellinzona is very striking, with its three castles and fine 16th century Abbey church; though when one approaches it more closely, like so many Italian towns, it is slightly disappointing.

As we approach Lugano, the mountains become less elevated, but the soil far more rich and fertile, and the olive and aloe, so characteristic of Italian landscape, are to be seen.

About an hour before reaching Lugano both of us began to feel unwell and very irritable from the continual travelling; the younger of us especially so, as he was rapidly developing an attack of his horrible complaint—indigestion.

On arriving at Lugano we drove in the Hotel Omnibus to the Hotel du Parc and ordered tea to be brought up into our room, after partaking of which we went to sleep until table d'hôte time. The dinner was, of course, the first we had tasted in Italy, and we cannot say that it impressed us favourably with Italian cooking. Everything was oily and rich, and suggested indigestion and biliousness. After dinner we strolled out of the hotel to get our impressions of the town of Lugano. The first thing we noticed was the beautiful Monte S. Salvatore, covered with verdure from base to summit;

and then we admired the charming position and great picturesqueness of Lugano. Viewed from near the lake, and looking back on to the town, the number and variety of the Campanili, the flat-roofed houses scattered near the lake, and the hills covered with foliage, presented a most delightful scene. With the lake itself we were disappointed, the mountains struck us as being rather uniform and uninteresting; the shape of the lake also is not so beautiful as that of either Como or Maggiore, as we afterwards ascertained.

The interior of the town, with its arcades and quaint shops, so thoroughly Italian, pleased us very much, and we experienced to the full that delightful sensation of wandering about in a foreign town on a fine evening just after sunset.

The Hotel du Parc, at which we stayed, was formerly a monastery, and contains some rather interesting rooms and corridors. Near to this hotel is a small church thoroughly unnoticeable from the outside; but which contains three frescoes by Luini, one of which, the Passion, is not only the masterpiece of the painter, but one of the finest and best preserved frescoes in existence. And here we may say a few words about fresco painting, which is such a marked feature in the Italian churches and buildings. We do so, because some people, even those who ought to know better, are in the habit of describing any wall-painting as a fresco; whereas so many of the wall-paintings, especially in Italy, are not frescoes at all, but distemper paintings on a dry surface. The real fresco consists of painting upon plaster, while it is wet. The piece of plaster which is to be painted upon must be only sufficient for a single day's work—any that is left over must be cut away, and a fresh piece added for the next day's work. This accounts for the strongly indented lines which are really the joins in the plaster work.

The fresco of the Passion before alluded to covers the chancel arch of the little church, and is divided into two complete sections, representing various scenes from the Passion. This arrangement, by the way, is not at all uncommon in early Italian frescoes, and, although it has been severely criticised, there is no doubt that it often lends great richness to the composition, though occasionally, from the number of subjects depicted, and the absence of sky and foreground, it makes the painting appear confused and over-crowded. The first thing that strikes one in the work, is three crosses in the largest scale of the picture, which stand out apart from the rest. On the lower section are seen the holy women mourning for our Lord, and Roman soldiers on horseback, the former painted with great beauty and pathos—on this row also are St. John and a very vigorous group representing the executioners casting lots for the garments. Above are depicted various stages of the Passion, and the unbelief of Thomas—this last containing a most beautiful and dignified representation of Christ. Above both rows, on either side of the fresco, are two scenes; one being the agony in the garden, and the other the Ascension. Beneath, between the arches supporting the fresco, are SS. Sebastian and Roch, the former as fine as anything in the picture.

As Luini's great work is the most northern fresco of any importance, and is generally the first seen by the visitor to Italy, it serves as a kind of introduction to the art which distinguishes that glorious land.

(To be continued.)

CHILD ISLAND.

A FAIRY TALE FOR YOUNGER GIRLS.

CHAPTER II.

JUST then the little hunting party came in sight, and some half dozen of them, seeing the queen crying, ran forward to learn what had happened.

"What is the matter?' cried Alphonse, running up breathless.

"What's the matter?" repeated the king, petulantly; "I daresay you care very much what's the matter; a pretty fellow you are to run off in that style. Here's Pepitia—the queen, I mean—fallen down and hurt herself."

"Oh, poor thing!" said Amanda to Sophia; "she has hurt her nose, I think."

"No, she hasn't hurt her nose, miss," said the queen, looking up from her velvet train, for she had lost her handkerchief, and was wiping her eyes on its satin lining; "and don't you call me 'thing' again, you saucy puss."

"Lor, you needn't be so cross, Missis Queen," rejoined Amanda, making a mock curtsey.

This retort produced a sharp altercation, in which several others readily joined, and a dozen young voices were to be heard all speaking at once. Their dispute, however, was not a very serious one, nor very difficult to arrange; so when they had all become good friends, and when the queen had left off crying, which she did on finding that her wounds extended no further than a grazed elbow, the king inquired what sport his companions had had.

"Oh, capital; look here!" replied Alphonse, showing a small ivory cage containing about a score of butterflies. "Aren't they beauties?"

The butterflies were unanimously pronounced to be fine ones, and the queen was expressing her admiration of them by a variety of exclamations, when a little boy pushed his way into the crowd, and said, "Oh! please queen, here's your crown; I found it among the bramble bushes."

"Dear me," said Pepitia, "I quite forgot my crown!"

"Why, I've lost mine too!" cried the king, clapping his hand to his head to feel for the crown, which ought to have been there but was not.

"I've got the king's crown! I've got the king's crown!" cried another little fellow, running up from the other side of the dell.

"What a bother the crowns are," said Philip.

"Well, suppose we don't wear them any more to-day," suggested the queen.

"No more we will," replied he; "and we had better take off our trains, for there is no running or doing anything in them, and then you won't go tumbling over yours, Pepitia; we will lay them down here, and we can put them on again when we are going home."

So the trains, crowns, ball, and sceptre were put together in the corner of the dell, and then the king and the queen were ready for a good game of play with the rest of the troop.

"Well, now, what shall we play at next? I'm tired of hunting butterflies," said Alphonse.

A little voice suggested "Hunt the slipper."

"Oh, yes! that's right; let's play at hunt the slipper," cried all the youngest, clapping their hands and jumping up and down.

"I don't care for hunt the slipper," objected Amanda.

"Besides, we have not got a slipper," said the queen, "and I'm sure none of you shall take your shoes off, or you will catch cold."

"I wish we had a slipper," whimpered a little voice.

At that moment there popped down amongst them, as if it had been thrown from some high tree, a high-heeled silver slipper, studded with rubies and emeralds.

"Oh!" screamed all of them, starting back and forming a circle around it, "where did that come from?"

"Isn't it a beauty!" said one.

"How it sparkles!" said another.

"Why don't you pick it up?" said Edmund, nudging the little Teresa, who stood next to him.

"I'm afraid," said she. "*It's* alive, isn't it?"

"No; it won't hurt you," replied he. "Pick it up."

Half afraid, Teresa crept cautiously forward, and, stooping down, reached out her hand to take up the treasure; but before she could touch it, it bounded up with such a spring as caused her to scream and run hastily back.

Then it jumped over Amanda's head, just tapped her on the shoulder, as much as to say, "Come, catch me," and was lying some dozen yards off on the other side of the group before any of them could have said "Peter Piper."

"I know what it is," cried Alphonse; "it's a fairy slipper. The fairy has sent it for us to play with."

"It's a fairy slipper! It's a fairy slipper!" they all cried. "Let's hunt the fairy slipper!"

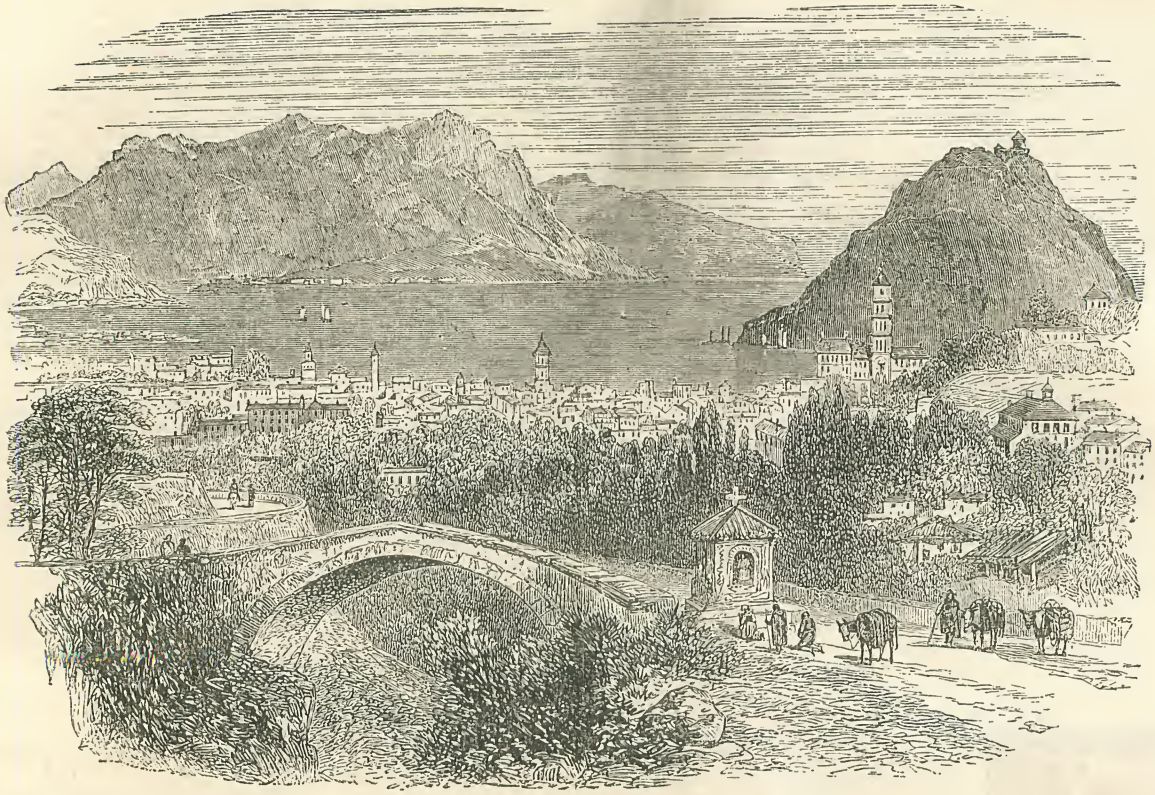
Off they started, the king and queen joining in the chase this time, and enjoying it, being without their crowns and trains. Master Edmund was foremost, but he overbalanced himself and lay sprawling on the ground, whilst the slipper jumped up into a tree. Philip and Alphonse, being the biggest boys, began immediately to climb up after it. But no sooner had Alphonse reached the bough where it was perched than it sprang off, rapped him on the nose, and slid down the opposite side of the tree, giving the king's leg a sharp kick as it passed by.

"Where has it gone?" cried the two, rapidly descending the tree.

"I don't know," was the general rejoinder, uttered in chorus.

"There it is!" cried Ernest, "hopping across the meadow."

The whole troop raised a loud shout, and scampered off after it, the biggest first, and the little ones running in the rear as fast as their short legs would carry them, and hallooing with the loudest. The slipper stood still till the foremost was within grasping length of it, when it gave a spring and got some yards in advance of the party, and then kept on hop, hop, hopping before them; yet, although it did not seem to hop very quickly, and although the young folks ran at the top of their speed, it always managed to keep at a



LUGANO. (*See page* 90.)

tantalising distance, so that none of them could catch it, leading them a fine dance, up hill and down dale, through hedges and across the stepping-stones of a little brook, where many a wet shoe and sock were the result of its pranks. At last, just as Edmund was about to lay hold of it—as he made sure to do—it bounded to the top of a high, steep bank, and commenced doing the toe and heel shuffle.

Well, it was a droll sight, certainly, to see that fairy slipper, with all its sparkling jewels, dancing such a merry jig. I suppose because it was so droll was the reason why the little folks laughed so loud, and clapped their hands and jumped about as if they were mad.

Some of the bigger boys began to climb the bank in pursuit of the shoe, whilst the little ones fancied they did a vast deal towards capturing it by shouting with all their might; the louder they shouted the quicker the shoe danced, and the quicker the shoe danced the more they clapped their hands and laughed.

Alphonse climbed up a break in the bank, and so got to the top of it, a little to one side of where the shoe was cutting its merry capers. He crept softly along until he got within arm's length of it, then he made a bold grasp and seized it by the heel; but he soon let it go again, for a sharp, tingling pain ran up his arm to his shoulder, making him roar out pretty loudly.

The slipper, as soon as it was released, spun round two or three times, then, planting its heel on the ground and pointing its toe in the air, it gave a spring and was out of sight in a moment.

"Where has it gone to?" was the cry of them all. They looked everywhere for it, but did not find it. They shouted in chorus, "Come back, fairy slipper, come back!" but no slipper came, and they were forced to go home to their pretty houses without having found it, much to the regret of little Teresa, who was near crying with vexation at having lost the sparkling plaything.

They were all tired by when they reached their homes, and some of the younger ones were very cross also, for their little legs were tired from chasing the slipper, and they began crying for their mammas, so that the poor Nomen had work enough to get them all to bed and soothe them to sleep.

Now I cannot tell you whether these little folks would have continued happy and contented on Child Island, and never have wished to leave it for any other place, if they had had their mothers and fathers with them. But not having them, there was something wanting, and by the end of three weeks, or thereabouts, they were all heartily tired of being away from home. Yet how to get back there was a difficulty that not even wise Master Alphonse could solve. They had no boat to take them from the island, and even if they had had one they would not have known how to manage it, nor in which direction to guide it, as they were quite ignorant of the whereabouts of Noviland.

So matters grew from worse to worse on the island, the elder children getting more discontented and the younger ones more fretful, when one day they were altogether on the lawn in front of the palace. The big ones were moodily walking about, plucking the flowers and listlessly pulling them to pieces, or throwing them away as soon as plucked; the little ones, cross as two sticks, as nurses sometimes say, were getting into all sorts of mischief. One had lost her shoe, and was whimpering because she could not find it; a little boy had had his finger stung by a bee, and was roaring lustily in consequence; Teresa had fallen full length, with arms all bare, into a bramble bush, where she lay moaning piteously.

"What are the children making that row for?" cried Philip, as cross as the crossest himself; "for half a pin I'd box all their ears. Now then, what's the matter with you, you little sniveller?" said he, catching hold of a fair-haired little fellow, who was blubbering his loudest, and who seemed bent on rubbing his eyes out by the way in which he was screwing his little fists into them.

"I—I—want my—ma—a, let—me—go—o—to—my—ma," said he, with a sob between each word.

"You can't go home to your ma, then," said Philip, sharply, giving the child a shake; but this, instead of quieting, only made him roar louder, and his example was soon followed by all the rest of his age, and then there was a dismal chorus, the burden of which was, "Ma, ma, ma."

"Oh! dear, dear me," cried Pepitia, in real distress, "what shall we do with these children? They'll drive me mad. I shall begin to cry myself if they don't leave off. I wish the good fairy would come and take us all home again!"

"Air balloon, air balloon!" shouted Alphonse, starting up from the grass, where he had been lying on his back during all this confusion, listlessly staring up to the sky.

This caused a sudden stop to the uproar, and the attention of all was directed towards the sky. The bigger children waved their handkerchiefs and shouted "Air balloon!" Some of the little ones joined in the cry, and so forgot their sorrows, but others resumed their sobbing, and would not care for balloons or anything else, but only wanted to go home to their mothers.

The balloon came sailing onwards, seeming to grow larger and larger the nearer it approached. Within its car sat the fairy Corianda. It slowly descended in front of the palace, and whilst it rested on the ground the

fairy stepped out; then it re-ascended and floated about in the air.

"Well, now! what is the matter with you all?" said the fairy, going among the children and soothing the afflicted ones. "Why are you all so sad and unhappy? Are you tired of being in this pretty island? and do you really want to go back to Noviland?"

"Yes, yes; please take us home again," they all cried. "We have been very happy here, but now we want to go home to our dear mammas and papas. Please do take us home!"

"Very well," said the fairy; "as you wish it you shall all be back in your own old homes to-morrow morning. So bid good-bye to Child Island, and don't cry any more."

Then the fairy waved her hand, and immediately a silvery mist surrounded them; the palace and the pretty houses became less and less distinct, until there was only a faint and shadowy outline of them; then the mist grew thicker, and each child became alarmed at finding itself separated from all its companions, and on striving to call out it could not. Thicker and thicker grew the mist until it was quite dark, and the children, parted from each other, were bewildered and knew not where they were.

Presently the mist gradually cleared away, and then, instead of Child Island and the pretty houses, each child found itself in its own bed at Noviland.

Eagerly that morning did they tell their fond parents of the good fairy and Child Island, of the beautiful palace and pretty houses, of the tiny musicians, the fairy slipper, and the strange Nomen. And as each little tongue prattled its pretty tale, the parents smiled and said to each other, "Truly our dear child has had a pleasant dream!"

But the children knew better; they knew there was a good fairy Corianda, and that she had taken them to her magic isle, called Child Island.

E. HUNTER.



THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE. (*See page* 90.)

SCHOOL LUNCHEONS.

By PHILLIS BROWNE, Author of "The Girl's Own Cookery Book."



THE school arrangements of the present day are rather awkward for people who are accustomed to take their meals at old-fashioned hours. When I was a girl we used to be at school at nine in the morning, leave at twelve-thirty, return at two-thirty, and leave again at four; and our home lessons were a mere trifle. We went home to dinner in the middle of the day, and there was no difficulty about "satisfying the keen demands of appetite." But sometimes it rained unexpectedly, and on these occasions fortune was kind to us. A few minutes before it was time to start for home there would be a knock at the door, and a neat little maid would appear bearing a basket, with a message from mother to the schoolmistress, begging that we might be allowed to take dinner in the schoolroom. Who can describe the delights of the feast? On the table generally used for slates and copy-books the basket was solemnly opened. We never knew what was coming, but it was certain to be good, and, best of all, it was certain to be a surprise. First there was the snowy napkin which was to serve as a table-cloth, then were the treasures underneath. The glory of the experience came, however, when plates and food were packed away, for then a "little recreation" was considered necessary before lessons were resumed; and the "recreation," as a rule, resolved itself into taking flying leaps over forms piled in extraordinary positions one on the top of another, or alongside each other. I am afraid it is not a very dignified confession for an elderly matron to make, but those impromptu gymnastics on forms are amongst the most delightful recollections of my childhood. The little girls of the present day practise calisthenics, and perform wonderful feats with ropes and giant strides; I hope they know something of the delight we used to get out of our deftly-arranged forms.

As I have already said, however, afternoon school is a thing unknown to the majority of the fortunate girls who attend our high schools and collegiate establishments. According to present arrangements girls reach school at half-past nine, and they remain till half-past one, having an interval of half an hour between eleven and twelve for rest and refreshment. Then the pupils separate, and the elder ones go home with any amount of "home work" to prepare, while the younger ones remain at school to learn their home lessons with the assistance of the teachers. It is with the necessities of these young ones who remain that I am just now concerned. Very often dinner is provided for them at the school, and a few partake of it there under the superintendence of a teacher who is told off for the duty. It is my experience, however, that only a small proportion of the whole number of those who stay avail themselves of this opportunity. Either the price charged is too high, or conversation is too much restricted, or from some other reason girls for the most part prefer to bring food with them "for luncheon," and postpone a proper meal until they reach home.

Now it is a very bad thing for growing girls to go so long without a proper meal. Supposing they have to be at school by half-past nine, it is not unsafe to conclude that this means that breakfast is taken about half-past eight, if not earlier. Leaving school at four or half-past, it will not be likely that dinner, or the "meat tea," can be enjoyed before half-past five. This long fast, broken only by eating an unsatisfactory "snatch" of one sort or another, is likely to be very injurious to health. Brain-workers need really to be better fed even than those who work with their hands, because brain-work is exceedingly exhausting. If it could be arranged that there should be half an hour's rest after food, so that study should not interfere with the process of digestion, why should not the "growing students" take a substantial luncheon with them, and partake of it when the morning lessons are over? Really this could be very easily managed. It only needs that there should be a little forethought on the part of the home authorities; that sufficient change of diet should be provided; that the luncheons should be freshly prepared day by day; and that a convenient receptacle for conveying it backwards and forwards should be procured; then every difficulty which could be urged against the plan would be conquered. Added to this there is the fact that children almost always enjoy food which is prepared for them at home more than they enjoy food prepared by strangers; as a regular thing, that is. There are to be bought now-a-days very handy little tin sandwich cases with sides which fold down when empty, and so occupy very little space. A good deal may be carried in one of these tins, and it can be stowed away when done with in a corner of the book bag, and the weight will scarcely be felt. Better still is one of the small luncheon baskets which are to be seen in every fancy shop, and which cost but a few pence. A basket three inches deep, three inches wide, and six inches in length, could be made to hide away a most diversified repast. A knife and fork, with a single plate could be slipped into a strap in the lid, and there would be room also for a tiny flask, whatever solid refreshment was decided on, and also one of those dainty delicacies which serve to give piquancy and attractiveness to a luncheon. There is no occasion to limit a meal of this sort to sandwiches. Sandwiches are excellent when well made, and they can be varied to any extent, but when indulged in day after day, and week after week, they become monotonous.

If, however, sandwiches are to preserve their charm they ought not to appear more than once a week, and they ought not to be made of similar materials twice in two months. A sandwich is never so much appreciated as when it is a surprise, and it certainly lends itself to surprises more than any other preparation that can be named. There is no end to the ingredients, the combinations, the appetising morsels which can be introduced into a sandwich. Every sort of meat—tinned, potted, and preserved, roast, boiled, and stewed; every kind of fish, flesh, and fowl, can be used for it; while cheese, tomatoes, hard boiled eggs, curries, and green stuff may be employed to lay between the thin slices of bread and butter which form its distinguishing feature. To make sandwiches good, all that is necessary is to bestow a little pains upon them. Let the bread be only one day old, the butter sweet and delicious, the meat cut up small, and the seasoning be judiciously and intelligently introduced, and there is practically no limit to the welcome changes of diet which may be presented under the general term—sandwiches. Beef sandwiches, ham sandwiches, veal and ham sandwiches, bacon, mutton, or game sandwiches, chicken sandwiches, sandwiches made of anchovy and hard boiled eggs, of curried rabbit and Parmesan, of curried shell-fish and Parmesan, of small salad, of sliced tomatoes, of mushrooms, of roast fowl, lettuce and filleted anchovies, of roast game, shred celery and Tartare sauce, of cooked fish, lettuce leaves and Tartare sauce, of cold meat and thinly sliced cucumber or gherkins, of roast game, tongue and aspic jelly, of the flesh of lobster and mayonnaise, of hard boiled eggs and a very thin sprinkle of finely shred tarragon, of potted hare, potted ham, or any potted meat, of cheese, of devilled ham, of cold asparagus, with a suspicion of mayonnaise, of brawn, of shrimps, of foie gras, of German sausage or caviare and brown bread and butter, are a few varieties which may serve to suggest others.

Tinned meats of all descriptions are much approved and largely patronised by individuals who pride themselves on their capacity for "putting up a bit of luncheon in half a minute." Tinned meats are all very well for a change, no one values them in their proper place more than I do, but it should be understood that they are abused when they are employed constantly. For growing girls who are using their brains fresh food is imperatively required, and one of the chief reasons why these luncheons are to be recommended is that they afford a means of furnishing wholesome and nourishing provision. Yet it must not be forgotten that when fresh meat is not to be had, tinned provisions are to be accepted with gratitude; and it is always wise, therefore, to keep a supply on hand.

Trifles made of pastry are always acceptable for occasions of the kind named. Small meat pies, if nicely made, are both appetising and wholesome; the great point to be observed with regard to them is that they should not be dry. Yet it is evident that if liquid gravy were put into them, accidents might be expected, and therefore gravy which will jelly when cold should always be provided, and poured in when hot through a hole left in the pastry for the purpose. Small meat pies can be made of every sort of meat, poultry, and game, the chief detail to be looked after being the seasoning. In making trifles of this sort, girls should not forget that nothing is more effectual in preventing insipidity than a tiny scrap of onion. "Yet onion is objectionable to many people." Of course it is when introduced in large quantities or in large pieces, but if used in very small quantities, and chopped until it is fine as dust, then sprinkled over the meat, it would dissolve entirely, few would suspect that onion was present, and yet there would be no danger that the pie would be tasteless. A little piece of onion the size of a thumb-nail, chopped as small as possible, would be sufficient to flavour two small meat pies four inches in diameter. And a pie this size would be quite large enough for a purpose such as this.

Some time ago I gave a few hints as to the best method of making raised pies, therefore I do not need to repeat them now. I may remind girls, however, that one encouragement connected with the attempt is that small pies are much more easy to make than large

pies, and that there is small fear of failure in connection with them. Equally acceptable will be meat patties, Cornish pasties, mushroom pies, sausage rolls, &c. Hard boiled eggs, too, are much liked by some people, and if fresh when cooked, they make an agreeable change. It is scarcely necessary to say that one or two slices from the breast of a chicken or duck will always be welcome on an occasion of this sort, if pains be taken to keep these meats from getting dry.

To an impromptu meal of this kind a simple "sweet" forms a most agreeable conclusion, and really, when one comes to experiment in this direction, it is astonishing what a variety of luxuries can be cooked and conveyed in a cup or small basin, holding little more than half a pint. Perhaps it may be helpful if I give recipes for a few of these trifles. Before doing so I should like to suggest that in packing the luncheon basket a little fruit, fresh or dried, should not be omitted. Fruit is not only agreeable; it is, when taken in moderation, most wholesome. It cannot be regarded as particularly nourishing, but it is very cooling and refreshing, it assists digestion, and it possesses in a high degree the power of counteracting any harm which may arise from the use of preserved and tinned meats. It is almost inevitable that when school luncheons are provided for any length of time, preserved provisions will enter rather largely into their preparation. When preserved provisions are taken there is always a little danger of skin complications, and fresh fruit is the antidote for this condition. Therefore fresh fruit should on no account be disregarded. When fresh fruit cannot be had, dried fruits, such as raisins, figs, dates, and French plums, are almost as valuable, and they are more nourishing. Raisins, indeed, are most sustaining, and a celebrated physician said recently that when he expected to have any specially exhausting work on hand, he took a bunch of muscatels and found they did him more good than a glass of wine. It is not at all an uncommon thing also for parents who are anxious lest their daughters should become faint and weary, through going too long without food, and who cannot arrange to provide them with a well-packed luncheon basket, to make them form a habit of putting a large bunch of table raisins into their pockets, with the intention that these should be nibbled during what is called the interval, that is, the short period of rest which is allowed at most schools during the morning. The fruit thus enjoyed proves most invigorating. To gain the full benefit which belongs to raisins it is necessary that the skin and seeds should be rejected, because they are indigestible, and are apt to produce disorders of the bowels, while the ripe luscious pulp is free from these dangers. It would be well if parents could be convinced what a valuable food the raisin is. As for dates, their nutritive value is shown by the fact that they form the chief food of the Arabs; while prunes and figs are used for their laxative tendency. Compotes of all sorts of fruits and stewed Normandy pippins may be easily introduced into the luncheon basket, if put into a wide-mouthed, well stoppered bottle.

Now for two or three recipes:—

Baked Custard Cup.—Boil the third of a pint of milk and pour it upon a beaten egg. Add sugar and a little flavouring, turn the preparation into a buttered cup, and set it in the oven in a shallow tin filled with boiling water. Let it bake gently till firm; then take it out, and when cold pack it in the basket. A couple of tablespoonfuls of stewed fruit put into a small bottle is an excellent accompaniment to this cup.

Cabinet Cup Pudding.—Soak a teaspoonful of gelatine in a dessertspoonful of water. Make a little custard as above, with the third of a pint of milk and one egg. Prepare a small mould by plunging it first into hot water, afterwards into cold water. Take two savoy fingers and four ratafias. Split the savoys in half and place them perpendicularly round the mould to line it; break up the ratafias and put them also in the mould. Dissolve the gelatine, stir it, when cool, into the sweetened and flavoured custard, and pour this gently over the cakes. The mould should be turned out for eating.

Rice Cup.—Press warm rice, boiled with milk till well soaked and stiff, into a buttered cup. Fruit syrup, stewed fruit, or sugar will be suitable as an accompaniment. Ground rice, boiled in milk and mixed with a teaspoonful of dissolved gelatine, makes a good rice cup.

Apple Mould.—Soak a small teaspoonful of gelatine in a dessertspoonful of water. Pare a couple of good sized baking apples; core them, cut them into quarters, and put them, with a small strip of thin lemon-rind, into a gallipot. Set this (covered) in a small stewpan, with boiling water to come half-way up the jar, and let the apples steam until they fall. Lift out the lemon-rind and sweeten the apples. Dissolve the gelatine, beat it up with the fruit, add a lump of sugar and one or two drops of cochineal, and turn the preparation into a damp cup. When cold and stiff it is ready.

Coffee Mould.—Soak a teaspoonful of gelatine. Dissolve this and stir it into a third of a pint of very strong, clear coffee. Boil for a minute or two; add sugar, and, when cool, a little cream. Put the preparation into a damp cup. One or two drops of vanilla may be added if approved.

Apricot Mould.—Soak a teaspoonful of gelatine. Take two halves of apricot out of a tin of the preserved fruit. Crush them to pulp with the back of a spoon, and mix with them three-quarters of a cupful of cream or milk. Add sugar to taste. Dissolve the gelatine, mix it, when cool, with the apricot, and mould when cold.

Apple Custard.—Bake a large apple, remove the skin and core, and beat the pulp with sugar and a squeeze of lemon-juice. Pour the third of a pint of boiling milk upon one egg, add one lump of sugar. Put the apple into a cup, pour the custard over, and set in a small baking-tin half full of boiling water, to bake till the custard is firm in the centre.

Bread Cup Puddings.—Soak one or two scraps of stale bread in milk to soften them entirely. Beat them with a fork to a smooth, soft pulp, add a slice of butter, a spoonful of moist sugar, a little vanilla essence, a few currants, and one beaten egg. Three parts fill a buttered cup with the mixture, and bake till firm.

A little well-flavoured jelly, broken up and put into a cup, will always be a welcome addition to a repast of this description. The same may be said of tartlets, turnovers, cakes of all descriptions, lemon cheesecakes, &c. Fruit juice, sweetened agreeably and firmed with a spoonful of dissolved gelatine, supplies a very delicious sweet. When a pudding, cream, or tart is being made for the family, it is very easy to take out a portion and cook it separately in a small glass or jar, to be used for the school luncheon next day. Some girls would enjoy a morsel of cheese and a sea-foam biscuit as a relish. A little trouble spent is well worth while. We should not hear half so many complaints about over-study and over-pressure, if girls attending school had a good luncheon in the middle of the day; and before mothers and elder sisters make up their minds that a girl is doing too many lessons, and that the teacher must be asked to excuse a portion thereof, they ought to consider whether they are doing all that is possible to furnish the young student with food which will give her strength to make the most of the precious opportunities for improvement which will be gone all too soon.

One important detail connected with school luncheons must not be forgotten. It is that the luncheon-basket or sandwich-tin must be kept sweet and pure. It ought to be scrubbed out frequently, and every day as soon as it is brought home it should be emptied, cleansed, and put, wide open, in an airy place, to prevent its becoming close and musty. If crumbs or little pieces of fat are allowed to work their way into the crevices, they will surely impart an unpleasant, stuffy odour to the food which is put into the basket afterwards, and the annoyance will not easily be got rid of. Unless scrupulous cleanliness be observed in everything connected with the preparation of food, delicacy and refinement must be regarded as entirely out of the question.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PINEAPPLE.—An ordinary afternoon garden and tennis party might be held in September if the weather were fine.

GILLESPIE.—Most stationers keep very pretty *menu* cards now, which can be filled in by hand with the names of the guests and the dishes.

X. Y. Z.—Press the flowers in blotting-paper, which should be frequently changed.

REXIE.—We are much obliged for your impromptu verses on the G. O. P., and for your good wishes also.

RAY MAJENDIE.—The warts may be touched with a stick of lunar caustic. You had better get a doctor to do it if they be very bad. The 8th July, 1867, was a Monday.

K. T. S.—The digestion is weak and the circulation is affected. You should consult a doctor about it.

POMPS AND VANITIES.—The maidenhair fern was probably chilled in some way; it needs warmth and dampness. Your education should be quite completed before you think of society and its distractions. When you are twenty (about) will be time enough. Do not write to us again on blue paper with blue ink, please.

ASPHODEL.—We sympathise much with you, but we cannot advise you to have anything done to your face. The result is generally a bad scar. Use a little harmless powder (magnesia), and try to forget it as much as possible, and fix your thoughts on better things.

A. WALTERS.—The passion-flower bears that name on account of its several characteristics, which, combined together, seem to symbolise the following appliances and circumstances connected with our Lord's death and passion. The leaves, the spear; the tendrils, the cords with which He was scourged and bound; the ten petals, the ten apostles who deserted Him; the central pillar, the cross; the stamens, the hammers; the styles, the nails; the inner circle round the central pillar, the crown of thorns; the radius round it, the nimbus of glory; the white in the flower, an emblem of innocence and purity; the blue, a type of heaven. The fact that it remains open three days and then dies, denotes the death, burial, and resurrection of the Lord. We partly copy from the *Watchword*.

LILIAN VAUGHAN.—The Editor of the G. O. P. has nothing to do with the publishing department of the Religious Tract Society. Write to Mr. Tarn.

EBNOCNUB.—The term "bumpkin" is of Dutch origin, taken from the word *boomken*, meaning "a sprout," "a fool." It signifies a loutish person, and is applied to a country clown, not a woman.

CHERRY PIE.—A good run over the downs, or a canter on a donkey, not only circulates the blood, but make the lungs work well. But you should beware of cooling quickly afterwards, and of sitting in a draughty or windy place.

FLORENCE.—As the swelling in your hands is constitutional, your general health needs very strict attention, as there must be a good deal amiss. You should live generously, eat heat-making food, take a tonic of a preparation of iron, and wear woollen undergarments next the skin.

MRS. SWEET tells us she has "asked most important things," which, alas! we seem to have overlooked, and certainly have forgotten. We are very sorry, dear little Mrs. Sweet-tooth, and are glad that your kind pa and ma "like your writing and think it has improved." Try to remember that you must not steal an "e" from the poor little word "please." We shall be glad to hear from our small friend again, and hope that her next letter will not be so long in turning up to the top of our great mountain of letters.

LOCHABER.—Dante was unquestionably greater as a poet and man of genius than Goethe; but we could not draw such a comparison between the lady novelists you name; their styles were very different and equally meritorious.

FELIX.—You had better apply to the editor of *Parodies*, care of Messrs. Reeves and Turner, Strand, London, W.C., as we have not leisure to make the search for you.

S. F. S. T. C.—It is quite natural and harmless to appreciate the regard and love of those around you. If kind and true and helpful to them, and you maintain your own self-respect in all your words and actions, they must value and respect you. Your writing is good. It is inexpedient to repeat the impertinent assertions of those who have not sufficient powers of discernment between the painstaking replies to our thousands of correspondents and what they are pleased to designate "a hoax."

DAISY LAYLOR.—Lettuce leaves can only serve as a *pis aller*, or "makeshift" as food for caterpillars before the mulberry leaves come out, just to save them from starvation; but the latter is their natural and proper food, and yours are probably dying from want of them.

G. D. C.—You should write to some of the great shipping firms owning passenger vessels for all such particulars. Rules and terms vary a good deal, and to give those of one firm would not enlighten you in reference to others. You ought to understand the duties of a lady's-maid, and be a good sailor.

NAUGHTY ONE should ask her music teacher whether she should continue her practising during the visit or whether she would prefer her to desist for a time. Give her the option; politeness demands it.

BRIGTON.—Your verses show a good deal of poetic feeling, although without any special indication of originality of thought. The verses entitled "Morning" ought to have rhymes, as it is not blank verse. You ought to study the rules of metrical composition before putting your thoughts into metre. This is as essential to the construction of verse, as to be acquainted with those of harmony or counterpoint, before attempting to compose music.

NELLIE P.—We do not know of any hospital specially instituted for the cure of chronic indigestion. Probably the best cure for you would be found in treatment at certain mineral baths. On this point you should obtain medical advice. Those of Vichy (France) or Carlsbad (Bohemia), Aix-la-Chapelle, or some of our own, might be suitable for you. But we could not venture to prescribe, neither knowing you nor being doctors.

MARY KINGSLEY.—1. The people of God in all ages, before and after the commencement of the Christian Era, form one great brotherhood, sharing the same interests, fighting the same "fight of faith," one in hope, in aim, and in spiritual sympathy, as children of the same Divine Father. Thus, they are in communion one with another, and there is really an unbroken bond of union between those who have gone before, and those still waiting here. 2. Persons who tell characters from handwriting advertise.

INQUISITIVE ONE.—1. Soap spoils sponges. Even clean water should be well squeezed out of them, and then they can be cleaned with sponge powder, obtained from a chemist. Dry toothbrushes thoroughly, and place them in the tray made for them. A little soda or bran in the water will soften it. 2. Your writing is good, but you should learn to write in straight lines.

SISSIE B.—It is your duty to speak to your father about your brother of twelve, who runs away for whole days up till past midnight, smokes, and gets into bad company. He ought to be sent to a boarding school, or else apprenticed at once, or he will go to ruin. His example is ruining his brothers. Tell your father that if you could manage them you would neither complain of chance acts of insubordination nor of the trouble you willingly take with them; but, as you find you have no control over them, you must tell him so before they are ruined.

INQUISITIVE.—The average duration of human life is increasing to the extent of five per cent., or more than two years, since the computation made in Dr. Farr's life tables. The duration of life amongst women has increased to a greater degree than that of men, and this may be attributed to the greater attention paid to hygienic principles and the new discoveries made in this direction.

LILY OF THE VALLEY.—Surround the plants with a circle of lime, and water them with tobacco-juice. The latter must, of course, be well washed before use. Handwriting not formed.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER.—No, Robert Raikes was the originator of the present organised system which obtains in England, and the idea originated in his work amongst the criminals in prison, their early religious instruction appearing to him the best preventive measure towards ensuring their never becoming so fallen. But the Sunday instruction of children dates back to about the year 1580, Cardinal St. Charles Borromeo having introduced it at Milan, and in the following century (1693) his example was followed by the Rev. Joseph Alleine; by the Rev. David Blair, at Brechin, in about the year 1760. Then followed the Rev. Theodore Lindsey, at Catterick, Yorkshire, about three years later; and, lastly, and with a more perfect organisation, Robert Raikes, the printer of Gloucester, with the co-operation of the Rev. Thomas Stock, some seventeen years later. The Sunday School Union was founded nine years before his death, in 1802.

SUNSHADE.—To work a flower upon a sunshade, you must unpick the material from the frame sufficiently to iron the embroidery on the wrong side when finished, otherwise the work will look pulled. We should recommend white flowers, such as large daisies and Japanese anemones. The sun fades coloured silks when worked in exposed places, and white will always combine well with any other part of the dress.

MARGUERITA.—As you have left home to support yourself, you are no longer chaperoned by your mother, and your position is quite changed. You must now have a card to yourself, and if the persons on whom you call be out, you may leave one or more as needed; but if your friends be at home, do not on any account leave cards, but, if at home to you, go in and see them.



ENGROSSED.

MACRAME.—1. The rose-leaves designed for drying must be gathered on a dry hot day and laid in the sun until they have shrivelled. They should be placed in jars with dried lavender, cloves, woodruff leaves, orris-root, musk, pimento, and gums; a little salt must be added, and the ingredients stirred. 2. To prevent gnats from biting, bathe the face, neck, and hands with vinegar and water before going into the garden or under trees, or near water, and before going to bed. Shut the windows early, and destroy all that settle upon them. Put your candle outside the door, which should be left partially open, while undressing, and shut the door quickly when you take in the candle. Ammonia cures the irritation of gnat and mosquito bites.

ALTOUR.—A man has the power of leaving all his property, that is not settled on his children nor entailed, to his wife, and may likewise give her the power of appointment, which means that she may give or leave it to the children in unequal proportion—a shilling to one and all the rest of the property to another—just as they may deserve to be treated. When any of the children are undutiful and likely to give the widow trouble, this placing her in his own position gives her the needed power over the unruly. Should a man die intestate, the widow is entitled to a third of his property, and the remainder goes to the children in equal shares.

LOUISE.—Moths usually come from damp. Keep woollen materials and furs in a dry place (in a cedar trunk, if you have one), and lay camphor between the folds of the former. Take the woollen cloths out occasionally and shake them well.

FORGET-ME-NOT should remain at school till eighteen, if her parents can afford it. In any case, she has much to learn at home before her education will be completed—household economy, nursing, cookery, and every branch comprised in perfecting herself as a mother's help at home, the sweetest occupation in life!

COMME TOUJOURS.—1. The books of Esdras are apocryphal; the books of Ezra and Nehemiah are inspired, and are included in the canonical Scriptures. 2. Under Edward VI., a confession of faith was drawn up by Cranmer and Ridley, 1551, approved by the king and a commission of divines, which was published in forty-two articles, but was not approved by convocation, and a new confession was drawn up by Archbishop Parker, under Elizabeth, when some articles were rejected, and the whole was composed of thirty-nine.

COLLEEN.—Your verses show some promise; but we do not see why the supposed kiss of the "Christ Child" should have proved death to the baby. If one publisher declines taking your book, try another. Literature is a trying profession, full of disappointments; yet first books are not always failures. Write what is useful, and on ground little occupied by others.

JACKY and CHARLEY.—Have you no feeling of self-respect and maidenly reserve? or is your letter a feeble attempt at a dull joke? The first question you ask is very silly indeed. What makes anyone's hair curl? Either nature in flattened formation of each tube, or the use of curling-paper or hot irons.

M. F. F.—Use tweezers, and accept our good wishes for your success.

GRATEFUL ALICE.—Anyone on a visit only, or in the employment of the proprietor of a house in which he or she resides, should have their letters addressed first to themselves, and underneath their own name should be that of the owner of the house—their host or hostess, master or mistress. Under a guest's name you should write "care of So-and-so," and under a servant's name "At John Robinson's Esq.," or "At Mrs. John Robinson's." You write a pretty hand, and your letter does you credit.

F. H. EDWARDS.—1. Our Blessed Lord was about thirty years of age when His ministry began. See St. Luke iii. 23. The general opinion as to the duration of that ministry has undergone some change. It was supposed to have been about three years, but we believe that the learned are now inclined to think that it was somewhat longer. It would be more reverent to say "the Lord Jesus." 2. We advise you to place your steel engraving in the hands of a skilful picture-restorer.

FLORENCE.—Your first business should be to complete your English education. Learn geography, and study maps thoroughly; study English grammar, and learn the first three rules in arithmetic; also read some good English history; over and above, any study of harmony or mere accomplishments. Our girls do not seem to reflect on the labour entailed on the Editor, and the time he has to give up in judging between, as well as reading, some four or five thousand competition papers.

CECMAC should consult a dentist, and avoid wet feet, as the least dampness of the feet affects the teeth.

MARY KENDAL should read Bishop Mant's "Happiness of the Blest," and should also consult some clergyman for advice. Her questions are not suitable to our columns, which are not intended for controversy.

APPLE BLOSSOM.—If you be a steady quiet girl, we should advise you to choose the Civil Service.

HERALDRY.—The crest is a dragon's or wyvern's head, erased. The dragon is very common in heraldry. It is supposed to have been brought into England by the Teutonic knights, who have migrated here. It did not originate in England.

BESSIE.—St. Hilda founded her double house for nuns and monks at Streoneshalk in 657 A.D. In 867 the Danes burnt her abbey, and changed the name to Whitby, or Priest-by (white, or priest's house). The abbey was refounded, for monks only, under the Benedictine rule, in 1073, by William de Percy. The nuns in Scott's "Marmion" are mythical ones. The Ammonites of the Scar are said to be headless snakes turned into a coat of stone by St. Hilda's prayers.

IVY.—The Lord Chancellor's office is at the House of Lords. There is a private secretary, a permanent secretary, and a secretary of commissions and of presentations. Letters should be addressed as above.

MARGUERITE.—1. The name "Epipsychidion," given by Shelley to a poem, is a diminutive for "Epipsyche," "on the soul." If so, it means "a little thing" (whether poem or essay) "on the soul." Your second question has been many times answered. 2. Read "Dinners in Society," page 314, vol. ii., and "The Habits of Polite Society," page 162, vol. iii. Never, under any pretext, put a knife to your mouth. Cut a small piece of bread and place the cheese on it, and convey it thus.

ROSE WALNUT.—In addressing an archdeacon, you should say Mr. Archdeacon ——; that is his proper title and style. You say, "which is the most fashionable hand-writing," etc., but do not name those to which you refer. It should be small, roundish (without angles), without spidery tails and flourishes; and it should slope from right to left.

READER OF THE G.O.P.—We regret we cannot help you. We suppose you must apprentice your daughter in the usual way.

PORTIA.—The use of curling-irons is likely to dry and wither the hair. Many burn the hair in using them. The "oe" in Goethe should be pronounced as the French word, *mœurs*. Our English letters would not produce the sound.



VOL. VIII.—No. 359. NOVEMBER 13, 1886. PRICE ONE PENNY.

A DAISY.

By CLARA THWAITES, Author of "Songs for Labour and Leisure."

Be like the Daisy,
Sweet maid. Behold
How glorious within
Her heart of gold!

Be like the Daisy,
In shine or shade,
In summer or winter,
Courageous maid!

Be like the Daisy,
Simple and true,
Looking straight upward,
Up to the blue.

Lift thy head buoyantly
After the rain,
After adversity
Spring up again!

Seek not pre-eminence,
Look not for praise;
Safe and most blessèd
Are humbler ways.

From lowly sisters
Dwell not apart,
Keep through all splendour
Thy Daisy heart.

When in heaven's garden
Thy leaves unfold,
Thine be white raiment—
A crown of gold!

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"LIFT THY HEAD BUOYANTLY AFTER THE RAIN."

MERLE'S CRUSADE.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Aunt Diana," "For Lilias," etc.

CHAPTER VI.

WHEELER'S FARM.

AFTER all, the difficulties were like Bunyan's chained lions—they did not touch me. How true it is that "one-half our cares and woes exist but in our thoughts." I had predicted for myself all manner of obstacles and troubles, and was astonished to find how smoothly and easily the days glided by.

From the beginning I had found favour in my mistress's eyes, and Mrs. Garnett had also expressed herself in warm terms of approbation. "Miss Fenton was a nice, proper young lady who gave herself no airs, and was not above her duties; and Master Reggie was already as good as gold with her." This was Mrs. Garnett's opinion; and as she was a great authority in the household, I soon experienced the benefit of her goodwill.

With the exception of Hannah, who generally called me "nurse" or "miss," I was "Miss Fenton" with the rest of the household; even the tall housemaid, Rhoda, who had charge of our rooms, invariably addressed me by that name.

Mrs. Garnett generally prefaced her remarks with "My dear." I found out afterwards that she was the widow of a merchant captain, and a little above her position; but Anderson, the butler, and Simon and Charles, the footmen, and Travers, Mrs. Morton's maid, always accosted me by the name of Miss Fenton; but I had very little to do with any of them—just a civil good-morning as I passed through the hall with the children. The messages to the nursery were always brought by Rhoda; and though Mrs. Garnett and Travers sometimes came in for a few minutes' gossip, I never permitted the least familiarity on Travers's part, and to do her justice she never gave me any cause for offence. She was a superior person, devoted to her mistress, and as she and Anderson had been engaged for years, she had almost the staid manners of a married woman.

I soon became used to my new duties, and our daily routine was perfectly simple; early rising was never a hardship to me—I was too strong and healthy to mind it in the least. Hannah lighted the fire, that the room should be warm for the children, and brought me a cup of tea. At first I protested against such an unusual indulgence, but as Hannah persisted that nurse always had her cup of tea, I submitted to the innovation.

Dressing the children was merely play-work to me, with Hannah to assist in emptying and filling the baths. When breakfast was over, and Joyce and I had cleaned and fed the canaries, and attended to the flowers, Hannah got the perambulator ready, and we went into the Park or Kensington Gardens.

Joyce generally paid a visit to her mother's dressing-room before this, and on our way out baby was taken in for a few minutes in his little velvet pelisse and hat. We generally found Mrs. Morton reading her letters while Travers brushed out her hair and arranged it for the day. She used to look up so brightly when she saw us, and such a lovely colour would come into her face at the sight of her boy, but she never kept him long. "Be quick, Travers," she would say, putting the child in my arms. "I can hear your master's footsteps on the stairs, and he will be waiting for me." And then she kissed her hand to the children, and took up her letters again; but sometimes I caught a stifled sigh as we went out, as though the day's work was distasteful to her, and she would willingly have changed places with me.

On our return the children had their noonday sleep, and Hannah and I busied ourselves with our sewing until they woke up, and then the nursery dinner was brought up by Rhoda. Hannah always waited upon us before she would consent to take her place.

In the afternoon I sat at my work and watched the children at their play, or played with them. When Reggie was tired I nursed him, and in the twilight I sang to them or told them stories.

I never got quite used to Mr. Morton's visits—they always caused me embarrassment. His duties at the House occupied him so much that he had rarely time to do more than kiss his children. Sometimes Reggie refused to be friendly, and struck at his father with his baby hand, but Mr. Morton only laughed.

"Baby thinks fardie is only a man," Joyce observed once, on one of these occasions, "but him is fardie."

Mr. Morton looked a little grave over this speech.

"Never mind, my little girl; Reggie is only a baby, and will know his father soon." But I think he was grieved a little when baby hid his naughty little face on my shoulder, and refused to make friends. "Go, go," was all he condescended to observe, in answer to his father's blandishments.

Mrs. Morton seldom came up into the nursery until I was putting the children to bed, but even then she never stayed for more than ten minutes. There were always visitors below, or it was time to dress for dinner, or there were letters to write. It was evident that Mr. Morton's wife had no sinecure's post. I think no hard-worked sempstress worked harder than Mrs. Morton in those days.

Now and then, when the children were sleeping sweetly in their little cots, and I was reading by the fire, or writing to Aunt Agatha, or busy about some work of my own, I would hear the soft swish of a silk dress in the corridor outside, and there would be Mrs. Morton, looking lovelier than ever, in evening dress.

"I have just come to kiss my darlings, Merle," she would say. "Dinner is over, and I am going to the theatre with some friends; they are waiting for me now, but I had such a longing to see them that I could not resist it."

"It is a bad night for you to go out," I observed once. "Rhoda says it is snowing, and you have a little cough, Travers tell me——"

"Oh, it is nothing," she replied, quickly; "I take cold very easily." But I noticed she shivered a little, and drew her furred mantle closer round her. "How warm and cosy you look here!" glancing round the room, which certainly looked the picture of comfort, with the lamp on the big, round table, and Hannah working beside it; and then she took up my book and looked at it. It was a copy of Tennyson's poems that Aunt Agatha had given me on my last birthday.

"If you want books, Merle," she said, kindly, "Mr. Morton has a large library, and I know he would lend you any if you will only be careful of them. Charles, the under footman, has charge of the room. If you go in early in the morning, and write out a list of what you wish, and give it to Travers, I will see you are supplied."

"Thank you; oh, thank you, Mrs. Morton!" I exclaimed, gratefully, for I was fond of reading, and the winter evenings were long, and a book was better company than Hannah, though she was a nice girl, and I never found her in my way. I used to talk to her as we sat at work together. She was a little shy with me at first, but after a time her reserve thawed. She was a farmer's daughter, the youngest but one of twelve children, and her mother was dead. She told me she had five sisters in service, and all doing well; but the eldest, Molly, stayed at home to take care of her father and brothers.

I grew interested at last in Hannah's simple narrative. It was a new experience of life for me, for I had never taken much notice of any servant but Patience before. I liked hearing about Wheeler's Farm, as it was called, and the old black-timbered house, with the great pear-tree in the courtyard and the mossy trough out of which the little black pigs drank, and round which strutted the big turkey-cock Gobbler, with his train of wives.

"The courtyard is a pretty sight of a summer's morning," Hannah said once, growing quite rosy with animation, "when Molly comes out with her apron full of corn for the chicks. I do love to see them, all coming round her, turkeys, and geese, and chicks, and fowls, and the little bantam cock always in the middle. And there are the pigeons, too, miss; some of them will fly on Molly's shoulder, and eat out of her hand. You should see Luke throw up the tumblers high in the air, and watch them flutter down again on his arms and hands, not minding him more than if he were a branch of the pear-tree itself."

Who was this Luke who was always coming into Hannah's talk? I knew he

was not one of the five brothers, for I was acquainted with all their names. I knew quite well that Matthew and Thomas worked on the farm, and that Mark had gone to the village smithy; the twins, Dan and Bob, were still at school, and Dan was lame. Perhaps Luke was engaged to Molly. I hazarded the question once. How Hannah blushed as she answered me!

"Luke is Luke Armstrong, a neighbour's son, but his father is a hard, miserly sort of a man; for all he has Scroggins' Mill, and they do say has many stockings full of guineas. His wife is no better than himself, and his brother Martin bids fair to be the same. It is a wretched home for Luke, and ever since he was a lad he has taken kindly to our place. You see, father is hearty, miss, and so is Molly; they like to offer the bit and sup to those as need it, though it is only a bit of bread and cheese or a drop of porridge. Father hates a near man, and he hates old Armstrong like poison."

"Is Luke your sister Molly's sweetheart?" I hazarded after this. Hannah covered her face and began to laugh.

"Please excuse me," she said at last, when her amusement had a little subsided, "but it does sound so droll, Molly having a sweetheart! I am sure she would never think of such a thing. What would father and the boys do without her?"

"Bless me, Hannah," I returned, a little impatiently, "you have five other sisters, you tell me; surely one of them could help Molly, if she needed it; why, you might go home yourself!"

"Oh, but none of us understand the cows and the poultry and the bees like Molly, unless it is Lydia, and she is dairymaid up at the Red Farm. They do say Martin Armstrong wants Lyddy; but I hope, in spite of his father's guineas, she will have nothing to say to Scroggins' Mill or Martin. You see, miss," went on Hannah, waxing more confidential as my interest became apparent, "Wheeler's Farm is not a big place, and a lot of children soon crowded it out. Mother was a fine manager, and taught Molly all her ways, but they could not make the attics bigger, and there was not air enough to be healthy for four girls, with a sloping roof and a window not much bigger than your two hands. And then the creeper grew right to the chimneys; and though folk, and especially the squire, Lyddy's master, said how pretty it was, and called Wheeler's Farm an ornament to the whole parish, it choked up the air somehow; and when Annie took a low fever, Dr. Price lectured mother dreadfully about it. But father would not have the creeper taken down, so mother said there were too many of us at home, and some of us girls ought to go to service. Squire Hawtry always wanted Lydia, and Mrs. Morrison, the vicar's wife, took Emma into the nursery; and Dorcas, she went as maid-of-all-work to old Miss Powell; and Jennie and Lizzie found places down Dorcote way; but Mrs. Garnett, who knew my father, coaxed him to let me come to London."

"And you are happy here?" I hazarded; but as I looked up from the cambric frill I was hemming, I noticed the girl's head droop a little.

"Oh, yes, I am happy and comfortable here, miss," she returned, after a moment's hesitation, "for I am fond of children, and it is a pleasant thought that I am saving father my keep, and putting aside a bit of money for a rainy day; but there's no denying that I miss the farm, and Molly, and all the dumb creatures. Why, Jess, the brindled cow, would follow me all down the field, and thrust her wet mouth into my hand if I called her; and as to Rover, Luke's dog——" But here I interrupted her.

"Ah, to be sure! How about your old playfellow, Luke! I suppose you miss him, too."

Hannah coloured, but somehow managed to evade my question, but after a week or two her reserve thawed, and I soon learnt how matters stood between her and Luke Armstrong.

They were not engaged—she would not allow that for a moment. Why, what would father and Molly say if she were to promise herself to a young fellow who only earned enough for his own keep? for Miller Armstrong was that close that he only allowed his youngest son enough to buy his clothes, and took all his hard work in exchange for food and shelter; while Martin could help himself to as much money as he chose, only he was pretty nearly as miserly as his father. Molly was always going on at Luke to leave Scroggins' Mill and better himself among strangers, and there was some talk of his coming nearer London, only he was so loath to leave the place where he was born. Well, if she must own it, Luke and she had broken a sixpence between them, and she had promised Luke that she would not listen to any other young man; and she had kept her word, and she was saving her money, because, if Luke ever made a little home for her, she would not like to go to it empty-handed. All the girls were saving money. Lydia had quite a tidy little sum in the savings bank, and that is what made Martin want her for a wife; for though Lydia had saving qualities, she was even plainer than Molly, and no one expected her to have a sweetheart.

I am not ashamed to confess that Hannah's artless talk interested me greatly. True, she was only a servant, but the simplicity and reality of her narrative appealed to my sympathy; the very homeliness of her speech seemed to stamp it more forcibly on my mind. I seemed to picture it all; the low-ceiled attic crowded with girls; the honest farmer and his strapping sons; hard-featured Molly milking her cows and feeding her poultry; young Luke Armstrong and his dog Rover, strolling down to Wheeler's Farm for a peep at his rosy-faced sweetheart. Many an evening I banished the insidious advances of home-sickness by talking to Hannah of her home, and there were times when I almost envied the girl her wealth of home affection.

It seems to me that we lose a great deal in life by closing our ears and hearts to other people's interests; the more we widen our sympathies, and live in folk's lives, the deeper will be our own growth. Some girls simply exist: they never appear to be otherwise than poor, sickly plants, and fail to thrust out new feelers in the sunshine.

In those quiet evening hours when I had work to do for my children, and dare not indulge myself in writing to Aunt Agatha, or reading some deeply interesting book that Travers had procured for me that morning, Hannah's innocent rustic talk seemed to open a new door to my inner consciousness, to admit me into a fresh phase of existence. A sentence I had read to Aunt Agatha that Sunday afternoon often haunted me as I listened. "Behold, how green this valley is, also how beautiful with lilies. I have known many labouring men that have got good estates in this Valley of Humiliation," and I almost held my breath as I remembered that our Lord had been a labouring man.

Hannah never encroached in any way; she always tacitly acknowledged the difference in our stations, and never presumed on these conversations, but she let me see that she was fond of me by rendering me all sorts of little services, and on my side I tried to be useful to her.

She was very clever at work, and I taught her embroidery. Her handwriting and reading were defective—she had been rather a dunce at school, she told me; and I helped her to improve herself on both these points; farther than this I could not go.

I shall never forget my shame one evening when she came into the nursery and found me writing a letter to Aunt Agatha with a dictionary beside me, for there was no trouble to which I would not put myself if I could only avoid paining those loving eyes.

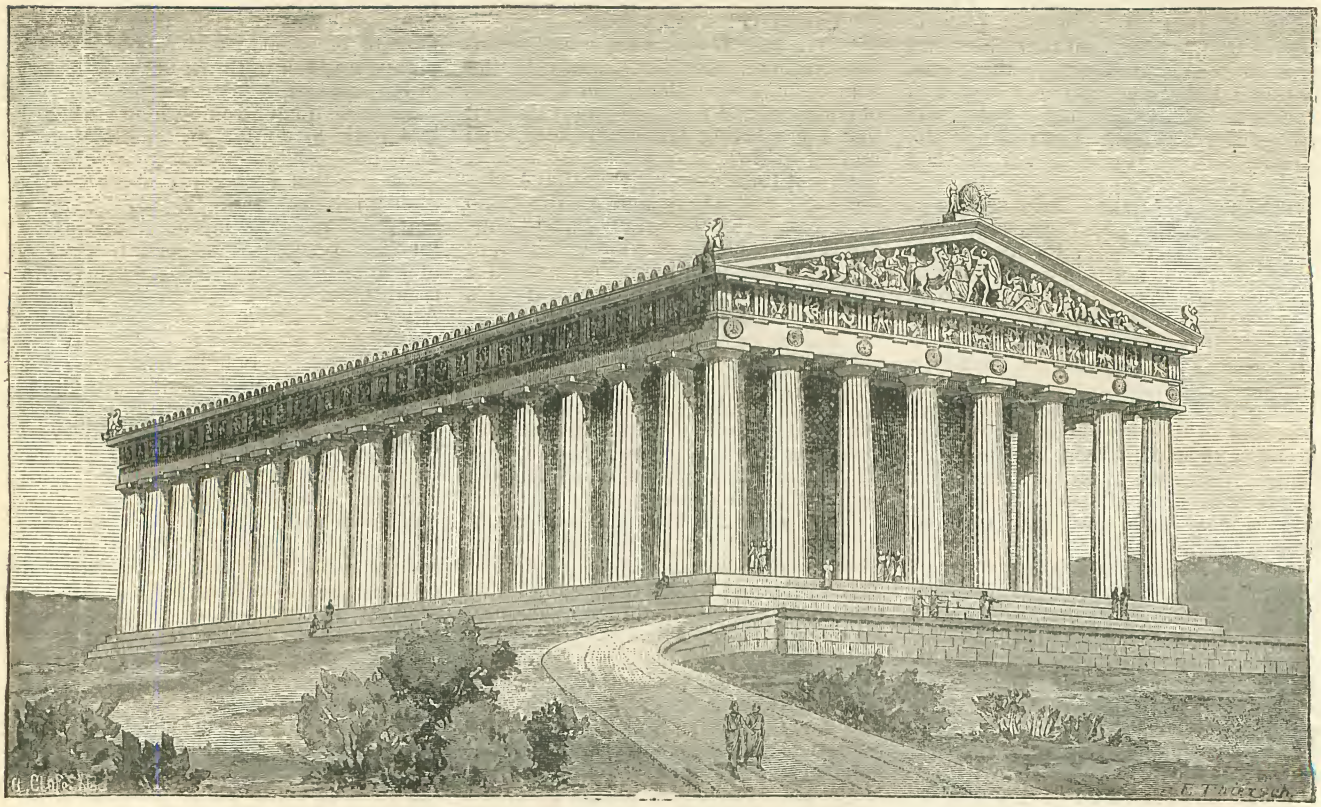
"Why, miss," she exclaimed in an astonished voice, "that is what I am obliged to do when I write to father or Molly! Molly is a fine scholar, and so is Lydia; the hardest words never puzzle them."

I must confess that my face grew hot as I stammered out my explanation to Hannah. I felt that from that night I should lose caste in her eyes, for only an enlightened mind could solve such an enigma; but I need not have been afraid, truth is sometimes revealed to babes.

"I would not fret about it if I were you, miss," observed Hannah, pleasantly; "it seems to me it is only like St. Paul's thorn in the flesh. Molly says sometimes, when father worries about the cattle or the bad harvest, 'that most people have a messenger of Satan to buffet them;' that is a favourite speech of Molly's. We should not like to be born crooked or lame, as she often tells us, but it might be our lot for all that, and we should get into heaven just as fast. It is not how we do it, but how we feel when doing it—that is Molly's proverb, and the most of us have our burthen to carry some part of the way."

"True, Hannah, and I will carry mine;" but as I spoke the tears were in my eyes, for though her words were true, the thorn was very piercing, and one had to get used to the smart.

(To be continued.)



THE PARTHENON.

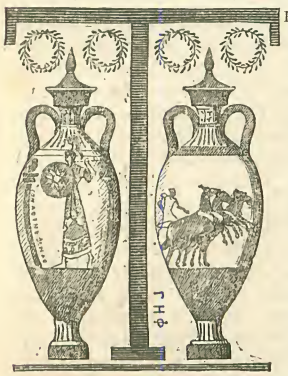
GREEK AND ROMAN ART AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

By E. F. BRIDELL-FOX.

PART I.

THE ELGIN MARBLES.

"Goddess of wisdom! here thy temple was,
And is, despite of war and wasting fire,
And years that bade thy worship to expire."



THE Elgin Marbles are the remains of the sculptures which once adorned the Temple of Minerva at Athens, known as the Parthenon, of world-wide fame. Brought from Athens to England at the beginning of the present century, they are now placed where they can be seen of all sightseers, and studied by all lovers of art, in a long, well-lighted room at the British Museum, popularly known as the Elgin Room.

As we take our stand in this room, and gaze round us at these grand fragments—for, alas! fragments only are they now—our mind strives to restore the mutilated forms of these marble "men and women of more than mortal mould," that seem to repose or move before us in their grand statuesque dignity. And, broken and damaged as they indeed have become by time and exposure, many without heads, or hands, or feet, yet we cannot gaze upon them and consider them attentively without feeling more and more impressed by their heroic proportions and stately attitudes. We may well feel that we are justified in this impression, when we learn that these sculptured fragments are the remains of what is universally considered to have been, when perfect, the finest work of the best masters at the time of the highest development of Greek art.

Let us turn for a moment from the large figures that occupy the centre of the Elgin Room, to the bas-relief of smaller figures that seem to follow each other with living and rapid movement round the whole length of the walls of the room; horsemen on prancing steeds, charioteers in their chariots, animals driven to sacrifice, maidens bearing vases, succeed each other in quick succession; and the conclusion dawns upon us that this must surely have been intended to represent some stately procession, held in honour of those central heroic figures.

We ask, Whence come these people of stone? Who were they meant for? What are they supposed to be doing or celebrating?

Let us first devote a few words as to the place whence they came.

They must carry us to Athens, and, with them to lead us, we must travel back through the long ages to the world's golden youth in Greece—Greece, whose poetry speaks to us from wood, and cave, and ocean—whose mythic heroes are associated with the stars themselves. Turn our thoughts, then, to Greece, and to Athens, its pearl of cities, of which our own Milton writes so lovingly—

"Behold
Where, on the Ægean shore, a city stands,
Built nobly; pure the air and light the soil—
Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts
And eloquence."

"What time the nightingale
Trills her thick warbled notes the summer long"

to Plato in the gardens of the Academe, and the bees murmured on the fragrant slopes of Mount Hymettus, as they gathered their sweet honey from its scented flowers, in times long past and gone.

We refer to the time of Plato and Socrates, when, under Pericles, "wisest of rulers," the arts of poetry and sculpture sprang into glorious perfection, and the great name of Pheidias rose.

This was the time of that great war when the Greeks, with Athens at their head, beat back the invading army of Persians, and preserved civilisation for Europe. In that war, Athens itself (with all its beautiful buildings, its theatres, its temples, even its very walls) was levelled to the ground by the invaders; and it was immediately after their glorious success, when the brave little nation had stemmed the tide of Asiatics under Xerxes with his

"ships by thousands,
And men in nations,"

that Pheidias, the architect and sculptor, was called upon, in commemoration of the victory,



to build a temple to the patron goddess of Athens, and to adorn it with sculpture which should be worthy alike of the occasion and the divinity.

THE TEMPLE.—In the centre of the city of Athens rises the bold rocky eminence known as the Acropolis, in earliest prehistoric days the citadel and stronghold of her kings, but long since given up exclusively to her temples. From this commanding height might be seen the city stretched below, the fertile plain beyond, enclosed by the two winding streams, the Illissus and the Cyphissus, which spread verdure and abundance as they flowed on into the blue Ægean sea. The view was bounded on the south by the dark waters of that sea, while the distant mountains skirted the plain on the north, and varied the beauty of the scene.

On this rocky height, and on the highest part thereof, was erected the new temple, built entirely of white marble. It was called the Parthenon, and was dedicated to Pallas-Athéné, the patron goddess of Athens. The same divinity was worshipped by the Romans under the name of Minerva. For, just as Ephesus is known to have worshipped especially the great goddess Diana, so Athens devoted herself to the worship of Pallas-Athéné, the goddess of wisdom, the virgin daughter of Jove. She was one of twelve chief gods who were worshipped throughout Greece, but was held as more peculiarly the protecting deity of ancient Athens. A temple to this goddess had stood on the self-same spot before the war, which the Persians had destroyed. The former one was called the Hecatompedon, referring to its size.* The new one, the Parthenon, was the house (or chamber) of the virgin.† It was to be used for festivities and ceremonies in honour of the goddess, rather than for worship. It was of the same size as its predecessor, and was for that reason occasionally, but very rarely, called by the older name. The building of this temple was commenced 445 B.C., soon after the happy termination of the Persian war, while peace and prosperity ruled in the land. It took ten years to complete, and was accordingly finished in 435 before the Christian era. The times were therefore pagan times; but a great wave of civilisation passed over the favoured land of Greece, to which all modern art and literature owes so much; and the worship of Athéné, the goddess of wisdom and activity, takes its place amongst the purest and most elevating of the heathen religions.

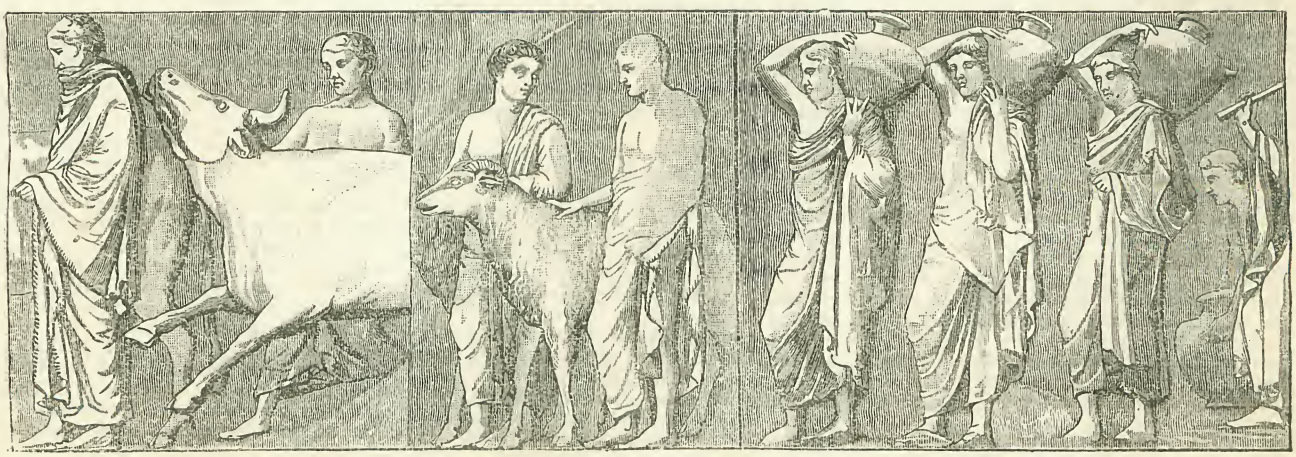
It is, then, with Athéné and her worship that we have now to do.

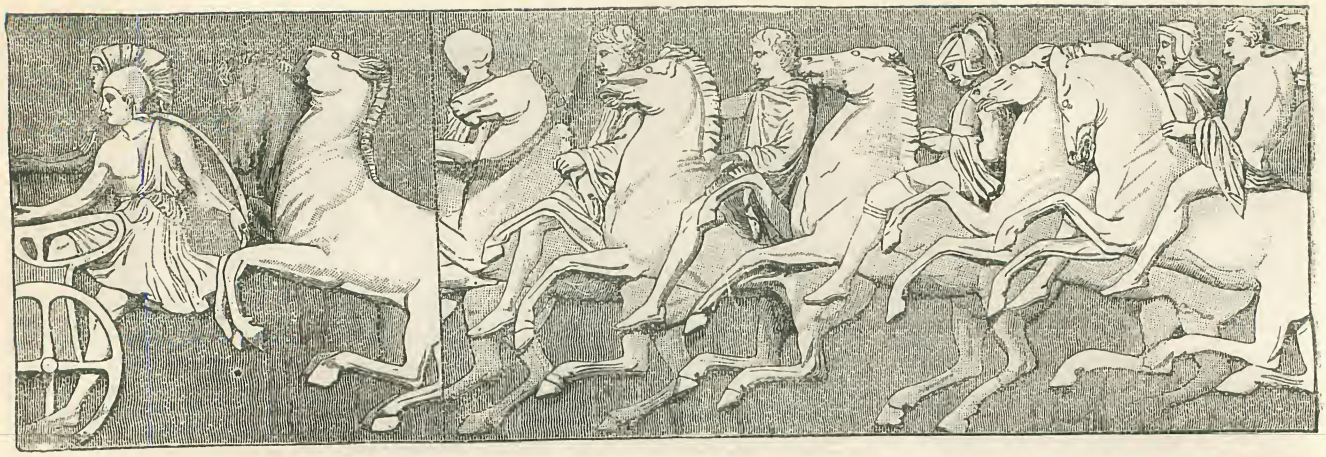
ATHÉNÉ.—We must pause to devote a few words to the description of the qualities and attributes of this goddess who inspired these works of art, once so perfect. Athéné (or Pallas-Athéné, as she is frequently called) was the fair daughter of Zeus or Jupiter.‡ In her, "power and wisdom were harmoniously blended; she appears as the preserver of the State, and of everything which gives to the State strength and prosperity. She was the protectress of agriculture." With the Greeks, those most superstitious people, every fresh invention that led the way for the arts of civilisation was at once attributed to the inspiration of a god, thus "*Athéné* was said to have invented the plough and the rake, and to have created the olive tree"—that tree of so much importance in all Eastern countries, where the fruit is often an article of daily food, and the oil extracted from the olives is also serviceable for domestic purposes. As Apollo is associated with the sun, so Athéné is associated with the dawn, which wakes men from their slumbers when there is work to be done. She is therefore the goddess of industry and work, which daylight brings to all mortals. Athéné was thus the goddess of industry in every form. Besides agriculture, she was the patroness of arts and artificers, of embroidery and spinning, and all kinds of women's needlework. Also of intelligent and scientific warfare, as opposed to Ares (or Mars), the other Greek god of war, who was the god of "blind brute force," while she is called the "preventer of war," "the defender of towns." She protected the State from outward enemies, and, as the patron divinity, she maintained the authority of law and order in the courts of the assembly of the people. It was she who was believed to have instituted the Court of the Areopagus, the Court of Justice, at Athens. She was, moreover, good

* Hecaton—Greek for hundred; pedon, feet.

† Parthenos—Greek for virgin.

‡ The Greek Zeus is the Jupiter of the Roman mythology.





and pure, a virgin deity whose heart was inaccessible to the passion of love.

Such are the many attributes of this beneficent goddess—ever young and ever strong, but thoughtful and serious—the beautiful, blue-eyed Athéné. Sometimes she is represented by artists in her warlike character; she then wears a golden helmet adorned with sphinxes, a breastplate of armour over her woman's drapery, the terrible snake-wreathed Medusa head in the centre, which turned to stone all who looked on it; she grasps her long spear in one hand, and holds her shield with the other. But, as often, we meet with her in her character of goddess of the peaceful arts. Then, her hair waves in long curls over her shoulders from beneath her helmet, but her dreadful corslet is put off, and instead of the spear she carries the spindle, emblem of domestic work, or feeds the serpent of Æsculapius (god of medicine)—type of the kindly acts of peace.

We shall find that she appears in both these capacities among the sculptures on her beautiful temple, the Parthenon. The two chief incidents of her fabled story were represented in the two pediments—the long, triangular spaces at the east and west ends of the building. The grand broken fragments are all that now remain to the world of those majestic figures; while the chief ceremonies yearly performed in her honour by her worshippers, are depicted in the bas-relief of the procession, which ran continuously round the outer wall of the temple, under the colonnade. The delicate forms were here protected from inclement weather, and the work was seen in pleasant, subdued, reflected light. The effect was enhanced by delicate tinting, both of flesh and drapery, against a background of blue; also by points of judicious gilding here and there—for instance, on the spear of Athéné, the harness and trappings of the horses, the olive-branches borne by the farmers. Holes are plainly visible in the marble, where these gilt or bronze additions were made.

THE PROCESSION.—This sculptured procession represents the final act of the chief national festival, which lasted for twelve days. The festival was called the Pan-Athenæa; it was celebrated every year, but in its full splendour only every fourth year.

The word *pan* means *all*, and *Athenæa*, *Athenians*. It was so named because all free-born Athenian citizens were bound to appear in it, but none others were allowed that honour. Accordingly, in this bas-relief we see marshalled in procession all the various people in whose occupations "the blue-eyed goddess"* was supposed principally to interest herself. As we approach the temple from the western end, first appear in long array the horsemen, the knights of Athens, the flower of her young nobility, on their prancing and curvetting Thessalian steeds, the defenders of their country in times of peril. Most of these are dressed in light armour. We note both horses and men; how wonderfully instinct with life and movement they are, yet each one different! Next advance the warriors, in their light, open, two-wheeled chariots, every one with his attendant driver beside him.

Marshals at intervals turn to the advancing throng to regulate the order of march, spirited figures that seem greatly to add to the reality and movement of the scene.

Next come the aliens—that is, foreigners resident in Athens who, in acknowledgment of the great favour of being allowed to reside in that proud city, and as a return for her protection, had to carry the heavy pitchers of water and great vases of wine, to be used in the sacrifices. Their wives also walked in the procession, and carried sunshades, (I mean parasols), for the freeborn Athenian ladies, in order to remind them of their dependent position. These so-called aliens were probably well-to-do merchants, either from the Greek colonies or from some neighbouring state, they themselves and their wives in every way as much considered in their own city as the Athenians in theirs.

Next came the musicians, with flutes and lyres, instruments that the "fair goddess" was said to have herself invented.

Then came the farmers from the Attic plains, the worthy countrymen who cultivated the olive orchards that yielded the special harvest of the country; they bear boughs of the tree that Athéné herself was supposed to have planted, the growth of which had so largely conduced to the prosperity of the land. Lastly, come the colonists from all the Athenian colonies, who were obliged to contribute sheep, oxen, and goats for sacrifice; these are accompanied by their officiating priests.

At the head of the procession, with modest air and downcast eyes and slow and stately movement, walk the noble matrons and virgins of Athens, carrying small vases, and saucers called pateræ, for the libations which were to be used in the sacrifices. A marshal takes a roll from the foremost pair of maidens, probably the hymn which has been chanted on the way.

We now approach the climax. The people of Athens do not come empty-handed to their guardian patroness. They bring her a beautiful dress or shawl, called in Greek the *peplos*, which has been covered with richest embroidery by maidens selected from the noblest families. These Athenian girls have plied their needles daily for many months, in a room set apart within the precincts of the temple, where they have worked under the superintendence of the priestesses of Athéné. The gorgeous embroidery represented the fight with the giants, the brutal and lawless powers of fabulous times, in which the goddess of law and order had been victorious, and had destroyed the monsters. The colour of the dress was yellow, the colour of the sun; by which it was evidently intended to suggest the idea that the power of light, physical and moral, would conquer the evil powers of darkness.

It is the birthday of Athéné, the 28th day of the Greek month, called Hecatombæon, supposed to be our Midsummer Day, the day of the sun's summer solstice; and the beautiful crocus-coloured peplus is her birthday present from the city which she honours with her patronage and mild sway. A young boy bears it folded up in a large fringed square, and presents it to the priest of the temple, while the priestess beside him turns to receive the sacrificial cakes which a maiden carries on her head, on a tray covered with a cloth.

We have by this time come to the space immediately over the main entrance to the temple, at the east end; and here we see the twelve gods of Greece ranged, six on each side, over the doorway, the presentation of the peplus dividing the two groups of gods. Amongst them sits Athéné, as described in Homer's "Odyssey."

"Like a fair virgin in her beauty's bloom," a tall and simple maiden; her armour is cast off, she does not even wear her helmet; a golden spear formerly rested by her side, and the snake, type of the native soil, coils round her arm like a delicate bracelet.

The gay procession which this bas-relief represents actually took place every fourth year at Midsummer. The festival lasted, as I have mentioned, for twelve days, during which time various games, or rather trials of strength and skill, were performed, in which the bravest and noblest of the Athenian youths eagerly competed. Each day was held a different game or contest. The procession and prize-giving terminated the proceedings. None but free-born Athenian citizens, however noble they might be held elsewhere, were allowed to take part. None others might even walk in the procession, except, as we have seen, in a servile capacity. The games consisted of chariot races, races on horseback and on foot; and musical contests, in which the flute players, and the players on the cithæra (or lyre) contended for pre-eminence.

On the last day of the festival the citizens

* As Homer constantly calls her.

met in the Agora, or market-place, where the procession was formed in the early morning; they wound round the city and across the plain; and by noon they were streaming up the steep hill of the Acropolis, their shining armour of bronze flashing in the bright sunlight, and their white or yellow holiday garments brilliant against the blue sky of Greece, as they paced along on the hill-top towards their temple, chanting the praise and story of their goddess as they went.

Arrived at the temple, sacrifices were offered up to Athéné and her father, Zeus. This ceremony was performed in a manner somewhat similar to that used for burnt-offerings in the Jewish Ritual, and described in Leviticus. Certain portions of the victim were burnt, another portion was set aside for the priests, and the rest was afterwards eaten by the common people. The Greeks believed that their gods were actually nourished by the fumes of the burning food.

I give a description of a Greek sacrifice from Homer's "Iliad":—

"Their prayers performed, the chiefs the rite pursue,
The barley sprinkled, and the victim slew.
The limbs they sever from the inclosing hide,
The thighs, selected to the gods, divide.
On these, in double cauls involved with art,
The choicest morsels lie from every part.
From the cleft wood the crackling flames aspire,
While the fat victims feed the sacred fire.
The thighs thus sacrificed, and entrails dress'd,
The assistants part, transfix, and roast the rest;
Then spread the tables, the repast prepare,
Each takes his seat and each receives his share."

While the priests offered up the victims on the altar in front of the temple, the people chanted hymns in honour of their goddess, while they moved round the altar with slow, rhythmic steps.

Immediately after the sacrifice of the burnt-offerings, the awards to the victors in the athletic games took place; the victors themselves and their immediate friends were alone admitted into the temple, where sat the judges, the priests, and the chief officers of state; the populace stood outside. There were no money prizes. The honour was the one thing they had striven for, and the crowns of fresh leaves of oak or parsley, olive or bay, were deemed an all-sufficient reward.

"'Tis but a crown of fading leaves
That the conqueror's hand receives."

But the prize esteemed before all others was a jar filled with the oil made from the fruit of the olive-tree which grew within the precincts of another and more ancient temple to Athéné on the Acropolis. This tree was very old, and was firmly believed by her worshippers to have been the same that Athéné had herself created, the first one known on Attic soil, from which all the fertile olive-woods had sprung that covered the plains. So highly did the victors in the games treasure these vases that they never parted with them during their lifetime, and when they died they were placed in their graves. From this custom of burying treasured objects, many curious relics have come down to us, and from it do we derive much of our knowledge of antiquity. The sketch given against our initial-letter is from a vase found in the tomb of a Greek colonist at Cyrene, on the north coast of Africa. Our colonist, who laid his bones on the parched and sandy soil of Africa, had evidently, in his youth, been the proud victor in one of the chariot-races in Athens, for we see depicted on one side of the vase a chariot-race, while a figure of Athéné, as the "warrior maid," appears on the other; the jar itself is inscribed with the words (in Greek), "I am one of the prizes from Athens," of such a year, giving the date. There are many of these interesting prize-vases from various parts of the Greek world now to be seen in the Vase Room in the British Museum—links with the dead past.

The judges who awarded the prizes to the victors in the games sat within the temple, in a row, on a raised platform at the foot of the great statue of Athéné, which was considered, for perfect beauty of proportion and grand dignity of expression, one of the finest works of art ever conceived. The expectant crowd, collected outside the temple, could see through the open doorway this gigantic figure towering high above the row of judges. It measured forty feet in height, and the golden figure of the Victory, which is held in its outstretched hand, alone measured six feet, the height of an extremely tall man.

The goddess thus appeared to the multitude to be presenting the prizes to the successful competitors.

The Greeks aimed at cultivating the physical powers up to the greatest possible pitch of perfection, and in later times they gave the same pains to cultivating the powers of the mind. "*Mens sana in corpore sano*" (a healthy mind in a healthy body) was one of their favourite maxims. Their games and feats of strength were to the Greeks, in their day, a good deal what our Oxford and Cambridge boat races, our Eton and Harrow cricket matches, our Volunteer training, are to us, which help to make our English lads such fine spirited young fellows. In the early days, before Pericles, the games consisted entirely of trials of physical skill—foot races, horse races, wrestling, boxing, throwing the discus or quoit. But in the more cultivated times of Pheidias, there were also trials of intellectual skill.

It is recorded that Herodotus, the earliest Greek historian (called the "father of history"), read aloud his history to the assembled Athenians at the Pan-Athenaic festival, 446 B.C. It was so greatly admired that the city with one voice voted him a reward of ten talents (a talent is worth about £240). While at other festivals dramas were produced, and the plays being acted in the great open-air theatre at the foot of the Acropolis, the author of the best play received a crown of laurel.

The plays then written, the subjects of which were the popular Greek legends, still rank, for grandeur of sentiment and nobility of feeling, with the finest poetry the world has ever produced. This proves to us that the Greeks were a highly refined and cultivated people. The Greek influence in art and literature has left its own mark in civilising and elevating mankind; but the belief in their legends was doomed to fade away and vanish utterly, "like an insubstantial pageant," when the truer light arose in Palestine which came in after years to bless and illumine the world.

(*To be concluded.*)

EXPLANATION OF FRENCH AND OTHER TERMS USED IN MODERN COOKERY.

PART II.

Hors d'œuvres (hot).—A species of very light entrées, such as small patties, ox-piths, brains, cock's combs, croquettes, etc.

Hors d'œuvres (cold).—Sardines, anchovies, prawns, tunny, prepared herrings, savoury butters, radishes, caviar, and many other things are served as hors d'œuvres. They should be eaten immediately after the soup and fish, as they are considered as appetisers.

Jardinière.—A mixed preparation of vegetables cut in dice or, more generally, fancy shapes—small balls, diamonds, etc.—and stewed in their own sauce, with a little butter, sugar, and salt.

Julienne.—Vegetables cut in very thin strips, and used for soup; also in some ways of cooking fish and meat.

Jus.—The gravy that runs from roast meat, or strong, good gravy made from meat.

Kilogramme is equal to two pounds and one-fifth of a pound avoidupois. It contains 1,000 grammes, so one generally takes 500 grammes as equal to one pound.

Laitance.—Soft rows of fish.

Larder.—Larder is sometimes confounded with piquer. Larder is to stick pieces of ham, tongue, truffles, or bacon into meat or poultry, after making little holes in it to receive them, so that when it is cut it looks marbled, and the meat gains in flavour from the truffles or whatever it may be that is inserted.

Lit.—A bed or layer; articles in thin slices with seasoning or other things placed between them.

Liaison.—Thickening. By this word is understood a thickening made with one or more yolks of eggs. They are used for many sauces and some soups; sometimes a little cream or milk is added to them.

Litre.—A French measure, equal to a pint and a half English measure.

Luting.—A paste made of flour and water only, and used for fastening down the lids of fireproof pans and jars when preserving game, etc., in them, so as to prevent evaporation.

Macaroncini.—A small kind of macaroni, larger than vermicelli.

Macedoine. — Vegetables prepared and cooked as for *jardinière*, but with the addition of some white sauce to them.

Macedoine of fruit.—Mixed fruits in jelly.

Madeleine.—Very like queen cake.

Maigre.—Without meat; sauces, soups, or broths made with vegetables, etc., but without meat or meat stock.

Maitre d'hotel.—A sauce made with white sauce, parsley, and lemon juice, if to use hot; if cold, it is made by kneading butter, parsley, and lemon-juice together. Made thus, it is often put on fillet or rump steaks before they are sent to table.

Manier.—This word is applied to the preparation of butter or other fat used for making different kinds of paste. It consists in pressing the fat in a cloth until it is quite soft and all the moisture is removed from it.

Massepains.—Sweetmeats made from almond paste (similar to that put over wedding cakes), cut or moulded into shapes, and glazed on the outsides. They are easy to make, and very nice for dessert.

Matelotte.—A rich and expensive fish stew, made properly of mixed fresh-water fish, but

sometimes of only one kind. Trout, eels, or carp are most used. Wine enters largely into the composition of this dish.

Marinades.—Cooked marinade is prepared with vinegar, water, vegetables, parsley, herbs, and bayleaves. If it is not cooked, it consists of chopped onions, parsley, herbs, oil, and lemon-juice, or vinegar. Marinade is a pickle.

Mayonnaise.—Yolks of eggs worked into a stiff cream by slowly dropping oil and vinegar into them as they are stirred.

Mazarines.—Ornamented entrées made of forcemeats, with either fillets of fish or pieces of chicken or game.

Menu.—A bill of fare.

Meringue.—A kind of sweetmeat or icing, made by beating whites of eggs and sugar to snow, and then baking in a slow oven.

Mignonette Pepper.—A preparation of either black or white peppercorns, which, after being broken in a mortar to about the size of mignonette-seed, is sifted to remove the dust from it.

Minestrone.—Clear stock, with peas, rice, carrots and tomato sauce in it, served with grated Parmesan cheese.

Mirepoix.—A compound used to impart flavour to braised meats.

Miroton.—Pieces of meat larger than collops, such as would be put in a stew.

Mitonner.—Same as mijoter; to simmer or cook very slowly.

Mouiller.—To add liquor to anything.

Nougats.—A mixture of baked almonds and boiled sugar.

Nouilles.—Paste made of yolks of eggs and flour, which is cut in fine strips like vermicelli.

Panada.—A preparation of sopped bread wrung in a cloth, then cooked with butter, or of flour, water, and butter. Panada of bread or of flour is needed in the preparation of many forcemeats.

Paner.—To cover meat or anything else with very fine breadcrumbs before broiling, frying, or baking it.

Panure.—Scollops, croquettes, cutlets, or any other entrée that is breadcrumbed or pané.

Papillottes (*en*). — Cooked in buttered papers.

Piping.—This is the name given to the sugar work used for ornamenting cakes, tartlets, etc. It is done by working white of egg and fine sugar together, and then pressing the sugar through a sort of funnel. An india-rubber implement is made for this purpose, which is much easier to use than a tin one.

Piquer.—To lard; that is to say, to put strips of bacon fat in a larding-needle and draw the needle through the surface of the meat or game, so that the two ends of each strip of bacon stick out.

Pluche.—The leaves of parsley, tarragon, chervil, lettuce, or sorrel broken or cut into small pieces—not chopped. They are mixed or used separately. The word is sometimes spelled with an "s," instead of a "c."

Poivrade.—A sauce made with pepper, vinegar, shalots, bunch of parsley, salt, and broth.

Poelée, or *Poële.*—A braise or stock used for boiling turkeys, fowls, sweetbreads, etc., to render them less insipid. It is made from suet, veal, vegetable, lemon-pulp, water, etc.

Poêle.—A pan, a frying-pan, or a stove.

Pot-au feu.—Soup with boiled meat.

Potiron.—Pumpkin soup.

Profitrolles.—Pastry of a very light kind, filled with custard, whipped cream, or prepared chocolate, etc.

Purée.—Meat or vegetables that have been sufficiently cooked and then rubbed through a sieve. A purée retains its name when sufficient stock is added to it to form a thick sauce or soup.

Quenelles.—A delicate kind of forcemeat used in the preparation of various entrées. It is made usually of poultry, game, or fish, with panada, rich sauces, or yolks of eggs, etc.

Ragoût.—A stew; sometimes a very rich dish, sometimes little more than a hash.

Ravioles.—Kind of rissoles made in nouilles paste, served with Parmesan cheese over them, or in soup.

Ravigotte.—Mayonnaise with chopped cress, parsley, tarragon, chervil, and chives added to it.

Relevés, or *Removes.*—The dishes that, when put on table, would take the places of the soup and fish.

Rémoulade.—A salad dressing made with parsley, tarragon, chervil, chives, capers, anchovies, mustard, oil, and vinegar.

Rissoles.—Light puff pastry filled with meat, fish, or sweets, and boiled in fat of some kind.

Roux.—Brown roux (used for thickening) is made by frying butter and flour together until of a nice brown colour. White roux is made in the same way, but the flour must be cooked well without being allowed to colour. It is best made in a saucepan, and should be stirred all the time over a moderate fire. Sometimes flour is baked, then mixed with butter, for roux.

Salpicon.—Poultry, fish, or other things prepared with truffles, etc., for croustades, timbales, croquettes, etc.

Salmi.—A highly-finished hash of cooked game or wild-fowl, cut up and prepared with rich sauce or made gravy.

Sauté.—To fry cutlets, scollops of game, poultry, or fish, etc., lightly in butter.

Sautoir.—A very shallow stewpan used for sautés.

Soufflé.—The word means something puffed up. Soufflés are very light puddings. They may be made with any kind of farinaceous substance, with the addition of well-beaten eggs flavoured with fruits, liqueurs, or essences. They must be served the moment they are ready. They can also be made with fruit. Iced soufflés are made in various ways; but the mixture is iced, instead of baked.

Sparghetti.—Naples vermicelli.

Stock.—Unthickened broth or gravy, with which soups or sauces can be made.

Tartare.—Mayonnaise, with the addition of chopped shalots, gherkins, tarragon, chervil, and a little chili vinegar and mustard.

Tamis, or *Tammy.*—A cloth made for straining through. It should be of goat's hair, but is frequently only woollen canvas.

Timbale is a sort of pie made in a mould and turned out before it is sent to table.

Tourner is used for stir; but it also means to turn—that is to say, to shape, as cutting vegetables into the form of olives, balls, pears, etc.

Tourte.—A delicate sort of tart, baked usually in a shallow tin. It may contain fish, meat, or fruit.

Trousser.—To truss.

Truffer.—To stuff with truffles. This is generally for pheasants, turkeys, or capons.

Turbans.—Ornamental entrées made of game, poultry, or fish, and forcemeats.

Velouté.—The white sauce used as a basis for so many others. It is rich double stock, made with veal, poultry, ham, vegetables, etc., and thickened with flour and butter. It must always be white.

Vol-au-vent.—Puff paste of the lightest kind, filled with a delicate ragoût or fricassée. Fruit may also be enclosed in a vol-au-vent crust.

Vinaigrette.—Oil, vinegar, pepper, and salt together.

Water-souchet.—A simple way of dressing fish by boiling it with parsley roots and leaves, and pepper and salt, and serving it in its own broth, with plates of brown bread-and-butter.

Zeste.—Lemon rind. Sometimes orange and Seville orange rind are called "zeste."

Zita.—Naples macaroni.

THE BUILDERS OF THE BRIDGE.

By Mrs. G. LINNÆUS BANKS, Authoress of "God's Providence House," "The Manchester Man," "More than Coronets," etc.

CHAPTER I.

THERE is no part of inhabited England, rural or urban, to be found precisely in the same condition, or presenting the same aspect, as in the days of King Henry the Third. And if the baronial hall of the Bellamonts is no longer to be found *in situ* at Swarkstone, on the Derbyshire banks of the Trent, the devastating hands of Time and Warfare must be blamed, not the present chronicler.

Besides the Danish Sverk or Swark's *tun* (or territorial enclosure), Sinfin Moor, Chellaston, and all the lands down to the broad river, had been included in the demesne granted to his Norman follower and his descendants by William the Conqueror, who took and gave the property of the conquered with a like lavish profusion. But the lands have been denuded of wood, partitioned, bought, sold, passed in heirship or exchange for centuries since a Bellamont held sway over all.

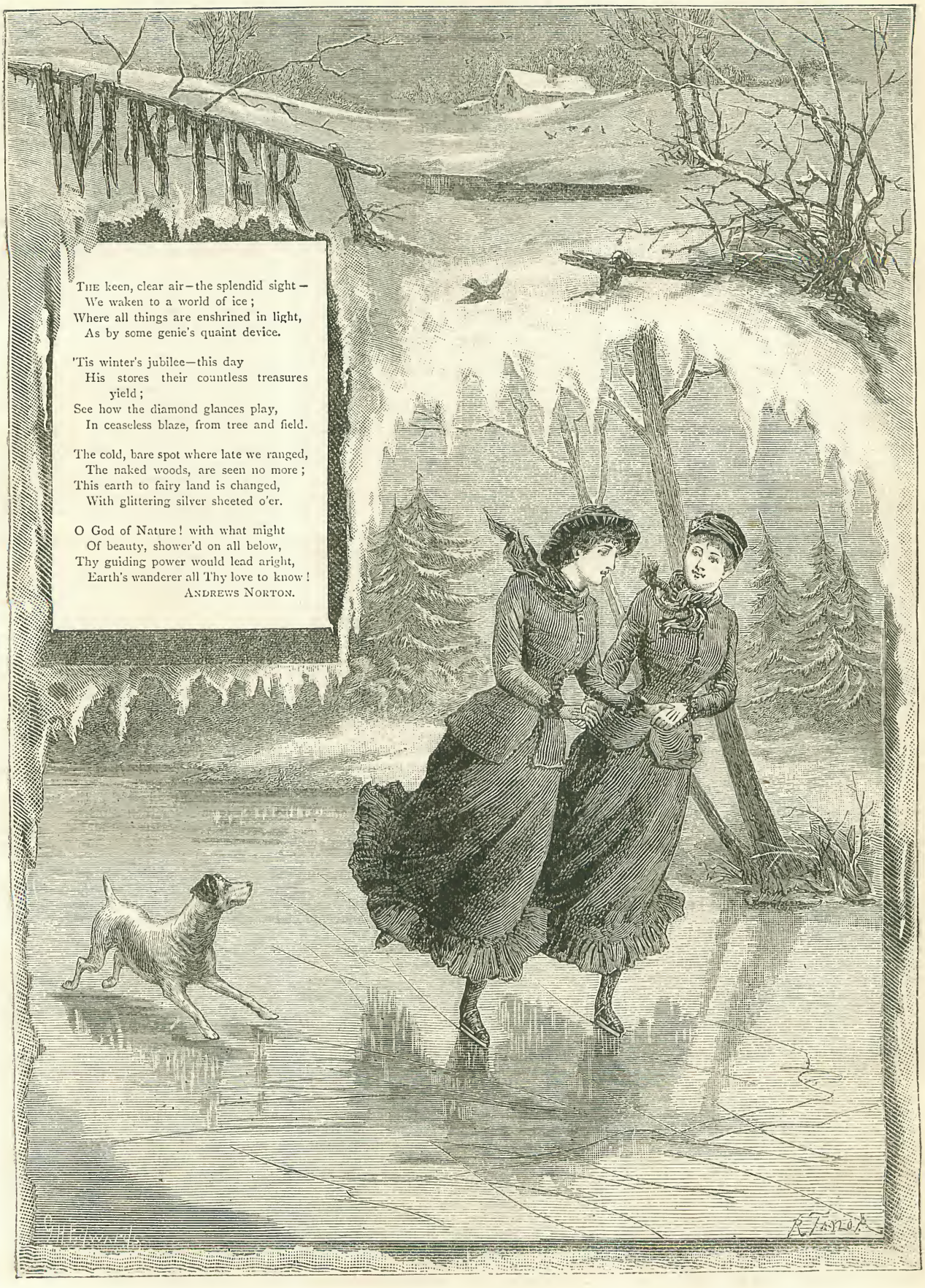
The very eminence from which their castellated hall looked down upon the distant river has been levelled and ploughed up, as if to score out all record of Bellamont possession.

Yet the Bellamonts left a memorial of their occupancy which should have embalmed their name in history, and kept it sweet and fresh in the memories of men, had gratitude been as vital or hereditary as a benefaction.

How many travellers from London, or Oxford, or Leicester, or Ashby-de-la-Zouch, to Derby, passing in all those centuries over Swarkstone Bridge, have paused to ask when, or why, or by whom it was there erected for their convenience?

Tradition is best preserved when crystallised in a story.

There were gay doings in the hall and the villages around Bellamont in the June of 1258, when a noble party of guests had assembled at the hall to share the festivities at the forthcoming marriage of the ladies Idonea and Avice, the twin daughters of Richard Earl Bellamont and his noble countess.


WINTER
THE keen, clear air—the splendid sight—
We waken to a world of ice;
Where all things are enshrined in light,
As by some genie's quaint device.
'Tis winter's jubilee—this day
His stores their countless treasures yield;
See how the diamond glances play,
In ceaseless blaze, from tree and field.
The cold, bare spot where late we ranged,
The naked woods, are seen no more;
This earth to fairy land is changed,
With glittering silver sheeted o'er.
O God of Nature! with what might
Of beauty, shower'd on all below,
Thy guiding power would lead aright,
Earth's wanderer all Thy love to know!
ANDREWS NORTON.

More than one disappointed suitor was there amongst the party, either too proud to show his wounds, or gallantly indifferent; for as the earl's only son had been drowned in his childhood, the fair maidens were known to be co-heiresses, and not a neighbouring lord or knight but would have been well pleased to add a slice of the Bellamont lands to his own estate.

Then report said the sisters were wonderfully fair and virtuous; that their lady-mother had early initiated them into the mysteries of good housewifery; and the learned Prior of Burton (John de Stretton) had opened unto them the still greater mysteries of reading, writing, accounts, and religion—not least, if last.

No wonder, then, that many a lance was set in rest and broken in tilt or tourney for one or other of the sisters, seeing they were endowed with beauty, wealth, thrift, learning, and the Christian graces.

Such prizes are not often offered for the winning.

The Countess Joan would fain have given one of her daughters to a kinsman, William Harpur, of Ticknall, but fate, and, it may be Prior John, had determined otherwise.

Idonea had promised her hand to Sir Ralph de Egginton; and Sir Gilbert Findern—in whose gardens bloomed the fair blossoms his father had brought from the Holy Land—was the heart's-chosen of sweet Avice.

"Two as gallant knights, my lady," said the earl to his busy spouse, "as father could desire for the honour and protection of his girls, when his own arm grows feeble, or his grey head rests on a stone pillow. Methinks thy kinsman, Will Harpur, covets most my coffer and lands, he was so willing to bid for Avice when Idonea said 'nay' to his suit."

However that might be, both he and the prior joined the gay cavalcade that issued from the triply arched gateway of the hall, bent on flying their hawks on Sinfin Moor. Gay, indeed, if brilliant apparel, buoyant hearts, and bounding steeds might count for gaiety. Luxury in dress was an enormity of the time, as of this.

The young Ladies Bellamont, considering their rank, made less ostentatious display of wealth in their attire than any of their companions that bright June morning. Each wore a cyclas, or tunic of purple velours (velvet) bordered with gold, over a tawny silken robe, that hid the long points of their embroidered shoes, as they reined in their palfreys, gracefully seated on the new high-backed side-saddles, the observed of all observers.

Yet they did not court undue observation. Indoors the sunny curls of Avice or the darksome tresses of Idonea flowed freely over their shoulders, simply confined by a ribbon fillet or a chaplet of fresh flowers. But then a kerchief of white Cyprus-lawn, cunningly folded as a wimple o'er the head, and a gorget round the throat, served as a modest screen alike from the ardent sun and the free glances of strangers. And, as was their wont when the year was in its prime, over her wimple Idonea wore a chaplet of rare red roses, Avice one of blushing white.

The earl was wont to call them his two sweet roses, and laughingly bid their wooers beware the thorns. But little of thorns did their favoured knights think as down the steep hill they rode together, each displaying in his velvet cap and cyclas of embroidered silken samite the colour of his ladye-love.

Deep as the red heart of the rose was the cyclas worn over the buff-leather surcoat of Sir Ralph de Egginton, and a carbuncle blazed in his dagger hilt. White as purity was the samite cyclas of Sir Gilbert Findern, but it was girdled by a leathern dagger-belt, bestudded with pink coral and pearls, as was the haft of his weapon, and in either cap or bonnet was his lady's symbol, in token the wearer laid his life at her feet, and was equally ready to live or die for her.

There was more thought of living than of dying that bright morning, as, following closely Prior John and the old earl, each knight with his hooded sacret perched on his hawking-glove, each lady with her merlin, they laughed and jested merrily, or whispered words of sweetness not for second ears; and the happiness of the fine young couples, their means and their future homes were freely discussed behind them in the midst of arguments on the merits of favourite falcons.

There was a motley following of esquires, yeomen, pages, villeins on horseback and on foot, with every species of hawk the law permitted; grooms with dogs in the leash; but chief of all the falconer, conspicuous in his green cloth surcoat, with the square frame he held around him, on which were perched and held by silken jesses the peregrine falcons of his master, and the sparrow-hawk of the prior, who had doffed his cowl and frock for the occasion, as freely as the earl and his friends their rough-weather mantles.

On went they all at a gentle trot, with the bright day before them, and were crossing the common road which ran from Derby to the river, some of the more eager galloping on ahead to Sinfin Moor, when suddenly the loud blast of a horn wakened the echoes, and startled speech to silence.

It was not the horn of a huntsman, but a sharp imperative blast that spoke of emergency.

Again and again it was repeated. Horses neighed, and eyes were turned to other eyes in silent question. The lips of Avice turned pale, the cheeks of Idonea flushed crimson as her own roses, her heart beat quick as that of her gentler sister seemed to stop its beating.

"What can it bode?" rose to the lips of both in different intonations.

"No evil, Avice, rest assured," answered Sir Gilbert, cheerily, "and if there were, am I not here to guard you with my life?" Yet as he spoke he bethought him that a dagger was but a sorry trust to warrant such high words, and longed for his good sword.

The cavalcade had come to a standstill, and the horses pawed the ground impatiently, the hot-blooded earl chafing almost as impatiently as his steed.

"Marry!" cried he, "for what are we waiting here, like a brood of frightened chicks? Let us on and meet the messenger, whatever be his tidings." And forward he went, with the bold prior by his side, and the whole hawking party after him—some brave, all curious.

Two minutes more, and a mounted herald came in sight, guarded by four pursuivants; their horses' limbs and trappings wet, as if they had forded the river, then lowered by long draughts of the thirsty sun.

"Weareth he not the Earl of Leicester's badge and cognisance?" asked the earl. "My old eyes are hardly to be trusted."

"Aye, my lord, and he spurs as if in haste," replied the prior.

In haste, indeed! The herald bore a double message from his noble lord, Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester; first—without the herald's long preamble—as the mouthpiece of their sovereign lord, King Henry, to summon his loyal barons and knights to assemble in a parliament at Oxford on the eleventh of that same month of June; and secondly from Simon de Montfort's self, to bid those same barons and knights come to the Oxford parliament armed, and with armed attendants, in order, if needful, to wrest from the king the ratification of the great charter they had obtained from his weak predecessor by like means at Runnymede.

They were moreover bidden to meet for conference in Leicester the following day. Desiring first to learn how many of the county knights were of the Bellamont company, so as to spare him needless journeying, the herald then set spurs to his steed, and was off with his followers in all haste to Derby, urgency serving as his excuse for declining the proffered hospitality of the good earl.

Here was a summons as startling as it was sudden and peremptory!

The falconer might carry his hawks back to the mews. There was a duty more imperative than filling the larder under the name of sport.

Back went the gallant hawking party, in more of haste and excitement, if less of glee, than when they had left the great gateway at a canter scarce half an hour before, by the sun.

The warder on the watch threw open the great gates in consternation, certain some mischance had happened.

Lady Joan left her housewifery, and was there in her lap-cloth (or apron) to receive them, with a face full of apprehension.

"There can be no hawking to-day, Joan," said her lord, "we must don harness and speed to Leicester. The king hath summoned a parliament to meet him at Oxford."

"Arm! A parliament! Do parliaments assemble in arms?"

"This will, good Joan, for so hath decided Simon de Montfort. But never look so scared, my lady. And you, my blooming roses, need not droop; there will be no bloodshed. You will have your gallant bridegrooms back ere another week be out," answered the earl, cheerily.

"But the bridal—the banquet?" cried the dame, in dismay.

The young knights helping their downcast fair ones to alight, seemed each to put a like question in an undertone, pressing the gloved hands they were so loth to relinquish, even for an hour.

"If the bridegrooms be impatient, and the earl be willing, the bridal can precede the parliament," suggested the prior. "I am here, and Father Paul"—referring to his attendant priest—"can have his vestments and the chapel ready long ere noon. What say ye, Bellamont, and Lady Joan? And these fair maidens, Idonea and Avice, what say ye? Shall the church bind ye ere the bridegrooms go?"

The damsels blushed; the two knights looked eagerly for their replies.

Ere they could speak the old earl blurted forth, "Nay, nay, Prior John, the nation's charter must take precedence of private contracts. And whoe'er heard of a happy wedding without a feast; a feast to rich and poor. And, look up, my bonny roses, I will bring your brave knights back ere this day week. Say I not well? The banquet will not suffer from delay."

What could they say?

That was the ninth, the twelfth had been appointed for the nuptials. Great were the preparations. Their lady-mother would be displeased if aught of state were wanting at the ceremony or the banquet.

"Our private inclinations must give place to duty," answered Idonea, proudly, red as the roses round her wimple.

"Be it as my good father and Sir Gilbert will," was the response of Avice, in lower and milder tone.

"Be it as I will, children. And now, on with your lap-cloths and away to help your busy mother and her handmaidens to provide a hasty meal, whilst we exchange our hawking gear for shirts of mail. And you, Prior John may say your *Benedicite* over our hasty repast, to bless our enterprise. And I pray you, and such of our friends as go not with us, of your courtesy abide here our return. Will Harpur here will do devoir for me."

The two knights, conversing earnestly apart, looked at each other with contracted brows, as if Will Harpur were no favourite with either.

The old earl turned to them. "Lack you aught, sirs, that would call you to Egginton or Findern ere you ride to Leicester, or go you on with me?"

"With you, my lord," replied Sir Ralph for both. "We but seek to despatch a trusty messenger to our homes to keep back preparations there, and cool expectations."

"Friar Paul will do your errand faithfully, sir knights," kindly volunteered the obliging prior; "he starts in an hour with a scroll of mine for the monastery, and can take Findern and Egginton by the way."

"Thanks, prior. Our own esquires and foot-pages must follow us."

With that the group dispersed, to add to the general commotion. In the great hall there was a hurrying of serving men from kitchen and buttery with large dishes to cover the boards on movable tressels, that did duty as tables, already spread by dainty handmaids with fair linen napery, and platters of coarse bread (to serve afterwards as doles to the poor). Solid joints and lighter dainties, already prepared for the deferred wedding-feast, were brought forward to grace this parting meal—a parting meal, indeed, and it seemed to cast a shadow on the hurried preparations beforehand.

The lady was not pleased to surrender the peacock with his outspread tail, or the plumed cygnet for aught but the grand occasion, if the lamb and the salmon had to share the fate of the great joints; and when the bearer of the great silver saltcellar (set midway on the board to mark the bounds of rank from dependents) stumbled and shed his precious condiment upon the floor, she was as much disposed to shed tears as to rate him for his clumsiness.

There were other moist eyes besides the troubled dame's. In the maidens' bower the gentle Avice scarcely could cast aside her wimple, and dom her lap-cloth for the tears she shed, and stronger-nerved Idonea had scarcely self-command to comfort her.

"I feel as if Sir Gilbert was leaving me for ever," said the former, through her tears, "and there would be no bridal."

"And what of Sir Ralph? Nay, Avice, do not be cast down. We must show braver faces to our betrothed, or we may dishearten and unfit them for the work before them. Come, dry your eyes, and haste with me to relieve our dear mother of her many cares."

There was a clink of metal everywhere, a running to and fro of foot-pages, with casques or coats of mail, a clank of hoofs and hammers in the courtyard and the blacksmith's shed, the rivetting of armour, the nailing of horse-shoes, the harnessing of steeds; and then the clangour of a bell to announce refection ready.

It was a hurried repast, partaken of by mailed knights, lacking only gauntlets and helmets to be fully armed, as were their attendant esquires and pages. And as none knew if the parliament so attended would pass peacefully, it was aught but a gladsome gathering.

As was the custom, the ladies shared the platters of their spouses or betrothed, and so there were opportunities for hopeful or consoling words between the lovers; and then with full cups drained to "The King and Magna Charta!" earl and knights were up with the rest. Idonea and Avice clasped on the casques of their lovers, and were gallantly repaid.

A fatherly kiss from the earl, and he was off with a goodly train of armed knights and esquires, two of whom carried symbolic roses in their casques, the spoil of maidens' chaplets.

A pattering of young feet up the oaken stairs, a straining of eyes and waving of kerchiefs from the bower-window. Soon the party was seen to cross the Swarkstone ford, the sun shining on helms of gold and silver and steel, on lance-heads and waving pennons, and then—and then—came the waiting, whilst Prior John discoursed to them of Christian hope and trust, and William Harpur dwelt on the probability of strife and bloodshed, and my lady called on them for help to entertain such guests as still remained at Swarkstone Hall.

(*To be concluded.*)



AN OLD MAN'S VISIONS IN THE FLAMES.

By JOS. CULLEN SAWTELL.

BESIDE a simple hearth I sit alone
To watch the plumes of smoke and fitful blaze,
And here reflecting how the time has flown,
I see in flames the sights of bygone days:
I'm sixty-six, with hair of purest white,
My brow is wrinkled in a thousand creeks,
And dim is now what once was clearest sight,
And hollow what were round and ruddy cheeks.

But stay—a vision in the flame appears:
With flowers a village churchyard path is strewn,
A youth and maiden hale and young in years
Are wedded 'midst the blossomings of June.
Alas! it scarcely seems but yesterday—
For I was that glad youth; and by my side
There stood, from head to foot in white array,
Her face adorned with smiles, my loving bride.

The flames burn low; there comes a change of sight.
I stand, as once I stood, with bated breath
And anxious mind, throughout the lengthened night,
To watch an awful strife 'twixt life and death.
At length the morning broke—outside 'twas gay,
But inside, sad; my wife had sweetly smiled,
And falling back had calmly passed away,
And I was left with Fan, my only child.

There courses down my cheek the usual tear—
I'll brush it back, and find a brighter theme;
See, flames are burning up with ruddy cheer,
And I can now discern a sunnier gleam;
Aye, aye! and 'tis a brighter theme to think
How Fan grew up and was beloved by all,
How never from a duty would she shrink,
Nor scruple to respond to ev'ry call.

Oft would she pluck and save the fairest bloom,
Or gather bunches of the rarest flow'rs,
And decorate a lonely cottage room
To brighten up a widow's dreary hours.
Her form was seen beside the sick man's bed,
To whom she read, and laboured to inspire:
And sanctity was in her as she led
On Sunday morn the simple village choir.

But tears course down, the fire again burns low;
The brighter th' sun, the darker follows shade,
Sweet years flew on—then heaven why was it so?—
I see the open grave where Fan was laid.

* * * * * *

This life is sorrow-burdened: yet if bright
And framed of worldly bliss without alloy,
We should not see the worth of true delight,
Nor strive to gain an everlasting joy!

THE SHEPHERD'S FAIRY.

A PASTORALE.

By DARLEY DALE, Author of "Fair Katherine," etc.



FAIRY'S education had been a puzzle to Mrs. Shelley, though at first Jack had taught her to read and write, until she was five years old, when the problem had been solved by the rector, Mr. Leslie, who had always taken a great deal of notice of the pretty child, offering to let her learn with his girls of their governess, who was a Frenchwoman, and from that day Fairy's mornings and afternoons till four o'clock were spent at the rectory, and in the evenings Jack helped her to prepare her lessons for the next day.

By this means Jack learnt French, and had access to many books which would otherwise have been impossible for him to get hold of. He made the most of his opportunities, and was always far ahead of Fairy in all her studies except French, and in this Fairy was the teacher, and her silvery laugh was often heard to ring out merrily at Jack's English accent, for she had begun to learn it so early that her accent was perfect; indeed, she seemed to have a gift for languages, so quickly did she pick up French; but then she had a very quick ear and a talent for mimicry, both of which are great helps in learning a foreign language.

Once or twice John Shelley—who had a great dread lest his eldest son should spend too much time over books, time which, unless the book was the Bible, the simple shepherd thought wasted—had suggested that Charlie should help Fairy, and Jack look after the sheep, but Fairy soon settled this; Jack could not follow the sheep in the evenings, and as for Charlie, he could read and write and do a little ciphering, but he hated books, and was no use to her at all. The three boys had only been sent to the village school till they were twelve years old, when Jack had been taken away to follow the sheep and learn a shepherd's duties, Willie had gone to sea, and Charlie, for the present, worked in the garden, looked after the pigs and poultry, and helped his mother in various ways.

"When will Jack be in, John? I want him to do my arithmetic for me," said Fairy, helping herself to a kind of harvest cake, called in Sussex plum-heavy, a dainty that was heavy by nature as well as by name, and the way in which the shepherd and his boys devoured them spoke well for their digestive organs.

"As soon as he has folded the sheep—that is, about eight o'clock," said the shepherd.

And a little after eight, just as Fairy, after a deal of puckering of her pretty brows, had given up her sums in despair, Jack came in. He was a tall, fine, handsome lad of seventeen, darker than his brothers and more like Mrs. Shelley than the shepherd in appearance, with a look of keen, quick intelligence in his brown eyes, and a sweet smile which lighted up his whole face. He was quick in all his actions, and had laid aside his hated crook and changed



"WADING ACROSS THE ANGRY BOURNE."

his clothes, and washed and seated himself by Fairy's side before he had been ten minutes in the house. Mrs. Shelley looked with pride at her darling son as he bent his curly brown head over Fairy's slate, and in his clear voice, quite free from the Sussex brogue in which his parents and brothers spoke, explained decimal fractions to her.

Jack's manner to Fairy was rather a puzzle to his mother, for while it was more deferential than the shepherd's and less familiar than Charlie's, who, when he was clean, Fairy allowed to be on brotherly terms with her, at the same time he assumed a tone of intellectual superiority which Fairy quite acquiesced in and seemed to think quite natural, and yet she ordered him about just as she did the other boys, and he was certainly never so happy as when in her presence and doing her bidding.

Sometimes Mrs. Shelley feared for her boy's happiness, for though Fairy was only a child in age and everything else, Jack was five years older, and already his mother dreaded lest his affection and admiration should develop into a stronger feeling, although, for she was very ambitious for her boy, if she could know that in the far future Fairy would respond to the feeling, hope, and not fear, would have been the feeling with which she watched them.

When the sums were finished, Mrs. Shelley laid the cloth for supper, while Jack and Fairy discussed their plans for the next day.

"Where is father?" asked Jack, suddenly.

"Now coming in to supper; he is cross with you, you naughty boy, because you have not set the wheatear traps properly, and he only caught two dozen," said Fairy.

These wheatear traps are excavations in the turf, about a foot long, in the shape of a T. The birds run up the trenches and get entangled by the head in a noose.

"Well, that is five or six shillings, and there'll be another two dozen poor little things snared to-morrow," said Jack.

"More, I expect, Jack; your father has been after the traps himself this evening; but here he is, so don't mention them unless he does. Look what Fairy and I have been making for you, Jack. Show him, Fairy," said Mrs. Shelley, who was making a huge hasty pudding over the fire for supper.

"Yes, look here, Jack: a beautiful smock, a real smock! Isn't it lovely? John insisted on your wearing one, so we made it for your birthday; but don't look so unhappy, I have got a prettier present for you to-morrow," said Fairy, holding the heavy smock up in her tiny fingers.

"But why did you make me such a thing, mother? You might have known I could not possibly wear it," said Jack, flushing angrily, and ignoring Fairy's part in the manufacture of the unwelcome garb.

"Not wear it! What do you mean, Jack?" asked the shepherd, as he came in, followed by the other boys.

"Here's a joke! we shall have a row now," said Charlie, in an undertone, to Willie, boy-like, rejoicing in the prospect.

"I back old Jack to win this time," whispered Willie.

"Mean, father? Why, what I say. No power on earth shall induce me to wear a smock frock," said Jack, infusing all the scorn he could muster into the objectionable name of the still more objectionable thing.

It was some minutes before the shepherd could take in the full meaning of his son's words. He supposed there was some objection to this smock in particular, for as he wore a smock himself, and his father and grandfather and great-grandfather had done the same before him, it never occurred to him that Jack could object to smocks in general. Shepherds wore smocks; Jack was of course a shepherd because he, John Shelley, was a shepherd, therefore Jack must wear a smock.

"What is the matter with this smock? Is it too big, or too small, or what?" he asked, slowly.

"I don't know, I am sure, what size it is; I only know it is no use to me."

"But if you have not tried it on, how can you possibly tell? Put it on and let's see," said the shepherd, taking the smock from Fairy and handing it to Jack.

"I tell you, father, I won't wear a smock; it is bad enough to have to be a shepherd; wear a smock I won't," cried Jack, his eyes flashing dangerously.

John Shelley began to understand now; it was pride which was at the bottom of it—pride sprung from all this book-knowledge, which he had always prophesied would lead to no good, and pride which must be trampled upon at once. John had never understood his eldest son, and he could no more enter into the feeling which prompted Jack to shrink from wearing this badge of his lowly calling than he could understand his objection to snaring wheatears.

"And I tell you, Jack, I will have no more of this folly. It all comes from the books you are always poring over instead of attending to your work."

"When have I ever neglected my work? Summer and winter alike, from five in the morning till sunset, am I following the sheep," interrupted Jack, passionately.

"Hush, Jack, dear, hush!" whispered Mrs. Shelley.

"Remember you are speaking to your father; and now no more of this. I order you to put on that smock at once, and sit down and get your supper in it."

"And I refuse ever to put it on," replied Jack.

The shepherd advanced a step towards the angry lad; but Fairy, trembling for the consequences, caught hold of John's arm and held him back, while Mrs. Shelley stood between her husband and Jack, who was shaking with suppressed passion.

"Do you mean you refuse to obey me?" asked the shepherd.

"Yes, in this I do," answered Jack, fiercely.

"Then leave the house until you know how to behave," said the shepherd, seating himself quietly at the supper-table.

No need to tell Jack twice to go. Hungry as he was, having had nothing to eat since his early dinner, he turned at once on his heel, and muttering something about never entering it again, he went out and banged the door after him. The next moment Fairy was running after him, her lovely hair floating in the evening breeze as she hooked her arm in his and tried to keep up with his great hasty strides.

For ten minutes Jack stalked angrily along, so fast that Fairy had almost to run to keep up with him. He had turned sharp to the left on leaving the field in which the shepherd's house stood, and where he was going Fairy could not think, for the road they were in was only a kind of cart-drift leading to a stream which sprung out of the chalk hills, called the Winter-bourne, a mere tiny brook, which Fairy could leap dry-shod in summer; it was an angry rushing torrent in winter. It was a lovely July evening; the sun had set, but the after-glow still lingered in the western horizon; the pale blue sky was cloudless, and melted away into a delicate green and gold over the purple downs, which caught the golden reflection, and looked like golden hills in the evening light. About two miles to the left of Jack and Fairy lay the picturesque old town of Lewes in an amphitheatre of hills, the grand old castle and its ivy-covered walls forming the most attractive object in the picture; behind them lay the soft rounded outlines of the range of downs, cold and grey under the darkening eastern sky. But Fairy was not much given to admiring sunsets or going into raptures over the Southdown scenery. She was hungry, and wanted to get back to supper as soon as she could persuade this tiresome angry Jack to come with her; and how to accomplish this was the problem she was anxiously trying to solve as she panted along by Jack's side. Her task would be only half done when she had succeeded in this, but this was the worst half. If she could only bring Jack to reason, she would soon persuade the shepherd to capitulate; he had never refused her anything in her life; many a time had she saved the boys from punishment; she was quite certain he would listen to her now. But Jack! She was by no means so sure of him; he required very delicate manipulation.

At last she stopped just as they reached the Winter-bourne, a harmless, innocent-looking little brook, whose violence in winter would have seemed incredible to Jack and Fairy if they had not once had a terrible experience of it.

It was when Fairy and Charlie were eight years old. Charlie having seen the brook the day before, swollen and rushing wildly along, challenged Fairy to wade through it; she, unconscious of the change, and remembering it only as a tiny stream which barely covered her little feet, accepted the challenge, declaring it was the easiest thing in the world to do; and the more Charlie protested she would never be able to suc-

ceed, the more determined Fairy was to try. But when they reached the bourne and Fairy saw, instead of a tiny brook, an angry stream thirty feet wide, rushing along, and disappearing under the turf, to rise again further on, and, as Charlie told her, run through the priory grounds, where it was deep enough to drown a cow, her heart sank within her.

"I told you so," said Charlie; "I said you could not do it, but you would not believe me."

"But I will do it. Look here, Charlie, it is not deep here, is it? It can't be, you know, we have often played at mud pies where it is now running; it won't come much above my knees," said Fairy, taking off her shoes and socks.

"You had better not go, Fairy. It mayn't be deep, but it is very rapid; you may be carried away with it," urged Charlie.

"Bah!" laughed Fairy, dipping her pretty feet into the cold water, and shrieking with delight.

"Well, wait a minute till I have taken off my shoes, and we'll go together. It will be up to our waists in the middle, I believe," said Charlie; and the next minute the two children were wading across the angry bourne, laughing and screaming with delight, as each step they took the stream ran stronger and deeper.

But as they neared the centre of the stream the laughter ceased, and suddenly a wild shriek from Fairy, who was taken off her feet, rent the air, and, to Charlie's horror, he saw her carried away by the angry stream towards the spot where it disappeared under the turf, a horrid, dark-looking ditch. He rushed back to the shore, hoping to have time to lean over the ditch and catch her before she disappeared under it, but as his feet touched the dry land Jack, who luckily had seen the pair going towards the Winter-bourne from the down where he was watching the sheep, and knowing it to be a dangerous place, had come to order them home. Jack now rushed to the spot, and leaning over the mouth of the ditch, caught Fairy before she was carried under it. Luckily for Charlie, Jack had left his crook behind him, or there is no telling what harm he might have done to the child in his rage; as it was, he seized him, and would have beaten him unmercifully only Fairy cried to him to come and wring the water out of her clothes for her.

She was none the worse for her adventure, since Jack, in spite of all their entreaties, remorselessly led the culprits home at once, and, in answer to their fears that Mrs. Shelley would be very angry, only hoped she would, and was even cruel enough, as Fairy told him, to say it served them right when the culprits were sent to bed as soon as Mrs. Shelley heard what had happened.

It was at this bourne that Fairy now stopped Jack, panting, and exclaiming, "Oh, Jack, do stop; I am so hot and tired, I can't walk another step."

"Fairy, why didn't you tell me before, child, and why did you come at all?" asked Jack, reproachfully, though in his heart pleasure at Fairy's coming was almost stronger than his anger with his father, which by this time had nearly vanished, for Jack's temper was as quickly over as it was roused.

"Why did I come? To bring you back to supper, of course; and why didn't I tell you before to stop? Because you would not have listened if I had when you were in such a rage, you tiresome, cross boy, you."

"I am not in a rage now, Fairy, only I am not going to wear a smock. But where is your hat? You will catch cold."

"Of course I shall; I feel rather chilly now. Do take me home, Jack, before it comes on bad," said the little hypocrite, who never caught cold by any chance.

"I'll go back to the house with you, Fairy, but I can't come in, you know. Father has turned me out."

"Oh, I know; John is as bad as you. Between you both you'll bring me and mother to a sick bed, quarrelling in this way. You ought both to be ashamed of yourselves, and all about a stupid smock frock. I don't know which is the silliest about it, you or John."

"I am sure, Fairy, you would not like to see me in a smock," interrupted Jack.

"I never said I should, but you need not have put yourself in such a temper about it, worrying me in this way, and teasing me when I am so hungry. Aren't you very sorry, sir?"

"Yes, you know I am, Fairy, but I can't and won't wear that smock. I'll keep it all my life, because you made it, but I will never——"

"Oh, do stop; I am so tired of that 'I won't wear a smock.' We will write a song for the next sheep-shearing, and that shall be the chorus. I am sure you will sing it most lustily. Now there's John to manage. Now, will you promise me faithfully to wait out here in the garden while I go and talk to him?"

"Yes, I promise," said Jack, as they reached the shepherd's house, and Fairy, leaving him outside, went in to propitiate his father.

The others were at supper, or at least, Mr. and Mrs. Shelley were sitting at the table; the boys had gone to bed.

"Where is Jack, Fairy?" asked Mrs. Shelley.

"He is outside, waiting for John to go and bring him in to supper, and I am so hungry; do go, John," said Fairy, putting one of her slender arms round the shepherd's neck.

John put up one of his brown weather-beaten hands, and took hold of the little delicate white hand resting coaxingly on his shoulder as he answered, "Fairy, Jack has behaved very badly."

"Perhaps he has, but he is very sorry," whispered Fairy.

"Well, for your sake I'll forgive him, then," said the shepherd, rising from his seat.

"Yes, but wait a minute, John. He is very sorry, but he won't wear a smock, so it won't be the least bit of use your asking him," said Fairy.

"I knew he wouldn't, and if Fairy can't persuade him it is no use your making any more fuss about it. Do, for goodness sake, drop it, John, and fetch the lad in to supper. You can't force a boy of his age as a child of twelve, and, after all, he does his work just as well without a smock as with one, so do let us have peace," said Mrs. Shelley, who had been arguing the vexed question with her husband during Jack's absence.

"That is not the point. The question is, who is to be master in this house, Jack or I?" said the shepherd, seating himself again.

"Nonsense! the only question is, are you going to drive your son, as good a son as man can have, away from his home to rack and ruin for the sake of a whim of yours? Times have changed since you were young; people don't do as they did. My mother followed the sheep in shearing-time, but that is no reason why I should do the same."

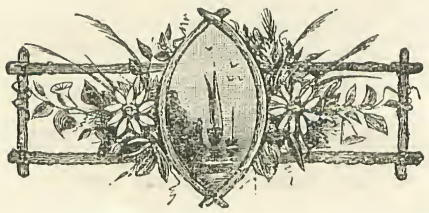
"Times may have changed, but sons still obey their fathers, and a man is still master in his own house, and if not he ought to be; at any rate, I mean to be master in mine," said John.

"And I mean to be mistress, and I say Jack shan't wear a smock. I hate the ugly things, and if Jack goes away I'll go away too," burst out Fairy, stamping her little foot, and then, as if half-alarmed and half-afraid of the effect of her words, she threw herself into Mrs. Shelley's arms, sobbing out, "and you are very unkind to me, as well as to Jack."

Fairy's violence surprised the shepherd into rising from his seat, but when she burst into tears he laid his hand on her golden head, and saying, "Well, well, well, we won't say any more about it," he went out of the house.

What passed between the shepherd and his son no one ever knew, but they came in to supper together a few minutes later, both of them rather grave, but on good terms with each other. And Jack never wore the smock.

(To be continued.)



VARIETIES.

SELFISH MAN!

"My darling little wife," said a husband, "you will be pleased to hear I have just insured my life."

"Yes, of course," replied the wife, "there it is again—another proof of how utterly selfish and inconsiderate men are, always thinking of themselves. Naturally, it never occurred to you to insure my life."

A LESSON IN COURTESY.—"My child," said a father to his daughter, "treat everybody with politeness, even though they are rude to you. For remember that you show courtesy to others, not because they are ladies, but because you are one."

SNAIL COUGH-MIXTURE.—The following glimpse of an old lady's pharmacopœia in the middle of last century is got from a letter of Mrs. Delany's written in January, 1758:—"Does Mary cough in the night? Two or three snails boiled in her barley-water or tea-water, or whatever she drinks, might be of great service to her; taken in time they have done wonderful cures. She must know nothing of it. They give no manner of taste. It would be best nobody should know it but yourself, and I should imagine six or eight boiled in a quart of water and strained off and put in a bottle would be a good way, adding a spoonful or two of that to every liquid she takes. They must be fresh done every two or three days, otherwise they grow too thick."

THE TRUTH ABOUT WIVES.

Some wicked wits have libelled all the fair.
With matchless impudence they call a wife
The dear-bought curse and lawful plague of life;
A bosom serpent, a domestic evil.
* * * *
Let not the wise these slanderous words regard,
But curse the bones of every lying bard;
All other goods by fortune's hand are given—
A wife is the peculiar gift of heaven.
A wife! Oh, gentle deities, can he
That has a wife e'er feel adversity?
Would men but follow what the sex advise,
All things would prosper, all the world grow wise. —*Pope.*

A NOVELIST'S TALE.—Why is a novelist an unnatural phenomenon? Because his tale comes out of his head.

SUNSHINE AT HOME.—No trait of character is more valuable in a woman than a sweet temper. Home can never be made happy without it. It is like the flowers that spring up in our pathway, reviving and cheering us. Let a man go home at night, wearied and worn by the toils of the day, and how soothing s a word dictated by a good disposition! It is sunshine falling on his heart. He is happy, and the cares of life are forgotten.

"WHAT DOES YF SPELL?"

"Bad spelling," says Benjamin Franklin in one of his letters, "is generally the best, as conforming to the sound of the letters and of the words. To give you an instance: a gentleman received a letter in which were these words, 'Not finding Brown at hom, I delivered your meseg to his yf.' The gentleman, finding it bad spelling, and therefore not very intelligible, called his lady to help him to read it. Between them they picked out the meaning of all but the yf, which they could not understand. The lady proposed to called her chambermaid, 'because Betty,' says she, 'has the best knack at reading bad spelling of anyone I know!' Betty came and was surprised that neither sir nor madame could tell what yf was.

"'Why,' says she, 'y—f spells wife; what else can it spell?'

"And, indeed, it is a much better, as well as shorter, method of spelling wife than doubleyou-i-ef-e, which in reality spells doubluifey."

THE HEIGHT OF WOMAN.—Given sixty-six inches as the average height of a man, the average height of a woman is sixty-three inches.—*Charles Blanc.*

LITTLE MINDS.—It is the characteristic of little and frivolous minds to be wholly occupied with the vulgar objects of life.—*Blair.*

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

TOM.—We think that you might be received as a pupil at a school in Dresden, before recommended by us. Write to the matron, Frau Johanna Knipp-Frauen, Industrie Schule, Elias Platz, No. 4, Ecke der Sachsen Allée, Zu Dresden. Before attempting to teach the English language she should make herself better acquainted with it. She uses the third person singular and the second in the plural in the same letter, and in addressing one and the same individual.

MIDGE.—We think that the College of Preceptors would meet your wishes better than any other. Write to the secretary, C. R. Hodgson, Esq., 42, Queen-square, Bloomsbury, W.C. You write very well. We may add, that this college grants diplomas to teachers of three grades—associates, licentiates, and fellows—for which persons of both sexes are eligible. Lectures on the theory of teaching are given in the college rooms.

ADA BELLE.—Write to the secretary or lady superintendent of the Mildmay Deaconesses' Institution, Mildmay Park, N., of which there is a branch home at 9 11, and 15, Effra-road, Brixton, S.W.

LAURA.—1. See our answer to "Chatterbox." The mere question of having obtained educational certificates does not include all that is required of a governess. 2. The phrase, to "leave no stone unturned," is taken from "Euripides," and may be traced to a response of the Delphic oracle to Polycrates, with reference to the finding of treasure buried by Xerxes' general, Mardonius, on the field of Platæa. Literally given, it was "Turn every stone." We think it was a very safe answer, and did not require supernatural wisdom to dictate it.

GUARDIAN.—We advise you to write to the chaplain of the Rue d'Ague seau Church, Paris, the Rev. T. Howard Gill, for information and advice respecting the education of English girls in France. See answer to "Anxious Mother."

RENEE VIVIAN.—1. If you refer to our recent answers to such queries as yours, under the above heading, you will find a reference to a shilling manual, called a "Directory of Girls' Clubs," educational, religious, and industrial. The ages of the students vary in many of them, and so do the other rules. Write for it to Messrs. Griffith and Farran, St. Paul's-churchyard, E.C. 2. The quotation, "Call us not weeds," etc., is from "The Mother's Fables," by E. L. Aveline. Our society (the Religious Tract Society) has depôts all over the kingdom.

UN VRAI SINGE.—Apply to Miss Leigh for advice and information, Avenue Wagram, No. 44, Paris.

ART.

WINNIPEG.—The best plan for disposing of valuable pictures is to send them to Christie and Manson's, King-street, S.W., and put a reserve price upon them, in case of a small and unsatisfactory competition.

STAR OF THE SOUTH.—1. We do not think it possible for you to obtain a livelihood by tinting photographs, and must especially warn you against answering advertisements professing to give remunerative employment to ladies in this way. 2. There are plenty of pottery works at Stafford, but they would not teach you pottery painting unless you were one of their workpeople and gave up your whole time to them. You would receive very little money at first, and might never become a first-class proficient at the work. Your better plan would be to take a few private lessons, and find out what your capabilities were before giving up an employment of which you are sure.

MUSIC.

ANNIE JAMES.—People are usually asked to sing at concerts. You may be sure, when they know you can sing, you will soon be asked; but if you find any occasion when you think it would be an act of kindness to volunteer to do so, there is nothing to prevent your giving your assistance.

GERTRUDE MAY.—Certainly, offer your services if you can be of use.

A. ANDREWS.—We are happy to hear that our notices have led so many to take advantage of your Musical Improvement Association. The fact that three extra prizes may be gained by those who have practised the greatest number of extra hours, and that musical soirées are occasionally given at Queenstown by the members, form distinctive attractions to your society.

FIDDLESTRING.—Take your compositions to any music publisher's, and they will give you every information. You will find a list in the London Directory.

SISTER ELIZABETH could study harmony by herself very well, and make good progress. The Primers of Messrs. Novello and Co. are very good indeed.

NARCISSUS.—The Royal College of Music is at Kensington-gore, S.W.; principal, Sir George Grove; hon. secretary, Charles Morley; fee for tuition only, £40 per annum. Lodgings for students named if desired.

SNOWDROP, No. 100.—You have begun singing too early. Get an opinion at an eye or ear infirmary, or a good experienced doctor. Your writing is particularly good.

MISCELLANEOUS.

GWEN H. M.—Express your regret at having forgotten yourself and spoken in temper disrespectfully to your mistress. You can do no more; but she can be compelled to give you a character, although giving her own version of the cause of your dismissal.

INQUISITIVE.—The 18th of January, 1872, was a Thursday, and the 14th of March a Thursday. Reverse the method you have adopted of making heavy upper strokes and light down ones.

DOTS.—The words "speciality" and "specialty" are synonymous, and may both be used; but the former is adopted by our best writers—as, for example, the novelists Bulwer, Lytton, and Dickens, the poet Elizabeth B. Browning, and the theological historian, Hooker. Nevertheless, Shakespeare says "specialty," but that may have been the old word of a former age, and such could not govern modern usages.

REGRETFUL need not feel unhappy about a kindly act of sympathy. The letter was doubtless written in suitable terms. Her verses have a good deal of prettiness and sweetness about them; but she needs to study the rules of metrical composition, as a good many errors appear in her lines. We direct her attention to previous answers.

A. M. L.—1. We are perpetually telling our girls that it is very unladylike for them to walk out alone with men unless engaged to them, and with the knowledge and consent of their parents. Even if you could not take the trouble of reading our answers to other girls on this subject, why do you not ask the opinion and advice of your mother or aunt, or any lady possessing ordinary common sense and acquaintance with the general rules of propriety. 2. Clean brass with cream of tartar made into a wet paste; brush off when dry, wash in boiling water, and rub with a chamois leather.

LITTLE WHITE OSS.—To remove grease from dresses, rub the spots with benzoline and hang them in the air. The word "catechism" is derived from the Greek, and signifies a form of oral instruction in the rudiments of knowledge by way of question and answer. The oral instructions delivered by the early Christian priests to their converts were written down first in the eighth or ninth centuries, the present Church of England Catechism in 1551, and was added to and altered in 1604 by the order of James I. We do not admire your selection of a name. "White Rabbit" or "White Mouse" would have been preferable.

TWENTY.—Write to our publisher, Mr. Tarn. The Editor has nothing to do with the publishing department.

CECILIA.—Good Friday is a Bank Holiday, also Easter Monday, Whit Monday, first Monday in August, Christmas Day, and the day following, or, if that be a Sunday, then the Monday following. In Scotland the holidays are different, being New Year's Day, Good Friday, first Monday in May, first Monday in August, and Christmas Day.

WHITE VIOLET.—September 21st, 1869, was a Friday; June 27th, 1867, was a Thursday. Your other query has been recently answered.

PICANINNY.—We are glad to hear you have found the G. O. P. so useful. Use gloves.

ERA.—We are much obliged, and regret we cannot make use of them.

LITTLE WOMAN.—We think you had better let matters take their natural course. Such a long and intimate acquaintance would be the best commencement for married life, which is too often hastily entered into, and thus ends in disappointment from lack of knowledge of each other's characters and habits.

LIZZIE F.—An answer has been given to your question very lately.

ENGLISH GIRL should wear a veil in the summer if she fears freckles, and in winter also if her skin be so tender.

AN ANXIOUS ONE (Leeds) should consult a doctor without delay.

H. A. CHART must send to Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., for the index and plates, 1s. being required, and postage.

TROUBLESOME ONE.—If you meet a funeral procession accompanying a deceased person, it is in good taste to stop while it passes, and for a man to take off his hat. You do not stop if it merely overtake you, travelling the same way, nor need you to stop, whether riding or driving, if the hearse be empty. The rule is, that all respect be shown to the dead and the grief of the mourners.

ISCA WELLESLEY.—How could you so far forget yourself as to send flowers to a strange man? You cannot bow to any man, "peculiar" or not, if he have not been introduced to you. Is it possible that you thought of bowing to a man with whom you were not acquainted? We think your mother would feel tempted to box your ears if she knew that you did!

A HYBRID LASS (?).—The three days immediately preceding the Feast of the Ascension were so named because on them litanies were recited by the clergy and people in procession, a custom of which the "beating of bounds" is a relic. Their institution is ascribed to Mamertius, Bishop of Vienna in the fifth century.

CHIESA had better consult a doctor, as such things are dangerous for unskilled hands to meddle with. We do not recognise the poem.

AZALEA.—Such matters must be referred to the decision of each individual conscience, for what one person might consider an enjoyable relaxation another might think wrong. But we must not judge anyone, only act for ourselves, in the fear and love of God.

EXCELSIOR.—The line—

"Oh, for the touch of a vanished hand"

is by Tennyson.

ANNIE'S verses are very good for ten years old, but she will probably improve on them before she is twice ten.

A. J. M.—The certificates are all dated Lady Day, 1886. You make a mistake. We think it unnecessary fault finding.

LITTLE GHERKINS.—1. Although your verses are rather too irregular to be put into the G. O. P., there is much humour about them, and they afforded us a good laugh, for which we thank you, and wish you health to enjoy the paper we provide for you for many a day. 2. Write to the secretary of the convalescent home at Walton-on-Thames, at the office, 32, Sackville-street, W. Admission is free. Get a letter from your doctor to recommend you, and they will take you in for three weeks' change of air.

SCOTIA.—1. It is impossible to make smoke pictures indelible. They should be mounted in deep mounts and framed if worth preserving. 2. The origin of acting as "gooseberry" is found in the unsatisfactory office of a gooseberry gatherer, who undertakes the trouble and bears all the scratching from the thorns for the delectation of others. Thus, the "gooseberry" is the person who, for propriety sake, accompanies two lovers, and is expected to hear, see, and say nothing—*i.e.*, have all the toil and the dulness without the pleasure of companionship.

LOLLO.—The address of the Governesses' Benevolent Institution is 32, Sackville-street, London. Apply to the secretary for information.

EVANGELINE GRACE.—Gather leaves in the early autumn when touched, but not faded, by the frost; dry them thoroughly, and preserve them from decay by giving them a slight coat of varnish.

GRACE NOEL.—We are obliged for your communication about the Colonial Exhibition, and regret that we have not space to publish it. We consider it a very creditable production for a girl of twelve years old.

HATTIE is probably diminutive for Harriet. We do not understand your question.

JANET C.—You had better take your Bible and look out all the places where dreams are mentioned.

A. E. T.—The present King of Greece ascended the throne, 30th March, 1863, and married, 27th October, 1867, Olga, eldest daughter of the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia, the present queen. We do not think there is any such word in the dictionary, or out of it.

TIE.—The Italian for "How do you do" is "*Come sta?*" the French, "*Comment vous portez-vous?*" the German, "*Wie befinden sie sich?*" The translation of the Latin, "*De mortuis*," etc., is, "Of the dead say nothing but good."

KATRINA S.—Some articles on riding were given in the G. O. P. The dress consists of habit, trousers, and low stays.

ALICE.—Intimate friends and relations give presents at such events as silver weddings, but no others are expected.

PSEUDO (Worthing).—1. Not less than eight or nine hours' sleep is needful for young people, so do not stint your rest; get to bed early, and rise at 6.30 or 7 a.m. 2. A very good book on how to teach arithmetic is published by Moffat and Paige, 28, Warwick-lane, Paternoster-row, E.C., price 2s. 6d., as well as other useful manuals for the teacher.



CONVALESCENCE.

RUTH (West Indies).—The account you give of the condition of both head and hair is quite shocking. You had better cut it short, and then wash your head well with plenty of soap, and keep it clean always. Possibly, however, not dirt, but some disease of the scalp may be the cause of the condition you describe. If so, you had better show it to a doctor. But, in any case, you had better cut it short for a time.

WHITE ROSE (Shepherd's Bush).—You are not too young to be a godmother, but your services to the child will probably be superfluous, as the parents—or, at least, the mother—will see that the child is taught the Lord's Prayer, Creed, and Ten Commandments, and will see that it be confirmed at a suitable age. But you must take care that while praying for the child you are also to set it, and all who know you, a good Christian example of keeping your own vows to God. In ancient times Christian parents were often martyred, and then the responsibility of the child's religious education devolved on the godparents.

MATE.—It is not incumbent on a man to call his wife's father and mother by those titles. Many only address them as "Mr." and "Mrs." Nevertheless, it is desirable to do all things that tend to make peace and a friendly feeling rather than the reverse. When a man likes his mother-in-law he sometimes has a pet name for her, such as "Mum" and "Mumsey."

MAY.—You seem to work rather beyond the strength of a girl of fifteen; but, of course, you have not got to "wash for eleven children every day," nor "clean five bedrooms." The cheap velvet slippers you name might wear fairly well in the house.

A YOUTHFUL POET finds herself plunged in great difficulties in the midst of some most obdurate verses, two of which will not accommodate any last line. She writes about "cricket," and about the necessity of being "in her place by the hour" at school, or "get punished in some way not so extreme as a *wacking*." If this youthful poet mistakes us for her muse, and depends on us to inspire her, or to write her verses for her, we can only decline, with thanks for the honour done us. In return, we must strongly recommend her to improve her writing.

BLUEBELL.—In reply to your query, "Why, in sailing round the world eastward, twenty-four hours are gained?" we may explain the fact thus. The world's rotation takes twenty-four hours. If, now, a person be travelling in the direction of rotation, an amount of time is gained proportional to the distance covered. Therefore, in travelling round the equator in the direction of rotation, the total time gained will be proportional to the earth's circumference—in other words, to the distance travelled. Of course, if travelling much below or above the line, the circumference would be less and the result affected.

A MALE READER.—You will find our articles on women's Christian names in vol. iv., the parts for October and November, 1882, and for January and March, 1883. Harriett, like Henrietta, is the feminine for Henry, and means "noble," and Emma is the Gothic for "mother."

A. L. W.—Yes, seashells are found far inland and high above the present sea-level. In Sweden there are great beds of them, and even barnacles on some of the rocks at Udevalla, fifty miles from the North Sea and seventy from the Baltic. The whole of Scandinavia is rising, and North of Stockholm at the North Cape, at the rate of some six feet in a century.

DOLGELLY.—We should always regret that the smallest annoyance was caused by any writer in this paper on the characteristics of a county or province of the United Kingdom, and we are not pledged to the opinions gathered by our story-writers, formed from their own experience when resident in such localities. Did "Dolgelly" read the declarations recently made by one of our judges in a court of assize held at Chester?

DISCONTENTED should not worry herself over little disadvantages, for which she is in no way responsible. If so plain as she imagines, it would be well to cultivate beauty in the character, the temper, and the manners. Many plain people make themselves most attractive by the sweetness of their expression and the kindliness of their actions, small as well as great. See page 348, vol. i. 2. Cut your nails once a week.

A FOREIGNER.—You should make your arrangements with a German publisher to translate any English work into German that he may require. Get an introduction to one or more in Germany.

TYZA WORRALL.—1. If the audience thank you after singing at a village concert, you should thank them by bowing. 2. To lay the tea-things on a coloured cloth is only a piece of economy, not fashionable nor nice. If anything be spilt upon it, it remains dirty, as it cannot be washed on every such occasion like a white linen one. Better to lay the tea on the bare mahogany or oak table. Coloured woollen or cotton cloths have a fusty appearance as connected with meals. We regret your answer should have been delayed.

H. G. C.—Write to the hon. secretary, Mrs. Paterson, of the Woman's Protective and Provident League, 36, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn, W.C. The league has a register of work and workers, and protects the trade interests of women.

CAPRICE had better write and inquire about an English translation from the gentleman who edits the French editions in England. The eagle is emblematic of St. John the Evangelist, because he looked on "the Sun of Glory," like the eagle, with undazzled eyes. The eagle was one of the four figures which made up the cherub (Ezek. i. 10). The two outspread wings of the eagle represent the two Testaments, and the use of the eagle to support the lectern was because the eagle is the natural enemy of the serpent.

"THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMIN'."—The motto of the Campbells is *Ne obliviscaris*, "You must not forget," or "Do not forget.



VOL. VIII.—NO. 360. NOVEMBER 20, 1886. PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE SHEPHERD'S FAIRY.

A PASTORALE.

By DARLEY DALE, Author of "Fair Katherine," etc.



"AND READ IT ALOUD."

CHAPTER VIII.

TWELVE YEARS LATER.

IN the early days of the present century, during which period the events of this story took place, the education of the lower classes was of the meagrest description; boys like Jack Shelley, with intellectual capacities above the level of their own class, had none of the opportunities afforded at the present day of rising from their humble position. Jack, indeed, was fortunate in getting hold of Fairy's books, which he very soon mastered; but in those times young ladies were taught very little besides history and geography, and a little French, and Fairy was not fond of study; she liked French, and she was fond of poetry; history she hated, and but for Jack her ignorance of arithmetic would have been pitiable. Her taste for poetry hence fitted Jack indirectly, for Mr. Leslie gave her a Shakespeare on her tenth Christmas Day, and from the first day Jack caught sight of it he never rested till he had saved up enough money to buy himself one, which was his constant companion on the downs. He was an

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intense lover of nature as well as of poetry, and his shepherd's life helped him in this respect; for during the long hours he passed daily on the lonely downs, he had plenty of time for observation of all the birds and animal life he came across. Sussex is a famous county for rare birds, and the neighbourhood of Lewes in particular is celebrated in this respect; and by the time Jack was seventeen he was quite an authority on birds; he knew all about them, what kinds visited the neighbourhood and at what seasons; which remained all the year round, and which were only rare and occasional visitors; which bred there, where their nests were to be found, how they were made, and how many eggs and of what kind each species laid; the habits and very often the characters of different birds—all this he knew.

His drawback was he could not afford to buy any good book on birds—they were all far beyond his means; but Mr. Leslie had "Bewick," and one of Jack's greatest treats was to go and fetch Fairy, when she spent an evening at the Rectory, and be allowed half an hour's study of this most fascinating book.

But besides natural history and Shakespeare, Jack studied mathematics on the downs; he bought an old Euclid and an algebra in a book-shop at Lewes, and these, with his Shakespeare and one or two other books, he kept in a hole in a chalk-pit on one of the downs; and winter and summer alike, while the sheep grazed he studied. In winter he walked up and down to keep his blood in circulation, for it was sometimes so cold that he would have been frozen had he sat still; but in summer he stretched himself full length on the short turf in some grey hollow, where he was in shadow.

In some ways a shepherd's life suited him; it gave him plenty of leisure for study; he was his own master from the time he left home in the grey dawn till he returned at sunset; his duties were light, he had but to follow the sheep, and his dog did all the hard work; moreover, he had none of the responsibility—that all fell on John's shoulders. Then he liked the loneliness of it. Often for days he met no one except, perhaps, his father, with the rest of the flock, or Dame Hursey gathering wool, or some other shepherd; but yet, for all this, Jack hated the life. He hated it because he felt he had the capacity in him for doing higher work; he hated it because, though his father was content to live all the year on the chalky slopes, visiting Lewes at the two sheep fairs, and occasionally on market days, and on the fifth of November to see the carnival, he was not; he longed to go beyond those round-topped mountains, to cross that silver streak of sea he caught a glimpse of on clear days, to see some of the cities and places he had read of. Above all, he hated it because he felt it was an insuperable obstacle between him and Fairy; for whom, from that day when, as an infant, she had clutched hold of his finger, he had entertained a romantic and ardent affection.

And then he was very proud; and though it was doubtless very foolish pride, he was ashamed of being a shepherd. He would not have had his father, for whom he had the greatest respect, suspect the real secret reason of his dislike to his occupation for worlds, but there it was all the same. He knew to have refused to become a shepherd would almost have broken John Shelley's heart; and so, for his sake, Jack had never demurred when it was proposed, but he cherished hopes of some day rising to a higher calling.

Poor Jack! could he but have known how that longing was to be fulfilled! But Jack no more than the rest of us could afford to look into the future, neither had he the power—it was as mercifully veiled from him as from others. To look back on past sorrows is sad enough; to look forward to coming ones with the same certainty would be insupportable.

Jack's seventeenth birthday was a glorious day, and before the sun was high in the horizon, he, and Fairy, and the two other boys were on their way to the seaside, with their dinners in a basket. They were all in high spirits, for a holiday was a rare thing indeed for Jack, and Willy was nearly always at sea, so it was a treat to have him with them, especially to Jack, whose favourite brother Willy was. Moreover, when Willy was there, he would be sure to take Charlie away for part of the day, and leave Jack and Fairy together, and this was a thing to be very thankful for in Jack's opinion, for he considered Charlie a little nuisance, and had always been very jealous of his brotherly affection and friendship for Fairy. One thing in particular annoyed Jack; Charlie always kissed Fairy every night when he went to bed—a thing neither he nor his father ever ventured to do, nor had Willy ever done so since he came back from sea; but Charlie kissed her every night in the coolest way; and when Jack remonstrated with his mother, as he sometimes did about it, Mrs. Shelley only laughed and said as they were foster brother and sister, and both still mere children, it was quite natural.

But this day was destined to be a very happy one for Jack; he was the hero of it, and Fairy gave herself up to making it as pleasant for him as possible. Her present had delighted him greatly, so he started in his happiest mood. He was lucky, too, and found a nest of a Cornish chough in the chalky cliffs, with five little birds, one of which Jack took home alive and made a great pet of; then, as they neared Newhaven, he shot a water-ousel with his catapult, to add to his collection of stuffed birds found in the neighbourhood. Jack was a charming companion on a country walk; he knew every bird they came across, and his delight and excitement when they saw a rare or scarce bird was charming to witness. A flight of crossbills, or a ring-ousel, was a delightful incident to Jack; and when, in the evening at Newhaven, he actually descried a stormy petrel skimming over the surface of the sea in its usual business-like way, as if all the affairs of the nation depended on it, his delight was unbounded. He had had a glorious birthday, he declared—only one little shadow was cast across it on their way home, when, as they reached the top of the down, at the foot of which lay the shepherd's house, they met Dame Hursey. Now Jack never could bear Dame Hursey to approach Fairy! He always connected her in some way or other, how, he did not exactly know, with Fairy's arrival, and he had a very shrewd suspicion that the old wool-gatherer knew far more than anyone else about Fairy's parentage. One thing was certain—she was most curious about the child, and never met either Jack or his father without talking about her, and trying to find out something about her; and if she could only speak to Fairy herself, she was quite happy; but this Jack never suffered her to do if he could prevent it; and seeing her coming he now tried to hurry Fairy home before Dame Hursey could catch them up.

"Hi, man, Jack Shelley, stop a minute, will you, and let me have a look at the little lass?" shouted Dame Hursey in her broad Sussex brogue, and Jack, much against his will, was obliged to stop.

"Poor old woman, Jack; she can't do us any harm; why shouldn't we stop and speak to her?" said Fairy, who did not keep her pretty manners for the other sex only, but was just as anxious to charm an old woman like Dame Hursey, and be as courteous to her as she would have been to Mr. Leslie or any of the people she met at the Rectory.

"Well, you are fair enough for a princess. We shall have the prince coming one of these fine days and carrying you off," said Dame Hursey, holding the little slender fingers Fairy tendered her in her horny old palm, and gazing with her piercing black eyes, bright now in spite of her seventy odd years, at the child's fair face.

"I hope not; I am very happy here," said Fairy, laughing.

"But you don't belong here for all that; you look as much out of your place here as a black-faced horned sheep would among John Shelley's flock of Southdowns."

"We must be going, Fairy. See, the sun is setting," said Jack, impatiently.

"Ah, it is no use your frowning about it, Jack Shelley. You may take her away now, but you mark my words, as sure as my name is Hursey, the prince will come and carry the fairies' child away one of these days, in spite of all you can say or do to the contrary," persisted the old woman, as Jack led Fairy off, feeling very much annoyed at her words.

"Old witch," muttered Jack.

"Poor old thing! she means well, Jack," laughed Fairy.

"I almost think she has meant mischief to you, Fairy, ever since that day after you first came to us, and I was left at home to watch Charlie, while mother took you to Mr. Leslie. I remember as well as if it were yesterday; she came in while you were gone, and ransacked the place to look for your clothes and things. If you had been in the cradle instead of

Charlie, I am sure she would have stolen you."

"Oh, Jack, how absurd you are! Well, at any rate, I am too big to be stolen now, so you might let me be civil to her."

"Civil you can be, but, Fairy, promise me you will never go to her cottage, nor stop talking to her when you are alone," said Jack.

"Well, I promise. I am not at all anxious to go to her very dirty hut, and mother very seldom lets me go out alone, except to and from the Rectory."

"I only wish she did; here I have to go out with Fairy whenever she chooses, whether I like or not," put in Charlie.

"But you always do like," said Fairy, at which Jack frowned ominously.

The next week Willy went to sea, and the others were left at home for the summer, except Fairy, who went to the seaside with the Leslies for a fortnight in September, the longest fortnight Jack ever spent. While she was away, Mrs. Shelley took the opportunity of warning Jack about his growing jealousy of Charlie, which was daily becoming more apparent, and she flattered herself when Fairy came back that her words had had some effect, until a little incident occurred to show her she was mistaken.

One evening in November, as Jack was coming down the High-street of Lewes, whither he had had to accompany his father, much against his will, to the last sheep fair, he saw a large bird flying slowly overhead. He followed it down a by-street, and saw it was getting lower and lower, evidently tired, until at last it sunk exhausted on the ground, a few paces from Jack, who secured it without much difficulty. It was a wild goose come southwards for the winter, and, being exhausted either for want of food or by its long journey, had become separated from its companions. By its black, snake-like head and neck, and the smallness of its size in comparison with other geese, Jack recognised it at once as a Brent goose, and taking it up in his arms he ran home in triumph with his prize, which soon revived after being fed. He clipped its wings and put it with the rest of the poultry, where it soon became quite at home, and attached itself to Charlie, who always fed it, and constantly followed him about the premises, sometimes even into the house.

For some reason or other Fairy took a dislike to this bird; she declared it looked like an evil spirit, and she was sure it would bring ill-luck to them. She could not bear to see it about the garden, and often begged Charlie in Jack's hearing to keep it shut up with the rest of the poultry. Charlie, however, delighted in having found a way of teasing Fairy, and partly on that account, partly because he was really fond of the bird, he encouraged it to follow him wherever he went.

One morning Charlie came in to breakfast in the greatest distress—the Brent goose was gone; he had searched the premises, but could not see a sign of it.

"I am very glad of it. Horrid bird, with its snaky head and neck! I hated it," said Fairy.

"Have you done anything with it, Fairy? Do you know where it is?" asked Charlie.

"Ask Jack," laughed Fairy; and that was all Charlie could get out of her.

Jack was on the downs with the sheep, and would not be home till evening, so Charlie spent the day in searching the neighbourhood for the Brent goose, but in vain; and when Jack came home Charlie's first words were, "The Brent goose is lost, Jack."

"No, it isn't," said Jack.

"I tell you it is; I have been all over the country looking for it, and I can't find it anywhere."

"You didn't go to the Pells, I suppose, did you?" asked Jack.

The Pells is the public garden of Lewes—a paddock, with a piece of ornamental water, on which live a beautiful collection of wild ducks, belonging to the town.

"No, I forgot that; how stupid of me! It is too dark to go now," said Charlie.

"And no use either, though the goose is there; I have given it to the town," said Jack.

"What a shame, when I was so fond of it! you only did it to spite me," cried Charlie, ready to burst into tears, only he was too big to cry about a goose.

"I didn't do it to spite you; I sent it away because Fairy hated it, and you were always teasing her about it. If you want to see it you can go to the Pells every day if you like and look at it, but I won't have Fairy teased about it."

"You won't have Fairy teased, indeed! Why, she is much more my sister than yours; you have nothing to do with her; I am her foster-brother," broke out Charlie.

For a moment Jack hesitated, and Charlie put up his arm to ward off the blow he seemed to expect, but on second thought Jack only turned on his heel, and with a bitter laugh muttered contemptuously, "Get out of my way, and don't talk such stuff, you little idiot."

They never understood each other, these two brothers. While Charlie thought Jack a book-worm who encroached upon his relationship with Fairy, Jack thought Charlie an idle little boy, not over clean, who would never be anything more than a labouring man to the end of his days, and who had the impertinence to consider himself on an equality with Fairy. With Willy Jack got on much better, though Willy was no cleverer than Charlie, nor any fonder of study; but then he never roused his eldest brother's jealousy in the way Charlie did. Mrs. Shelley, who understood her eldest son better than anyone else did, always tried to ward off any collisions between the boys, and if that were impossible, took Jack's part, which always had the effect of mollifying him at once. On this occasion she had heard the squabble between the boys, and as Jack went upstairs to change his clothes before helping Fairy with her lessons, she persuaded Charlie, who had been tramping about the country the whole day, to go to bed before Jack reappeared, promising to bring him up some supper.

But Mrs. Shelley could not be always at her boy's heels to keep the peace between them, and as Jack grew into manhood she watched with anxious heart his growing passion for Fairy, and his increasing jealousy of his youngest brother. Under any circumstances his love for Fairy would have made her tremble for him, though at present Fairy was such a child it was impossible to say how she might feel in the future with regard to Jack; but Mrs. Shelley thought it far more probable the child would meet someone at the Leslies than that she would choose Jack, whom she had known all her life, and whom she seemed to regard as an elder brother. But when added to this Jack's jealousy of Charlie grew side by side with his love, like an ugly poisonous weed by the side of a beautiful flower, Mrs. Shelley, in spite of the comfort and joy Fairy was to her, often regretted having taken her in, though, as she told herself, she really did not know what else could she have done.

A few days after the Brent goose was sent to the Pells, Fairy, on coming back from the Rectory at four o'clock, found she had left one of her books behind her, and as Charlie was not to be found, being in all probability at the Pells, paying an afternoon visit on his goose, Fairy with some difficulty persuaded Mrs. Shelley to let her go back to the Rectory alone, declaring she would be home again before dark.

She reached the Rectory safely, got her book, and was just passing the Winter-bourne, about ten minutes' walk from the shepherd's house, when, rather to her annoyance, Dame Hursey suddenly appeared from a by-lane and stopped her.

"Good-evening, Mrs. Hursey; I must not stop, it is getting so dark; mother will be frightened," said Fairy, trying to pass the old woman, mindful of her promise to Jack, and secretly rather nervous at her encounter with the old wool-gatherer in this lonely spot, and in the gathering gloom of a November evening.

"Mother, indeed! You have a grander lady for your mother than Mrs. Shelley ever saw the like of, proud as she and her son Jack may be, I am thinking; but never mind that—one of these fine days Dame Hursey may tell you some news that will open those pretty eyes of yours, till they will look bigger than ever. Tell me, child, you can read writing, of course, can't you?" said Dame Hursey, pulling aside her coarse apron, and fumbling among the folds of her tattered linsey skirt for her pocket.

"Yes, I can read and write too; but I really must be going home; it is getting so late," said Fairy.

"Wait a minute, child; I am not going to keep you long. I want you to read a letter for me I had from my son this morning; maybe there is something in it I should not care for just everyone to know; I have been on the look out for John Shelley or gentleman Jack all day, but I have missed them somehow, and I can't read writing myself. Ah! here it is at last," producing a letter from the bottom of a very capacious pocket filled with some very incongruous articles—a few coppers, a piece of cheese, a thimble,

a sock she was knitting, some corks, and various other odds and ends too numerous to mention.

Fairy took the letter, and by Dame Hursey's instructions read it aloud. It ran as follows:—

"Dear Mother,

"I am just home from Australia, but I am going back there again at once. First, I want to see you, as I think you can tell me something I want to know, so will you meet me on the top of Mount Harry at three o'clock next Saturday afternoon? I shall be there, and, if you are living, I shall expect you. Till then I am your affectionate son,

"GEORGE."

"Is that all? Every word of it?" asked Dame Hursey, fixing her black eyes on the child.

"Yes. Shall I read it again?" said Fairy.

"No. Next Saturday afternoon at three o'clock, on the top of Mount Harry. I shall be there safe enough. Thank you, my pretty one; I shan't forget that one good turn deserves another. Good-night," and the old wool-gatherer dived into a lane, and was out of sight before Fairy had recovered her astonishment, when she took to her heels and fled breathless to Mrs. Shelley, who was anxiously watching at the gate for her.

(To be continued.)

NOTICES OF NEW MUSIC.

NOVELLO, EWER AND CO.

Beethoven's Songs. Vol. I. With both the German words and an English version. By the Rev. Dr. Troutbeck, to whom we are indebted for so many excellent translations of words to music.—This truly valuable collection, including such specimens as "Adelaide," "The Glory of God in Nature," popularly known as "Creation's Hymn," will be eagerly sought for by all singers; particularly when we mention that the twenty-six songs may be purchased for eighteenpence.

Liederkreis. The opus 3 Schumann.—A circle of twelve songs, many well known to you. Amongst them we find the "Frühlingsnacht," "Mondnacht," "In der Fremde," and other lovely poems.

Six Duets. For soprano and contralto. By F. H. Cowen.—Form a most charming volume, and are published at the same moderate price and in the same excellent form, with clear type and careful editing.

Six Vocal Duets, for the same voices By Oliver King, a rising composer, may also be warmly recommended.

Ten Songs. By George J. Bennett, a youthful Academy student. Settings of words by Robert Burns. Are all most fresh and delightful, and add to a reputation which this hard-working young composer has already firmly established.

Three volumes of Piano pieces, by Fritz Spindler, a well-known pianoforte teacher and composer in Dresden (forming numbers of Novello's Pianoforte Albums), are most useful and artistic contributions to our store of light piano music. The transcriptions of subjects by Wagner are very good.



FORSYTH BROTHERS.

Scales and Arpeggios. By Harvey Löhr.—These excellent studies are systematically fingered, and contain many useful hints towards improving the pianist's technique.

JOSEPH WILLIAMS.

The Star of our Love. By F. H. Cowen.—A graceful, well-written song, to words by the late Hugh Conway, whose little books have created so much excitement lately. Compass D to E or F to G.

Clouds, and *I love you too well.* Two more songs by the same eminent composer. Published in one or two keys.

Three Songs. Words and music by W. A. Aikin.—Very simple and effective.

The Ride of Fortune (founded on Shakespeare's lines, "There is a tide in the affairs of men," &c.). By Charles A. Trew.—An excellent contralto song.

Operatic Fantasias. For violin, with piano accompaniment. By E. Davidson Palmer Mus. Bac.—Judging from *Il Trovatore,* the number before us, these fantasias should be often used for concerts and other entertainments, where a faithful transcription of operatic melodies is required, untrammelled by too many cadenzas and fireworks for the solo instrument.

La Figlia del Reggimento.—This selection is also to be commended. It is for two violins and piano, and arranged by John Barnard.

Sarabande (ancien style). Pour piano. Par Henri Roubier. *Idée Dansante.* For piano. By Percy Reeve.—Two dances above the average, graceful and musicianly.

WILLIAM CZERNY.

Partita, in D minor. For violin and piano. By Hubert Parry.—A scholarly work, made up of six sections:—Maestoso, Allemande, Presto, Sarabande, two Bourrées, and a Passepied in Rondo form. One might almost call it a Sonatina of many movements. The partita differs from the suite in not being restricted to dances only.

Je l'aimerai toujours. An easy piano piece for beginners. Composed by François Behr.

Intermezzo-Minuet. A short entr'acte for piano. By G. Bachmann.—This smoothly-written morceau is included in Czerny's orchestral series as a string quartett.

Adoration. A meditation upon Bach's 7th "Small Prelude." By Oscar Wagner.—Arranged for piano and violin, or flute or violoncello, with organ and additional strings, upon the model of Gounod's similar work, but scarcely so interesting, and certainly not so spontaneous in melodic treatment. It is also arranged as an "O Salutaris Hostia" for voice, violin, piano, and organ or harmonium.

Stars of the Summer Night. By Edouard Lassen.

My All-in-all. By Theodor Bradsky.—Both these songs have violin obbligatos, in which the chief fault appears to be that the violin never rests, not even for a bar.

Happy Days. A touching song. By poor Max Schröter. Compass C to F.

PHILLIPS AND PAGE.

For ever with the Lord! Sacred song. By Gounod.—A new song by Gounod needs only to be mentioned to engage the attention of our readers. Gounod has been happier in his setting of other English hymns, such as the "Green hill far away" and the "King of Love my Shepherd is." But there are some lovely points in this. It is published in keys suitable to all voices, both as a solo and a duet, and it also appears in anthem form for four voices and organ.

J. AND J. HOPKINSON.

She Noddit to Me. A song that bids fair to become most popular. The words by A. Dewar Willock.—Describe the delight of a Scotch body at receiving a "special bow" from the Queen as she passed her cottage on the Deeside. The music is by J. Hoffmann, and it is dedicated by special permission to Her Majesty.

The Crusader. A stirring baritone song. By Theo. Bonheur.

The Goblin. A cynical poem, set to music by Gustav Ernest, whose clever works we have before noticed.

E. ASCHERBERG AND CO.

The Winged Chorister. The music by Pinsuti.—The chorister in question (although there is a harmonium part) is not a dying choir boy, but a robin which has got into the church by some means, and whose "pure, clear notes," it is suggested, "would harmonise our coarser tones, and bear them straight to Heaven." Our recollection of the robin's note, easily imitated by tapping two pennies together, hardly carries out this lofty idea!

Let us Wander by the Sea, and *The Merry Summer Time.* Two duets for soprano and contralto. By our much lamented countryman, Henry Smart, whose delicate fancy has in so many ways enriched English music.—The edition before us is ruined, as far as outward appearance goes, by vulgar drawings on the covers.

Aubade Française. A most elegant serenade in the purely French style. By M. de Nevers.—Very suitable for a light tenor voice.

Gavotte des Oiseaux. A bright little dance for pianoforte. By G. Bachmann.

F. PITMAN.

The Musical Monthly.—This last year's number is as extraordinary a shillingsworth as ever, containing, in the midst of much that is unworthy, several good old English airs, some of Mendelssohn's songs without words, five songs from the *Bohemian Girl*, of Balfe's, some good Scotch songs, etc., etc.

We have also received an advance copy of No. 1 of the "Violin Soloist," well got up, and containing ten or twelve good solos. It is to be brought out monthly at a penny per number.

Canadian March. For Piano. Solo and duet, and for every other imaginable combination. Composed by Carl Litolff.

NORTH OF ENGLAND SCHOOL FURNISHING COMPANY.

150 *Exercises and Questions in the Elements of Music.* By I. L. Jopling, L.R.A.M.—Most thorough and searching test questions, systematically and exhaustively treated. This little book will prove of great help in preparing for the elementary examinations of the various colleges and academies. It is to be used after studying Mr. Davenport's primer.

THE LONDON MUSIC PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Six songs by Erskine Allon to words by Sir Thomas Wyatt, who died in 1542.—All that Mr. Allon writes is interesting. In these songs the accompaniments are as full of charm as the melodies are of quaint character and grace.

C. KING.

Shakesperian Sketches, for Pianoforte, by Frank Adlam.—Clever *illustrations of passages* and scenes in Shakespeare's plays.

BOOSEY AND CO.

The Choralist: 269, "Waiting for the Spring." 270, "A Winter Serenade."—Two capital four-part songs by J. S. Mitchell.—267, "Come, Lassies and Lads."—A masterly arrangement in four parts of the good old seventeenth-century ditty.

Cavendish Music Books.—In No. 101 we have a selection of American pieces. To those who wish to know what our cousins on the other side of the Atlantic are doing in musical composition, we advise a perusal of this selection. It proves that, at any rate in this kind of art work, we are more "go-ahead" than they are.

The Sweet old River. Song by Sydney Smith.—A smoothly written song, published in C and E flat.

Dreams. Song by Cecile S. Hartog.—Miss Hartog's compositions are exceptionally good, and far above the average ballad.

The Wide, Wide Sea.—One of the best songs that Stephen Adams has written. Compass, B flat to E flat, or C to F.

In the Chimney Corner. By F. H. Cowen.—A song of the Behrend type, but higher in conception, and rather more hopeful in tone.

Go, Pretty Rose. Duet in canon. By Marzials.—We recommend this duet to all who have sung and admired his other canon, "My true love hath my heart." It is a most elegant canon, and very melodious and bright withal.

STANLEY LUCAS AND CO.

Grave and Corno. By Joseph Gibbs (1744), and air and jigg by Richard Jones (17th century). All for violin and piano.—These really good and interesting relics of old English composition have been revived by Herr Peiniger, who has arranged a piano part from the figured basses. Just as we admire the case of an organ, so may we speak of the admirable covers to these pieces. They are in excellent taste.

Five Pictures on a Journey. By F. W. Davenport.—Well written and suggestive piano pieces.

Episodes for the Piano. By Frederick Westlake.—We have received No. 1, Prelude, and feel sure that the others equally well sustain the reputation of this esteemed professor of the Royal Academy.

EVERY GIRL A BUSINESS WOMAN.

A PRACTICAL GUIDE TO THE WORLD OF INDUSTRY AND THRIFT.

BY JAMES MASON.

PART II.



E come now to speak about the receiving and the paying away of money. These are things which, by common consent, are always done in a certain way. If they are done otherwise it shows either a want of sense or a want of education.

When money owing to any person is paid, a receipt for it should always be given—that is to say, it should be acknowledged in writing that the money has changed hands. If the receiver merely takes it and puts it in her pocket, she who pays will have no security, except the receiver's good faith and good memory, against being called on to pay the sum a second time.

A receipt may be given in any form of words, but the following are correct forms for business purposes—

LONDON, 15*th September*, 1886.

£17 4s. 6d.

Received from Miss Rose Hastaway, Chester, the sum of seventeen pounds four shillings and sixpence in payment of account rendered (or of annexed account.)

FLORA MALCOLM.

GUILDFORD, 12*th July*, 1886.

Received from Mrs. Trundle the sum of six pounds seven shillings and ninepence, in payment of account to this date.

£6 7s. 9d. ELIZABETH BADGER.

On all receipts for money amounting to £2 or upwards you must put a penny stamp. Not long ago there was a stamp sold expressly for the purpose, but now a penny postage stamp is used, which is much simpler. The stamp may be placed anywhere, but is best where the signature is, the signature being written across it. If the receipt of money is acknowledged in a letter, the stamp should be put at the end, just where you sign

your name. It is always better, however, to give a separate and formal receipt.

The Government require that either the name or the initials of the person giving the receipt be put on the stamp, *together with the true date of writing*, the object being to show clearly and distinctly that the stamp has been used. Ordinarily the date is given in a contracted form, for instance, the two receipts given above would have "15. ix. 86" under the name of Flora Malcolm, and "12. vii. 86" under that of Elizabeth Badger. Figures representing the amount for which the receipt is given are often added also.

Whoever gives the receipt pays for the stamp, and the penalty for refusing to give a duly stamped receipt in any case where the receipt is liable to duty is £10.

When you receive money as a loan, you may acknowledge it by what is called an I O U, which is in this form:—

CARLISLE, *3rd October*, 1886.
To Miss Alice Golightly,
I O U *three pounds ten shillings.*
ANNE WINKLE.

I O U's are not much in favour in business; they are rather friendly documents than business ones.

An I O U does not need a stamp, whatever the amount may be, as it is simply an acknowledgment of a debt, and neither a receipt nor a promissory note—that is, a note giving a promise to pay at a particular time. Suppose Miss Winkle had written, "*I O U Three pounds ten shillings to be paid on the 2nd of January*, 1887," she would have changed her I O U into a promissory note, which would have required a stamp.

But "neither a borrower nor a lender be"—which is another way of saying that I O U's are to be avoided. When the money is repaid, the I O U, of course, is returned to the person who gave it.

In cases where money is received in payment of an account, and the acknowledgment is put on the account itself, the account is "discharged," as it is called, in any one of the following ways. The person to whom the account is due writes on it her own name, and, preceding her name, the words, "*Paid*," "*Received Payment*," "*Received*," or "*Discharged*," or—if such be the case—"*Same time paid*," or "*Paid by cheque*."

Or this form may be used. Suppose the amount to be £25 10s. and the discount five per cent.

21st September,
By cash £24.4.6
„ *Discount*, 5 % .. 1.5.6
———— £25.10.0
MARION FEATLY.

Should you be receiving payment for somebody else, you sign as you would a letter in similar circumstances. Thus:—

Same time paid,
for MARGARET BELL,
ELLEN CHAPMAN.

or,

Paid by cheque,
MARY G. GROVE,
per INA MEADOWS.

Some polite people, in discharging accounts write "*with thanks*" in the left-hand bottom corner or under their signature. In the case of tradespeople, it is a courteous phrase that sometimes goes a long way towards securing another order.

Receipts of all kinds should be kept for at least six years. After that time you may either continue to keep them or make a bonfire of them. The reason for your being then free to please yourself is that actions for unclaimed debt arising out of a simple contract are limited to six years *from the date of the cause of action*. After six years you are safe against being called on to pay the money a second time.

Bills are occasionally rendered a second time after being paid, not the least, perhaps, from an intention to defraud, but simply from carelessness. People omit to enter the money they receive in their books, and forget they have got it; and to keep all receipts is a way of protecting oneself against such a happy-go-lucky style of doing things.

Receipts should be folded in the same way as letters, and marked on the outside with all necessary particulars. Thus:—

12th August, 1886.
Griffin and Constable,
Manchester.
Washing Machine
£3 15s.

If you have a set of pigeon-holes, receipts should have a pigeon-hole all to themselves; if not, keep them tied up in a bundle and arranged in alphabetical order.

When you have to make out accounts always do it as neatly as possible. A neat account has a well-to-do air, and may do as much good to one's credit sometimes as a handsome balance at the bank. Hard-up people are seldom neat either in accounts, or correspondence, or anything else.

Accounts or invoices in business are usually made out on ruled and printed forms, and are headed with the address of the seller. After that come the names of the buyer and seller, thus:—

MISS RACHEL O'FLINN,
Bought of LEIGH, GOLDHAWK, AND STILL.

Or the wording may be,

MISS RACHEL O'FLINN,
To LEIGH, GOLDHAWK, AND STILL,

which mean that Miss Rachel O'Flinn is *debtor to* the firm named, the word "debtor" being dropped in practice.

Below the names of the parties the terms of sale are sometimes put: "*Nett Cash*" or "*Cash in 14 days*," or "*Accounts rendered monthly*," or whatever the conditions are. Then follow the particulars of the goods sold, the dates when they passed into the hands of the purchaser being put in the left hand margin.

People who have any money transactions at all, and do not wish their affairs to get into hopeless confusion, must keep books of some sort—that is to say, they must adopt a plan of writing down their transactions in regular order for easy reference.

It may be a primitive method or a very elaborate one—that depends on the nature and requirements of the business—but some system there must be, and of book-keeping in at least its general principles every business woman should make a study. By its means we gain an exact knowledge of how we stand, we see what comes in and what goes out, how much we owe and how much other people owe us, and whether we are putting any of our money into bags with holes.

There are many good books published on the subject of book-keeping, and by all means study the best treatise you can get; but better than all books is actual practice. The experience of keeping an account of one's one transactions for a week gives more insight than all the books that have ever been written. In a book, things seem sometimes exceedingly puzzling, whilst in reality they are simple enough.

The main fact to be grasped in book-keeping is the distinction between debtor and creditor; you must get it well into your head that *the person or thing represented by an account is "debtor to" what he, she, or it receives, and "creditor by" whatever he, she, or it gives or parts with.*

The simpler business books are the better, so long as they answer the purpose for which they are intended. They must be clear to the person who keeps them, and clear also to any who have to consult them. The utmost care should be taken with them, so as to have no blotting, no scraping out of figures, and no tearing out of leaves.

There are two ways of keeping books, known as single entry and double entry. Single entry is called so because each item is entered only once in the accounts of the ledger, which is the principal book. In double entry, on the other hand, it is entered twice, to the debtor side of one account and to the credit of some other account.

In this way, when books on the double entry system have all the sums on the debtor side and all the sums on the creditor side added up, the total amounts in both cases are the same. That is, if the books have been rightly kept and no mistake has been made in addition, like that of the man who spent a long time trying to make them come right, and found at last he had made the slight mistake on one of the sides of adding in the figures of the current year.

The object of double entry is to establish a series of checks so that mistakes are not likely to occur, and in all establishments of any importance this is the system adopted. Books kept by the other and simpler systems of single entry afford no check upon themselves. "Errors in addition," says Mr. A. L. Lewis, "which are as easy to make in hundreds of pounds as in pence, errors and omissions in posting or in carrying forward balances, any or all of which may entail serious loss, can only be prevented in single-entry books by the most careful checking and rechecking every item, and no one, however sharpsighted, can always avoid making an error, and even failing to discover it when made."

What is called *posting* in book-keeping is the operation of transferring items from one book to another, and arranging them there under their proper heads. The difference between the Dr. and Cr. sides of an account is known as the *balance*.

Transactions are entered in their books by business people at once. They never put off making an entry till to-morrow, for they are well aware that there is no putting any dependence on memory.

They are constantly turning over their books, too, so as to keep their affairs fresh in their minds, and see in a general way how they are getting on. Then every little while they go particularly into all their accounts and strike a balance as it is called—that is to say, make out a statement of their assets and liabilities, and arrange things for a fresh start. The word assets, we may as well mention, stands for property or sums of money owing to anyone, and liabilities means just the reverse.

There are two mistakes often made in balancing books which a business woman must take care never to fall into. The first is to include bad debts—debts of which you are never likely to get a farthing, or, at best only a few shillings in the pound—on the same footing as if they were good ones. The second is to calculate that property we possess is worth what we paid for it, never considering that as a general rule things decrease in value every year through use and change of fashion and other causes. The only wise plan is to subtract from the first cost, every time we balance, a certain sum to represent what is termed *depreciation of property*. All such deductions should be made with a liberal hand; no harm is done by estimating ourselves poorer than we really are, but many a one has been ruined by mistaken calculations, showing property to be worth a good deal more than it would fetch in the market.

When one person acts for another in money

matters, a statement, called an account current, should be sent at regular intervals—say once a half year or once every twelve months—showing the transactions. Here is an example. For convenience in printing we shall place the Cr. side below the Dr.; but in practice the two sides should be placed alongside of each other—the Dr. side to the left, and the Cr. side to the right.

MISS WINIFRED HOLT, EDINBURGH, *in account current with* NATHANIEL EVANS, LONDON.

DR.

1885.		£	s.	d.
June 30.	To balance of last account	9	4	2
Aug. 3.	Cash paid M. Perry on your account ..	2	2	9
Sept. 27.	Cash paid J. Short on your account ..	4	12	7
Dec. 12.	Cash paid you	80	0	0
		£95	19	6

CR.

		£	s.	d.
Aug. 1.	By cash received from B. Green on your account	£50	0	0
„ 12.	Cash received from W. Rae on your account	35	0	0
Dec.	Balance of account carried to your debit in new account ..	10	19	6
		£95	19	6

Errors Excepted.

NATHANIEL EVANS.

LONDON, *December 31st*, 1885.

Here on the Cr. side we have all the sums received by Nathaniel Evans for Miss Winifred Holt, and on the Dr. side all the payments made to her or for her by him. Instead of "*Errors Excepted*," before the signature, "*E. E.*" might have been written, or "*E. & O.E.*," which last means "*Errors and Omissions Excepted.*" These guarded phrases, however, may be omitted. You may correct errors afterwards, whether they are there or not. If accounts of this kind, or, indeed, any accounts, are thought to be incorrect, the fact should be intimated to the persons sending them *at once*.

Book-keeping and the making out of accounts requires ability in calculation. Indeed, no one can succeed in getting a character for business capacity who has not all the rules of arithmetic at her fingers' ends. The use of "Ready Reckoners," "Interest Tables," or such-like compilations, often saves, however, a great deal of trouble, even when people are quick at figures. Some pretend they can do without such helps, but they would be better to use them. We ought to avail ourselves of all the help we can get, and it is absurd to take roundabout ways of doing things when short cuts will answer the same purpose.

Besides understanding about the right method of keeping books and making out accounts, the thorough business woman will know well about the art of buying. Here we see how a knowledge of business ways may assist in the upbuilding of happy homes. One who understands the art of buying will return triumphant from marketing expeditions, and when she goes shopping there will be no fear of her wasting the contents of the family purse.

The good buyer does not spend much time in going her rounds. She has made herself familiar beforehand with the qualities of things, the methods by which they are adulterated, and the seasons when they are cheapest, and if the goods shown her are not what she wants, she says so, and no persuasive tongue can induce her to take them. "Much comment on the part of the seller," says an American writer, "she regards as an incentive to be wary; and all pretences to confidential favours, unless proved to be such by undoubted documentary evidence, as a reproach to her understanding."

She makes it a rule to deal with respectable people only, knowing that by that course she is best served, and you never find her very sharp-set on bargains. She knows better.

On the subject of bargains Mr. Charles Dickens, in his "Dictionary of London," has some wise remarks. They specially refer to the metropolis, but they are applicable to all large towns over the country. Everywhere skilfully-baited traps are set for the unwary, though it is in London that the traps catch most victims and rogues reap the best harvest.

Bargains, Mr. Dickens points out, are to be met with, of course, but only by those who know very well what they are about. The numerous "bankrupts' stocks," "tremendous sacrifices," and so forth, are just so many hooks on which to catch simpletons.

"One of the commonest tricks of all is that of putting in the window, say, a handsome mantle, worth eight or ten guineas, and labelled, say, £3 15s., and keeping inside for sale others made up in precisely the same style, but of utterly worthless material. If they decline to sell you the actual thing out of the window, be sure that the whole affair is a swindle. See, too, that in taking it from the window they do not drop it behind the counter and substitute one of the others—an ingenious little bit of juggling not very difficult of performance.

"Another very taking device is the attaching to each article a price label in black ink, elaborately altered in red to one twenty or five and twenty per cent. less. This has a very ingenuous air. But when the price has been—as it commonly has—raised thirty or forty per cent. before the first black ink marking, the economy is not large.

"Of course, if you do buy anything out of one of these shops, you will take it with you. If you have it sent, be particularly careful not to pay for it until it arrives, and not then till you have thoroughly examined it.

"When a shop of this kind sends you 'patterns,' you will usually find a request attached not to cut them. Always carefully disregard this, keeping a small piece for comparison.

"There are, however, some houses where, if you at all understand your business, real bargains are at times to be had."

The business woman is not often to be seen at auctions either, and if ever she does go, she makes sure beforehand that the sale is to be conducted on strictly honourable principles, and presided over by an auctioneer who is above suspicion. She is well aware that there are many unscrupulous individuals who, under cover of an auctioneer's licence, lend themselves to transactions the reverse of honest.

For example, in company with a band of "followers," as they are called—back-street brokers and "general dealers" of shady character—auctioneers of this sort take a dwelling-house, and cram it with worthless furniture. Then, after a month or two, the whole is seized under a fictitious "bill of sale," to give the affair an appearance of genuineness, and the trashy goods are disposed of by auction to the unsuspicious public, the rogues dividing the spoil.

Another plan is to get possession of a shop in a frequented thoroughfare, and, day after day, beguile innocent folk to enter the premises, and then wheedle and bully them into bidding for and buying a lot of rubbish at four or five times more than its actual worth. It is quite a mistake to suppose that goods disposed of "under the hammer," as it is termed, must necessarily sell for less than their real worth.

These mock auctions are swindles pure and simple, and what the initiated call "rigged sales" are not much better. These take place at auction rooms of more or less legitimate position, are usually held in the evening, and consist chiefly of articles vamped up or made expressly for the purpose. No one should go to them who wants to get value for her money.

In all dealings with tradespeople, a good business woman will do her best to pay cash. As she does this, she always goes to ready-money shops. Shops that give credit must charge higher prices, for they must have interest for the money out of which they lie; and, besides, they must add to the price of their articles to cover the risk that some of their customers will not pay. Those who do pay, pay not only for the credit they get themselves, but for the failure of others.

Now and again, however, to postpone paying one's debts has an advantage, as was the case with a merchant whom Southey, the poet, once met at Lisbon. "I never pay a porter," said this merchant, "for bringing a burden till the next day; for while the fellow feels his back ache with the weight he charges high; but when he comes the next day, the feeling is gone, and he asks only half the money." But it is not often that one has the chance of getting a reduction in this way.

The cash buyer has many advantages, not the least being an easy mind and a knowledge at all times of what she is worth. Let every girl, then, keep in mind for the rest of her days the remark of the American writer, who said, "I have discovered the philosopher's stone. It consists of four short words of homely English—'Pay as you go.'" The easiness of credit has been the ruin of many people, by inducing them to buy what they could not hope, unless by a miracle, ever to pay for.

So much for the business woman in her dealings in a private capacity with business people. In a business capacity, however, one must sometimes both give and receive credit. But, it cannot be said with too strong an emphasis, the less of it the better.

VARIETIES.

THE COMPOSER AND THE SEA-CAPTAIN.

When Haydn, the composer, was in London, he had several whimsical adventures, and the following is one of them:—A captain in the Navy came to him one morning, and asked him to compose a march for some troops he had on board, offering him thirty guineas for his trouble, but requiring it to be done immediately, as the vessel was to sail next day for Calcutta.

As soon as the captain had gone, Haydn sat down to the pianoforte, and the march was ready in a few minutes. Feeling some scruples, however, at gaining his money so very easily, Haydn wrote two other marches, intending first to give the captain his choice, and then to make him a present of all the three, as a return for his liberality.

Next morning the captain came and asked for his march.

'Here it is," said the composer.

The captain asked to hear it on the pianoforte; and having done so, laid down the thirty guineas, pocketed the march, and walked away.

Haydn tried to stop him, but in vain—the march was very good.

"But I have written two others," cried Haydn, "which are better—hear them and take your choice."

"I like the first very well, and that is enough," answered the captain, pursuing his way downstairs.

Haydn followed, crying out, "But I make you a present of them."

"I won't have them," roared the seaman, and bolted out at the street door.

Haydn, determined not to be outdone, hastened to the Exchange, and, discovering the name of the ship and her commander, sent the marches on board, with a polite note, which the captain, surmising its contents, sent back unopened.

The composer tore the marches into a thousand pieces, and never forgot this liberal English humourist as long as he lived.

TABLE-TALK.—*Welsh rabbit* is a genuine slang term, belonging to a large group, which describes in the same way the special dish or product or peculiarity of a particular district. For example, an *Essex lion* is a calf; a *Field-lane duck* is a baked sheep's head; *Glasgow magistrates* or *Norfolk capons* are red herrings; *Irish apricots* or *Munster plums* are potatoes; and *Gravesend sweetmeats* are shrimps.

A FOOLISH INVESTMENT.—It is foolish to lay out money in the purchase of repentance.
Frankl n.

RULING AND SERVING.

I am ashamed that women are so simple. . .
To seek for rule, supremacy and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
Shakespeare.

A HARD TASK.—It is often difficult to control our feelings; it is still harder to subdue our will; but it is an arduous undertaking to control the contending will of others.—*Crabb.*

THE ART OF AUTHORSHIP.—The great art of a writer shows itself in the choice of pleasing allusions.—*Addison.*

AFFECTATION.—Affectation is an awkward and forced imitation of what should be genuine and easy, wanting the beauty that accompanies what is natural. - *Locke.*

THE HAPPY AND THE DISCONTENTED.

Some people, not to be copied, live in a perpetual state of fret. The weather is always objectionable; the temperature is never satisfactory. They have too much to do, and are driven to death, or too little, and have no resources. If they are ill they know they shall never get well; if they are well they expect soon to be ill. Their daily work is either drudgery, which they hate, or so difficult and complex that they cannot execute it.

In contrast to these, we meet sometimes with men and women so bright and cheery that their very presence is a positive pleasure. They discover the favourable side of the weather, of their business, of home surroundings, of social relations, even of political affairs. They will tell you of all the pleasant things that happen and give voice to all the joy they feel. Of course, they are sometimes annoyed and worried by petty troubles, but the very effort they make to pass them over silently diminishes their unpleasant effect upon themselves and prevents the influence from extending.

THE GOOD-TEMPERED WIFE.

A man in Sussex whose wife was blessed with a remarkably even temper went over the way to a neighbour one evening and said—

"Neighbour, I just should like to see my wife cross for once. I've tried all I know, and I can't make her cross no way."

"You can't make your wife cross?" said his neighbour. "I wish I could make mine anything else. But you just do what I tell you, and if that won't act nothing will. You bring her in some night a lot of the crookedest bats you can get, them as won't lie in no form, and see how she makes out then."

The bats (or pieces of wood) were accordingly brought in, as awkward and crooked and contrary as could be found. The man went away early to work, and at noon returned to see the result of his experiment. He was greeted with a smiling face and the gentle request—

"Tom, do bring me in some more of those crooked bats if you can find them; they do just clip round the kettle nicely."—*Rev. J. C. Egerton.*

CHOOSING A WIFE.—Benjamin Franklin recommends a young man in the choice of a wife to select her "from a bunch," giving as his reason that when there are many daughters they improve each other, and from emulation acquire more accomplishments, and know more than a single child spoiled by parental fondness.

WITHOUT RELIGION.—Friends who have no religion cannot be long our friends.—*Mozart.*

REFRESHING SLEEP.—"Sound sleep" is usually considered a healthy state of repose; but it is an observation of Dr. Wilson Philip that "no sleep is healthy but that from which we are easily roused."

MASTERS AND SERVANTS.—There is only one way to have good servants; that is, to be worthy of being well served. All nature and all humanity will serve a good master and rebel against an ignoble one.—*Richter.*

BEWARE OF BAD HABITS.—Let players on musical instruments beware of bad habits. Mozart, speaking of a girl whom he heard at Augsburg in 1777, says, "She will never master what is the most difficult and necessary, and, in fact, the principal thing in music—namely, time; because from her infancy she has never been in the habit of playing in correct time."

CULPABLE CARELESSNESS.—It is more from carelessness about truth than from intentional lying that there is so much falsehood in the world.—*Dr. Johnson.*

MARRYING FOR MONEY.—A strong-minded woman was heard to remark the other day that she would marry a man who had plenty of money though he was so ugly she had to scream every time she looked at him.

A FOOLISH MOUSE.

A mouse that always trusts to one poor hole
Can never be a mouse of any soul.
—*Pope.*

RECEIVED FOR THE PRINCESS LOUISE HOME.

MONA and Mila, 2s.; Lizzie Smith, 2s.; Mary, Maggie, and Ada, 3s.

Work for the bazaar to be held (D.V.) next summer, from Miss E. N. Nixon, Fanny Gough Pope, Caroline M. M. Hog (second contribution), Little Dot, Gretta, E. G., E. Morgan, E. Stroud, Cornie Trevena, Lucy, Madge S., Mona and Mila, A Servant in Torquay, A Welsh Maiden, A Village Maiden; W. C. Newsam, 100 pieces of music.

For the Home, The South Hampstead High School for Girls, 22 valuable articles of clothing; Anon, a parcel of books.

A WIFE'S WELCOME.

BY RUTH LAMB.

AT last thou art come, and I once thought to tell thee,
How I mourned in thine absence and longed for thy voice;
How I thought of thee, looked for thee, prayed for thy coming,
Yet now thou art here I can only rejoice.

When the bright sun is hidden by dark clouds o'erhanging,
All Nature seems mournful and weeps at the sight;
But when they are passed she resumes all her gladness,
And, forgetting his absence, she smiles with delight.

It is thus with my heart. All my sorrow forgotten,
The memory has fled with the cause of my pain;
I think not, I speak not of aught save the present,
And rejoice that at last thou art with me again.



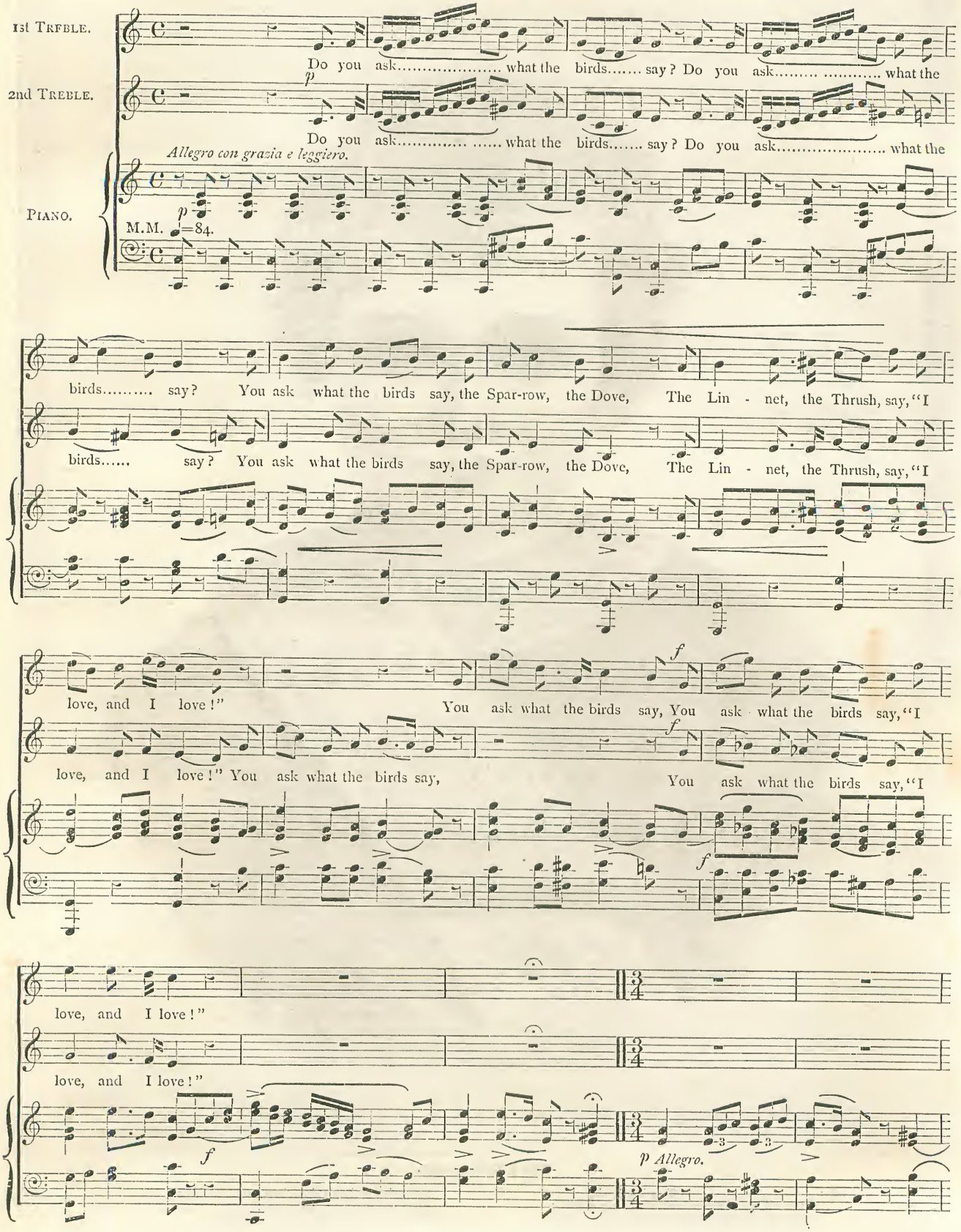
THE INCORRIGIBLE.

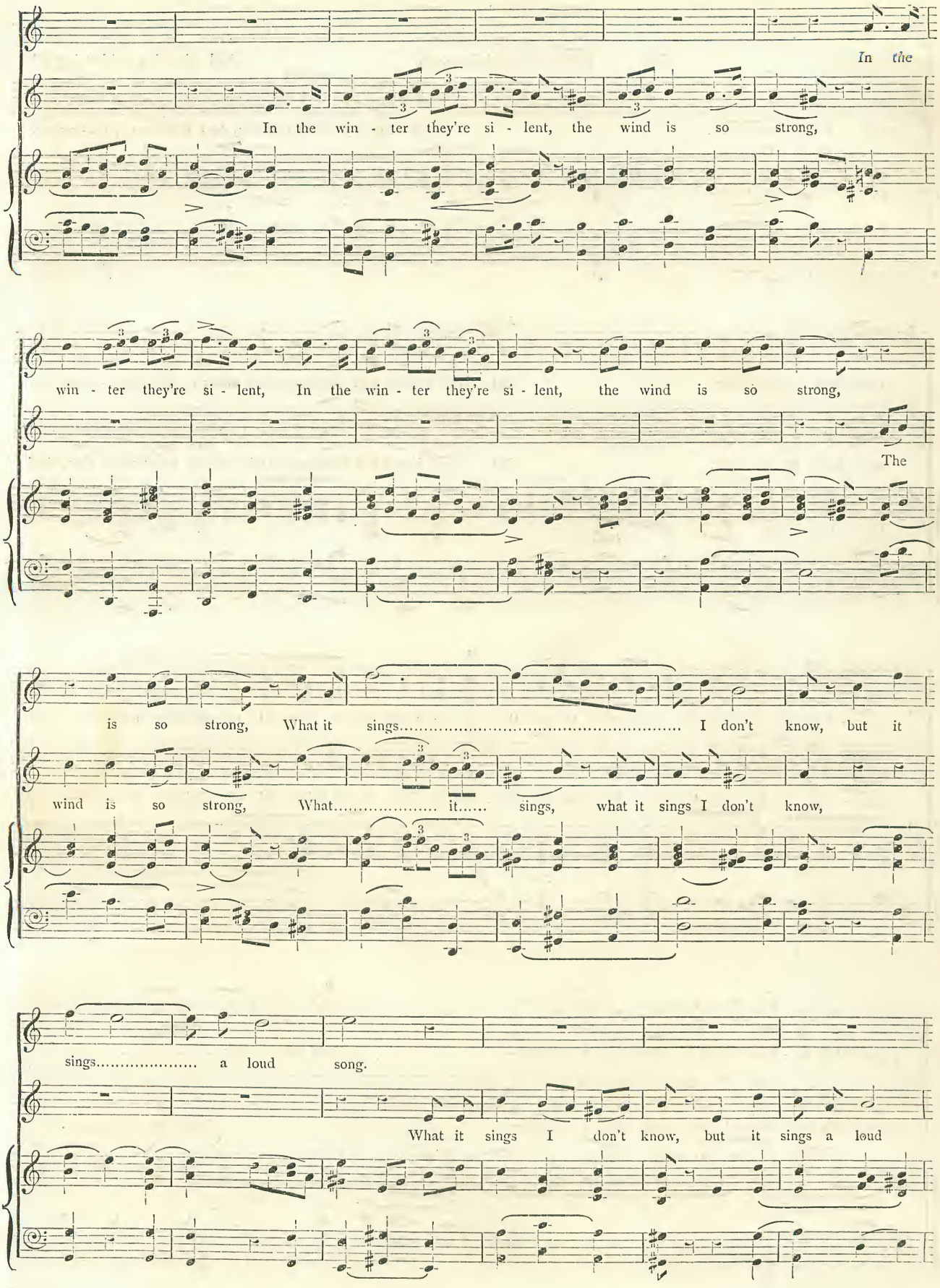
POL. "If at home, sir,
He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter:
Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy;
My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all!
He makes a July's day short as December;
And, with his varying childness, cures in me
Thoughts that would thick my blood."

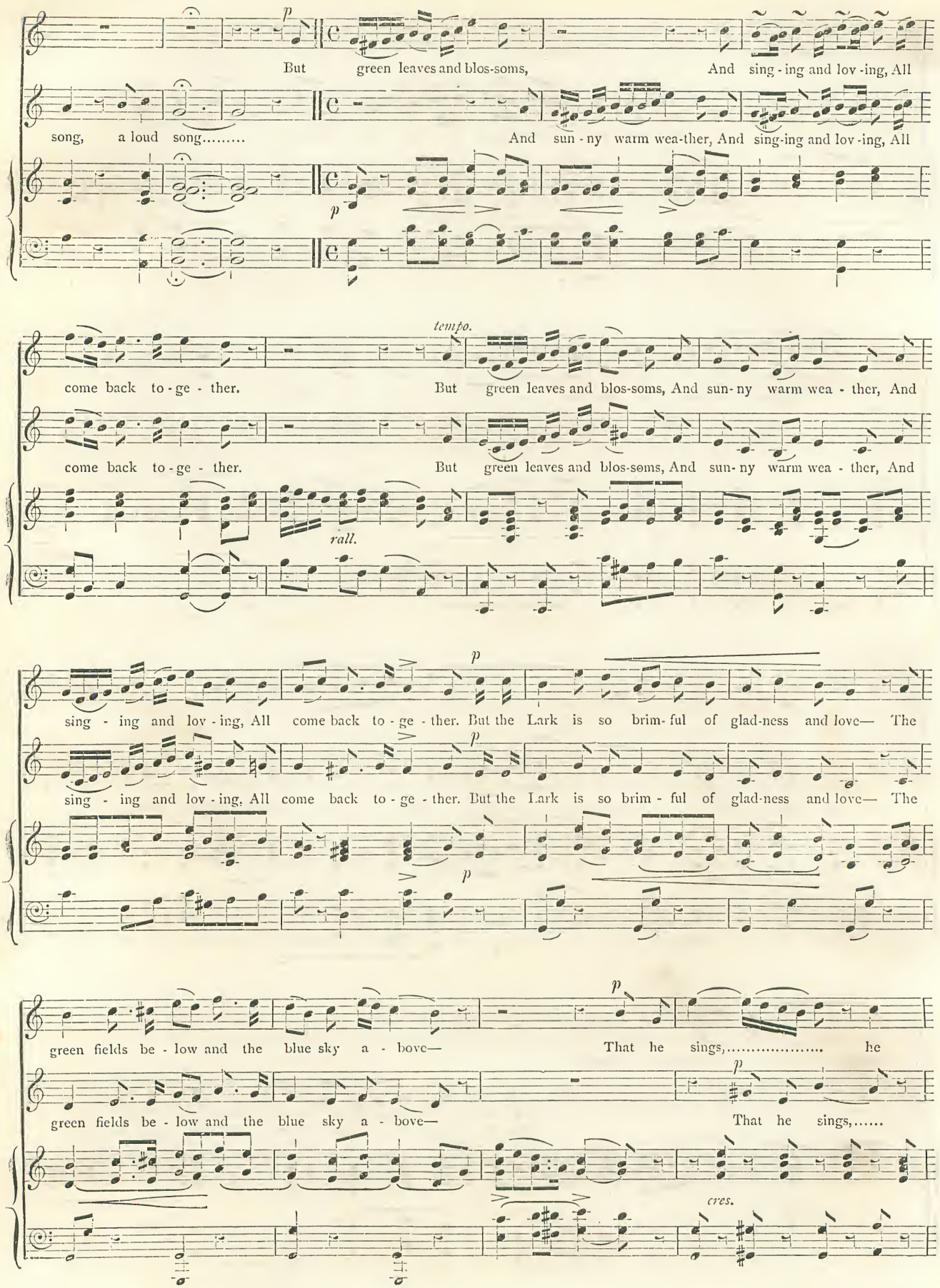
Winter's Tale, Act 1, Scene 2.

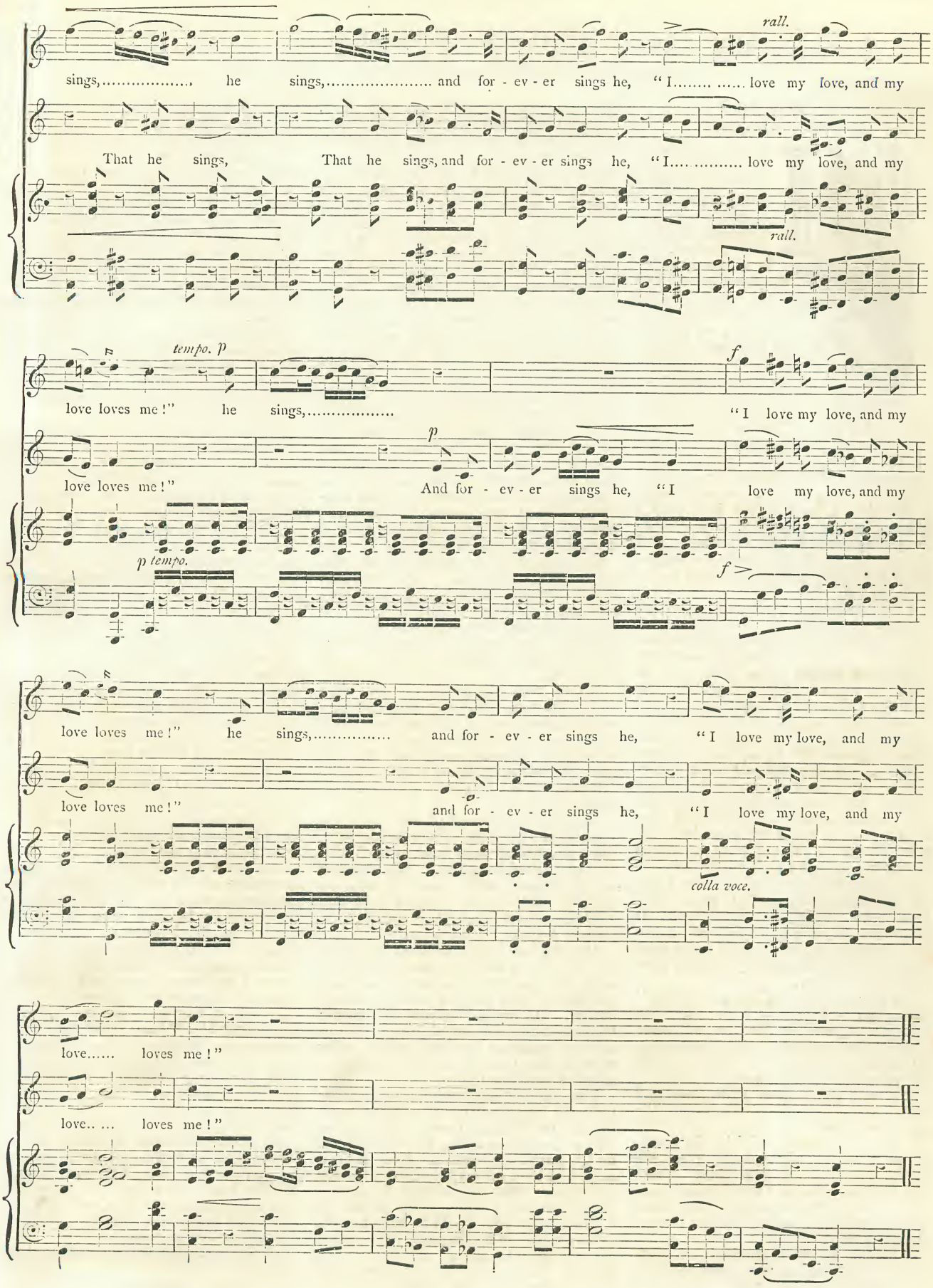
THE BIRDS.

Words by J. T. COLERIDGE. DUET. *Music by* C. A. MACIRONE.




In the
In the win - ter they're si - lent, the wind is so strong,
win - ter they're si - lent, In the win - ter they're si - lent, the wind is so strong,
The
is so strong, What it sings..... I don't know, but it
wind is so strong, What..... it..... sings, what it sings I don't know,
sings..... a loud song.
What it sings I don't know, but it sings a loud


But green leaves and blos-soms, And sing-ing and lov-ing, All
song, a loud song..... And sun-ny warm wea-ther, And sing-ing and lov-ing, All
tempo.
come back to-ge-ther. But green leaves and blos-soms, And sun-ny warm wea-ther, And
come back to-ge-ther. But green leaves and blos-soms, And sun-ny warm wea-ther, And
rall.
sing-ing and lov-ing, All come back to-ge-ther. But the Lark is so brim-ful of glad-ness and love— The
sing-ing and lov-ing, All come back to-ge-ther. But the Lark is so brim-ful of glad-ness and love— The
green fields be-low and the blue sky a-bove— That he sings,..... he
green fields be-low and the blue sky a-bove— That he sings,.....
cres.

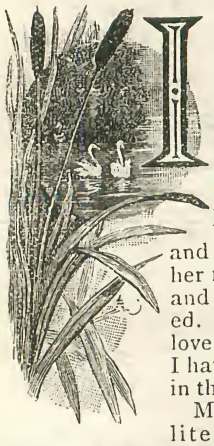

rall.
sings,..... he sings,..... and for - ev - er sings he, "I..... ..... love my love, and my
That he sings, That he sings, and for - ev - er sings he, "I..... ..... love my love, and my
rall.
tempo. p
f
love loves me!" he sings,..... "I love my love, and my
p
love loves me!" And for - ev - er sings he, "I love my love, and my
p tempo.
f
love loves me!" he sings,..... and for - ev - er sings he, "I love my love, and my
love loves me!" and for - ev - er sings he, "I love my love, and my
colla voce.
love..... loves me!"
love.. ... loves me!"

MERLE'S CRUSADE.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Aunt Diana," "For Lilias," etc.

CHAPTER VII.

THE FASHION OF THIS WORLD.



I HAVE said that from the first moment I had felt a singular attraction towards my new mistress. As the days went on, and I became better acquainted with the rare beauty and unselfishness of her nature, my respect and affection deepened. I soon grew to love Mrs. Morton as I have loved few people in this life.

My service became literally a service of love; it was with no sense of humiliation that I owned myself her servant; obedience to so gentle a rule was simply a delight. I anticipated her wishes before they were expressed, and an ever-deepening sense of the sacredness and dignity of my charge made me impervious to small slights and moved me to fresh efforts.

I was no longer tormented by my old feelings of uselessness and inefficiency. The despondent fears of my girlhood (and girlhood is often troubled by these unwholesome fancies), that there was no special work for me in the human vineyard, had ceased to trouble me. I was a bread winner, and my food tasted all the sweeter for that thought. I was preaching silently day by day my new crusade. Every morning I woke cheerfully to the simple routine of the day's duties. Every night I lay down between my children's cots with a satisfied conscience, and a mind at rest, while the soft breathings of the little creatures beside me seemed to lull me to sleep.

It was a strangely quiet life for a girl of two-and-twenty, but I soon grew used to it. When I felt dull I read; at other times I sang over my work, out of pure lightheartedness, and I could hear Joyce's shrill little treble joining in from her distant corner.

"I wish I could sing like you, Merle," Mrs. Morton once said to me, when she had interrupted our duet; "your voice is very sweet and true, and deserves to be cultivated. Since my baby's death my voice has wholly left me."

"It will come back with time and rest," I returned, reassuringly, but she shook her head.

"Rest; that is a word I hardly know. When I was a girl I never knew life would be such a fatiguing thing. There are too many duties for the hours; one tries to fit them in properly, but when night comes the sense of failure haunts one's dreams."

"That is surely a symptom of overwork," was my remark in answer to this.

"Perhaps you are right, but under the circumstances it cannot be helped. If only I could be more with my darlings, and enjoy their pretty ways; but at least it is a comfort to me to know they have so faithful a nurse in my absence."

She was always making these little speeches to me; it was one of her gracious ways. She could be grateful to a servant for doing her duty. She was not one of those people who take everything as a matter of course, who treat their domestics and hirelings as though they were mere machines for the day's work; on the contrary, she recognised their humanity; she would sympathise as tenderly with a sick footman or a kitchen-maid in trouble as she would with any of her richer neighbours. It was this large-mindedness and beneficence that made her household worship her. When I learnt more about her former life, I marvelled at her grand self-abnegation. I grew to understand that from the day of her marriage she had simply effaced herself for her husband's sake; her tastes, her favourite pursuits, had all been resigned without a murmur that she might lead his life.

She had been a simple country girl when he married her; her bees, her horse, and her father's dogs had been her great interests; to ride with her father over his farms had been her chief delight. She had often risen with the lark, and was budding her roses amid the dews.

When the young rising politician, Alick Morton, had first met her at a neighbouring squire's house, her sweet bloom and unconscious beauty won him in spite of himself, and from the first hour of their meeting he vowed to himself that Violet Cheriton should be his wife.

No greater change had ever come to a woman. In spite of her great love, there must have been times when Violet Morton looked back on her innocent and happy girlhood with something like regret, if ever a true-hearted wife and mother permits herself to indulge in such a feeling.

Mr. Morton was a devoted husband, but he was an autocrat, and, in spite of many fine qualities, was not without that selfishness that leavens many a man's nature. He wanted his wife to himself; his busy ambition aimed high; politics was the breath of his life; unlike other men in this, that he lived to work, instead of working to live.

These sort of natures know no fatigue; they are intolerant of difficulties; inaction means death to them. Mr. Morton was a committee man; he worked hard for his party. He was a philanthropist also, and took up warmly certain public charities. His name was becoming widely known; people spoke of him as a rising man, who would be useful to his generation. If he dragged his wife at his triumphal chariot wheel, no one blamed him; these sort of men need real helpmeets. In these cases the stronger nature rules: the weaker and most loving submits.

Mrs. Morton was a submissive wife; early and late she toiled in her husband's service; their house was a rallying point for his party. On certain occasions the great drawing-rooms were flung open to strangers; meetings were held on behalf of the charities in which Mr. Morton was interested; there were speeches made, in which he largely distinguished himself, while his wife hovered on the outskirts of the crowd and listened to him.

He kept no secretary, and his correspondence was immense. Mrs. Morton had a clear, characteristic handwriting, and could write rapidly to dictation, and many an hour was spent in her husband's study.

This was at first no weariness to her—she loved to be beside him and share his labours. What wife begrudges time and work for her husband? But she soon found that other labours supervened that were less congenial to her.

Mr. Morton was overworked; the demands on his time were unceasing. Violet must visit the wards of his favourite hospitals, and help him in keeping the accounts. She must represent him in society, and keep up constant intercourse with the wives of the members of their party during the season. She worked harder even than he did. Her bloom faded under the withering influence of late hours and hot rooms. Night after night she bore, with sweet graciousness, the weary round of pleasures that palled on her. It was a martyrdom of human love, for, alas! in the hurry of this unsatisfactory life, the Divine voice had grown dim and far off to the weary ear of Violet Morton; the clanging metallic earth bells had deadened the heavenly harmonies.

Sometimes a sad, pathetic look would come into her eyes. Was she thinking, I wonder, of the slim, bright-eyed girl budding roses in the old-fashioned garden, while the brown bees hummed round her? Was the fragrance of the lilies—those tall, white lilies of which she so often spoke to me—blotting out the perfume of hothouse flowers, and the heavy scents of the crowded ball-room?

It was a matter of intense surprise to me that Mr. Morton seemed perfectly unconscious of this immense self-sacrifice. He could not be ignorant, surely, that a mother desires to be with her children, and that a woman's tender frame is susceptible to fatigue. Selfish as he was, he loved her too well to impose such intolerable burthens on her strength, if he had only known them to be burthens. But her cheerfulness blinded him. How could he know she was overtasked, and often sad at heart, when she never complained, when she sealed her lips so generously?

If she had once said, "I am so tired, Alick; I cannot write for you," he would at once have pressed her to rest;

but men are so dense, as Aunt Agatha says. Their great minds overlook little details. They take in wide vistas of landscape, and never see the little nettles that are choking up the field path. Women would have noticed the nettles at once, and spied out the gap in the hedge beside.

I had not been many weeks in the house before I found Sunday was no day of rest to my employers, and yet they were better than many other worldly people. Mrs. Morton always went to church in the morning, and, unless he was too tired or busy, Mr. Morton went too. They were careful, too, that their servants should enjoy as far as possible the privilege of the day. The carriage was never used, so the horses and the coachman were able to rest. They dined an hour earlier, and invited only one or two intimate friends to join them, and there was always sacred music in the evening. But there was no more leisure for thought on that day than on any other. In the afternoon Mr. Morton wrote his letters and read his paper, and Mrs. Morton had her share of correspondence; the rest of the afternoon was given to callers, or Mrs. Morton accompanied her husband for a walk in the park. She was always very careful of her toilet on these occasions, and if it were Travers's Sunday out, my services were in requisition. I had once offered to assist her, and I suppose I had given satisfaction. More than once Mr. Morton had found fault with some part of her dress, and she had gone back to her dressing-room with the utmost promptitude to change it.

"I have not satisfied my husband's taste, Merle," she would say, as cheerfully as possible; "will you help me to do better?" And she would stand before the glass with such a tired look on her lovely face, as I brought her a fresh mantle and bonnet.

I hate men to be over critical with their wives, but I suppose it is a greater compliment than not being able to see if they are wearing their best or common bonnet. I confess it must be trying to a woman when a man says—and how often he does say it?—"What a pretty gown that is, my dear. Have I seen it before?" when the aggravating creature must know that she wore it all last summer, and perhaps the previous summer too.

I found out that Mrs. Morton was ill-satisfied with the way they spent Sundays.

I remember one Sunday evening I was sitting in the twilight with Reggie on my lap and Joyce on her little stool beside me. I had been teaching her a new verse of her hymn, and she had learned to say it very prettily. We were both very busy over it, when the door opened, and Mrs. Morton came in.

Joyce jumped up and ran to her at once.

"I know it, mother—my Sunday hymn—it is such a pretty one."

"Is it, my darling? Then, suppose you let mother hear it." And Joyce, folding her hands in her quaint, old-fashioned way, began very readily:

"I love to hear the story
Which angel voices tell,
How once the King of Glory
Came down on earth to dwell.
I am both weak and sinful,
But this I surely know,
The Lord came down to save me,
Because He loved me so."

"Very pretty indeed, Joyce," observed Mrs. Morton, rather absently, when the child had finished. But Joyce looked up in her face wistfully.

"Do you ever say hymns, mother dear?"

"I sing them in church, my pet."

"But you never teached them to me, mother; they are all nurse's hymns, the little one and the long one, and the little wee hymn I say with my prayers. Would you like to hear my little wee hymn, mother dear?"

"I will hear all you know, my darling." But there were tears in the beautiful eyes as she listened.

"How nicely she says them! I am glad you teach her such pretty hymns, Merle," as the child ran off to fetch Snap, who was whining for admittance. "Somehow it seems more like the Sunday of old times up here—so quiet, so peaceful. We must do as the world does, I suppose; but these secular, bustling Sundays are not to my taste."

Her words jarred on me, and I replied rather too quickly, considering my position, "Are we obliged to follow a bad fashion? That is indeed going with the crowd to do evil."

She looked up in some surprise. It must have been a new thing to the petted mistress of the household to hear herself so sharply rebuked.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," I exclaimed, penitently; "I had no right to say that; I forgot to whom I was speaking."

"Do not distress yourself, Merle," she returned, in her sweet way; "it is good for all of us to hear the truth sometimes. It was foolish of me to say that. I only mean that in our house it is very difficult not to follow the world's custom."

"Very difficult indeed," I acquiesced; but she continued to look at me thoughtfully.

"Do not be afraid of saying what is in your mind; you may speak to me plainly, if you will. You are my children's nurse, but I cannot forget that in many ways we are equals. You never intrude this fact on my notice, but it is none the less apparent. I know our Sundays are terribly secular," as I continued silent; "sometimes I wish it were not so, for my children's sake."

"Not for your own sake, Mrs. Morton?"

A distressed look came over her face.

"I seem to have no time to wish for anything."

"I could well believe that; but, Mrs. Morton, it seems to me as though we owe some duty to ourselves. If we neglect the highest part of ourselves we are committing a sort of mental suicide. How often has Aunt Agatha told me that!"

"How do you mean?" she asked, anxiously.

"We all need a quiet time for thought. It always seems to me that on Sunday one lays down one's burthens for a time. It is such a rest to shut out the world for one day in the week, to forget the harass of one's work, to take up higher duties, to lift one's standard afresh, and prove one's armour. It is just like abiding in the tents for shelter and rest in the heat of battle."

I had forgotten the difference in our station, and was talking to my mistress just as though she were Aunt Agatha. Something seemed to compel me to speak; I felt a strange sort of trouble oppressing me, as though I saw a beautiful soul wandering out of the way. She seemed moved at my words, and it was several minutes before she spoke again.

"Your words recall the old Sundays at my own dear home," she observed, presently. "Do you not love Sundays in the country, Merle? The very birds seem to sing more sweetly, and the stillness of which you speak seems in the very air. My Sundays were very different then. We lived near the church, and we could hear the chiming of the bells as we walked through the village. I taught in the Sunday-school; I recollect some of the children's names now. Father always liked us to go to the evening service. I remember, too, we invariably sang Bishop Ken's evening hymn. One evening a little robin found its way into the church. I remember Mr. Andrews, our vicar, was just reading that verse, 'Yea, the sparrow has found her a house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young,' when we looked up and saw the little creature fluttering round the chancel. Oh, those sweet old Sundays!" And here she broke off and sighed.

I thought it best to say no more, and leave her to those tender memories. A word in season may do much, but I was young, and had no right to teach with authority. I suppose she understood my reticence, for she looked at me very kindly as she rose from her seat.

"It does me good to come up here, Merle; I always have a more rested feeling when I go down to my duties. If I did not feel that they were real duties that called me I should be very unhappy."

She bade her children good-night, and left the nursery. What made me take up my Bible, I wonder, and read the following verse! "In this thing the Lord pardon Thy servant, that when my master goeth into the house of Rimmon to worship there, and he leaneth on my hand, and I bow myself in the house of Rimmon, the Lord pardon Thy servant this thing."

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

CHATTERBOX.—Your acquirements are satisfactory, and might gain for you perhaps £30 per annum. But these are to be weighed against two serious drawbacks—extreme youth, and consequent lack of weight and authority with your pupils, and complete lack of experience in reading their several characters and bodily condition, and the modifications and changes of method requisite to suit these different subjects under your training. Teaching lessons is but a small part of the duties of a governess. The characters of her pupils have to be carefully read and moulded, their manners and habits trained according to those of polite society, and she should discover what natural gifts should be cultivated and what studies should be remitted, more or less. At sixteen you are scarcely more than a child yourself, and quite such in inexperience. Thus, you are really only fit for a visiting governess, teaching under the direction of the mother; and if you take a residential situation, it could only be at a low salary.

DESIREE.—If you wish to prepare yourself for being a nurse at home, we recommend you a careful study of a small manual, often named for the purpose, "Sick Nursing at Home" (I. U. Gill, 170, Strand, W.C.). When you could be examined on that you will have made great progress towards efficiency. You do not name your age. Had you done so, we could have advised you further.

DAUGHTER OF GENTLEMAN FARMER (Dublin).—If you have artistic taste and can design, and, in addition, have a delicate touch, write either to the City and Guilds Technical Institute, Exhibition-road, South Kensington, S.W., or to the Polytechnic, Regent-street, W., where classes for wood-carving are held. Address the secretary in both cases. If you think of training for the teaching of children under the Kindergarten system, there are many schools for the purpose. Write to the Misses Crombie, 21, Stockwell-road, S.W., with a view to entering the college established by the British and Foreign School Society. Or else to the secretary, Home and Colonial Training College, in Gray's Inn-road, W.C.

MUSIC.

M. L. P.—It is to be regretted on your own account, if not on that of others, who might be glad to avail themselves of your musical society, that you should contemplate giving it up without first inducing some-one to take your place. Your society, we imagine, is already entered in a directory of girls' clubs, shortly to appear, and too late now to be omitted.

OLD MAN'S DARLING.—You will often find songs in our paper. It is sad to hear that you "get wild with your nose," which at seven or eight o'clock p.m. "gets puggy." What can that mean? As we cannot hope for the pleasure of witnessing such a phenomenon, we advise you to consult your mother about it. If an hereditary "pug," we do not understand why it should be otherwise during the day.

COURTLEROY.—We are obliged to you for the information you give respecting the tonic sol-fa system. It was invented by Miss Glover, of Norwich, and afterwards improved upon by John Curwen, in about the year 1847; but the Tonic Sol-fa College was established a year earlier than that.

ROMOLA.—The class of music known as the "cantata" was invented by Barbara Strozzi, a Venetian lady.

A GREEK GIRL.—1. The song you name is one in the Christy Minstrels' collection, and is, we believe, one of the late Stephen Foster's, who died in March, 1864. He was the originator of that class of music. You write English so well, that we should have thought you a countrywoman. 2. If you wish to see the prettiest parts of England, you should visit some parts of Surrey, Devonshire, Derbyshire, Cumberland, Westmoreland, and portions of Wales. We are glad you are partial to the English, and that you appreciate our series of articles on good breeding and etiquette. Your writing is good, and thoroughly English.

MISCELLANEOUS.

POPSEY.—Perhaps Blackwood's "holdfast" would prove satisfactory in securing the scraps on your screen. We imagine that you are not very careful in brushing the gum or paste quite over the corners that you complain curl up. Very little of the above-named "holdfast" will be required to make the scraps adhere firmly.

TENNYSON.—The precise origin of the office of "Poet Laureate" does not appear to be known. There was a *Versificator Regis* in the reign of Henry III. Chaucer was Poet Laureate by his own appointment, and he subsequently received an annuity from Richard II. Some twenty-one poets succeeded him in the office. The immediate predecessor of Tennyson was William Wordsworth, and he was succeeded by Dr. Robert Southey. Tennyson, who was born in 1809, received the appointment in 1850.

ALICE GREY.—See page 519, vol. vi., for description and illustration for a supper table. Add some chickens and a ham, and you could make it do for your plain wedding breakfast. The bride and bridegroom sit together and lead the way to the dining-room, and place themselves in the centre of the long table opposite the wedding cake. The father of the bride takes the bridegroom's mother, and seats himself next his daughter, and the bride-groom's father takes the bride's mother, who sits next the bridegroom. The bridesmaids generally sit opposite the bride and bridegroom.

MARCELLE'S question was answered on page 704, vol. vii. The poem, "Pleasures of Memory," is by Samuel Rogers.

A DELICATE COUNTRY LASSIE.—1. We have read your nice little letter with much interest and sympathy. It is pleasant to hear that our advice has been helpful to you, and we only wish your health would improve. But we think you might lay the matter before God in faith, and ask Him to cure you and raise you up, according to the promise, "the prayer of faith shall save the sick." See St. James v. 15, and Matt. viii. 17. 2. The 26th June, 1874, was a Friday. Write to the secretary, Lifeboat Institution, 14, John-street, Adelphi, W.C.

EARNEST INQUIRER.—It is impossible for us to tell you when the Government will legislate in behalf of shorter hours work for shop assistants. To work from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m. on ordinary days, and from 9 a.m. to 12 p.m. on Saturdays, is slave-driving indeed. We can only wonder that ostensibly respectable tradesmen could be guilty of treating their assistants in so cruel a manner, and that in a Christian country. They ought not to need legal coercion in a matter of mere humanity.

E. A. A. B.—Almeida is the name of one of the strongest fortresses of Portugal, in the Province of Beira, and on the north-east frontier of Spain. It was taken by the Spaniards in 1762, and afterwards surrendered. Massena captured it from the British in 1810, and Wellington re-took it the following year, and restored it to Portugal. As the Spaniards had once captured the fortress, they naturally commemorated their victory and great acquisition by naming an avenue after it in Madrid. You spelt the name incorrectly.

D. M.—The origin of the designation of those days beginning on July 3rd and ending on August 11th, as dog days, has nothing to do with dogs becoming mad from the heat and lack of water. In the time of the ancient astronomers, the heliacal rising of Sirius, the dog-star, occurred in July, and superstition attached to his rising the rabies in dogs. But this was quite untrue, for this disease is not produced even under tropical suns in mid-summer, where the animals are not inoculated with the virus of one already itself bitten. If no biting were permitted there would be no more mad dogs. Besides, it is not during the excessive heat of July that dogs do go mad, the colder months of winter and early spring being far more usual seasons for it.

CHRISTINA S.—Perhaps you set yourself too much to do. In the Christian life it is often so, and then you are discouraged because you fail. The first rule seems to be; To love your brother as yourself; for if you cannot act unselfishly, kindly, and affectionately towards those you see, you cannot love the God you have not seen. Begin with thinking of everybody around you first, and in that love and service, combined with faith, you will, in time, see God, for God is love.

AN ANXIOUS ONE, PRIMROSE.—There is a valuable book published by the R. T. S., 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., "A New Introduction to the Study of the Bible," by Barrows, which you would find it an advantage to study. But do not make it the habit of your mind to fret about dogma; turn to the practical side of religion, and serve the Lord Christ by your daily life and conversation.

PRIMROSE LEAGUE.—Having given your sister the best advice, you are not bound to do more, but try to win her by love with patience. It would be better for her to have a governess at home than to go to school.

M. A. B. Z. E.—Look at any of our completed volumes and you will find the index is a list of the subjects written upon in the G.O.P., with the page on which they are to be found added. The first of April, 1872, was a Monday.

AN ENGLISHWOMAN IN RUSSIA.—You will need to write many stories and to gain much experience in writing before you produce one fit for publication. We could not give advice about publication; but you will find the addresses of all London publishers in a London directory; and you must follow the example of Charlotte Brontë, and all our best writers almost, *i.e.*, to try and try again until you gain a hearing. There is no royal road to success. You would probably find Vincent's "Dictionary of Biography" in Haydn's series a useful book.

SHINING LIGHT (?).—"R. S. V. P." are the initials of the French sentence "Répondez s'il vous plait," *i.e.*, reply if you please. They are put in the corners of invitations to various entertainments.

HAPPY MINNIE.—The inner skin of the broad bean pod is said to be a cure for warts, if rubbed on gently several times a day.

IRENE AYNSLEY.—1. In England drive to the left, but on the Continent and in America one keeps to the right. We do not know the custom in New Zealand, but doubtless it is the English. 2. Can you not get a small book on fancy knitting?

REX.—Certainly call on and visit your pupils' mothers, if invited. You do not need any other introduction. Unless introduced to the friends met in the street, it is well to walk on a short distance and wait.

EIN UNARTIGES MADCHEN.—1. Punch and Judy dates its origin to one of the old mystery plays, *Pontius Pilate and the Jews*. The story as we represent it is attributed to Silvio Fiorillo, an Italian comedian of the seventeenth century. The moral is decidedly bad, as the evil is made to triumph over the good, and defies and defeats all law and justice. 2. Slope your writing more from right to left.

ONE WHO IS WAITING.—The story you tell us of a cat taking care of two chickens when her kittens were taken from her is very wonderful; but we believe it has its parallel in one told by Sir John Lubbock, of a cat that brought up two ducklings, and was distracted at seeing them take to the water. We much approve of the wishes and feelings you express, and you have our sympathy. We wish you God-speed.

WINIFRED H.—1. Grey is a very delicate colour, and probably the rain has extracted the dye, and nothing could restore the loss but having the material redyed in a darker shade. 2. It is not necessary that the name of a writer should appear; but the difficulty is that we cannot accept the articles and stories of unknown writers. We rarely take those of authors who have not made their names as such.

"TRULY SWEET EIGHTEEN" (?).—We should say that, as a descriptive name, "Truly Vain" would be *truer*. If you find that you earn too little by dress-making, perhaps you could turn your four years' experience of that trade to good account by adding to your acquirements that of hair-dressing, and then you could take a situation as lady's-maid.

HUMBLE MINOR.—We never heard of an infant who would not go to his mother voluntarily, unless to go to a wet-nurse, whom he might naturally suppose, if he could not think, was his real mother. If he have a fearful temper, and be not a screamer from teething, or any other pain, he should be gently corrected for his violence. Some children scream themselves into fits. Children should have the best and richest *unwatered* milk.

ONE IN TROUBLE.—It is well that you only broke one looking-glass, and that your father only tries to comfort you. Be more careful in the future, and do not listen to silly "prophets of evil." Those who trust in God's care and commit themselves to Him in well-doing, need not "take thought for the morrow" in an anxious way. It would be a want of faith.

OAK TREE.—Do as your mother wishes. You are not yet nineteen, and are under her authority. But perhaps she might spare you to go out for a few hours daily, to take children out for a walk, and teach them to write, read, sew, and some few other lessons. If not, she might let you assist in some shop where the hours were not long. Perhaps you might hold a little class of children at home.

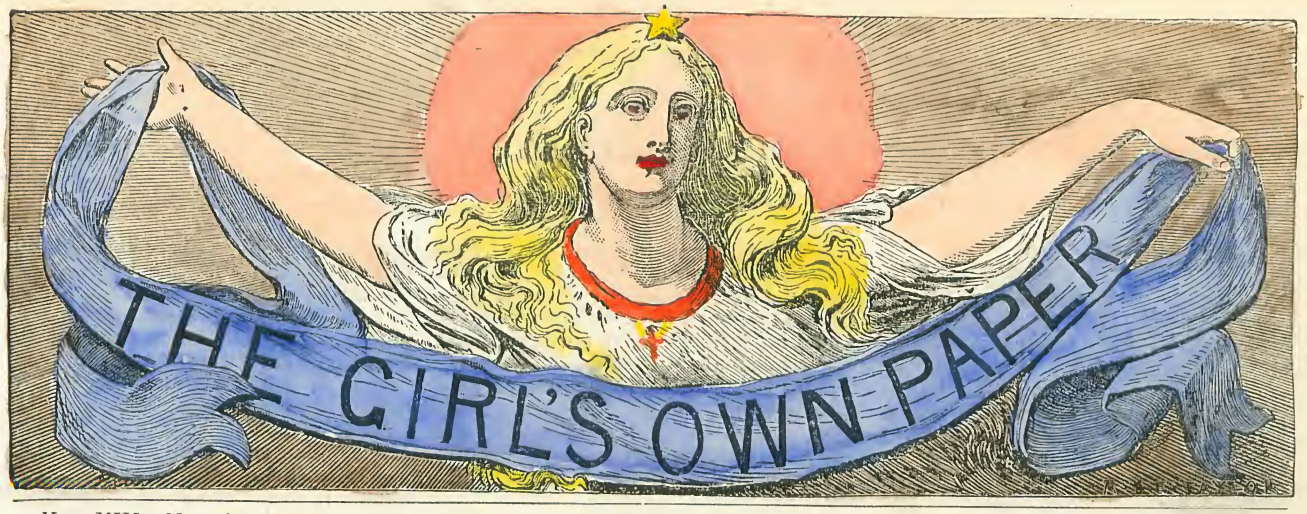
CHARITY.—1. We do not know to what your mother refers by that name, but you will find allusions to the "Book of Life" in the Epistle to the Philippians iv. 3, and in the Book of Revelations iii. 5, and in five more places. 2. If you wish some day to be a doctor, begin by studying a shilling manual called "Sick Nursing at Home" (Gill, 170, Strand, W.C.), and then join an ambulance class.

ELLA MARY.—What are known as "Mystery plays" are referred for their origin to the pilgrims who journeyed to the East in the eleventh century. The earliest known in England took place at Dunstable early in the following century. The oldest extant dates to the reign of Edward III. The "Chester Mysteries" date back to 1327. Those of the French only commenced in the fourteenth century.

THE OWNER OF "MUFF."—1. We do not undertake to teach quadrupeds, though we endeavour to teach bipeds, but these latter only provided they be not "muffs," as that would be beyond our patience, and perhaps our ability, for there are more "muffs" than those that walk on four legs! 2. The 1st of September, 1873, was a Monday.

PHLOX.—Fidgets in the legs usually arise from acidity, and perhaps indigestion. You should take some anti-acid, such as magnesia, before going to bed, if suffering much. A doctor should prescribe for you, as you seem out of health. Avoid sweet things, and any food that produces acidity in the system.

PALE FACE.—We do not know what could now be done to give you a pair of straight legs, unless you could have them exchanged, and screw on a pair of wooden ones. Wear a full skirt, and the defect may be concealed to a great extent, especially if you take pains in walking well.



VOL. VIII.—No. 361. NOVEMBER 27, 1886. PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE FLOWER GIRL.

WHAT is she thinking of, what is she dreaming of,
Dreaming awhile ere the sun has quite set?
Is it the home of her earliest childhood
That for a brief hour she cannot forget,
Where the sweet violets grew blue in the wild wood
With dewdrops all wet?

All the day long in the great crowded city—
Crowded, yet lonely to each in the crowd—
"Violets, sweet violets, a bunch for a penny!"
She has been crying, still crying aloud.
She has been merry at selling so many,
Merry and proud.

Now as she watches the sun that is setting,
Far o'er the roofs and the masts of the ships,
Does her mind turn to the sweet unsold flowers,
Gathered by baby hands, pressed by child-lips,
While in a day-dream, through wild wood-land bowers
Once more she trips?

Is it the fragrance that clings to her basket—
Fragrance of violets that rich men have bought—
That takes her to wood-lands away from the city,
Where with blue violets the moss is en-wrought?
Surely the wings of God's angel of pity
Shadow her thought.

A. M.

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THE FLOWER GIRL.

MERLE'S CRUSADE.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Aunt Diana," "For Lilias," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

LABORARE EST ORARE.



MY mistress (how I loved to call her by that name!) was beginning to give me her confidence. In a little while I grew quite at my ease with her.

She would sit down sometimes and question me about the book I was reading, or, if we talked of the children, she would ask my opinion of them in a way that showed she respected it.

She told me more than once that her husband was quite satisfied with me; the children thrived under my care, Reggie especially, for Joyce was somewhat frail and delicate. It gratified me to hear this, for a longer acquaintance with Mr. Morton had not lessened my sense of awe in his presence (I had had to feel the pressure of his strong will before I had been many weeks in his house, and though I had submitted to his enforced commands, they had cost me my only tears of humiliation, and yet all the time I knew he was perfectly just in his demands). The occasion was this.

It was a rule that when visitors asked to see the children, a very frequent occurrence when Mrs. Morton received at home, that the head nurse should bring them into the blue drawing-room, as it was called. On two afternoons I had shirked this duty. With all my boasted courage, the idea of facing all those strangers was singularly obnoxious; I chose to consider myself privileged to infringe this part of my office. I dressed the children carefully, and bade Hannah take them to their mother. I thought the girl looked at me and hesitated a moment, but her habitual respect kept her silent.

My dereliction of duty escaped notice on the first afternoon; Mr. Morton was occupied with a committee, and Mrs. Morton was too gentle and considerate to hint that my presence was desired, but on the second afternoon Hannah came up looking a little flurried.

Master had not seemed pleased somehow; he had spoken quite sharply before the visitors, and asked where nurse was that she had not brought the children as usual, and the mistress had looked uncomfortable, and had beckoned him to her.

I took no notice of Hannah's speech, for I had a hasty tongue, and might have said things that I should have regretted afterwards, but my temper was decidedly ruffled. I took Reggie as quickly as possible from her arms, and carried him off into the other room. I wanted to be alone and recover myself.

I cried a good deal, much to Reggie's distress; he kept patting my cheeks and calling to me to kiss him, that at last I was obliged to leave off. I had met with a difficulty at last. I could hear the roaring of the chained lions behind me, but I said to myself that I would not be beaten; if my pride must suffer I should get over the unpleasantness in time. Why should I be afraid of people just because they wore silks and satins and were strangers to me? My fears were undignified and absurd; Mr. Morton was right; I had shirked my duty.

I hoped that nothing more would be said about it, and I determined that the following Thursday I would face the ordeal; but I was not to escape so easily.

When Mrs. Morton came into the nursery that evening to bid the children good-night, I thought she looked a little preoccupied. She kissed them, and asked me, rather nervously, to follow her into the night nursery.

"Merle," she said, rather hurriedly, "I hope you will not mind what I am going to say. My husband has asked me to speak to you. He seemed a little put out this afternoon; it did not please him that Hannah should take your place with the children."

"Hannah told me so when she came up, Mrs. Morton."

In spite of all my efforts to restrain my temper, I am afraid my voice was a little sullen. I had never answered her in such a tone before. I would obey Mr. Morton; I knew my own position well enough for that, but they should both see that this part of my duty was distasteful to me.

To my intense surprise she took my hand and held it gently.

"I was afraid you would feel it in this way, Merle, but I want you to look upon it in another point of view. You know that my husband forewarned you that your position would entail difficulties. Hitherto things have been quite smooth; now comes a duty which you own by your manner to be bitterly distasteful. I sympathise with you, but my husband's wishes are sacred; he is very particular on this point. Do you think for my sake that you could yield in this?"

She still held my hand, and I own that the foolish feeling crossed me that I was glad that she should know my hand was as soft as hers, but as she spoke to me in that beseeching voice all sullenness left me.

"There is very little that I would not do for your sake, Mrs. Morton, when you have been so good to me. Please do not say another word about it. Mr. Morton was right; I have been utterly in the wrong; I feel that now. Next Thursday I will bring down the children into the drawing-room."

She thanked me so warmly that she made me feel still more ashamed of myself; it seemed such a wonderful thing that my mistress should stoop to entreat where she could by right command, but she was very tolerant of a girl's waywardness. She did not leave me even then, but changed the subject. She sat down and talked to me for a few minutes about myself and Aunt Agatha. I had not been home yet, and she wanted me to fix some afternoon when Mrs. Garnett or Travers could take my place.

"We must not let you get too dull, Merle," she said, gently. "Hannah is a good girl, but she cannot be a companion to you in any sense of the word." And perhaps in that she was right.

I woke the following Thursday with a sense of uneasiness oppressing me, so largely do our small fears magnify themselves when indulged. As the afternoon approached I grew quite pale with apprehension, and Hannah, with unspoken sympathy, but she had wonderful tact for a girl, only hinted at the matter in a roundabout way.

I had dressed Reggie in his turquoise blue velvet, and was fastening my clean frilled apron over my black gown, when Hannah said quietly, "Well, it is no wonder master likes to show people what sort of nurse he has got. I don't think anyone could look so nice in a cap and apron as you do, Miss Fenton. It is just as though you were making believe to be a servant like me, and it would not do anyhow."

I smiled a little at Hannah's homely compliment, but I confessed it pleased me and gave me courage. I felt still more like myself when my boy put his dimpled arms round my neck, and hid his dear face on my shoulder. I could not persuade him to loosen his hold until his mother spoke to him, and there was Joyce holding tightly to my gown all the time.

The room was so full that it almost made me giddy. It was good of Mrs. Morton to rise from her seat and meet me, but all her coaxing speeches would not make Reggie do more than raise his head from my shoulder. He sat in my arms like a baby prince, beating off everyone with his little hands, and refusing even to go to his father.

Everyone wanted to kiss him, and I carried him from one to another. Joyce had left me at once for her mother. Some of the ladies questioned me about the children. They spoke very civilly, but their inquisitive glances made my face burn, and it was with difficulty that I made suitable replies. Once I looked up, and saw that Mr. Morton was watching me. His glance was critical, but not unkindly. I had a feeling then that he was subjecting me purposely to this test. I must carry out my theory into practice. I am convinced all this was in his mind as he looked at me, and I no longer bore a grudge against him.

Not long afterwards I had an opportunity of learning that he could own himself fallible on some points. He was exceedingly just, and could bear a rebuke even from an inferior, if it proved him to be clearly in the wrong.

One afternoon he came into the nursery to play with the children for a few minutes. He would wind up their mechanical toys to amuse them. Reggie was unusually fretful, and nothing seemed to please him. He scolded both his father and his walking doll, and would have nothing to say to the learned dog who beat the timbrels and nodded his head approvingly to his own music. Presently he caught sight of his favourite woolly lamb placed out of his reach on the mantelpiece, and began screaming and kicking.

"Naughty Reggie," observed his father, complacently, and he was taking down the toy when I begged him respectfully to replace it.

He looked at me in some little surprise.

"I thought he was crying for it," he said, somewhat perplexed at this.

"Reggie must not cry for things after that fashion," I returned, firmly, for I felt a serious principle was involved here. "He is only a baby, but he is very sensible, and knows he is naughty when he screams for a thing. I never give it to him until he is good."

"Indeed," a little dryly. "Well, he seems far off from goodness now. What do you mean by making all that noise, my boy?"

Reggie was in one of his passions, it was easy to see that; the toy would have been flung to the ground in his present mood; so without looking at his father or asking his permission, I resorted to my usual method, and laid him down screaming lustily in his little cot.

"There baby must stop until he is good," I remarked, quietly, and I took my work and sat down at some little distance, while Mr. Morton watched us from the other room. I knew my plan always answered with Reggie, and the storm would soon be over.

In two or three minutes his screams ceased, and I heard a penitent "Gargle do;" then "Nur, nur." I went to him directly, and in a moment he held out his arms to be lifted out of the cot.

"Is Reggie quite good?" I asked, as I kissed him.

"Ood, ood," was the triumphant reply, and the next moment he was cuddling his lamb.

"I own your method is the best, nurse," observed Mr. Morton, pleasantly. "My boy will not be spoiled, I see that. I confess I should have given him the toy directly he screamed for it; you showed greater wisdom than his father."

It is impossible to say how much this speech gratified me. From that moment I liked as well as respected Mr. Morton.

My first holiday arrived somewhat unexpectedly. A little before the nursery dinner Travers brought a message from Mrs. Morton that Joyce was to go out with her in the carriage, and that if I liked to have the afternoon and evening to myself, Mrs. Garnett could take charge of Reggie.

The offer was too tempting to be refused. I do not think I ever knew the meaning of the word holiday before. No schoolgirl felt in greater spirits than I did during dinner time.

It was a lovely April afternoon. I took out of my wardrobe a soft grey merino, my best dress, and a little grey velvet bonnet that Aunt Agatha's skilful hands had made for me. I confess I looked at myself with some complacency. "No one would take me for a nurse," I thought.

In the hall I encountered Mr. Morton; he was just going out. For the moment he did not recognise me. He removed his hat hurriedly; no doubt he thought me a stranger.

I could not help smiling at his mistake, and then he said, rather awkwardly, "I did not know you, Miss Fenton. I am glad you have such a lovely afternoon for your holiday; there seems a look of spring in the air," all very civilly, but with his keen eyes taking in every particular of my dress.

I heard from Mrs. Garnett afterwards that he very much approved of Miss Fenton's quiet, ladylike appearance, and as he was a very fastidious man, this was considered high praise. There was more than a touch of spring in the air; the delicious softness seemed to promise opening buds. Down Exhibition-road the flower-girls were busy with their baskets of snowdrops and violets. I bought a few for Aunt Agatha, then I remembered that Uncle Keith had a weakness for a particular sort of scone, and I bought some and a slice of rich Dundee seed cake. I felt like a schoolgirl providing a little home feast, but how pleasant it is to cater for those we love. I was glad when my short journey was over, and I could see the river shimmering a steely blue in the spring sunshine. The old church towers seemed more venerable and picturesque. As I walked down High-street I looked at the well-known shops with an interest I never felt before.

When I reached the cottage I rang very softly, that Aunt Agatha should not be disturbed. Patience uttered a pleased exclamation when she caught sight of me. "Is it really yourself, Miss Merle? I could hardly believe my eyes. Mistress is in there reading," pointing to the drawing-room. "She has not heard the bell, I'll be bound, so you can surprise her finely."

I acted on Patience's hint, and opened the door noiselessly. How cosy the room looked in the firelight! and could any sight be more pleasant to my eyes than dear Aunt Agatha sitting in her favourite low chair, in her well-worn black silk and pretty lace cap. I shall never forget her look of delight when she saw me.

"Merle! Oh, you dear child, do you mean it is really you? Come here and let me look at you. I want to see what seven weeks of hard work have done for you."

But Aunt Agatha's eyes were very dim as she looked.

"There, sit down, and get warm," giving me an energetic little push, "and tell me all about it. Your letters never do you justice, Merle. I must hear your experience from your own lips."

What a talk that was. It lasted all the afternoon, until Patience came in to set the tea-table, and we heard Uncle Keith's boots on the scraper; even that sound was musical to me. When he entered the room I gave him a good hug, and had put some of my violets in his button-hole long before he had left off saying "Hir-rumph" in his surprise.

"She looks well, Agatha, does she not?" he observed, as we gathered round the tea-table. "So the scheme has held out for seven weeks, eh? You have not come to tell us you are tired of being a nurse?"

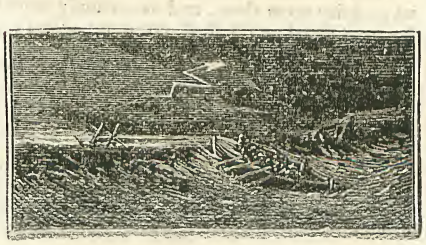
"No, indeed," I returned, indignantly. "I am determined to prove to you and the whole world that my theory is a sensible one. I am quite happy in my work—perfectly happy, Uncle Keith. I would not part with my children for worlds. Joyce is so amusing, and as for Reggie, he is such a darling that I could not live without him."

"It is making a woman of Merle, I can see that," observed Aunt Agatha, softly. "I confess I did not like the plan at first, but if you make it answer, child, you will have me for a convert. You look just as nice and just as much a lady as you did when you were leading a useless life here. Never mind if in time your hands grow a little less soft and white; that is a small matter if your heart expands and your conscience is satisfied. You remember your favourite motto, Merle?"

"Yes, indeed, Aunt Agatha, 'Laborare est orare.' Now I must go, for Uncle Keith is pulling out his watch, which means I have to catch my train."

But as I trudged over the bridge beside him in the starlight, and saw the faint gleams lying on the dark, shadowy river, a voice seemed to whisper to my inner consciousness, "Courage, Merle, a good beginning makes a glad ending. Hold fast to your motto, 'Laborare est orare.'"

(To be continued.)



THE BROOK AND ITS BANKS.

By the Rev. J. G. WOOD, M.A., Author of "The Handy Natural History."

CHAPTER III.

Enemies of the water-vole—The heron—The death-stroke—Ways of the heron—Watching for fish—A hint to naturalists—Observers in the New Forest—Return to wild habits—The fox, the cow, and the owl—The heron and the eel—The cormorant and the conger—The heron's power of wing—How the heron settles—Its resting-place—Power of the heron's beak—Heronry in Wanstead Park.

The water-vole has but few enemies whom it need fear, and one of them is now so scarce that the animal enjoys a practical immunity from it. This is the heron (*Ardea cinerea*), which has suffered great diminution of its numbers since the spread of agriculture.

Even now, however, when the brook is far away from the habitations of man, the heron may be detected by a sharp eye standing motionless in the stream, and looking out for prey. Being as still as if cut out of stone, neither fish nor water-vole sees it, and if the latter should happen to approach within striking distance, it will be instantly killed by a sharp stroke on the back of the head.

The throat of the heron looks too small to allow the bird to swallow any animal larger than a very small mouse; but it is so dilatable that the largest water-vole can be swallowed with perfect ease.

The bird, in fact, is not at all fastidious about its food, and will eat fish, frogs, toads, or water-voles with perfect impartiality. It has even been known to devour young water-hens, swimming out to their nest, and snatching up the unsuspecting brood. In fact, all is fish that comes to its beak.

If the reader should be fortunate enough to espy a heron while watching for prey, let him make the most of the opportunity.

Although the heron is a large bird, it is not easily seen. In the first place, there are few birds which present so many different aspects. When it stalks over the ground with erect bearing and alert gestures it seems as conspicuous a bird as can well be imagined. Still more conspicuous does it appear when flying, the ample wings spread, the head and neck stretched forwards, and the long legs extending backwards by way of balance.

But when it is on the look-out for the easily-startled fish it must remain absolutely still. So it stands as motionless as a stuffed bird, its long neck sunk and hidden among the feathers of the shoulders, and nothing but the glancing eye denoting that it is alive.

This quiescence must be imitated by the observer, should he wish to watch the proceedings of the bird, as the least movement will startle it. The reason why so many persons fail to observe the habits of animals, and then disbelieve those who have been more successful, is that they have never mastered the key to all observation, *i.e.*, refraining from the slightest motion. A movement of the hand or foot, or even a turn of the head is certain to give alarm; while many creatures are so wary that when watching them it is as well to droop the eyelids as much as possible, and not even to turn the eyes quickly, lest the reflection of the light from their surface should attract the attention of the watchful creature.

One of the worst results of detection is that when any animal is startled it conveys the alarm to all others that happen to be within sight or hearing. It is evident that all animals of the same species have a language of their own which they perfectly understand, though it is not likely that an animal belonging to one species can understand the language of another.

But there seems to be a sort of universal or *lingua-franca* language which is common to all the animals, whether they be beasts or birds, and one of the best known phrases is the cry of alarm, which is understood by all alike.

I need hardly say that it is almost absolutely necessary to be alone, as there is no object in two observers going together unless they can communicate with each other, and there is nothing which is so alarming to the beasts and birds as the sound of the human voice.

Yet there is a mode by which two persons who have learned to act in concert with each other can manage to observe in company. It was shown to me by an old African hunter, when I was staying with him in the New Forest.

In the forest, although even the snapping of a dry twig will give the alarm, neither bird nor beast seems to be disturbed by a whistle. We therefore drew up a code of whistles, and practised ourselves thoroughly in them.

Then, we went as quietly as we could to the chosen spot, and sat down facing each other, so that no creature could pass behind one of us without being detected by the other. We were both dressed in dark grey, and took the precaution of sitting with our backs against a tree or a bank, or any object which could perform the double duty of giving us something to lean against, and of breaking the outlines of the human form.

Our whistled code was as low as was possible consistent with being audible, and I do not think that during our many experiments we gave the alarm to a single creature.

When the observer is remaining without movement, scarcely an animal will notice him.

I remember that on one occasion my friend and I were sitting opposite each other, one on either side of a narrow forest path. The sun had set, but at that time of the year there is scarcely any real night, and objects could be easily seen in the half light.

Presently a fox came stealthily along the path. Now the cunning of the fox is proverbial, and neither of us thought that he would pass between us without detecting our presence. Yet, he did so, passing so close, that we could have touched him with a stick.

Shortly afterwards, a cow came along the same path, walking almost as noiselessly as the fox had done. It is a remarkable fact that domesticated animals, when allowed to wander at liberty in the New Forest, soon revert to the habits of their wild ancestors.

As the cow came along the path, neither of us could conjecture the owner of the stealthy footstep. We feared lest it might be that of poachers, in which case things would have gone hard with us, the poachers of the New Forest being a truculent and dangerous set of men, always provided with firearms and bludgeons, having scarcely the very slightest regard for the law, and almost out of reach of the police.

They would certainly have considered us as spies upon them, and as certainly would have attacked and half, if not quite killed us, we being unarmed.

But to our amusement as well as relief, the step was only that of a solitary cow, the animal lifting each foot high from the ground before she made her step, and putting it down as cautiously as she had raised it.

Then, a barn owl came drifting silently between us, looking in the dusk as large and white as if it had been the snowy owl itself. Yet, neither the fox, nor the cow, nor the owl detected us, although passing within a few feet of us.

In the daytime the observer, however careful he may be, is always liable to detection by a stray magpie or crow.

The bird comes flying along overhead, its keen eyes directed downwards, on the look-out for the eggs of other birds. At first he may not notice the motionless and silent observer, but sooner or later he is sure to do so.

If it were not exasperating to have all one's precautions frustrated, the shriek of terrified astonishment with which the bird announces the unexpected presence of a human being would be exceedingly ludicrous. As it is, a feeling of wrath rather prevails over that of amusement, for at least an hour will elapse before the startled animals will have recovered from the magpie's alarm cry.

Supposing that we are stationed on the banks of the brook on a fine summer evening, while the long twilight endures, and have been fortunate enough to escape the notice of the magpie or other feathered spy, we may have the opportunity of watching the heron capture its prey.

The stroke of the beak is like lightning, and in a moment the bird is holding a fish transversely in its beak. The long, narrow bill scarcely seems capable of retaining the slippery prey; but if a heron's beak be examined carefully, it will be seen to possess a number of slight serrations upon the edges, which enable it to take a firm grasp of the fish.

Very little time is allowed the fish for struggling, for almost as soon as captured it is flung in the air, caught dexterously with its head downwards, and swallowed.

It is astonishing how large a fish will pass down the slender throat of a heron. As has been already mentioned, the water-vole is swallowed without difficulty. Now the water-vole measures between eight and nine inches in length from the nose to the root of the tail, and is a very thickset animal, so that it forms a large and inconvenient morsel.

It is seldom that the heron has, like the kingfisher, to beat its prey against a stone or any hard object before swallowing it, though when it catches a rather large eel it is obliged to avail itself of this device before it can get the wriggling and active fish into a suitable attitude. The eel has the strongest objection to going down the heron's throat, and has no idea of allowing its head to pass into the heron's beak. The eel, therefore, must be rendered insensible before it can be swallowed.

Generally it is enough to carry the refractory prey to the bank, hold it down with the foot, and peck it from one end to the other until it is motionless. Should the eel be too large to be held by the feet, it is rapidly battered against a stone, just as a large snail is treated by a thrush, and so rendered senseless.

If the feet of the heron be examined, a remarkable comb-like appendage may be seen on the inside of the claw of the hind foot.

What may be the precise office of this comb is not satisfactorily decided. Some ornithologists think that it is utilised in preening the plumage, I cannot, however, believe that it performs such an office. I have enjoyed exceptional opportunities for watching the proceedings of the heron when at liberty, as well as in captivity, but never saw it preen its feathers with its foot, nor have I heard of anyone who has actually witnessed the proceeding.

It is not always fair to judge from a dead bird what the living bird might have been able to do. But I have tried to comb the plumage

IN WANSTEAD PARK.



of a dead heron with its foot-comb, and have not succeeded.

Another suggestion is that the bird may use it when it holds prey under its feet, as has just been narrated. These suggestions, however, are nothing more than conjectures, but, as they have been the subject of much argument, I have thought it best to mention them.

Sometimes it has happened that the heron has miscalculated its powers, and seized a fish which was too large and powerful to be mastered. Anglers frequently capture fish which bear the marks of the heron's beak upon their bodies, and in such cases neither the fish nor the heron is any the worse for the struggle.

But when the unmanageable fish has been an eel, the result has, more than once, been disastrous for the bird. In Yarrell's work on the British birds, a case is recorded where a heron and eel were both found dead, the partially swallowed eel having twisted itself round the neck of the heron in its struggles.

A very similar incident occurred off the coast of Devonshire, the victim in this case being a cormorant. The bird had attacked a conger-eel, and had struck its hooked upper mandible completely through the lower jaw of the fish, the horny beak having entered under the chin of the eel.

The bird could not shake the fish off its beak, and the result was that both were found lying dead on the shore, the powerful conger-eel having coiled itself round the neck of the cormorant and strangled it. The stuffed skins of the bird and eel may be seen in the Truro Museum, preserved in the position in which they were found.

Having procured a sufficiency of prey, the heron will take flight for its home, which will probably be at a considerable distance from its fishing ground. Twenty or thirty miles are but an easy journey for the bird, which measures more than five feet across the expanded wings, and yet barely weighs three pounds. Indeed, in proportion to its bulk, it is believed to be the lightest bird known. The Rev. C. A. Johns states that he has seen the heron fishing at a spot fully fifty miles from any heronry.

The peculiar flight of the heron is graphically described in a letter published in the *Standard* newspaper, Sept. 25th, 1883.

"One summer evening I was under a wood by the Exe. The sun had set, and from over the wooded hill above bars of golden and rosy cloud stretched out across the sky. The rooks came slowly home to roost, disappearing over the wood, and at the same time the herons approached in exactly the opposite direction, flying from Devon into Somerset, and starting out to feed as the rooks returned home.

"The first heron sailed on steadily at a great height, uttering a loud "caak, caak" at intervals. In a few minutes a second followed, and "caak, caak" sounded again over the river valley.

"The third was flying at a less height, and as he came into sight over the line of the wood, he suddenly wheeled round, and holding his immense wings extended, dived, as a rook will, downwards through the air. He twisted from side to side like anything spun round by the finger and thumb as he came down, rushing through the air head first.

"The sound of his great vanes pressing and dividing the air was distinctly audible. He looked unable to manage his descent, but at the right moment he recovered his balance, and rose a little up into a tree on the summit, drawing his long legs into the branches behind him.

"The fourth heron fetched a wide circle, and so descended into the wood. Two more passed on over the valley—altogether six herons in about a quarter of an hour. They intended, no doubt, to wait in the trees till it was dusky, and then to go down and fish in the wood. Herons are here called cranes, and heronries are craneries. (This confusion between the heron and the crane exists in most parts of Ireland.)

"A determined sportsman who used to eat every heron he could shoot, in revenge for their ravages among the trout, at last became suspicious, and, examining one, found in it the remains of a rat and of a toad, after which he did not eat any more herons. Another sportsman found a heron in the very act of gulping down a good sized trout, which stuck in the gullet. He shot the heron and got the trout, which was not at all injured, only marked at each side where the beak had cut it. The fish was secured and eaten."

I can corroborate the accuracy as well as the graphic wording of the above description.

When I was living at Belvedere, in Kent, I used nearly every evening to see herons flying northwards. I think that they were making for the Essex marshes. They always flew at a very great height, and might have escaped observation but for the loud, harsh croak which they uttered at intervals, and which has been so well described by the monosyllable "caak."

As to their mode of settling on a tree, I have often watched the herons of Walton Hall, where they were so tame that they would allow themselves to be approached quite closely. When settling, they lower themselves gently until their feet are upon the branch. They then keep up a slight flapping of the wings until they are fairly settled.

An idea is prevalent in many parts of England that when the heron sits on its nest, its long legs hang down on either side. Nothing can be more absurd. The heron can double up its legs as is usual among birds, and sits on its nest as easily as if it were a rook, or any other short-legged bird.

In many respects the heron much resembles the rook in its manner of nesting. The nest is placed in the topmost branches of a lofty tree, and is little more than a mere platform of small sticks. Being a larger bird than the rook, the heron requires a larger nest, and on an average the diameter of a nest is about three feet.

Like the rook, the heron is gregarious in its nesting, a solitary heron's nest being unknown. In their modes of feeding, however, the two birds utterly differ from each other, the heron seeking its food alone, while the rook feeds in company, always placing a sentinel on some elevated spot for the purpose of giving alarm at the approach of danger.

The heron is curiously fastidious in its choice of a nesting-place, and, like the rook, prefers the neighbourhood of man, knowing instinctively when it will be protected by its human neighbours. Fortunately for the bird, the possession of a heronry is a matter of pride among landowners; so that even if the owner of a trout-stream happened also to possess a heronry, he would not think of destroying the herons because they ate his trout.

In captivity the heron can be tamed; but it is not to be recommended as a pet. It is apt to bestow all its affections on one individual, and to consider the rest of the human race as enemies, whose eyes ought to be pecked out.

I was for some time acquainted with such a bird, but took care to keep well out of reach of its terrible beak, which it would dart to an unexpected distance through the bars of its cage.

It formerly ran loose in a garden, and was almost slavishly affectionate to the gardener, rubbing itself against his legs like a pet cat, and trying in every way to attract his attention. He had even taught it a few simple tricks, and I have seen it take his hat off his head, and then offer it to him.

But just in proportion as it became friendly with the gardener it became cross-grained with the rest of the world, attacking everyone who came into the garden, and darting its beak at their eyes. Its last performance caused it to be placed in confinement.

An elderly gentleman had entered the garden on business, when the bird instantly assailed him. Knowing the habits of the heron, he very wisely flung himself on his face for the purpose of preserving his eyes, and shouted for help.

Meanwhile the heron, wishing to make the most of its opportunity, mounted upon his prostrate victim, and succeeded in inflicting several severe pecks upon his body and limbs before the gardener could come to the rescue.

The peck of a heron's beak is no trifle, the mandibles being closed, and the blow delivered with the full power of the long neck, so that each blow from the beak is something like the stab of a bayonet, and so strong and sharp is the beak that in some foreign lands it is converted into an effective spearhead.

Few people seem to be aware that a large and populous heronry exists in Wanstead Park, on the very outskirts of London.

At the end of summer, when the young birds are fledged, the heronry is nearly deserted, but during the early days of spring the heronry is well worth a visit. The great birds are all in full activity, as is demanded by the many wants of the young, and on the ground beneath may be seen fragments of the pale-blue eggs. On an average there are three young ones in each nest, so that the scene is very lively and interesting, until the foliage becomes so thick that it hides the birds and their nests.

(To be continued.)

THE ROMANCE OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND;

OR,

THE OLD LADY OF THREADNEEDLE STREET.

By EMMA BREWER.

CHAPTER II.

Just for a little time I must leave my personal history to inquire how England managed to do without me so long, and what the circumstances were which at length rendered my existence imperative.

In the days following the Norman Conquest, the Jews, whose one pursuit in life was the commerce of money, were the compulsory bankers of the country.

They were subject to much cruelty and persecution, as you may see for yourselves in your histories of the Kings of England. It is not to be denied that their demands for interest on money lent by them were most extravagant. In 1264 the rate of interest exceeded 40 per cent., and I believe that 500 Jews were slain by our London citizens

because one of them would have forced a Christian to pay more than twopence for the usury of 20s.* for one week, which sum they were allowed by the king to take from the Oxford students.

They were ill-treated and robbed from the time they came over with the Conqueror until the reign of Edward I., who distinguished himself by robbing 15,000 Jews of their wealth, and then banishing the whole of them from the kingdom; and thus, as much sinned against as sinning, the compulsory bankers of the period departed.

There was no time to feel their loss, for immediately after their expulsion the Lombards (Longobards), or merchants of Genoa, Florence, Lucca and Venice, came over to England and established themselves in the street which still bears their name.

There was no doubt as to their purpose, for it was a well-known fact that in whatever country or town they settled they engrossed its trade and became masters of its cash, and certainly they did not intend to make an exception in favour of London.

I am not going to deny that they introduced into our midst many of the arts and skill of trade with which we in England were previously unacquainted; and it is to these Lombards or goldsmiths we owe the introduction of bills of exchange, a wonderful invention, and one which has served to connect the whole world into one, as you will see when the proper place arrives for their explanation.

These Lombards, immediately after their arrival in London, may have been seen regularly twice a day parading Lombard-street with their wares, exposing for sale the most attractive articles; and in a short time became so successful that they were able to take shops in which to carry on their business as goldsmiths.

These shops were not confined to the one street which bears their name, but were continued along the south row of Cheapside, extending from the street called Old Change into Bucklersbury, where they remained until after the Great Fire, when they removed to Lombard-street. There seems to be no street in the world where a business of one special character has been carried on so continuously as in Lombard-street. In the time of Queen Elizabeth it was the handsomest street in London. In addition to the art of the goldsmith, they added the business of money-changing, the importance of which occupation you will be able to estimate when we come to the subject of the coins of the realm.

From money-changers they became money-lenders and money-borrowers—money was the commodity in which they dealt, and 20 per cent. the modest interest they asked and obtained for their money.

Of course they gave receipts for the money lodged with them, and these circulated and were known by the name of "goldsmiths' notes," and were, in fact, the first kind of bank-notes issued in England.

The Lombards were a most industrious class of people, and left no stone unturned by which they could obtain wealth; and in an incredibly short time we find them not only wealthy, but powerful, and occupying a very prominent position; and you may be quite sure that under these circumstances they did not escape persecution.

Under the pretext that the goldsmiths were extortioners, Edward III. seized their property and estates. Even this seemed but slightly to affect them; for in the fifteenth century we find them advancing large sums of money for the service of the State on the security of the Customs.

In the latter days, and, indeed, up to the time of my birth, the banking was entirely in the hands of the goldsmiths, but carried on in a very rapacious spirit, as is frequently the case when unrestrained by rivals.

I dare say you have all noticed the three golden balls on the outside of pawnbrokers' shops. Originally these were three pills, the emblem of the Medici (physician) family; but in some way they became associated with St. Dunstan, the patron saint of the goldsmiths, under the name of the three golden balls—an emblem which the Lombards have retained.

Are you curious to know how the sign has so degenerated as to be the inseparable companion of the pawnbrokers of the land? Well, listen.

Pawnbrokers' shops, or loan banks, were established from motives of charity in the fifteenth century. Their object was to lend money to the poor upon pledges and without interest. Originally they were supported by voluntary contributions, but as these proved insufficient to pay expenses, it became necessary to charge interest for the money lent. These banks were first distinguished by the name of *montes pietatis*. The word *mont* at this period was applied to any pecuniary fund, and it is probable that *pietatis* was added by the promoters of the scheme, to give it an air of religion, and thus procure larger subscriptions.

Well, these banks were not only called mounts of piety, but were known also as Lombards,* from the name of the original bankers or money-lenders. Now you see how it is pawnbrokers bear the sign of the goldsmiths.

You who know so well where to place your money, both for interest and security, when you have any to spare, can scarcely understand the trouble and annoyance which our merchants and wealthy people experienced at having no place of security wherein they could deposit their money. At one time they sent it to the Mint in the Tower of London, which became a sort of bank, where merchants left their money when they had no need of it, and drew it out only as they wanted it; but this soon ceased to be a place of security. In 1640 Charles I., without leave asked or granted, took possession of £200,000 of the money lodged there. Great was the wrath of the merchants, who were compelled, after this unkingly act, to keep their surplus money at home, guarded by their apprentices and servants. Even here the money was not safe, for on the breaking out of the war between Charles and his Parliament, it was no uncommon occurrence for the apprentices to rob their masters and run away and join the army.

When the merchants found that neither the public authorities nor their own servants were to be trusted, they employed bankers, and these bankers were goldsmiths.

Many a tale, however, has reached me of the shifts and contrivances of people to secure their savings and surplus money—people whose experience had taught them to distrust both authorities and places, and who would not, under the new state of things, have anything to do with the bankers. One I will relate to you.

A man whose life had been one of hard work and self-denial, and who had two or three times lost his all through the untrustworthiness of the people with whom he had lodged it, determined to be their dupe no more. Money began once more to accumulate, and all things prospered with him; but no one could imagine what he did with it; as far as his household could tell, he did not deposit it with anyone outside the house, neither could they discover any place within where it was possible to stow it away. No persuasion could move the man to speak one word concerning it.

At length he died, without having time or consciousness to mention the whereabouts of his money. Search was made in all directions, but without success.

While living he had been a regular attendant at one of our City churches, and, occupying always the same corner in the old-fashioned square pew, was well known to the clergy and servants.

A few weeks after his death the pew-opener told the rector, in a frightened voice, that she could no longer keep the matter from him, for as surely as she stood there, the ghost of the man who died a week or two ago haunted the church by night and by day.

Instead of ridiculing her for her foolish fancy, the rector allowed her to tell her story quietly, seeing that she was superstitious and very nervous.

She related that several times during the past weeks, when quite alone in the church for the purpose of sweeping and dusting, she had heard a peculiar noise proceeding from the pew where the old man used to sit, and it sounded to her exactly as though he were counting out money, and she would be very glad if he would look to it and verify her statement.

Accordingly the rector and his curate accompanied the woman to the pew. At first all was quiet, but as they listened, assuredly the sound came exactly as described; they felt round about the pew, and at length discovered a movable panel near the flooring. It was the work of a moment to remove it, and there, in a good sized cavity, lay heaps of money wrapped up in paper, which last had attracted the mice, and it was their little pattering feet among the coins which had caught the woman's ear. The man had evidently dropped in his week's savings on Sundays, believing that it would be safer in the church than elsewhere.

It seems that after the restoration of Charles II., he being greatly in want of money, the goldsmiths lent it, demanding ten per cent. for the loan. Often, however, they obtained thirty per cent. from him, and this induced the goldsmiths to lend more and more to the king, so that really the whole revenue passed through their hands.

In 1672 a sad calamity befel the bankers, and put a check on their prodigal lending. King Charles, who owed them £1,328,526, which he had borrowed at eight per cent., utterly refused to pay either principal or interest, and he remained firm to his resolution.

The way in which bankers transacted their loans with the king, was in this manner:—As soon as the Parliament had voted to the king certain sums of money out of special taxes, the goldsmith-bankers at once supplied the king with the whole sum so voted, and were repaid in weekly payments at the Exchequer* as the taxes were received.

* Ruding, vol. I.

* The Lombards, or *montes pietatis*, lent on gold and silver three-quarters of their value; on other metals half of their value; and on jewels according to circumstances. The rate of interest was determined in 1786 at five per cent.

* Exchequer, so called because there was a building with a square hole in the floor, through which they used to drop the notes and gold on to a table beneath, covered with a chequered cloth.

DRESS: IN SEASON AND IN REASON.

By A LADY DRESSMAKER.

We have had such a mild and delightful autumn, that all kinds of winter garments have been delayed in making an appearance. This is especially the case with mantles and the heavier class of jackets. However, there is enough to show us that no great novelty has been introduced. Mantles are all small and short, and the majority have ends in front more or less long. Black plush seems a very favourite material, and is much overladen with *trimming*. Plain plush is also used for paletôts, and for large cloaks; but there is a new-patterned plush, with ribs in layers, that is much used also. Beaded shoulder-straps and epaulettes are worn as well as ornaments at the back, and sometimes beaded braces round the join of the sleeve in the small mantles, and a strip of the same may be used to outline the seam at the back. These hints may help some of my readers to do up a last year's mantle with some of the moderate priced bead trimmings now in vogue. Paletôts or cloaks are made both long and medium in length. They are made in plush, cloth, and rough cloths, but are not seen in the finer fancy stuffs which are made use of for mantles and jackets. These fancy cloths have an appearance as if braid were sewn on to the surface. The cloak paletôts, when long, close in front to the feet, and the fronts are trimmed with a border of fur, which is shaped on the shoulders like a pointed old-fashioned "Victorine." No fur is placed at the lower edge of the cloak; the cuffs are deep. Fur trimmings on jackets that are tight-fitting follow the same rule, and have no trimming of fur at the edge. Fur boas are very decidedly the fashion this winter, and there seems no end to their popularity. Some of them are flat at the neck, like a collarette; and others are attached to the mantle. The newest boas are rather shorter, and some are nothing more than fur collars that clasp round the throat; and these collars, or "tippets," will probably take the place of the fur capes that have been worn so long. Grey furs are more in fashion than brown ones—such as chinchilla, grey fox, squirrel-lock, and opossum, and I see that quantities of American raccoon are also being prepared. Of course, the best kind of furs, like sable, marten-tail, mink, or blue fox, are not within the ordinary range of purchasers, and few people care to spend so much money on dress as their acquirement entails. There is also a new feeling to be taken into account; the same feeling that makes thinking women and girls decline to wear birds, and their heads and wings, *i.e.*, the feeling that the seal fishery as hitherto conducted is cruel; and that one may wear furs that are too costly in other ways. I often think if mighty hunters—instead of hunting down the buffalo, and the other animals useful to the Indian in the North West—would go to India and hunt the tigers that so cruelly prey on the natives there, we



AT THE ENGLISH LAKES.—AUTUMN AND WINTER GOWNS.



should wear those skins with much pleasure as well as advantage. But the account of the slaying of a mother-seal ought to be enough for a tender-hearted woman. I have never cordially liked sealskins since I read of the devotion of one poor mother-seal in particular to her young; and I have never had a sealskin jacket since.

There are numbers of jackets in every style, but all are made of woollen materials, not of silk nor of velvet. Most of them are tight-fitting, and are smart looking and stylish. Both single and double-breasted ones are seen. Hoods are much worn, but are by no means general. Coloured linings are used to pale-coloured or checked cloth jackets, but not to black or brown ones. Small mantles and cloaks are tied at the neck by a quantity of ribbons to match the colour of the cloth or plush. One of the new ideas for mantles is that of a semi-fitting jacket over a long close-fitting cloak.

UNDER NORTHERN SKIES.—A STUDY OF COMFORT IN DRESS.

The new bonnets and hats are much smaller and prettier now, and there are in consequence many of these quieter hats to be seen worn by well-dressed girls in the streets of London. Formerly no girl who wished to be thought somebody ever wore anything but a bonnet in London.

The velvet trimmings of bonnets are put on gathered, doubled and pleated, sometimes with as many as three frills at the edge. Many of the bonnets are without strings, and have pointed fronts, and there is much jet trimming used even on coloured velvet bonnets. I am sorry to say that our fashionable caterers continue to prey upon the feathered creation all over the world. This winter the owl has evidently fallen a victim, and there are besides the tern, kingfisher, and the heron. How I wish this wicked and cruel bird slaughter could be prevented, and that my numberless girl-readers would try to avoid giving it the least encouragement. While we have the beautiful ostrich feathers, we cannot need these other poor victims offered up on the altar of feminine vanity and unthinking cruelty.

Some of the felt hats for the season are very pretty. They have high and sloping crowns, the brims are often only bound with ribbon, but if wide and turned up at the back, they are lined with velvet, or rather only partly lined, as half of the brim at least is left unlined. Many of them have brims turned up all round, like one of the old turban hats.

The ribbons in use at present are of all kinds, satin and velvet reversible, as well as *moiré* and velvet, or satin and *moiré*. These have an edge of lacet, or one with tufts of silk, in colour. Velvet ribbons with corded stripes have one edge purled and the other fringed; and the strings of bonnets are of narrow *picot*-edged ribbon.

The number of white gowns that have been worn during the past season and up to the present moment has been remarkable, and has quite justified the name of a "white season." Even as the weather became colder, a charming mixture of materials was introduced, viz., white corduroy, and some soft woollen stuff, like serge or flannel. For the winter white will be the special fashion for young people for the evening, and any colour can be given by trimming. It seems likely that perfectly smooth cloths, of the nature of habit-cloths, will be used for winter day dresses, trimmed with bands of short dark-hued fur, or with velvet to match the colour of the cloth. The colours that will be worn in these will be myrtle, a new shade of blue, a tint like heliotrope, and a reddish violet.

Fancy materials in mixed colours abound, the mixtures being green and ruby, brown and red, sage and vermilion, and others of the same unæsthetic nature. The new browns are called Carmelite, chestnut, rosewood, hair, and earth; the new reds are, Bordeaux, Indian, currant, and clove. A new green is called verdigris. Grey does not seem to be popular, and brown and red violet are the special colours of the season.

In the making of dresses there is but little change. The skirts are still short, and the draperies still long; while there is a fancy for over-trimming bodices of all kinds. This will be a blessing for the possessors of half-worn and very ancient bodices. Bracers are one of the novelties as a form of trimming for the latter. They are also trimmed in imitation of a Zouave jacket. Polonaises seem to be returning to favour, and will be worn later on over lace skirts for evening dress. Serge seems to me to be the most favoured material this winter, and it forms the ground work of half the fancy cloths and mixtures. Stripes and crossbars are in the highest favour, and both alpaca and foulard are used, and with poplin, chuddah cloth, velvet, and silk rep, form the generality of the new dresses. There are numbers of hairy-looking woollen materials, but I should not think they would wear as well as a good serge, which is always a useful purchase.

The new petticoat materials in winceys are very gay and pretty, and the pattern is usually of stripes; but the materials are various, being sometimes all wool, or wool and silk mixed, and in the weaving there is usually a rough or knotted stripe. Some of the new petticoats have a few steels in them, and the addition makes the dress hold out from the heels a little. A small steel-wire dress-improver is, however, quite enough for most people, and very little crinolette is now worn—nothing ungraceful nor immoderate in size. Other petticoats of better quality are made of plain silk or satin, and one of the new fashions is to line them with chamois leather, so as to make them warmer.



NEW WINTER JACKET BODICE.

Shoes are more worn in London than boots, and laced shoes more than buttoned ones. The same is the case with boots, which are considered to fit better, and to look more stylish when laced than buttoned. I have been very glad to see that sensibly-shaped boots and shoes are on the increase, having wider toes and lower, broader heels. At the present moment many of the best shops have them in their windows, and have found it best and wisest to keep them for their customers; in fact, the knowledge of hygienic necessities, and of all kinds of proper clothing, is being so much extended and impressed on the public mind on all sides, that I should not wonder if we all became quite reformed characters, and wore, ate, and drank only such things as were good for us.

I must not forget to mention gloves and their styles. Most people usually wear Swede or kid gloves during the winter months; but this year there are some such delightfully warm and pretty gloves in wool and silk to be seen in the shops, that many will no doubt be tempted to purchase them. If the dress be of a quiet colour, the gloves should match it; but if red, or of a decided colour of any kind, the proper gloves to wear would be tan-colour. These latter are also used in the evening, except when the dress is black, or black and white, when the gloves should be of grey Swede.

Our illustrations for the month are full of suggestions for making new gowns and for altering old ones. It will be seen that the gowns are both simple and elegant, with long flowing lines, and little or no fulness of drapery. The prevailing fancy for jackets is shown, and the newest model of a cape-like sleeve is given in our large front picture of a seashore, "Under Northern Skies." Much braiding is used, and it is shown in two ways—laid on in flat bands, and also in a pattern on the mantle. The new shapes of hats are much more moderate, and most of the new shapes are illustrated. Our paper pattern for the month is represented as worn by a lady in the centre of the smaller picture, "At the English Lakes;" the centre figure shows its pretty and jaunty outlines. It may be worn with either a plain waistcoat or a full silk plastron, divided into puffings as shown in our sketch, which may be of a soft Indian silk. It is of the last and new design, and will be found a most useful winter bodice for usual daily wear. The pattern consists of a collar, cuff, front, half of back, side pieces, and two sleeve pieces. About four yards of 30 inch material are required, perhaps less, if very carefully cut. All patterns are of a medium size, viz., 36 inches round the chest, and only one size is prepared for sale. Each of the patterns may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate Hill, E.C., price 1s. each. It is requested that the addresses be clearly given, and that postal notes crossed only to go through a bank may be sent, as so many losses have recently occurred. The patterns already issued may always be obtained, as "The Lady Dressmaker" only issues patterns likely to be of constant use in home dressmaking and altering, and she is particularly careful to give all the new patterns of hygienic underclothing, both for children and young and old ladies, so that her readers may be aware of the best method of dressing.

The following is a list of those already issued, price 1s. each. April—Braided, loose-fronted jacket. May—Velvet bodice. June—Swiss belt and full bodice, with plain sleeves. July—Mantle. August—Norfolk or pleated jacket. September—Housemaid's or plain skirt. October—Combination garment (underlinen). November—Double-breasted out-of-door jacket. December—Zouave jacket and bodice. January—Princess underdress (underlinen, underbodice, and underskirt combined). February—Polonaise with waterfall back. March—New spring bodice. April—Divided skirt, and Bernhardt mantle with sling sleeves. May—Early English bodice and yoke bodice for summer dress. June—Dressing jacket, princess frock, and Normandy cap for a child of four years. July—Princess of Wales' jacket-bodice and waistcoat, for tailor-made gown. August—Bodice with guimpe. September—Mantle with stole ends and hood. October—"Pyjama," or nightdress combination, with full back.—November—New winter bodice.



THE BUILDERS OF THE BRIDGE.

By Mrs. G. LINNÆUS BANKS, Author of "God's Providence House," "The Manchester Man," "More than Coronets," etc.

CHAPTER II.

"But, Muse, return at last; attend the princely Trent,
Who, straining on in state, the north's imperious flood,
The third of England called, with many a dainty wood
Being crowned, to Burton comes, to Needwood, where she shows
Herself in all her pomp, and as from thence she flows
She takes into her train rich Dove and Darwin* clear—
Darwin, whose font and fall are both in Derbyshire,
And of whose thirty floods that wait the Trent upon,
Doth stand without compare, the very paragon."

So began England's descriptive poet, Michael Drayton, to sing the praises of the glorious Trent in his "Polyolbion;" but Milton was more terse in his invocation—

"Rivers, arise! whether thou be the son
Of utmost Tweed, or Ouse, or gulfy Don,
Or Trent, who, like some earth-born giant, spreads
His thirty arms along the indented meads."

Thus much the poets; but in plain prose be it told that the Trent needed no invocation to "arise." It had, and has, a tendency to arise and flood the meadows in its course most disastrously, as it did no later than last May. The many arches of its bridges tell the tale.

But long before bridges were built or were common, there was need to cross the river, either by ford or ferry, and its treachery must have been known in very ancient days, since Swark—whoever he might be, and whether he found a natural ford or made an artificial one—set up on end an unwrought monolith above the height of a man as a guide for wayfarers to find the crossing-place when the waters happened to be "out"; since there the waste and meadow-land lay low for many a broad mile.

There was scarcely a speck in the blue vault of heaven when Earl Bellamont and his friends, leaving a cloud of dust behind them, crossed the shrunken, snake-like river that mirrored their gleaming armour in its broken, scale-like wavelets, as if it held their images and would fain clasp them. And so the sun had shone for weeks,

"All in a hot and copper sky,"

until the earth cried out for rain from its parched and cracking lips. Only near the red, marly banks of the river did the grass and herbage retain its vivid tint of green. As the days went by the air seemed to grow hotter; the cooks in the kitchen, piling fresh logs upon the fire, wished the guests gone and the wedding over. The falconer out on the moor in the glare with William Harpur and other squires, or the anglers by the streams, had scarcely the best of it, though Lady Bellamont wearied of her many cares, and censured the languor of her daughters and her maids.

Preparations had not ceased, they had only renewed; and there had been unwonted doles to the villagers of good things that would have spoiled.

At length, when even the weaving of tapestry or the twanging of the lute was a toil, there rose a cloud in the north-western sky. The cattle lowed, the leaves turned themselves over to welcome it, the hawks screamed in the mews. That was the morning of the 14th, when the very hush in the air was significant. The cloud spread, darkened, blackened, but in the distance.

"There is a storm somewhere over our northern hills!" exclaimed the prior, who had been up on the battlements. "The clouds hang black and low over Dovedale."

"It seemeth such a day as heralded the great storm three years ago," cried Lady Bellamont, in alarm. "And, ah! what a flash was that!"

The younger ladies gathered together in shrinking groups, as if the fears of the matron were infectious. Only Idonea kept at her work, and scorned to show timidity, whatever she might feel, as the mutterings of thunder rumbled over the hall.

It was high noon, but the sky was darkening overhead. The horn at the great gates was blown. A messenger in hot haste had come spurring from the ford and up the hill, glad to save himself a drenching, for the great drops were pattering on the leaves and leads like hail.

He had come at full speed from Oxford. King Henry had ratified the great charter of English liberty. His master, the earl, and his friends would be home ere nightfall. The bridal must be upon the morrow. He had, moreover, private messages and tokens for the ladies, Idonea and Avice, from their coming bridegrooms.

The messages were not for general ears; the love-tokens were a couple of golden crosses richly wrought and set with gems. Five rubies clustered in the centre of Sir Ralph's gift to Idonea, five pearls in Sir Gilbert's to Avice.

They were dainty trinkets, but Avice took hers shrinkingly. "They seem like crosses set with tears and drops of blood," she whispered, with white lips, to Idonea, who started, and, if she said "Tut, tut! they are precious tokens," was not altogether unaffected by her sister's superstitious dread.

In answer to inquiries, the messenger replied that he "thought the Trent was rising. It was higher than when his lord had left Swarkstone."

It had been still lower at sunrise that day.

Two hours later Friar John blew the horn at the gate. He and his mule were pitiably drenched.

The Dove was swollen when he crossed the bridge near Egginton, he said, though the downpour did not come until he had left it five miles behind.

"Now, heaven forfend there be not such a flood as swept Swark's Stone away three summers back. The passage of the ford would be perilous to my lord now that is gone," cried Lady Bellamont, wringing her hands, and it might seem with reason, for now the floodgates of the skies were loosed, and heaven's artillery waged war with earth.

"Storms and travellers are in Almighty hands, good dame," said Prior John, soberly. "Tell your beads devoutly, and trust your all to Him."

Avice and Idonea, with other damsels and dames, were already on their knees in prayer, their hearts beating wildly.

William Harpur, pacing up and down, glanced through the dim glass windows on the scene without, and then from one to other of the shuddering women within.

"I think, Prior John," he observed, with a slight curl of lip, "it will be a sorry welcome for my noble kinsman and his friends when they come in, wet and weary, if no board be spread, no dry garments ready for their use."

The taunt seemed to sting the good dame.

"Storm or no storm, Will, my lord shall not find us unprepared. Maidens, attend me." And she swept from the tapestried reception-room, followed by her daughters and the noble maids who did probationary service under her, and soon her silver whistle might be heard, as one or other did her bidding, and all below-stairs was speed and bustle—and covert fear.

The hours sped. The storm seemed to abate. The board was spread. The time for the evening meal came and went.

There were no arrivals. There were whisperings among hungry guests, for time was flying.

Squire Harpur paced the rush-strewn floor impatiently, biting his nails and cogitating.

The dark came down—the double dark of storm and evening. The great time-candle in its sheltering lanthorn burnt the quarters down, and the hours.

Villagers came scurrying to the hall in dismay. The meads were under water. Their fresh-cut hay was floating down the stream, with many a tree and bush from parts beyond in the west.

The lovely sisters had busked themselves afresh to receive their lovers; dark tresses and fair were coiled in golden nets, and on each bosom shone her token cross of gold.

But as the hours and minutes flew, dress was disregarded, their lips quivered with anxiety.

At length Avice whispered to her mother, "Had we not best set a cresset burning on the watch-tower, and send torch-bearers to light the passage of the ford?"

"I have already given orders, child; I feared to speak my alarm to you."

But even torches will not keep alight in rain and hurricane. The men, headed by Will Harpur, returned to the hall drenched and discomfited.

"The blazing sky will be their surest guide," said he; "we cannot keep a torch alight. But do not give way to bootless terror, good aunt, the storm will have kept our friends at Ashby, or, at least, have driven them back. They would never be so mad as to attempt the passage of the ford." Then, aside to the prior he added, "The land is covered for more than half a mile, and in mid-stream the marly water runs like a torrent, bearing bushes, beams, and haycocks swiftly out of sight. They must have gone back."

Almost as he spoke there was a rapid thud of hoofs heard advancing up the hill.

There was the strong black charger of Earl Bellamont, and close behind came the bay mare of Sir Gilbert.

They were both riderless!

A moment of speechless horror, then shrieks and wailing filled the air.

Mid the sobbing and lamentations of women, and the clamour of men, fresh torches were kindled, horn lanthorns lighted and affixed to poles. Then, with the prior and Will Harpur at their head, all the men about the place rushed forth with ropes and shepherds' crooks, and aught that might save a drowning man.

Alas! it was all too late.

Their bravest and best beloved were gone for aye.

Too rashly impatient, and trusting the leadership of impetuous Earl Bellamont, Sir Ralph and Sir Gilbert had disregarded the remonstrances of more cautious companions, and dashed across the waste of waters, so low at first as barely to cover their horses' fetlocks.

Alas! some floating bush may have misled

* The Derwent.

the old man, for all at once they seemed to be carried down stream and disappear, as if they had missed the ford, or the current had been too strong for men weighted with armour.

Sir Ralph had mounted his foot page behind him, and the scion of another noble house was lost.

Their esquires, following behind, had been impotent to save, and only by turning sharply round and fighting with the rising waters did they manage to preserve their own lives.

Day by day as the thick waters subsided did the search continue along the devastated banks until the dark Derwent, rolling its great volume of water into the Trent, barred further passage, and made the quest hopeless.

A silken scarf caught in a bush, a broken lance and pennon, a battered casque, a saddle-bow, were all the relics found of father, bride-grooms, page.

Lady Bellamont was borne down by the shock. Avice drooped like a broken lily; only Idonea seemed capable of thought or action.

The subsidence of the flood brought spurring in the more prudent party to comfort their own wives and daughters, along with the downcast esquires to tell the needless tale.

There was no consoling Lady Bellamont. She seemed to take the triple loss to her own heart, and grieve for her daughters as much as for herself.

In vain the prior offered such consolation as his faith afforded. She sat like a stone, rigid and immovable; would take no sustenance whatever.

The tears shed over her by Idonea and Avice seemed to petrify as they fell rather than melt. Their affliction but intensified her own.

"If they had died in battle as brave men should, we might have borne it bravely," she said, at last; "but to be slain by the cold, cruel, treacherous waters in the height of joy and hope, almost within hail of home, it is too terrible, too terrible, prior; I cannot be resigned. And for my crushed roses—orphaned, widowed, ere they became wives—it is too much; I cannot survive it."

And before that month was out the twin-sisters were left to weep out their tears in each other's arms, and bear the fresh blow as best they might, with only the good prior to watch and guard them in their orphanhood, and lead them to bow meekly to the inscrutable decrees of heaven.

There was William Harpur willing to do the co-heiresses suit and service, and leave his own estate, a mile or so away, to the care of his reeve, whilst he administered affairs at the hall, but neither the prior nor the sisters cared for his interference, and when the old retainers, with the seneschal at their head, came in a body at the prior's summons to swear fealty to the ladies Bellamont, and Idonea accepted their homage for herself and her sweet sister, as one born to command, he turned away to bite his nails in displeasure, and quitted the hall before the sun went down.

But though Idonea could order the household, and the seneschal could keep the retainers in order, and the reeve overlook the villeins and lands, nothing seemed to rouse the drooping Avice, or remove the more rebellious sorrow that mutely burned on the cheeks and in the eyes of Idonea.

"My daughters," said the prior, on the eve of his departure, "duty calls me away to my own flock. The bridge I built over the Dove three years agone, after the great hurricane, has, Friar Paul brings word, been shaken sorely. I must needs see to its repair. The safety of many lives depends on its stability. Yet I would fain see you more submissive to the divine will ere I depart. Think how many sufferers there have been by the same calamity—how many a hearth has been laid bare, how many cry aloud for sustenance the flood has swept away. Abandon not your hours to selfish lamentations, but go abroad, see how the poor hinds bear their sorrows, and endeavour, by good and charitable deeds, to win the favour of your offended Lord. Look on the crosses that ye wear, and think of His wounds and His tears, and remember that His blood and His tears were shed for others, not for self."

Idonea's eyes were fixed on him when he began; they drooped as low as those of Avice ere he ended.

"Father," said she, "your rebuke is just. We have thought the world was our own—in joy and in sorrow. It shall not be so henceforth. We ask your blessing ere you go."

The benediction was spoken, and on the morrow he was gone.

They, too, went forth in their mourning-weeds, and saw what sorrow meant for the very poor and for the class above them. Tottering huts, bare fields, where the only crop was dull red mud; mothers in rags weeping over naked and famishing babes; churls looking hopeless on desolation, or seeking wearily to repair a fence or clear a garden. And wherever they went they left hope behind, as well as coin, or food, or raiment from the hall. But some took their gifts and sympathy with sullen thanklessness. They were little better than serfs, and were more inclined to resent the ability to bestow than feel grateful to the willing bestowers.

Seneschal and reeve said they would spoil the peasantry with their frequent alms; and even the prior when he came suggested moderation in doles, which destroyed honest independence and fostered beggary.

But the sisters had found ease in helping others, and ere long sought the prior's advice over a project to serve the people for generations yet unborn.

They had discovered that sorrow and calamity come to the poor as to the rich, and they proposed to preserve others from losses and heartaches such as theirs.

There was a general lamentation that Swark's Stone was gone and the ford less readily found.

"Sister," said Idonea, "had there been a bridge over the Trent like the Monks' Bridge over the Dove, we had been happy wives, not mourning maidens. Let us up and build one. If we cannot restore our dead, we may preserve life for the living."

"Right gladly," assented Avice. "We may so make our sorrow a joy to thousands."

The prior hailed their project as a divine inspiration, hardly conscious he had struck the keynote. They were rich. They would hear nought of suitors. What better could they do with their wealth?

He drew plans, he found them masons. Stone was not far to seek for quarrying; but, to be of service, the bridge must cover broad lands as well as common current.

"Twenty-nine arches!" cried William Harpur. "The cost will be enormous. It will swallow up your whole possessions! You must be mad; and the prior is worse to sanction such a sacrifice."

"The sacrifice was made when the river robbed us of our dearest treasures. We must save others a like sacrifice at any cost," said Avice, now as bold as her sister.

The work began and went on steadily. Honest labour was paid for, and churls, who had lived half on doles and housed like dogs, were paid a penny* a day or a peck of meal, and took heart to work with a will. There were always loose stones and wood about, and no one said nay when they began to repair and improve their own dwellings. And so industry came to Swarkstone with the building of the bridge. Heaven, too, seemed to smile upon the undertaking, for never a disaster occurred to mar it.

But, as Squire Harpur had prophesied, the cost was enormous. It was the work of years. Woods were cut down to supply timber for scaffolding; then lands were mortgaged or sold, and who but William Harpur was chief buyer? But still the work proceeded.

"Travellers who can cross the river dry-shod will gladly pay a small toll for the privilege," said the sisters, as the last of their possessions, the old hall, passed into their cousin's hands, and they took refuge in a small house in a bye-way, which goes by the name of "No Man's Lane" to this day.

It was a glad day for travellers on horse or foot when Swarkstone Bridge, of twenty-nine arches, was declared free for traffic, a bridge which spanned the Trent and its low meads for three-quarters of a mile, and the good Ladies Bellamont, who built it, had a right to expect those who could thus travel safely and dry-shod at all seasons to be grateful for the inestimable boon.

They had no charter to exact a toll to repay the moneys they had expended; but there was at the Swarkstone end a small chapel erected and dedicated to St. James, in which it was fondly hoped the users of the bridge would pause to thank God and drop their small thank-offerings in a box set there to receive them.

At first, when they began to build, people about called the sisters "the twin angels;" but by the time the bridge was built it had ceased to be a new thing. It was used as a matter of course; but the thank-offerings grew fewer and fewer as people ceased to remember the danger and discomfort of the passage by the ford.

They had impoverished themselves for the security of strangers. The offerings of gratitude would not keep life in the good sisters. They began to spin flax for a livelihood. Avice bore her lot meekly. Not so Idonea, into whose soul the sense of ingratitude was eating like a canker. But Avice said gently, "If we gave our wealth to build a bridge expecting a return, what answer can we make to our Lord when we go to Him? Let us be content that our individual losses will be the gain of thousands after us." And that put an end to Idonea's rebellion.

At length the aged prior, who had built Monks' Bridge between the counties of Stafford and Derby for a people as ungrateful, stirred up William Harpur to remember the poor kinswomen on whose lands he was flourishing, and he offered them a home at Ticknall.

The offer came too late to save them. The Ladies Bellamont died as they had lived, together, and were buried with their two symbolic crosses on their breasts. And then, thanks chiefly to the prior, who reverenced them, a marble monument could be erected to their memories with their sleeping effigies upon it. It was inscribed "The Builders of the Bridge." But the prior would fain have added, "They built unseen another bridge over the troubled waters of life—a bridge from earth to heaven."

THE END.

* A penny a day was a good wage then. Money had a different value.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF MUSICAL FORMS.

Sketch II.—Opera (Secular Musical Drama).

By MYLES B. FOSTER, Organist of the Foundling Hospital.

ALTHOUGH it is stated that the ancient Greeks intoned their tragedies, and introduced, besides, some form of melody (*μέλος*), the whole question of the existence of opera at that period of artistic prosperity, when all forms of learning were so powerfully nourished, is a matter for speculation. Their authors certainly give us wonderful accounts of the great effects that this music had, and state that it formed an essential part of their drama, but beyond these records, in all probability much exaggerated, we have no data. Opera we must assume to be a comparatively recent invention. To the end of the sixteenth century, composers had written all their finest work for the Church, and had, very rightly, devoted their best efforts to the praise and worship of the Giver of all musical ideas and beauties.

Even that which was known as secular music, and was intended for social occasions, was written in ecclesiastical forms, and the very folksongs had their freshness rubbed off by contrapuntal developments to which they were not suited, and were dragged in their new and ill-fitting costume into the masses and motetts of the day. The Church possessed most of the art and learning of the age, and, with that, a corresponding power over the ignorant people. Thus music had been, so far, choral music; all the secular forms, villanellas, glees, madrigals, and lieder, being in from three to six parts and more. The expressive solo form (*monodia*), whether *recitativo* or *arioso*, was as yet unknown. As the people attained more knowledge, and with it more freedom, secular music gradually separated itself from the restraints of the Church, and, as in other parallel cases, freedom at length degenerated into licence.

At the end of the great Renaissance period, when, after Suliman had taken Constantinople, the great scholars there fled before the conquering Turks into Italy and other new homes, an impetus was given to the study of Greek literature, and a desire to repossess the Greek drama in all its original beauty and perfection was the ambition of many an Italian student. In Florence the poet Rinuccini, the singer Caccini, Galilei, the father of the astronomer, and, at a rather later date, Jacopo Peri, used to hold meetings in which they not only agreed that the existing musical forms were inadequate for a true musical drama, but they proceeded forthwith to compose pieces for one voice on what they imagined to be the Greek model.

Emilio del Cavalieri is one of the first composers known to have tried to set music to the new form of drama. The poetess Guidiccioni (mentioned in the sketch "Oratorio") supplied the words. His first efforts were "Il Satiro" and "La Disperazione di Fileno," and they were performed in Florence in 1590, the poems being set to music throughout.

Peri followed with his "Daphne," in which *aria parlante*, a kind of recitation in strict time, first appears. It is well described by Ritter, in his "History of Music," as "something between well-formed melody and speech." It appears to have pleased the Greek revivalists immensely, and they quite believed it to be the discovery of the lost art. Peri composed "Euridice" in the year 1600, on the occasion of the marriage of Henry IV. of France with Maria di Medicis, and in his work we have a primitive version of all our operatic forms.

Composers now occasionally used the *arioso* style; but their Greek beliefs prevented them from introducing a good broad melody form. The principal numbers of "Euridice," for example, were choruses and declamatory recitatives. The orchestra was hidden behind the scenes, the only purely orchestral piece being a little prelude (called "Zinfonia") for three flutes.

With such material and upon so simple a basis was opera formed—an art construction which, in its more modern garb, has played a very important part in the history of European society.

Of really great composers who advanced this *drama per musica*, one of the earliest and most important was Claudio Monteverde. He imbued it with his musicianship and originality, employing particular effects for each scene and for each character, his object being to unite the varying sentiment of the poem with his music. In his operas, the first of which was "Orfeo," new and less cramped forms of accompaniment, giving singers greater freedom in dramatic action, followed such reforms as a better use of rhythm and more truthful illustration of sentiments, whilst an increased orchestral force was added to other means of expression.

The Italian Church writers began to compose operas, and in the seventeenth century we find the recitation form receiving new vigour and truthfulness of detail at the hands of, amongst others, Cavalli (whose real name was Caletti-Bruni), Cesti, and Alessandro Scarlatti, Carissimi's greatest pupil. Scarlatti did much for the opera. He is supposed to have invented the short interludes for instruments between the vocal phrases, and he certainly introduced the first complete form of aria, known as the "Scarlatti-form," which, however, with its tiresomely exact repetitions, seems to us quite artificial, and anything but dramatic. About his time *recitativo*, as we know it, was separated from the *aria parlante*.

Succeeding Scarlatti, came the pupils of his Neapolitan school, amongst whom were Durante, Buononcini, Porpora, Jomelli, and others, and with them we reach a period during which the opera-form sadly deteriorated.

Composers had broken away from the ecclesiastical forms—nay, more, the chorus had become of no importance, but, instead, the new aria, which might have taken an advantageous position as a means for occasional soliloquy and meditation, without interference with the dramatic story, now usurped the place of the latter altogether, and an opera meant nothing more than a string of arias in set form, an excuse for showing off the best voices to the greatest advantage, the most successful work being that one which pandered most to the vanity of the singers, who altered and embellished the melodies of their mechanical slave, the composer.

Dramatic significance was fast disappearing, and a reformer was sadly needed, and that reformer appeared early in the eighteenth century in the person of Gluck, a Bohemian, who, after studying in Italy and writing several operas after the traditional Italian models, settled in Vienna, and there worked out his great ideas of regeneration and reform.

His "Orfeo," produced in 1762, created a great sensation, and in Alceste (1766) we find him, to quote his own preface to it, "avoiding the abuses which have been introduced through the mistaken vanity of singers and the excessive complaisance of composers, and which, from the most splendid and beautiful of all public exhibitions, has reduced the opera to the most tiresome and ridiculous of spectacles."

He considered that music should second poetry, by strengthening the expression of the sentiments and the interest of the situations, and adds, "I have therefore carefully avoided interrupting a singer in the warmth of dialogue, in order to wait for a tedious ritornel; or stopping him during one of his sentences to display the agility of his voice in a large vocal passage." He greatly increases the importance of the introduction or overture, making it foreshadow the nature of the coming drama.

Composers were either too hardened or too cowardly to at once follow and imitate his excellent reforms, and great disputings and much rancour ensued, Gluck being opposed by the singers and the old school headed by Piccini.

We will leave this *opera seria* for a moment, restored to its high position in art, and glance at a lighter form, the *opera buffa*, or comic opera, which may be traced to the little *entr'actes*, or *intermezzi*, given as a sort of relaxation between the acts of plays, as early as the sixteenth century. At first, madrigals, or favourite instrumental solos, were used for this purpose; later on, when operatic forms appeared, you find scenas or duets, in which the chief idea was to raise a laugh, very often at the expense of good taste. Scarlatti's pupils developed these *intermezzi*, and gave them such artistic importance that they grew to be rivals to the grand opera, and eventually held their own position as *opera buffa*. Pergolesi was most successful in this style, and his "La Serva Padrona" (1746), one of the earliest specimens, was a great favourite. The accompaniment was for string quartett only, and there were but two *dramatis personæ*. His fellow student, Leonardo Vinci, wrote several comic operas, and further on, Nicolo Piccini, whom we have just left opposing Gluck in Paris, made many advances in *opera buffa*, giving greater contrasts and more elaborate and effective *finales* than his forerunners. In fact, he was stronger in this sort of composition than in *opera seria*, to which latter we now return.

We find at the end of the eighteenth century the brilliant and successful works of Paisiello, a rival, at that time, of Mozart. At the same period Sarti, Salieri, Cimarosa, Paër, Righini, and others wrote operas.

The spirit of revolution, which was uprooting all old traditions, good and bad, at the end of the eighteenth century, forced even the Italian composers to see that more was required than they had ever given, to make opera what it should be, and they were compelled to acknowledge that, after Gluck's reforms and their still lasting effects, and after Mozart's influence and his noble examples, they must take up higher ground if they would succeed in other than the Italian cities.

They composed, therefore, in a more serious manner for Paris or Vienna, and the Italian opera gained a fresh importance by the slight

reforms thus adopted, and through the successful power of Rossini it again held sway in the principal European courts.

Rossini made a great many melodies and much pecuniary profit, and finding the singers ready to return to those abuses against which Gluck had protested so strongly, rather than permit them to play tricks with his music and embellish his melodies, he made the trills and embroideries so fulsome himself that there was nothing left which they could add!

In the present century Mercadante, Bellini, and Donizetti followed in his train; following them comes Verdi, who is still living, and whose later works are very fine, being a happy combination of immense dramatic insight with effective situations and great melodic charm. We find in Boito the most decided attempt to unite Italian traditions and the latest German development. Thus much for the land in which opera was born.

Opera soon spread, and travelled to the various European courts, and became there the amusement of noble and wealthy patrons. Such prestige did it carry with it, that to be successful in England or Germany, a composer had to write in the Italian style.

France, whilst building upon the Italian foundation, created an opera in many ways differing from that form. Real French opera was first written by Lulli at the end of the seventeenth century. He will be ever remembered as the inventor of the overture, which replaced the small introduction of the Italians. Another thing he did which was new: he brought into his scheme the dance or ballet; and a third point was, that in his operas the chorus played a most important part.

Following Lulli, we see Rameau greatly developing all these resources.

When Gluck migrated to Paris he found the supporters of Italian opera backed by such essayists as Rousseau and Baron von Grimm, and named the "Bouffonists," opposing the "Anti-Bouffonists," who adhered to Lulli and Rameau. Also there were Philidor, Gretry, and others trying to combine the new and old styles. Gluck cut down the superabundance of melody, adapted his own reforms already referred to, gave the overture its true connection with the poem, and, as it were, out-Rameaued Rameau. With all his works produced in Paris he made great successes, notwithstanding his rival Piccini's powerful opposition.

We will again leave Gluck elevating, for this time, the French stage also, and glance at *opera comique*, a term used in France as early as 1712.

I suppose that the equivalent of the Italian *intermezzo* was the *vaudeville*. Claude Gilliers appears to have written many about this period.

In the latter half of the century Dauvergne composed "Les Troqueurs," in imitation of the Italian *intermezzi*, and in this work the dialogue, which in *opera buffa* would have been sung, was spoken, a custom still adopted in France. Duni, Philidor (a wonderful chess-player), and Monsigny wrote many *operas comiques*. Gretry also appeared at this time as one of the superior composers—also Gaveaux, Gossec, and J. J. Rousseau, followed by D'Allayrac.

To return to grand opera, the man most influenced by Gluck and his advances was Mehul, whose "Joseph" and "Le Jeune Henri" are well known, and who possessed undoubted talent. In the present century I may mention Catel, Isouard, Berton, and Boildieu, the latter's "Calife de Bagdad" and "La Dame Blanche," and other works having been received at the time with enormous enthusiasm.

Two composers, Italian by birth, Cherubini and Spontini, wrote much in the style and under the influence of the French opera. We all know and like Cherubini's "Les Deux Journées," "Medea," and "Anacreon."

Spontini is spoken of as "the composer who embodied in his operas the life and spirit of the Empire under the First Napoleon."

Coming into this century, we notice, as important French opera composers, Hérold, of "Zampa" celebrity, Adolphe Adam, and Auber, who studied under Cherubini, and composed more comic operas than anything else, and whose work always contains light elegant melody and brilliant orchestration. Halévy has earned a good name by such operas as "La Juive" and "La Reine de Chypre."

An exceptionally great man was Hector Berlioz, who strove in new paths, and in the face of great opposition, to base his efforts upon the study of Gluck, Weber, and Beethoven.

Meyerbeer, though born in Germany, wrote as much for French opera as for any other. He seems to have been a sort of musical turncoat, and every turn brought golden success. He became the greatest of French opera writers; but, in addition, he wrote German opera for Germans, Italian for Italians, and ensured by this system of "all things to all men" the applause which he so highly coveted.

To conclude our French list, there is a composer, whose "Faust" will live long; I allude to Charles Gounod, who has written many other operas containing great dramatic beauty, richness of orchestration, and grace of melody. Following him are Bizet, whose "Carmen" has been so popular, Massenet, and Ambroise Thomas.

In England there is but little history to give you.

English music and drama were first connected in a primitive way in the early miracle-plays and mysteries performed at Chester and Coventry and in other towns.

Shakespeare, in his plays, gives several directions for musical interludes, and introduces songs and choruses, more particularly in "As You Like It," "Twelfth Night," and "A Midsummer Night's Dream." In the first half of the seventeenth century William Lawes, and Henry, his brother, wrote music to the masques, in which poetry, music, scenery, and mechanical accessories were combined, producing a decided advance in the direction of real opera; but, notwithstanding the patriotic championship of budding English opera by these gentlemen of the Chapel Royal, and notwithstanding the existence of the great school of madrigal writers, they were never encouraged to attempt dramatic work, as the nobility already demanded Italian opera and Italian composers and singers. During the civil war, and until Charles II.'s restoration, the theatres were closed by the Puritans, and even from 1660 they were only opened for five years with an occasional performance of a masque by Sir William Davenant, the then poet laureate, set to music by Locke, in one of which, "The Siege of Rhodes," we find the recitative style used, and spoken of as new to England, although well known on the Continent.

After those five years came the Plague, and following it the Great Fire, so that it was not until nearer the end of the century that a fair start was made in opera, and that the powerful and masterly works of Henry Purcell saw the light. His genius was undoubtedly superior to that of Lulli in France or Scarlatti in Italy, and he became a power, not in England only, but throughout Europe. Alas, that he should have died so young! The form of opera settled by him and his followers was similar to the French and German, in that whilst the important parts would be sung, the subordinate dialogue was spoken, and there was no accompanied recitative, excepting in some of Dr. Boyce's and Dr. Arne's operas. Arne's "Artaxerxes" has the dialogue, *à l'Italienne*, set entirely in recitative form.

But these were exceptions, Dibdin, Dr. Arnold, William Jackson (of Exeter), Shield, Storace, Attwood, Sir Henry Bishop, and many others adhered to the spoken dialogue. It should be quite understood that their music, when it occurred, formed an integral portion of the whole work, and, therefore, differed from interpolated pieces, which could be withdrawn without breaking a sequence.

In 1834 John Barnett produced his "Mountain Sylph," the first important English opera in the strictly modern style of that age, and one which introduced the school typified by Balfe, Wallace, and Macfarren. Italian influence was evident, and has only lately been supplanted by the power of Germany, and, in one or two noteworthy instances, by the graceful delicacy of the French school. But the time for English opera is ripe; we have watched the dangers into which other schools have fallen; we have seen their heroes extricate them from those dangers; we have learnt what reforms are needful; the generous support and encouragement which has assisted the Italian, French, and German schools should now place all mercenary consideration on one side, and extend itself freely to those native artists who, in a spirit of true patriotism, are striving for the reputation and artistic honour of our country.

To Handel we owe the final settlement of Italian opera in London, for which end he composed over forty operas, none of which are remembered, but from whose pages the good numbers were extracted and transferred to his oratorios!

Comic opera, originating in Italy and developing in France, had, and still has, some footing in England. A very successful specimen was "The Beggar's Opera," performed in 1728 at Rich's Theatre, in Lincoln's Inn, with a libretto by Gay. So enormous was its success, that people said, "It made Gay rich, and Rich gay!" From this and following successes arose the ballad opera, a form of comic opera taken up by the best composers. "The Duenna," music by Linley, words by Sheridan (Linley's son-in-law), may be quoted as an excellent specimen. Finally the wealth of England has been able to procure and import the finest foreign works and artists, and its riches have assisted in impoverishing what little native art we possessed.

For the last part of my sketch I have reserved German opera.

Although Italian opera soon worked its way into Germany, in fact, as early as the year 1627, when we reach the end of our story, we shall find the Germans in possession of the most advanced form of modern drama.

Heinrich Schütz set the first opera to music. It was Rinuccini's "Daphne," already set by Peri in Florence.

Italian style and Italian vocalists reigned supreme until the time of Gluck, with such exceptions as the Hamburg operas of Keiser and Handel, which contained German characteristics, and also the attempts on the part of Hasse, Graun, and Naumann to combine Italian and German qualities.

With Gluck came the great reforms in Vienna, as elsewhere, and there, too, party feeling ran high, Gluck being warmly opposed by Hasse and his party. In Ritter's admirable "History of Music," already largely quoted from, whilst blaming the German princes for obtaining Italian operas at extravagant cost, he asks us to remember that these same princes "prepared the road, however unconsciously, for a Gluck, a Haydn, and a Mozart; for all these masters' early efforts were rooted in the Italian school of music."

Germany all this time had no national opera, the Hamburg attempt failing for want of encouragement.

As we have previously done in dealing with the other countries, so now we will glance at the lighter form of opera for a moment.

The German *operette*, or *singspiel*, was brought into notice by Johann Adam Hiller about the middle of the eighteenth century. He produced numbers of these, full of charming original melodies, and with spoken dialogue, as in *opera comique*.

Amongst several writers of these light works we may number Schweitzer, André, and Benda, who introduced the melodrama, in which dialogue is spoken during an undercurrent of expressive and illustrative music. There is also Johann Friedrich Reichardt, composing, at the end of the seventeenth century, a sort of *vaudeville* known as the "Liederspiel."

Contemporary with these stand Dittersdorf and Haydn, and, in Southern Germany, Klauer, Schenk, and Müller.

These small operas at first rather imitated the French school; but at the time of the above composers the national life and sentiment, in however insignificant a manner, had crept in, and the germ of a national type existed.

At such a critical moment came the great genius who was to develop the elements of both serious and comic opera, and raise them to a lofty pedestal, and that genius was Mozart.

Whilst accepting the forms of his day, he gave to them new life and meaning, and his illustration of each character, together with his masterly *ensembles* and *finales*, in which, whilst each singer maintains his individuality, clearness is still pre-eminent, will ever abide as marvellous examples of dramatic scholarship and musical beauty. Besides understanding exactly what the human voice was capable of doing, he raised the orchestral accompaniment to a very high position.

Whilst Gluck *attacked* Italian opera, Mozart *moulded* it in such a fashion that the old stiff traditions were no longer possible in Germany.

At the commencement of this century, I must add to the list such names as Winter, Hummel the pianist, Weigl, Himmel, and, last and greatest, Beethoven, whose one opera, "Fidelio," will endure in its pure nobility as long as music endures.

The romantic school of poetry now finding its way into Germany, was soon aided by appropriate musical settings by Spohr, Marschner, and Weber—the greatest of them all. Of his operas, "Der Freischütz" is the finest, the most popular, and the most thoroughly German.

Schumann wrote one opera, "Genoveva," and Mendelssohn, ever searching for a libretto, commenced setting Geibel's "Loreley," but death came before he could finish it.

Meyerbeer, a Berliner by birth, and sometimes German in work, we have already noticed in connection with his French operas.

Richard Wagner, by his theories and his great compositions, has caused opera once more to become the field for dispute, research, and speculative thought.

He maintains, to put it briefly, that the real character and meaning of opera has been all this time misunderstood. He carries into practice what Gluck preached, viz., that music should second poetry, in order to be in its proper place. He says, "The error of the operatic art-form consists in the fact that music, which is really only a means of expression, is turned into an aim; while the real aim of expression, viz., the drama, is made a mere means."

It seemed to him that the chief hindrance to the free action of drama was the concert aria, so he drops it altogether, using a melodious recitation in lieu of it, and calls his works dramas, not operas. His orchestra illustrates the emotions and thoughts of each character, and the peculiar timbre of each instrument supplies the individuality of the person represented—a practice suggested first by Monteverde; and he further binds together the various episodes and scenes in the story, by using short *motovos* or phrases which shall recall to the audience previous situations and events—a device used by Gluck, amongst others. Wagner very happily combines in himself the poet and musician. He rightly claims that his music should not be heard apart from its companions of equal value—the poem, the scenery, and the action. He has met with as much opposition as did Gluck, but the time has come when his works receive due recognition, and an appreciation increasing yearly in proportion to our unbiassed study of them.

However excessive we may feel the reformer's zeal to have been, these masterly art-forms supply wholesome food for meditation, and numberless suggestions for action, to every earnest and unbigoted student of this and coming generations.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JOSEPHINE.—Your symptoms point to tight-lacing—red nose, spots, bad digestion, bad breath, etc. A fine woman with a handsome figure (say five feet five inches in height) should measure twenty-six inches round the waist, and in later life twenty-eight. Of course, a very small or very thin girl would naturally measure less. You know which description applies to yourself. The modern girl, with a waist like a tobacco-pipe, and bulging out above and below like a bloated-looking spider, may solace herself with the assurance that her liver is cut in half, and that she would make an admirable specimen for a lecturer to descant upon. We advise her to bequeath her remains to some hospital for the benefit of science and the warning of others.

SEAGULL.—Beechy Head is not the highest cliff on our coast-line; that at Holyhead is higher, and measures 719 feet, while the former is only 564 above the sealine. The Great Orme's Head, in Wales, is 678 feet, and Braich-y-Pwll 584 in height; but St. Catherine's Cliff, on the south coast of the Isle of Wight, is higher than all those before-named, and rises to 830 feet.

PRUDENCE PRIM.—Do you know a small illustrated book called "The Flowers of the Field"? Perhaps that would suit you; published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. After a certain time, letters waiting till called for at a foreign post-office are opened and directed back to the respective writers. Your writing is too careless; some letters well formed, others very nondescript.

PAT OGAL.—Send the nun's veiling dress and white kid gloves to a cleaner's, and if you can make a bargain about the dress, do. For gloves you pay 2d. a pair.

S. L. W. W.—1. There is a little book called "Line upon Line," and another called "The Peep of Day," which are very suitable for children of such tender years. 2. You should try to spell better. The word "instruction" is not spelt "inscurction."

BERTHA.—Have you never heard of a little appliance called a needle-threader? You would find it most useful, and could procure one at a fancy-work shop.

JOAN R.—Try to forget yourself, and to help and be polite to everyone else—busy for them even in the smallest attentions. You will have no time for brooding over your nervousness when you are married, so there is probably "a good time coming" for you. Try to prepare for it by studying nursing, cookery, patching and darning, etc.

AN ANXIOUS ONE will find her question many times answered if she takes the trouble to look through our correspondence columns under "Miscellaneous."

E. K.—If you cut off the worn finger ends and sew them neatly at the seams, they would be of use in a hospital for female patients in winter. We may suggest the New Hospital for Women, 222, Marylebone-road, N.W., of which we have given an illustrated account. Any contributions in half-worn clothing (or new articles) of use for wear would be gratefully received there, books included.

LOVER OF THE SEA.—1. The hair darkens as years roll on, and the change begins to take place at three years old, if not before. In middle life it is very many shades darker than in youth. 2. The Bible does not say that "it is never too late to repent." We are always told "to-day is the accepted time; to-day is the day of salvation . . . now, while it is called to-day," etc. No promise is made for to-morrow. If you put off making your peace with God, He may not bestow on you the grace of repentance and the desire to turn to Him.

JERRY.—Your verses are very freely written, and give a good deal of promise, though some little errors need correction. Part of the small illustration with pen and ink gives hope of better things to come, and both do you credit; but it must be a matter of consideration whether the verses can be inserted in the G. O. P. You did not have them certified, which is a strict rule of ours when selecting amateur contributions.

A COUNTRY MEMBER OF THE G. F. S.—You appear to be in a very sad state of health, and to need change of air, good diet, and perhaps, when suffering from an attack of neuralgia, a tonic; but the latter should be prescribed by a doctor.

ALBERTA ROXLEY.—1. You do not give a sufficiently explicit description of the "Hymn to Music" for us to divine which you mean. 2. The "Wide, Wide World" has no sequel. Why are all our girls so crazy about sequels? There are very few written, and a good thing too; a new story is better than an old dish warmed up.

LITTLE PUSS should ask her mother or governess for suitable books to read. Some on natural history would be interesting, as well as necessary for her to study.

ONE ANXIOUS TO KNOW.—Should a husband die intestate, but leave a wife and a sister, half goes to the wife and the other half to his sister, or his brother, as the case may be. If the man had had children, the wife would only have had a third instead of half.

WEE WILLY WANKIE.—1. It depends on the age and size of your boy companion. The less little girls of fifteen walk in the London streets (the squares and certain residential quarters excepted) the better, if without a lady companion much older than themselves, or a maid. 2. What a ridiculous question your second is! "At what age should a girl become engaged?" There is no "should" about the matter, and there is no special age either. Any age after twenty-one, up to seventy, provided the right man proposed and no family duties stood in the way. All depends on God's good Providence. He may see fit that you should never marry.

SCOTCH LASSIE.—We do not see that you were rendered more liable to the complaint you name on account of having a bad digestion.

TOPSY TURVEY.—Yes, there are luminous plants, which give a phosphorescent light. The root-stock of a jungle orchid becomes luminous when wetted; wrapped in a piece of damp cloth, in an hour's time it becomes very bright. A certain member of the fungi family, which, if you have a damp cellar, may be found growing on the walls, is known to emit so much light as to enable you to read without other means. The nasturtium, double marigold, and hairy red poppy and potatoes, when in process of decomposition, are all phosphorescent, more especially the latter.

MISLETOE.—If you wished to paint portraits or landscapes, your first step would be to learn to draw and study perspective; then the colours, and how to produce others by blending them. So, if you have any original thoughts, and beautiful similes occur to you by which you could illustrate those thoughts, you should study the art of metrical composition in all its varieties, so that corresponding lines should always correspond and the emphasis fall on the right syllable. What you send us is not even good prose, the mere construction is all wrong, and there is no new idea in it; but the religious feelings expressed are very good.

JACK.—If such an unfeminine name be selected by a girl, we certainly advise her to wear gloves when rowing. Perhaps thick washed-leather ones would be the most suitable. We suppose you mean a sign denoting a pause, only you make a straight line over a dot instead of a curved one with the points downwards. A pause leaves the duration of the note, or the rest over which it is placed, to the performer's taste and musical feeling. Were there no dot beneath the short curved line, it would be a "bind" or "tie" connecting two notes, the first of which alone is to be struck.

"FEATHERY FLAKES,"

OUR NEW CHRISTMAS PART,

IS NOW PUBLISHED.



Feathery Flakes.

What time we for a while have bidden
Farewell to summer's bright array,
And azure skies again are hidden
By grim December's garb of grey;

When the pale sun, his warmth withholding,
Too often shows a cheerless face,
And falling snow is fast enfolding
Earth's treasure in its soft embrace;

We give these pure white showers a rival
And namesake in our Christmas page,
Whose charm shall have less brief survival,
And banish not with winter's rage.

Go, Feathery Flakes! Go forth, nor tarry
At limits of our colder zone;
And may you, for the trust you carry,
Be warmly met and widely known.



(*From the Water-colour Drawing by E. Walker.*)

A DAUGHTER OF EVE.



VOL. VIII.—NO. 362.] DECEMBER 4, 1886. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

MERLE'S CRUSADE.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Aunt Diana," "For Lilias," etc.



All rights reserved.] "'OH, MERLE!' SHE WHISPERED, IN A VOICE OF AGONY."

CHAPTER IX.

BERENGARIA.

THE bright spring days found me a close prisoner to the house. The end of April had been unusually chilly, and one cold rainy night Reggie was taken with an attack of croup.

It was a very severe attack, and for an hour or two my alarm was excessive. Mrs. Morton was at a fancy ball, and Mr. Morton was attending a late debate, and, to add to my trouble, Mrs. Garnett, who would at once have come to my assistance, was confined to her bed with a slight illness.

Travers had no experience in these cases, and her presence was perfectly useless. Hannah, frightened and half awake as she was, was far more helpful. Happily Anderson was still up, and he undertook at once to go for the doctor, adding, of his own accord, that he would go round to the stables on his return, and send the carriage off for his mistress. "She is not expected home until three, and it is only half-past one, but she would never forgive us if she were not fetched as quickly as possible."

I thanked Anderson, and begged Hannah to replenish the bath with hot water. Happily, I knew what remedies to use; my former experience in my schoolfellow's nursery proved useful to me now. I remembered how the doctor had approved of what I had done, and I resolved to do exactly the same for Reggie. Frightened as I was, I am thankful to know my fears did not impede my usefulness; I did all I could to relieve my darling, and Hannah seconded my efforts. I am sure Travers wished with all her heart to help us, but she had no nerve, and her lamentable voice made me a trifle impatient.

It was a great relief when Anderson appeared with Dr. Myrtle. He waited for a few minutes to hear from the doctor that all dangers had been averted by the prompt remedies, and then he went in search of Stephenson. It was some time before we heard the sound of carriage wheels.

Reggie was still wrapped in a blanket on my lap, and had just fallen asleep, worn out by the violence of the remedies still more than by the attack. Dr. Myrtle whispered to me not to move, as he would speak to Mrs. Morton downstairs, and enforce on her the need of quiet. It would have been grievous to wake the exhausted little creature, and I was quite content to sit holding him in my lap until morning, if Dr. Myrtle thought it well for me to do so.

I had forgotten all about the fancy ball, and my start when I saw Mrs. Morton standing in the doorway almost woke Reggie. I really thought for a moment that I was dreaming. I learnt afterwards that she had taken the character of Berengaria, wife of the lion-hearted Richard, but for the moment I was too confused to identify her. She was dressed in dark blue velvet, and her gown and mantle were trimmed with ermine; she wore a glittering belt that looked as though it were studded with brilliants, and her brown hair hung in loose braids and plaits under a gold coronet. As she swept noiselessly towards us, I could see the tears were running down her cheeks, and her bosom was heaving under her ermine.

"Oh, Merle!" she whispered, in a voice of agony, as she knelt down beside us, "to think my boy was in danger, and his mother was decked out in this fool's garb; it makes me sick only to remember it; oh, my baby, my baby!" and she leant her head against my arm and sobbed, not loudly, but with the utmost bitterness.

"Dear Mrs. Morton," I returned, gently, "it was not your fault; no one could have foreseen this. Reggie had a little cold, but I thought it was nothing. Oh, what are you doing!" for she had actually kissed me, not once, but twice.

"Let me do it, Merle," returned my sweet mistress; "I am so grateful to you, and so will my husband be when he knows all. Dr. Myrtle says he never saw a nurse who understood her duties so well; everything had been done for the child before he came."

"Oh, Aunt Agatha, if only you and Uncle Keith had heard that!"

We had talked in whispers, but nothing seemed to disturb Reggie. A moment after Mr. Morton came hurriedly into the nursery; he was very pale and discomposed, and a sort of shock seemed to pass over him as he saw his wife.

"Violet," he whispered, as she clung to him in a passion of weeping, "this has unnerved you, but, indeed, Dr. Myrtle says our boy will do well. My darling, will you not try to comfort yourself?"

"I was at Lady S.'s ball when Muriel, our precious baby—oh, you remember, Alick"—for she seemed unable to go on. Poor woman, no wonder her tears flowed at such a memory. Mrs. Garnett told me reluctantly, when I questioned her the next day, that baby Muriel had been taken with a fit when Mrs. Morton and her husband were at a ball, and the mother had only arrived in time to see the infant breathe its last.

"Yes, yes," he said, soothing her, "but nothing could have saved her, you know. Dr. Myrtle told you so; and you were only spared the pain of seeing her suffer. Try to be sensible about it, my dearest; our baby has been ill, but everything has been done for him; and now he is relieved, poor little fellow. We have to thank you for that, Miss Fenton. How nicely you are holding him! he looks as comfortable as possible," touching the boy's cheek with his forefinger. "Now, my love, let me relieve you of this cumbrous thing," taking off her coronet; "this mantle will unfasten, too, I see. Now, suppose you put on your dressing-gown, and ask Travers to make you and Miss Fenton some tea. I will not be so cruel as to tell you to go to bed"—as she looked at him, pleadingly. "If you were a wise woman you would go, but I suppose I must humour you; but you must get rid of all this finery."

"Oh, Alick, how good you are!" she said, gratefully, and in a few minutes more she returned in her warm, quilted dressing gown, with her hair simply braided; she looked even more beautiful than she had done as Berengaria.

Mr. Morton soon left us after placing his wife in my charge. The night passed very quickly away after that. When Reggie stirred I put him in his cot, and begged Mrs. Morton to lie down on the bed beside him. She did not refuse; emotion had exhausted her, but her eyes never closed. She told me long afterwards she dared not sleep, lest the old dream should torment her of the dead baby's hand, that she could never warm with all her efforts.

"I can feel it quite icy cold in mine, and sometimes there is a little cold face on my bosom, but nothing ever warms them, and when I wake up I am shivering too."

I could not tell what was passing through the poor mother's mind, but I did not like the feverish look in her wide, distended eyes. Mr. Morton was right, and the shock of her boy's illness had utterly unnerved her. I thought, perhaps she was blaming herself needlessly, and yet never was there a human being more utterly devoid of vanity and selfishness; she was simply sacrificing her maternal duties to her husband's ambition; of her own accord she would never have entered a ball-room; I am sure of that.

I longed to soothe her, and yet I hardly knew what to say. Presently she shivered, and I covered her up carefully with all the wraps I could find, and then knelt down and chafed her hands.

"You cannot sleep, Mrs. Morton; I am so sorry, and yet you are tired out."

"I do not want to sleep," she answered. "I dream badly sometimes, and I would rather lie awake and listen to my boy's breathing; he is sleeping nicely, Merle."

"Yes, indeed; there is no need for anxiety now, and I am watching him carefully."

"Oh, I can trust you," with a faint smile; "I trusted you from the first moment. But, my poor girl, I am afraid you are very tired, and I have taken your bed from you."

"I would rather see you resting there, Mrs. Morton."

"Do you think you could read to me a little? My husband often reads to me when I am nervous and cannot sleep. Anything will do, the simplest child's story; it is just the sound of the voice that soothes me. What is that book? Oh, the Bible! I am afraid I do not read that enough, I have so little time to myself, and then I am often too tired."

"It is just the book for tired people," I returned; "if you want a story. I think the history of Ruth is one of the most touching, she has always seemed to me one of the sweetest characters in the Bible; it is a perfect idyll of Oriental life."

"It is so long since I have read it," she returned, apologetically, "you shall read it to me if you like." And I read

the whole book throughout to her, only pausing now and then to look at Reggie.

She listened to it without interrupting me once, but I was rejoiced to see that the strained expression had passed out of her eyes; they looked more natural.

"You are right, Merle," she observed, when I had finished, "it is very beautiful and touching; that was something like love, 'where thou goest, I will go.' Now you may read me a psalm, if you are not tired. I like your voice, it is so clear and quiet."

I read to her until she bade me stop; and then we talked a little. I told her an incident or two in my school-days about our nutting expeditions in the Luttrell woods, and how one of our party had strayed and had encountered a gipsy caravan. I was just in the middle of Rose Mervyn's recital, when I heard measured breathing. She had fallen asleep.

I saw a great deal of Mrs. Morton during the next few days. She was very unwell, and Dr. Myrtle insisted on her giving up all her engagements for a week. He spoke very decidedly, and Mr. Morton was obliged to yield to his opinion; but he seemed a little put out.

"It is such a pity all those people should be disappointed," he observed, in a grumbling voice. "Mrs. Granville had quite set her heart on having us both on Thursday. I knew how it would be when you fretted yourself ill last night."

"I could not help it," she pleaded. "Anderson gave me such a fright; of course, he thought his coming for me was the best, but when I saw his face I thought I should have died with fear."

"Nonsense, Violet, you ought to learn more self-control; you know I dislike to see you give way so entirely. Well, we must abide by Dr. Myrtle's orders and treat you as an invalid."

"But, Alick," detaining him as he was turning away, not in the best of humours, as I could see from the night nursery, "I can write for you all the same; the library is quite warm."

"How absurd!" was the reply. "Do you think I should let you tire yourself for me? I hope I am not quite so selfish, my dear child," for she was still holding his arm beseechingly; "you must really let me go, for I am dreadfully busy; rest yourself and get well, that is all I ask of you," and he kissed her and left the room. He was not often hasty with her, but he was overworked and irritable.

We made the most of that week between us. Reggie soon recovered, and as long as he was kept in a certain temperature, and carefully watched, gave us no further anxiety.

His mother took entire charge of him during that week; she came up to the nursery as soon as she was dressed, and stayed with us until Reggie was in bed and Travers came to summon her. She even took her meals with us. Dr. Myrtle thought she was suffering from a chill, and the warm nursery was just the right temperature for her. It was a lovely sight to watch her with her children. I think even Mr. Morton was struck by the beauty of the scene when he came up one afternoon and found her sitting in her easy chair with Reggie on her lap and Joyce standing beside her.

"You seem all very happy together," he said, as he took up his position on the rug. I had retreated with my work into the other room, but I could hear her answer distinctly.

"Oh, Alick, it has been such a happy week—a real holiday; it was worth being ill to see so much of the children; Reggie has such pretty ways; I knew so little about him before. He can say 'fada,' quite plainly."

"Indeed, my boy, then suppose you say your new words."

"Do you know what I have been wishing all this week?" she continued, when Reggie had finished his vocabulary, and had been taken into his father's arms.

"No, my dear," sitting down beside her, "unless you wished for me to be a Cabinet Minister."

"Oh no, Alick," and there was pain in her voice, "not unless you wish it very much too; I had a very different desire from that."

"Perhaps you were longing for a house in the country; well, that may come by-and-by."

"Wrong again, Alick. I was wishing that you were a poor man—not a very poor man, I should not like that—and that we lived in a small house with a pretty garden where there would be a lawn for the children to play on, and plenty of flowers for them to pick."

"Indeed! this is a strange wish of yours, you discontented woman."

"No, not discontented, but very, very happy, dear, so you need not frown over my poor little wish; everyone builds castles, only mine is not a castle, but a cottage."

"I should not care to live in your cottage, Violet; I am an ambitious man. The Cabinet would be more to my taste."

"Yes, dear," with a sigh, "it was only make believe nonsense," and she did not say another word about that fancy of hers, but began questioning him about last night's debate. That was just her way to forget herself and follow his bent No wonder he could not do without her, and was restless and ill at ease if she were unavoidably absent.

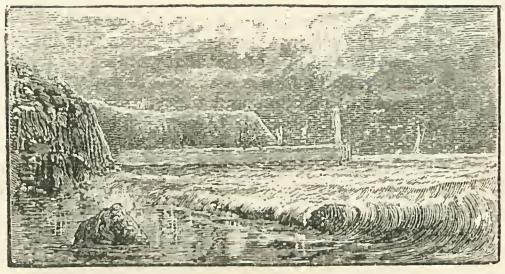
I wonder he understood in the least what she meant by wishing him to be poor. No doubt her innocent fancy had constructed a home where no uncongenial anxieties or ambition should sever her from her children, where she should be all in all to them as well as to her husband.

I daresay she imagined herself no longer burthened with wearisome receptions, but sitting working in the shade of the little porch while her children made daisy chains on the lawn of that humble abode. The mother would undress her children and hear them say their little prayers. Hark! was not that a click of the gate? Father has come home. How late you are, Alick; the children are asleep; you must kiss them without waking them. Hush, what nonsense, she is dreaming. Alick would be in the Cabinet; people were prophesying that already. She must take up her burthen again and follow him up the steep hill of fame. What if her woman's heart fainted sometimes, women must do their work in life, as she would do hers.

The next day the mother's place was empty in the nursery. "Mrs. Morton was with her husband in the library," Travers told us. Later on we heard she was driving. Just as I was putting Reggie, half asleep, in his cot, she came up to wish the children good-night, but she did not stay with us ten minutes. I remarked that she looked very ill and exhausted.

"Oh, I am only a little tired," she returned, hurriedly; "I have been paying calls all the afternoon, trying to make up for my idle week, and the talking has tired me. Never mind, it is all in the day's work." And she nodded to me kindly and left the room.

(To be continued.)



CHRISTMAS GIFTS.



With the approach of Christmas and Christmas gifts, the cares of the girl members of a large family may be said to arrive at a crisis. There is no girl so friendless or so heartless that there is no one she loves or wishes to remind of that love at this season, while there are many surrounded by affectionate relations and true friends, whose love they warmly return, and whom they wish to please with a gift, and yet have but a small sum at command, and must think carefully over its division.

How many anxious calculations have to be made, what knitting of smooth brows, what hasty arithmetic on stray scraps of paper, what self-denial in personal matters to increase the little store, and then, when the materials are bought, what secret work is carried on behind father's chair, should he happen to be awake, and in this and that out-of-the-way nook of the house, so that the all-important, and generally extremely apparent, secret is not divulged until the Christmas or New Year's morning!

All honour to this secrecy, this planning and patient work! It is the true spirit of present-giving; and let not any of our readers despise it as childish; rather let them remember that that which costs no time, no thought, no self-sacrifice is but of little value in the eyes of affection, and pleases only where the gift is valued for itself, and not for the giver. The girl who can walk into a shop and select the first handsome article in it for mamma, and pay for it from an amply-supplied purse, neither awakens in herself or her mother the same holy feelings that are excited when baby works an impossible kettle-holder "all by herself," and which she "bided" out of the pennies given her for sweeties.

Admiring and sympathising as we do with girls who are generous-minded and do not count labour and time when anxious to please, we have brought together in this paper, with the idea of helping them, several useful and pretty articles that can be made without any great expense.

For a small present, costing at the utmost one shilling, the fashionable little "hold-all bags" are good. These bags are four in number, and are connected together only at the top; they are filled with odds and ends, such as buttons and silks, until they stand upright and all of a row, and they find a conspicuous place among drawing-room nick-nacks.

To make them, purchase one yard of good satin ribbon, in colour either ruby, navy blue, or chestnut brown, with the reverse side of a pale blue or old gold shade. The ribbon should be from two and a half to three inches wide. Divide the yard into four equal portions, sew over the sides, and hem the tops of two bags without decorating them, but work on one of the other bags a handsome and legible monogram containing the initials of the person for whom the present is intended. Work this with fine gold-coloured purse silk, and surround the chief outlines with Japanese gold thread. On the other bag work a small spray of flowers, either a branch of wild rose, a bit of heather, forget-me-not, or jessamine. Sew up these two bags, and hem them round like the others; then make sixteen eyelet-holes, four on each bag; make these round and not very big, and place them opposite to each other, and at the extreme corners of the opening. Sew the bags together by overcasting the first bag with its monogram turned outwards on the inner side of its opening to the outer side of the opening of one of the undecorated bags. Attach the second plain bag to the inner side of the first plain bag, and sew the fourth bag, with its decorated side turned outwards, to the inner side of the third bag. By this arrangement both the decorated bags are outside, and every bag at its base is separate. Finally, take a silk dress lace, the colour of the satin ribbon, and run that through the eyelet-holes to make a draw-string. Fill the bags, plant them out on the table, and draw their openings slightly together.

These "hold-all bags," instead of being filled with odds and ends, are sometimes turned into flower-vases. The smallest-sized penny tumblers are inserted into each bag and filled with cut flowers, or the smallest size flowerpot, filled with a tiny fern, is used. In the latter case, a piece of American cloth is fastened round the pot to prevent any moisture soiling the satin bag.

The present method for concealing flower-pots when required for drawing room decoration makes another simple but acceptable present. This is a bag of plush, into which the pot is put. To make this bag of plush, cut a round of millboard or stiff cardboard the size of the bottom of an ordinary flower-pot. Take a piece of plush, in width twice the circumference of the centre part of the pot, and in height the height of the pot; sew the two ends of the plush together, and make a hem an inch and a half wide. As a finish to the upper part, just below this hem, on the wrong side of the bag, run on a narrow piece of black tape to hold a draw-string, which make by running in a piece of strong elastic, that will draw in the fulness of the plush until it fits the upper part of the flower-pot tightly. Gather the lower ends of the plush, arrange evenly round the piece of millboard, and sew to the latter with the edges concealed, using strong thread for the securing stitches. When the plush cover is used, its millboard foundation keeps the bottom of the pot (which may be damp) from doing any damage to the furniture, and the wide hem beyond the draw-string stands out as a frilling a little below the edge of the pot. Half a yard of plush, which costs two shillings, will make a pair of flower-pot covers.

From America comes to us a novelty in bedroom decoration, and one very suitable as a present to a young lady who uses her bedroom as a sitting-room and likes it prettily decorated. This is known as a "pillow sham," and is a long strip of linen or cambric ornamented with lace and ribbons, and laid over the top part of the bed in the daytime only. It fits the width of the bed whatever size that is, and does not fall down the sides. If the worker is an adept at drawn-thread work, the pillow sham can be made very inexpensively and of material that will last through much wear, but when drawn-thread work is not used, Torchon and other strongly made lace is required. An easy way for making a pillow sham is to buy four new hem-stitched-bordered handkerchiefs, and upon the corner of one of the handkerchiefs to embroider the first letter of the owner's Christian name, making it four inches high and slanting it from the corner to the middle of the handkerchief. Join these handkerchiefs together, inserting between each an inch and a half wide strip of Torchon lace insertion, and bordering the handkerchiefs lengthways with a line of the same, so that each square of cambric is surrounded by insertion lace. Finish with a frill of Torchon lace edging, which carefully whip to the insertion lace. A careless bow of ribbon or one of Liberty's silk scarves tied in a bow is sewn to the corner of the pillow sham, just above the embroidered corner.

When using drawn-work instead of lace insertion, a piece of linen the length and width of the sham is taken, and the threads from this are drawn out as strips down the width, leaving five squares of plain linen between them. After working the strips over with linen thread into a pattern, narrow coloured ribbon is run down the centres of the drawn-work, and the linen squares embroidered with washing cotton of the same colour as the ribbon. An edging of lace finishes the border, and into this lace a line of narrow ribbon is threaded.

Another variety of pillow sham is made by sewing together five or eight pocket handkerchiefs with coloured borders, and ornamenting the same with a large knot of narrow ribbons of various shades of colour. The handkerchief borders in this case need not be alike, but should blend together, and their colours should be used as some of the colours in the knot of ribbons.

Palm-leaf fans still find favour as drawing-room fans, but are no longer left undecorated. The two newest ways of decorating them are as follows:—Take a well shaped and strong fan and paint it with oil-colours, with which a very little varnish has been mixed, either a very bright yellow or a brilliant scarlet. Give two coats of colour, and let the fan dry. Buy some ribbon half an inch in width; in colours, black, vivid green, sky-blue, and yellow-pink. Make a wide vandyke running down one of the lengths of ribbon by taking the running thread in diagonal lines across the ribbon from edge to edge. Draw the ribbon up so that it forms a number of pointed vandykes, sew the strips down the ribs of the fan at equal distances apart, and use black ribbon more than the other colours. Sew on a line of red gold tinsel between each strip of ribbon, and finish the handle with a knot of coloured ribbons.

The second make of fan requires a piece of plush, some narrow coloured silk cords, and various shades of tinsel. The cords are obtained by buying a yard of a twisted silk cord made up of various shades, and using the strands of this separately. Cut the piece of the plush the size of half the fan, so that it covers the fan on one side from the tip of leaf to the handle. Fasten this round the edge to the back of the fan, and ornament its straight edge on the fan with a line of tinsel on the uncovered side of the fan. Sew down each rib alternate lines of coloured silk cord and double lines of tinsel, using as many varieties of tinsel as possible, and arranging the cords with due regard to effect. Take three long peacocks' feathers, and fasten these across the piece of plush and sew their ends together close to the handle of the fan. Cover the handle with a piece of plush, and arrange a bow and ends of ribbon round the handle and to conceal the peacock feather ends. Line the back of the fan with thin silk or dark twill.

Blotting-book covers of velveteen are always acceptable presents. The foundation for these is a sixpenny blotter, size ten inches by eight inches, while three quarters of a yard of velveteen (price three shillings the yard) will make two covers, with a piece of brown holland or blue twill for the inside lining. The decoration for these covers is embroidery,

but this is only worked on the upper side of the blotter, the underside being left plain, so as not to interfere with its usefulness. The embroidery can be of any description of silk embroidery, either oriental embroidery with its quaintly-formed but impossible flowers and foliage, or sprays of naturally-tinted flowers worked in crewel silks, and both worked directly on to the velveteen foundation; or silk embroidery finished with a gold thread outline and worked upon a coloured rep silk foundation, and sewn on as an ornamental corner to the blotter; in fact there are many ways of ornamenting the cover, and the embroidery the worker is most proficient in should be selected. If church embroidery is within her capabilities, we advise the initials or coat of arms of the owner being worked in a frame on linen, cut out and couched down to the velveteen foundation with gold thread or gold cord; but such elaborate embroidery is not often obtainable. The way to make up the blotter is to cut the holland lining exactly the size of the sixpenny blotter, and the velveteen a little larger. Turn in the edges of both, and overcast them together, enclosing the stiff cover of the blotter between them, and sewing the blotting paper sheets in when the cover is made. Bradshaw covers are made like blotters, but naturally take less material, and are only embroidered in one corner.

Large photograph-holders can be easily made at home. These are used for the display of a number of cabinet photos, and are fitted with bands, into which the photograph is slipped and easily taken out. The size of such a stand is usually seventeen inches long by thirteen inches high, but they can be made of any size desired. The foundation is of millboard, to which a millboard support is fastened by its being glued to stout tape and the tape glued to the millboard, with sufficient width of tape left between the two pieces of millboard to allow the support to work. The upper side of the millboard is covered with quilted satin. The satin is selected of some bright colour, and the quilting lines are run as diagonal lines, not as making diamonds. Three tight bands of satin are sewn across the quilting; these are two inches in width, and require a lining of stiff net when made up. They are embroidered with coloured silks, either forming a running design, such as a spray of jessamine or celandine, or with some geometrical pattern constantly repeated. When finished and lined, the bands are placed as diagonal lines across the satin, not as horizontal lines.

For a photograph-holder the size given, the first band will be eleven inches in length, and will cross from the top of the holder to the left-hand side; the second band will be nineteen inches in length, and will cross from the extreme top corner of the frame on the right side to the bottom of the frame on the left; the third band will be twelve inches in length, and will be arranged beneath the last-mentioned, crossing from the right side to the bottom of the frame. Into these bands the photographs are stuck; therefore, they must be sewn firmly down at the sides where they end and commence, and stretch tightly across the quilted frame. On the right-hand bottom corner of the foundation, which is never covered with photographs, the owner's initials are sometimes worked in black silk over the quilting lines. This makes a good finish, but is not essential.

Bachelors' wall pincushions are useful presents for gentlemen. They are made of plush, and are ornamented with the perforated brass ornament used about the harness of cart-horses. These brass rounds are sold by all harness and saddle makers, and cost from sixpence to a shilling, and for the latter price the small brass handle by which they hang will be removed by the shopman, as it is not required for the pincushion. A quarter of a yard of plush, a quarter of a yard of house-flannel, and one yard of narrow satin ribbon are required for these cushions. To make them, tear up the house-flannel into an inch and a quarter wide widths. Roll these strips very tightly one over the other as a wide narrow wheel, and keep the strips firm by sticking pins through the wheel. When a round as large as the perforated brass is made, cut the plush into two rounds of the same size and a long strip an inch and a half wide. Cover one plush round with the perforated brass, and sew them both on the face of the wheel and well through to the back; turn the edges of the round of plush over the side, and sew on the round for the back of the cushion; conceal the edges of both pieces of plush with the narrow band, which turn in at its edges and secure tightly round the sides of the cushion. Make a loop of the ribbon to hang up the pincushion by, and sew the ends to the sides of the cushion, and with the remaining ribbon make a pretty bow, which fasten to the top of the loop.

The newest decoration for white wooden articles is the poker or burnt-wood work. This consists of burning down the background of any design so that the design itself is in relief. The fumes of the burning wood slightly colour the parts left untouched, and give an extremely soft and ivory-like appearance to the work, which, if carried out with the new apparatus introduced by Mr. Barnard, is quickly and easily accomplished.

The articles decorated with burnt wood work are all kinds of white wood photo frames, small wooden table screens, all kinds of boxes, bookslides, book cutters, drawing-room bellows, salt boxes, milking stools, tubs, paste rollers, etc. The best designs are those of large, single-petalled flowers, with their leaves, such as daffodils, daisies, and dog-roses. The design is drawn upon the wood, outlined with a burnt-in line, and its chief lines, such as divisions of flower petals, centres of flowers, veins of leaves indicated, and then the background burnt until it is depressed, and is of a warm brown deepening to black in colour. Mr. Barnard's apparatus consists of a platinum point connected by an indiarubber tube to a bottle of benzine, which is connected with another indiarubber tube to a small air pump. The latter held in the left hand is pressed, forcing air over the benzine to the platinum point and keeping that always red hot. The right hand holds the point and uses it like a broad pencil, keeping it steadily pressed on the wood until that is deeply burnt in. This apparatus costs twenty-five shillings, but if several girls join together to purchase it, there is no further outlay. Small pokers are used if the apparatus is not procurable. These are about eight inches long and an inch in circumference; they are sunk in wooden handles, and kept hot in a fire; four to six are required at once, as they soon become cold. The parts of the wood not burnt, such as the back of a screen, the legs of a stool, require to be stained, sized, and varnished, and the burnt wood is also varnished (not stained) as a finish. The paste rollers are used for holding whips, keys, etc. They are hung to the wall with coloured ribbons, and have a row of hooks screwed into them to hang keys, etc., to. B. C. SAWARD.

THE AMATEUR CHOIR TEACHER.

By the Hon. VICTORIA GROSVENOR.

In a former article we made some suggestions as to the possibility of improving a moderate gift for music with the view of learning to play the organ and qualifying for the noblest of service, that of leading God's praise in His church.

We propose now to take up the subject of training choirs for the same excellent service, on the understanding that the future teacher has taken the advice already given as to her own musical improvement. Personal fitness for this branch of instruction is most necessary; as if once the taught discover they know anything of which the teacher has not more perfect knowledge, that teacher's task will be a hard one. Therefore, there should be familiar acquaintance with every description of musical notation. Alto and tenor clefs should be well understood to be clearly explained when met with. On this subject we should like to recommend the careful study of "A Short Treatise on the Stave," by the late Dr. John Hullah, published by Parker, where the whole matter is admirably set forth and illustrated on its own technical grounds. The often-heard, but somewhat slipshod explanation, "Oh! you must read a note higher or a note lower," which leaves the puzzled learner very much where he was before, will thus be avoided. Even supposing the alto and tenor clefs are never met with, the study will repay the intending teacher by opening her mind and giving clearness to her musical ideas.

It will be seen, by what has been said, that we consider our amateur teacher's first qualification should be thorough knowledge of her subject. The second should decidedly be untiring patience, which will bear with stupidity, carelessness, want of zeal, deficient ear, bad pronunciation, and all the thousand and one difficulties which beset choirs. These consist generally of volunteers who join with but little idea of giving of their best to God, and an impatient teacher would soon find herself in the lonely position of the last player in Haydn's "Good-bye" symphony.

We would next place hopefulness in the teacher's catalogue of moral furniture. The learners will soon find out if they are being taught without hope of their improvement; listless work will be the result, and the shy, anxious members will give it up in despair. The power of encouraging effort, of detecting and commending the slightest sign of improvement, of persuading the members mentioned above that the work is within their grasp, if persevered in, is most necessary, and a kindly sunny disposition ever ready to look at the brightest side is simply invaluable.

Next we should place regularity and per

severance. Without these the teacher can do nothing. If she works in the best spirit she will feel that, like David, she cannot offer to God of that which doth cost her nothing, and she will be ready to forego little pleasures in order that the practice may not be interfered with, or the evening of the week changed. This last is a most important point; as the lives of working people, from whose ranks most members of choirs are recruited, do not adapt themselves to change, they seldom receive in its integrity a hasty message sent round to put off, and of all things, a walk for nothing after a day's work is to be avoided. Of course rules must be elastic and not unbending as iron, but experience shows that the above advice is really needful. Regularity in the teacher is sure to be imitated by the learners, and steady work must tell in the end.

The next point should be firmness tempered with wisdom. The teacher must be supreme, or no choir will prosper. Infallible she cannot be while here below; but even so, one will must rule or anarchy will be the result. Twenty (or whatever number may compose the choir) views of doing the same thing cannot conduce to harmony, moral or musical, and this fact must be impressed. At the same time there are local prejudices and fancies in most places, which a clever tactful teacher will soon discover and understand, so as to know when she had better give way.

Enough has been said to show that we do not consider the task of teaching a choir an easy one, nor will it always repay with success those who have given it much trouble. The teacher must sometimes find herself grappling with the effort of making the proverbial "sow's ear into a silk purse." She has impossible materials to weld, such as, *e.g.*, excellent, but roaring basses, trebles possessing no high notes, tenors out of tune, and leaning to amalgamation with treble, altos none! What is she to do? Courage! Go on, do your best, teach, exhort, scold, coax, never lose hope, and if you get no credit, try not to mind. Man does not know, but God does, what work you do for His sake, only be sure that you are so doing it. If the music be really the unattainable "silk purse," how much may be done in teaching the inharmonious little choir to phrase well, to throw out by judicious accent the sense of canticle and hymn, and so lead the congregation to think of the lesson it contains! How much zeal may be kindled by the teacher's energy! How speedily the broad dialect peculiar to the place will disappear before a little good-natured chaff and imitation from one in whose lips it is seen, even by its votaries, to be ridiculous! How the ill-used letter "H" may be helped and restored with the advice of breathing over it.

The reader will not, perhaps, think us very encouraging; but it is obvious that where excellent voices are to be had, forming them into a choir only needs intelligence and a firm hand from one who is equal in knowledge to the task undertaken. We have, therefore, tried to suit our advice to the needs of the many, who must perforce work under difficulty, being obliged to take, not the materials they desire to have, but only the heterogeneous ones at hand.

A few practical suggestions and we have done! Do not attempt too much in public. Congregations are very critical. One piece of music badly done will be more noticed than several faultless ones. On the other hand, keep on learning some music above the power of the choir for improvement and interest. In cold weather, when possible, choose music which does not try the voices too much by giving them sustained high notes to sing.

Lastly, work according to the views of the vicar of the parish, who is responsible for everything in it; try to carry out in the best possible manner whatever form of musical worship he desires to have in his parish church. You may not be of the same opinion; but you will gain nothing but good by putting your own views in the background and thus learning to obey as well as to teach. And may we not hope that the loving Father will acknowledge such work, even if imperfect in its results, as done by His child to His Glory?

"SHE COULDN'T BOIL A POTATO;"

OR,

THE IGNORANT HOUSEKEEPER, AND HOW SHE ACQUIRED KNOWLEDGE.

By DORA HOPE.

Mrs. Wilson's recovery was slow and tedious, even more trying to herself, perhaps, than to her nurses. She had always been particularly brisk and active, and had scorned to consider, or, as she said, "coddle," herself in any way, and it was a great trial to her energetic, self-reliant nature to be waited on hand and foot, and watched over "like a baby."

Ella, entirely unaccustomed as she was to illness of any sort, save her mother's occasional attacks of asthma, thought the nurse was unnecessarily checking her aunt's attempts to help herself, till Mrs. Mobberly explained to her what different treatment is necessary for different people, and how impossible it would be, with Mrs. Wilson's active temperament, to prevent her from getting excited and over-tired if she once began to take any part in what was going on around her, although a little exertion might have been actually beneficial to one of a calmer and more indolent nature.

It seemed a long time before Mrs. Wilson was allowed any food more substantial than beef-tea, of which she wearied greatly in spite of the nurse's many devices for varying it. She showed Ella how to alter the nature of it altogether by making it with half the quantity of mutton, or veal, instead of entirely beef; or with all three together. This not only made a pleasant change, but the doctor told them it was often found more easily digestible than when made of beef alone. Then again, both flavour and consistency were varied by adding cream, or an egg well beaten up, or thickening with corn flour, tapioca, wheaten flour, or rice, while at other times it was served clear, without either flavouring or thickening, or in the form of a jelly turned out of a tiny mould not larger than a teacup.

Gradually, however, Mrs. Wilson began to take more solid food, and then Ella's great difficulties began. By the end of her first week's experience of providing real meals for her aunt, she wrote to her mother that she had come to the conclusion that it was quite impossible to arrange dishes suitable in every respect for a sick room.

"Do pity the sorrows of a poor young housekeeper," she wrote, "with three people to please, the doctor, the nurse, and the patient, and they all want something different. First comes the doctor, and tells me I must now devote my attention to making the dishes as nourishing as possible, as it is time aunt was picking up her strength again; so I crowd in all the strengthening things I can think of, and flatter myself I have made a mixture strong enough to restore the weakest invalid; and the consequence is that next day nurse tells me she has been up all night with her patient, whose supper was too concentrated to digest. Next time, inspired by nurse's tale of sufferings, I make the simplest dish imaginable, which could not disagree with a baby, and it comes down almost untouched, with a sarcastic remark from Aunt Mary that when she is well she does not mind how plain her food is, but that in her present state of health she needs something to tempt the appetite a little. And yet——but I will draw a veil over the doctor's reproaches when I ventured to make her a spicy little dish."

But on the whole, in spite of her poor opinion of her own performances, Ella managed to supply the needs of the sick-room very satisfactorily; and she was much comforted on hearing from her mother that even the most experienced housekeepers find it a hard task to tempt the capricious appetite of an invalid, especially when it is necessary also that the food should be very nourishing, and at the same time so light as not to overtax the most feeble digestion. Mrs. Hastings sent her daughter a list of suggestions for little dishes for the sick-room, and added, at the close of her letter—

"At any rate, my child, if your task is difficult, as I know it must be, it is also satisfactory, for you can watch your patient each day able to take a little more nourishment, or a little more substantial food than the day before. You are saved the terribly sad duty of vainly trying to tempt an appetite which daily gets a little poorer, or of watching a dear one getting each day a little weaker, proving only too clearly that all your efforts are in vain."

Happily Mrs. Wilson liked oysters, and, though she soon tired of them, as of everything else, they formed the basis of a number of tempting little dishes. The favourite of these, a suggestion of the doctor's, was called "Angels on Horseback." Ella was very anxious to know what the ridiculous name meant, but could get no information from the doctor, who said he had often wondered himself, but all he knew was that it was a favourite dish with invalids, and that was the name it had always gone by. Each oyster was taken from the shell, and the beard cut off, and was then rolled up in a very thin slice of bacon, tied round with cotton, and fried. Usually three of these little rolls were enough for a dish.

At first Ella's generous nature led her into the mistake of sending up too large quantities of everything for the patient, but she soon learnt that a dish which would tempt an invalid if offered in small quantities, would be pushed aside in disgust if large and substantial-looking.

Next to "Angels on Horseback," the favourite dishes were scalloped or stewed oysters; while for a little additional nourishment between meals, the nurse would often suggest a "Prairie Oyster." This exceedingly

simple dish is not an oyster at all, but merely the raw yolk of an egg, served like an oyster on a small shell, with the smallest possible sprinkling of salt and pepper over it. The white must be very carefully strained off, so as to preserve the yolk unbroken, and it can then be slipped into the mouth and swallowed without any trouble to the patient.

Two other favourite dishes which the cook was particularly clever in making were jellied veal and faggots. For the former a small knuckle of veal was boiled till the meat slipped easily off the bones, which were then taken out. The meat was cut into very small pieces, and pepper, salt, mace, and thyme added to taste, with a small shalot chopped very fine. This was all put back into the liquor, and boiled again till it was thick, and then turned into a mould. When cold it formed a stiff jelly. Ella always found the flavouring a difficulty, for Mrs. Wilson's taste as an invalid was of course very different from what it was when in health, and her digestion was very easily upset; but the cook obstinately declared that she knew her mistress's tastes better than Ella, and in spite of all orders persisted in putting in flavouring according to her own fancy; so that many dishes which might have been simple and nourishing enough to be frequently asked for, had to be altogether prohibited, as being too spicy for the invalid's delicate digestion.

For the faggots, a rump steak was cut into thin strips of about three inches by two, and on these was spread a little butter, with pepper, salt, and the smallest atom of minced shalot, or sometimes a few herbs. The strips were then rolled up, tied with string, and fried in butter or clarified dripping, and served up in gravy.

Then there were the different kinds of panada, made of slices of chicken or game cut off the bones, and scraped and pounded, and gently simmered in milk; not to mention the numberless ways of cooking eggs, buttered, scrambled, poached, and boiled, besides omelettes, custards, and milk puddings of all descriptions.

At last, Mrs. Wilson began to show signs of real improvement, and as her strength returned she was allowed to spend part of every day on her comfortable, old-fashioned sofa, while a few visitors were admitted to see her. The nurse kept a very watchful eye over these visitors, and after their departure sometimes expressed herself in very strong language to Ella, saying that, "They ought to know better than to tire out an invalid with stopping such a long time, and as for some of them, why, they don't never seem to care how high they send Mrs. Wilson's temperature up, with their worriting talk, and exciting the poor creature so."

The nurse would have soon taken the matter into her own hands, and requested the visitors to retire when her patient began to look tired, but that Mrs. Wilson preferred Ella's attendance in the room to that of the nurse when visitors came, and she was not sufficiently experienced to know when her aunt was beginning to get tired. The nurse hit upon a plan, at last, which afforded Ella a good deal of secret amusement. Mrs. Wilson's spectacle-case was always placed on a little table by the side of her sofa, and the nurse arranged that, whenever she began to feel a little tired, and wished to be relieved of her visitors, she should take up this spectacle-case and lay it beside her on the sofa, which should be the signal for Ella, or the nurse, to suggest to the caller that Mrs. Wilson had talked as much as was good for her.

Every morning Ella had to bring an account of all the pets to her aunt, and under her searching questions revealed an amount of ignorance that quite appalled the old lady.

"You should not feed the ducks and hens together," she said, one day, in answer to a remark of Ella's. "Of course, the ducks eat more than their share, with their great flat bills. Where are your brains, child?"

Ella had a good deal of trouble with the fowls' food at first. Their morning meal was soft food, consisting of "sharps" (the outer part of wheat, which is separated in grinding the corn for white flour) and barley meal, mixed in equal parts, and added to any kitchen scraps there might be. This was wetted with boiling water, and should have been made into a stiff, dryish paste—a point Mrs. Wilson had been most particular about. The cook, however, objected to any extra trouble; as it was much easier to pour in water enough at once to make the mixture wet and sloppy, she always did so; while, as for the kettle really boiling—well, that was only one of her mistress's many fads.

Then there was the Indian meal, which ought not to have been used, except in the cold weather, and then only occasionally mixed with the other meal, but this had all been used up, and no fresh had been ordered, so the fowls had been fed on Indian meal alone, till that, too, was finished.

Again, with her liberal ideas, Ella gave them far more food than they could eat, and the wet, sour mess lay about all day; so that it was not at all to be wondered at that the fowls drooped, seemed out of order, and did not lay their proper quantity of eggs, and Ella, afraid of exciting her aunt by telling her they were ailing, only increased the evil by increasing the quantity of food.

This state of things had lasted some time, when the nurse took pity on Ella's difficulties, and told her it would do her aunt no harm to be asked for advice about the fowls; so, to Ella's great relief, they talked the matter over together, and a change was instituted in the feeding. Fresh meal of all kinds was ordered, and Ella had a practical lessons in mixing it.

Mrs. Wilson had all the materials brought into her room, and directed the process, while Ella, arrayed in a large apron, and with her sleeves turned up carefully, followed her instructions.

Some potato peelings and kitchen scraps had previously been boiled together till they were quite soft, and now Ella cut these up small, with an old knife, and then mixed the meal in equal parts, while waiting for the kettle to boil.

As soon as it boiled, the scraps were mixed in with the dry flour, and Ella, seizing the big wooden spoon, began to stir vigorously, while the nurse poured in the boiling water.

"Enough water," Mrs. Wilson cried, in spite of the incredulity of the two operators, who had intended to put in twice as much. "Don't stop beating it up, child," and Ella continued till she was hot and breathless.

"Now take up a handful and squeeze it."

Ella did so, and it fell from her hand a stiff lump, leaving her palm quite clean.

"That is quite right," said Mrs. Wilson, encouragingly, after slowly arranging her gold spectacles, and peering at the mass in the basin. "See that it is always stiff like that; and never give them more than they will run after when you throw it for them. If you find any is left, do not give them so much next time. At night give them each as much grain as you can take up in your hand, but no more. You may give the ducks a little more, but stop at once when their hunger is not keen. Now go and feed them, child; I am tired."

Under this treatment the fowls soon revived, and Ella was happy about them again, at any rate till she discovered that she had made other mistakes. She found the eggs she got now were much better and richer than those bought in shops, or even than those she got when the fowls were being carelessly fed, and that in consequence fewer of them were necessary in cooking.

One day, before she had began to take solid food, to the great delight of her nurses, Mrs. Wilson declared she was hungry, and had taken a fancy for a boiled egg. There were not many eggs from the hens now, but the ducks laid regularly; so Ella picked out a fine large duck egg, and carried in the prettily arranged tray herself; but what was her disappointment when, on breaking the shell, the egg was found not to be fresh. Her aunt pushed the tray away in disgust, the sight of the bad egg had quite turned off her appetite, and she refused to eat anything at all.

The nurse was very much vexed, and Ella herself was greatly distressed, and went off with the tray, more convinced than ever that housekeeping was not her vocation, and that she never would succeed in it.

The next time she was alone in the sick-room her aunt told her that she was evidently very careless about the eggs, and must begin to manage them differently. To begin with, she must use up all in the house as quickly as possible for cooking, and every fresh one that came in must be dated with lead pencil, and placed in order, with the large end downward, in a board pierced with round holes for the purpose, and which was kept in the cool larder. They were to be used in the order in which they were brought in, and, Mrs. Wilson added, severely, she hoped they would not soon disgrace themselves again by serving up a musty egg.

At the beginning of January, Mrs. Wilson directed Ella to bring a certain note-book and the writing materials.

"Now," she began, as soon as Ella was ready, "you will find a list, at the beginning, of all subscriptions that are due. I want you to write to all the people, and enclose the amounts. I will write cheques for the large sums, but for the others you must get postal orders. Make a list of all you will want, and then you can get them when you go out."

"But they have not applied for the subscriptions yet, auntie. I have brought you every application that has come. Would it not be better to leave them till they are asked for?"

But this did not suit Aunt Mary's views at all. She pointed out to Ella that she kept a note herself of the date when her subscriptions were due, and therefore knew the time as well as the recipients; and so she did not see the good of making the charities expend a penny postage, in addition to the cost of paper and envelope and clerk's salary, in merely reminding her of the fact.

"And be sure," she continued, "that you put a stamped envelope in with each subscription. I want them to get the benefit of the whole amount, without having to spend part of it in reminding and thanking me."

"There is another notice under the 'January' heading, auntie, about paying the dog tax. Ought that to be attended to?"

"Oh, yes, to be sure. Now you see the good of keeping a memorandum book, for I had quite forgotten that January was the month for renewing the licence. That will be seven and sixpence. Two dogs, did you say? Dear, dear, child, how ignorant you are, to be sure! Don't you know that dogs are not taxed till they are six months old, and the puppy is not nearly that yet?"

Ella looked rather crestfallen at this rebuke, which her aunt perceiving, hastened to comfort her by saying—

"Well, it can't be helped. You are a good girl, and do your best, my dear; but things were different when I was young, and girls were expected to know all the ways of a house. Ah, yes! girls were very useful, in the old days, when I was young."

(*To be continued.*)

"NO."

By MARY E. HULLAH.



EMBRANCE CLEMON sat writing in a snug room on the second floor of a house in an old-fashioned London street. A geranium stood on a flower-stand near the window; the walls were painted brown, and the carpet had faded into a comfortable insignificance.

Embrance was just twenty-four. She had come to London three years ago, on the strength of a promise of two pupils, and, behold! the pupils had multiplied rapidly, and she now had as many lessons as she could manage. She had been brought up by an aunt in the west of England; she had been educated at a high school, where she had successfully passed all the examinations that were open to her, and she was thoroughly happy in her present work. In very truth, she stood alone in the world. A few months ago, Mrs. Clemon (the aunt who had bestowed upon her such good care) had set sail for New Zealand, to join her only son, who was a farmer. She would fain have taken Embrance with her, but there were two insurmountable difficulties in the way: a lack of funds, and the young farmer's desire to marry his cousin, as soon as he should be in a position to support a wife. Embrance liked him, but she did not like him well enough to consent to this arrangement; she therefore decided to remain in London, and Mrs. Clemon, after some fretting, had been induced to look upon the plan with approval.

The years of work in the smoke and fog had not done more than tone down the roses in Embrance's cheeks; her hair, simply drawn back and plaited to her head, was that shade of brown that most people call black; she had kindly brown eyes, a large mouth, and a smile that won the hearts of her pupils at once, and caused their elder sisters to say that, after all, Miss Clemon was not so plain when you came to talk to her. Certainly, Miss Clemon was very little given to thinking about her appearance. It was, as Mrs. Clemon had always maintained, a pity. The grey gown that she wore, with a stiff collar, was singularly unbecoming to her; it was, indeed, warm and scrupulously neat, but when you had said that, you had come to an end of its praises. It was hideous.

At last, Embrance put down her pen and looked at the clock; it was getting late, and the tea-things were still uncleared from one end of the table. The street was very quiet, and she heard the postman's knock next door.

"I wish somebody would write to me," she said, aloud.

It was not the mail day, but there were friends in the country who corresponded with her from time to time, and to-night she would have rejoiced over the arrival of any letter. "I almost think," she said, looking round her little domain with a half-stifled sigh, "that it was a pity that I refused to go to that concert, but if I had gone"—with a glance at a thick book—"I shouldn't have got through

my reading. By-and-by, when I'm an old lady, perhaps I shall have time to enjoy myself!" The gratification that she derived from this reflection was considerably damped by the after-thought, "and then I shan't care about it!"

Her meditations were interrupted at this stage by a sound of stumbling footsteps on the staircase. It was Annie, the maid, panting and out of breath; there was a lady just come, who wanted to see Miss Clemon.

"A lady!" repeated Embrance. "What is her name?"

"She didn't say, miss; she is coming up."

A sharp ring of a bell sent Annie hurrying down stairs again; the lady, whoever she was, would have to find her way unassisted.

Embrance went out on to the landing. "The stairs are very steep," she said, "please take care."

"Embrance, oh, dear Embrance! is that you at last?" said a voice from below. "I thought I should never find you in this horrible dark place; how can you bear it?"

"Hush! Come up; I am glad to see you, Joan. Come into my room."

The new-comer ran up the last few steps, and flung her arms vehemently round Embrance, who led her into her sitting-room, and then drew back to look at her.

"Oh, Embrance," gasped Joan, fairly breaking down now that the door was shut behind her, "do be glad to see me! I have taken you by surprise, haven't I? But you said you would always help me, so I've come."

She took off her hat, and sat down on the sofa, dragging Embrance with her. She was a young, fair girl, graceful in every movement, with a small, delicate face, surrounded by masses of yellow hair. Her blue eyes were full of tears, and her pretty lips quivered.

"My darling," said Embrance, tenderly, holding her by both hands, "of course you came if you wanted me; but you are so tired and cold, I will ring for some hot water and make you fresh tea, and when you are rested you shall tell me all about it."

"Let me tell you now," said Joan, excitedly. "Oh, Embrance! it is so dull at home now that you are gone, and Mrs. Clemon is gone, and everybody I care for! And I don't get on with my painting, and they cracked my best plate just when I wanted to send it to the Exhibition at Exeter."

"Well, never mind. You must begin another one," said Embrance, coaxingly, almost as if she had been speaking to a child, while she cut thin slices of bread-and-butter, and produced cake from the recesses of a cupboard. "Tell me, is your grandfather in London?"

"No; he's at home, and Emily, too. I said that I should like to come to you, and they said very well—I must write and ask you if it would be convenient. And then I packed a bag, and just came up by the next train."

"My dear Joan, they will think that you are lost."

"No they won't. I wrote a letter to grandpapa before I came away, and he had given his consent, you know. Are you shocked, Embrance?"

"Not in the least." Embrance's dark eyes rested on her friend with a look that showed how completely she meant what she said. "But I should like to hear the rest of the story, Joan. There is something more than a cracked plate."

"You are a real conjuror. I believe you know all about it without my telling you." Joan hung her head, and went on pathetically, "Alfred Brownhill has been tiresome again, and grandpapa is bent upon my accepting him, and Emily keeps on trying to persuade me. She says that it is ridiculous for a girl in my position to throw away such a good chance. I am tired of being told so often that I'm dependent; so——"

"You came to me to learn to do for yourself, you poor child! You know how glad I shall be to help you, if I can."

"Embrance, you're the kindest person in the world!" was all Joan said; but she slipped her hand into her friend's slim fingers caressingly.

They had been friends from childhood. Embrance had often helped little Joan Fulloch with her lessons, or coaxed her grandfather into overlooking some escapade that was against his notions of propriety. She knew well that it was a dreary home for an imaginative girl down at Doveton, and that Emily (another granddaughter of the old man's) was as unsympathetic as she could be, looking upon Joan's wish to become an artist as the wildest of wild schemes. Embrance had vague recollections of Mr. Brownhill (a flourishing county town solicitor) as a dull man, who played lawn tennis. She did not believe that Joan liked him, and as the child was harshly treated at home, she was doubly welcome here. At any rate, if the worst came to the worst, there was a small sum in the savings bank that would pay extra expenses for a year to come—and a year was a long time to look forward in Embrance's eyes.

Joan soon regained her spirits, and forgot her fatigue in the novelty of the situation. It was like a fairy tale, living up here at the top of that corkscrew staircase; and what a pretty flower! and might she paint here when Embrance was out? She had her own notions, though they were somewhat erratic, about making money.

To-morrow she would write to her cousin, Horace Meade, and he would help her to get something to do; and she began making calculations as to the number of people who required dinner services in the course of a year. If Horace could once get orders for her, her fortune was made, and in her spare time, she would paint landscapes for exhibitions.

"Then, you must give up these rooms," exclaimed Joan, eagerly, "and we can go and live somewhere where there is a garden. And, dear Embrance, you'll let me buy you another dress. You ought really never to wear that cold colour."

Joan's own dress was of a delicate blue shade, hanging in artistic folds about her pretty figure.

Embrance heaved a little sigh; she was accustomed of old to her friend's castle-building, but she would not say a word to damp her ardour on this first night. She arranged her books and papers ready for the morning's work (her special reading must, of course, be put aside now), then she came and sat by Joan, and listened to her long account of home troubles, till the clock struck eleven, and the lamp began to burn low.

The days passed on; the winter was at hand. In spite of Joan Fulloch's good resolutions, in spite of her hostess's kindness, she was far from content in her new surroundings. Her grandfather had sent a box containing clothes and painting materials; he had enclosed a brief note in which he foretold that she would soon wish to return to Doveton. Perhaps, if it had not been for this note, Joan would have said good-bye to Embrance and the second floor parlour some weeks ago. As it was she stayed on, always looking out for commissions that never came, and making plans to paint pictures that she never began. Either the light was too bad, or she had a headache; there was always an excuse, and Embrance returned night after night, to find her visitor plunged in the depths of despair. She would straightway set to work to cheer her up, and before tea was over, Joan was invariably sure of success—to-morrow or the next day. At last she heard of a pupil, but, unfortunately, she did not take kindly to teaching; she was very unpunctual, and it did not seem likely that her connection would increase with rapidity. In the meantime, Embrance had begun to draw upon her savings, for the expenses had increased marvellously since the autumn. There were so many little luxuries that Joan, poor child, could not possibly do without.

"Embrance," said Joan, one evening. She was sitting over the fire with a novel, her face was flushed, and her hair was disordered; "I do want so many things. I wish I could earn some money."

"You have got your pupil," said Embrance, looking up from her book. She was translating Schiller, and it was the third time that Joan had interrupted her.

"Five shillings an hour!" exclaimed Joan, kicking the fireirons down with a clatter. "It's so little; I shan't have earned enough by Christmas to buy a winter jacket, and besides, I owe you so much, Embrance!"

"Never mind about that, Joanie; I have enough for the present, if we are careful."

"It is so tiresome of Horace to be away just when I want him most," continued Joan, "but he'll come to-morrow; he has enough to do; he ought to be able to help me. Do try and be in early to-morrow."

Embrance shook her head. "I can't be home till seven o'clock."

"Put off that stupid lesson."

"I'm afraid it is impossible."

"I want you to see Horace. You never do anything I ask you!"

"I am very sorry, Joan."

"What's the good of being sorry?" asked Joan, pettishly. "No, no! I don't mean it!" She turned round sharply and saw that her friend's eyes were full of tears. In a second, she had flung down her book and was kneeling at Embrance's chair: "Do forgive me, it isn't true. You are the only person in the world who has real patience with me. Don't mind what I said; I didn't mean it."

It took some time to calm Joan down after her fit of penitence, but at last she went back to her novel.

Embrance sat with both arms on the table; the translation got no farther. Her heart was full of love for her friend, and yet—she had her fair share of common sense—she could not but see that Joan was thoroughly unfit for her present mode of life. She was just one of those girls who would be happiest in a home of her own. Here, for once, Embrance found herself cordially agreeing with Emily Fulloch, who was as old-fashioned in her notions as it was possible for a narrow-minded spinster to be.

Perhaps a "brain-wave" of sympathy passed from one friend to another at that moment, for Joan looked up from her book:

"Darling, I think you will like Horace better than Mr. Brownhill, though he is not so good-looking. I hope you will!"

"I will try," said Embrance, jumping up to kiss Joan; "I will try my hardest, for your sake."

Joan blushed, and Embrance began talking of other matters.

A week later, Mrs. Rakely (a friend of the Fullochs) came to London. She stayed at an hotel close by, and was glad of Joan's company, as she wished to get through as much sight-seeing as she conveniently—or inconveniently—could in the space of a fortnight.

One Saturday afternoon Embrance had come home early (Joan had gone to luncheon with Mrs. Rakely); she was tired, it had been a warm, rainy day; her boots were muddy and her dress was damp. The armchair by the fire looked very tempting; she sat down, and

in a few seconds was fast asleep, dreaming of a magnificent abode in New Zealand, where Joan, in a white satin gown and a diamond necklace, was blissfully wedded to an emperor with flowing ringlets and bright grey eyes. The emperor had very bright eyes, indeed, and a habit of knocking on the ground with his sceptre; he was also afflicted with a curious kind of cough that did not sound natural—and yet it was natural, appallingly so. With a start and a jerk, Embrance sat up in her chair wide awake, and met the gaze of a real pair of grey eyes (brimming over with fun) that belonged to a gentleman, who stood, hat in hand, at the open door.

"I really apologise humbly," he said, without venturing to approach; "but I was told to walk up, and I knocked several times, and someone said 'Come in.'"

Embrance had recovered her presence of mind. "Please do come in," she said. "I am very sorry that I was asleep; but I was so tired. I think you are Mr. Meade?"

"That is my name," said the visitor, looking across the room from the smoky fire to the rows of books with a quick glance; "and I have the pleasure of speaking to Miss Clemon."

"Yes," said Embrance, holding out her hand. "Joan will be so disappointed to miss you. She is not in."

The recollection of her plans for Joan's future happiness brought the blood to her cheeks. She stooped over the fire to hide her confusion. Yes, she liked the look of him. He had a clever, kindly face, much bronzed by the sun; he wore a short beard and a turned-down collar; he had no gloves, and his hands were long and thin.

"Do let me do that for you," said Mr. Meade, putting down his hat and umbrella. "I am exceedingly skilful at managing fires and chimneys; in fact, I have occasionally regretted not having been brought up to it professionally."

"As a chimney-sweep?" inquired Embrance.

"No, I think not," said Mr. Meade, gravely, as he inserted the poker between the bars, "but there might have been an opening as stoker or master of the bellows in some grand family. There, now, if you will allow me to have a sheet of newspaper, I think I shall succeed to perfection."

Embrance fetched the newspaper, and in a few minutes the crimson flames were leaping up the chimney.

(To be continued.)

THE SHEPHERD'S FAIRY.

A PASTORALE.

By DARLEY DALE, Author of "Fair Katherine," etc.

CHAPTER IX.

THE following Saturday turned out to be a misty November morning. Towards noon the fog lifted, and at half-past one, when Dame Hursey prepared to start to keep her appointment with her son, it was tolerably clear, but the old wool-gatherer, who was as weather-wise as John Shelley himself, shook her head as she scanned the horizon from the door of her miserable cottage, and muttered to herself she doubted the fog would come on worse than ever at sunset.

As this was the first time she had seen her son for twelve or thirteen years, and would probably be the last, seeing that he was going back to Australia, probably never to return, at least in her lifetime, Dame Hursey regarded the occasion as a festive one, and had taken a holiday in honour of it. Her morning had been spent in cleaning her miserable cottage, in the faint hope that her son might be persuaded to come home and spend the evening with her. In this hope all her wool-gatherings had been taken upstairs instead of lying about the floor and corners of the kitchen, as they usually did; the floor had been scrubbed, a fire was lighted, two rickety armchairs drawn up to it, and a cup and saucer, a mug, and two or three plates—Dame Hursey's stock of crockery—placed on the table. She dispensed with dinner, and contenting herself with a piece of bread and cheese, reserved two red herrings for her tea on her return with her son.

Then she dressed herself in her Sunday dress, not without some qualms lest the fog should turn to rain. Even if it did, on such an occasion as this she must wear her best things, so she put on her black stuff dress, a black and white plaid shawl, and a bonnet that might have come out of the ark, judging from its antique shape, and which, to Dame Hursey's pride, was ornamented with some dirty old artificial flowers. Thus attired, and having made up the fire and left the kettle on the hob, she locked up her hut, put the key in her pocket, and providing herself with a gigantic cotton umbrella, to answer the purpose of a walking-stick as well as in case of rain, she set out for Mount Harry.

Though Dame Hursey knew all the short cuts, it was more than an hour's walk from her house to the top of Mount Harry, but the old woman was longing to see her son again, so she started in good time, and reached the spot a quarter of an hour before he did, though he was punctual. The fog was rolling up again, as the old wool-gatherer had predicted, and, accustomed as her black eyes were to piercing the mists which so often wrap those rounded hills like a damp clinging garment, her son was close upon her before she saw his form, looming like a gigantic grey figure close beside her. It was twelve years and a half since they had met, and George Hursey was very much altered in appearance since, in the character of John Smith, carpenter on board the French yacht Hirondelle, he had laid the baron's little daughter on John Shelley's doorstep; but for all that his mother declared she would have recognised him in a crowd.

"You'll come home and have a cup of tea and a chat, George, after all these years, won't you?" said the old dame, gazing with pride and affection on her ne'er-do-well son.

"No, mother, no; I might be recognised, and I don't want to be arrested for making off with a child, before I go back to my own wife and children."

"The child is safe enough, if you mean the child you left on John Shelley's doorstep thirteen years ago come next June."

George Hursey gave a sigh of relief, for many a nightmare had that innocent baby, which, for aught he knew to the contrary, might have perished from cold or exposure through his fault, given him.

"John Shelley took it in then, as I thought he would?"

"Yes, and a beauty she is, and no mistake. George, tell me who the child is, will you, honey?" said Dame Hursey, in a wheedling tone.

"That's what I have come here for chiefly, that and to see you once again, for when I say good-bye to England tomorrow it will be for good this time; I am going to give up the sea, and live at home now."

"Well, you know your own affairs best; but about the lassie, George; whose child is she? No poor person's, I'll be bound," said Dame Hursey, whose curiosity about Fairy exceeded even her interest in her son's family affairs.

"She is the niece of my late master, a French gentleman, and it was by his wish I took her to John Shelley, only instead of going in as I pretended I had done, I left her on the doorstep, and went off with the purse; and if ever I cursed in my life I have cursed that money, which, for aught I knew till a few minutes ago, had made me a murderer, though for that matter I may be one still, for the baroness may have fretted herself into her grave for her baby."

"The baroness, did you say, George? Sure, I was right, she is no common child, no fit wife even for gentleman Jack," exclaimed the old woman, opening her umbrella, partly to keep the fog off, partly as a sort of screen to shut in the secret she had yearned so long to learn. But George was following up his own train of thought, and went on, heedless of her interruption—

"Though, as true as I stand here, I never knew till last week that Monsieur Léon was drowned, and the Hirondelle lost a day or two after I left her. Likely as not the baron thinks the child was drowned too, since they have never found her. I might never have known, only I happened to ask at Yarmouth if they had ever had a French yacht named Hirondelle over there, and some of the fishermen remembered all about the wreck. When I heard that I determined

to come and see if the child was safe, and now I know it is, I want to do the rest, mother."

"Yes, honey, what is it? You may trust me. I guessed the night I met you you knew all about the fairies' child, and I have kept your secret and watched the child ever since, for your sake, George."

"Well, I want you to go to John Shelley, or to the parson if you like, or both, and tell them the child belongs to the Baron de Thorens, of Château de Thorens, near Carolles, in Normandy. Shall I write it down for you?"

"No, no, I can't read it if you do; I shall remember fast enough—Baron de Thorens, Château de Thorens, near Carolles, Normandy. I shall think of Christmas carols, De Thorens, Château de Thorens," repeated Dame Hursey.

"Never mind château, it only means castle, but don't forget the name, De Thorens. Here, I'll cut that word on your umbrella handle with my knife in printed letters. You can read print, I know."

"All right; and what else am I to tell them?"

"Why, that my master and the baron gave me the child twelve years and a half ago to put out to nurse with an Englishwoman. I went ashore at Brighton in a little boat with Pierre Legros, one of the sailors, and I walked across the downs with the child, and left it on John Shelley's doorstep; then I told Monsieur Léon John had taken it in and promised to look after it. He took the address, and the only person I thought I had robbed was John Shelley, though I knew the baron would make it up to him when he heard of it."

"Are they rich, George?" asked the old woman, taking a pinch of snuff as she peered at her son through the fog.

"Yes, I think so. The château is a beautiful place, and stands in a park."

"Is that all I am to say?"

"Yes, leave the rest to the parson to decide; he will write to the baron in French very likely. You may tell them as soon as you like, for I shall be out of the country to-morrow."

"I shall wait till you are gone; one day more can't make any difference, and it is best to be on the safe side, then if they want to know where you are, I can say on your way to Australia, so there'll be no fear of their catching you, though it is so long ago there isn't much danger of that now."

"Please yourself, and now I must be off. Here are five sovereigns for you, mother; they are honestly earned, so you need not be afraid to take them, and now I must say good-bye. How thick the fog is; there is no danger of anyone seeing me this evening; it is as much as I shall do to find my way down to the Brighton Road without breaking my neck in a chalk pit. Take care of yourself, mother; but you know these downs better than I do," said George Hursey, kissing his mother.

"Ay, ay, lad, never fear for me; I have been out in worse fogs than this. Good-bye, God bless you," and the old wool-gatherer strained her eyes till her son's figure disappeared, as it very quickly did, in the fog.

She stood still for a minute or two after he had gone, gloating over the secret she had at last discovered, and muttering to herself again and again, "Baron de Thorens, Carolles, Normandy," and then she too turned and walked slowly off through the fog in a different direction.

It was quite true she had been out in worse fogs than this, but whether it was that she was too much occupied with her own thoughts to think of where she was going, or whether the fog, which gradually increased, was worse than she fancied, she suddenly, after wandering about for half-an-hour, awoke to the conclusion that she did not know where she was. If she had come right she ought to have been at the bottom of the hill by now, whereas she was still on flat ground, and had not begun the descent.

She had been so absorbed in wondering what the Shelleys, particularly "gentleman Jack," as she always called Jack, would say to her news, and in picturing to herself the amazement on learning that Fairy was the daughter of a French nobleman, perhaps a baroness herself or a countess, for Dame Hursey had very vague ideas on the subject of French titles; and in thinking how pleased Fairy would be to hear she was a rich lady, that she forgot all about the fog and where she was going. Loving gossip as she did, the secret George had put in her power was dearer to her than the five sovereigns tied up in the corner of her pocket-handkerchief; it would add to her importance in the neighbourhood more than the gold. Moreover, it might lead to a reward for her, since she had had no part in leaving the child to the care of the shepherd, and Fairy she was sure would not suffer her to be forgotten when the Shelleys came to be rewarded.

"Why, but for me Fairy might never find her parents after all; if I were to keep this secret to myself she would never know for certain she was a lady born, perhaps a countess. I shall make them understand that before I tell them. Or, if anything was to happen to me now before I have told them, why they'd like to never know it. Bless me, where am I? This fog is worse than I thought; I ought to have been home by now, and here I am still on the top. De Thorens, Carolles, Normandy," and so muttering to herself Dame Hursey disappeared in the fog.

That same afternoon, Fairy, little thinking her name and birth were so soon to be revealed, and her happy life in the shepherd's cottage exchanged for a very different one in a French château, had gone for a walk with Charlie, and, to Mrs. Shelley's great anxiety, at half-past five o'clock, when her husband and Jack came in to tea, they were not home. The fog now was so dense that you could hardly see your hand before you, and even with a lantern you could not discern anything a yard or two in advance of you, and Mrs. Shelley was intensely relieved when John and Jack came home safe.

"Thank God you are both back safely; it is an awful fog, isn't it, John?" asked Mrs. Shelley, as John stood wiping the fog from his beard and face.

"Yes, it is a bad one; luckily both Jack and I saw it was coming on and got the sheep home before dark, or we might have been half the night on the downs."

"Isn't it tiresome? Charlie and Fairy went out for a walk soon after dinner, and they are not back now; I have been in such a fright about them," said Mrs. Shelley.

"What, mother? Fairy out in this fog? Good heavens! the child may be killed! What on earth does that little idiot mean by taking her out in a fog? He deserves a sound thrashing," burst out Jack.

"Hush, Jack; Charlie may be in danger as well," said Mrs. Shelley.

"Serve him right too," muttered Jack, as he went in search of a lantern without another word.

"Fairy and Charlie out, wife? Dear me, we shall have to go and look for them; why, they may fall into a chalk-pit and break their necks. Where have they gone?" asked John, leisurely putting on his hat and scarf.

"I don't know, but I fancy to Mount Harry; I heard Fairy talking about it."

"Here, Jack, we shall have to go and look for them children, I think," called out the shepherd to Jack.

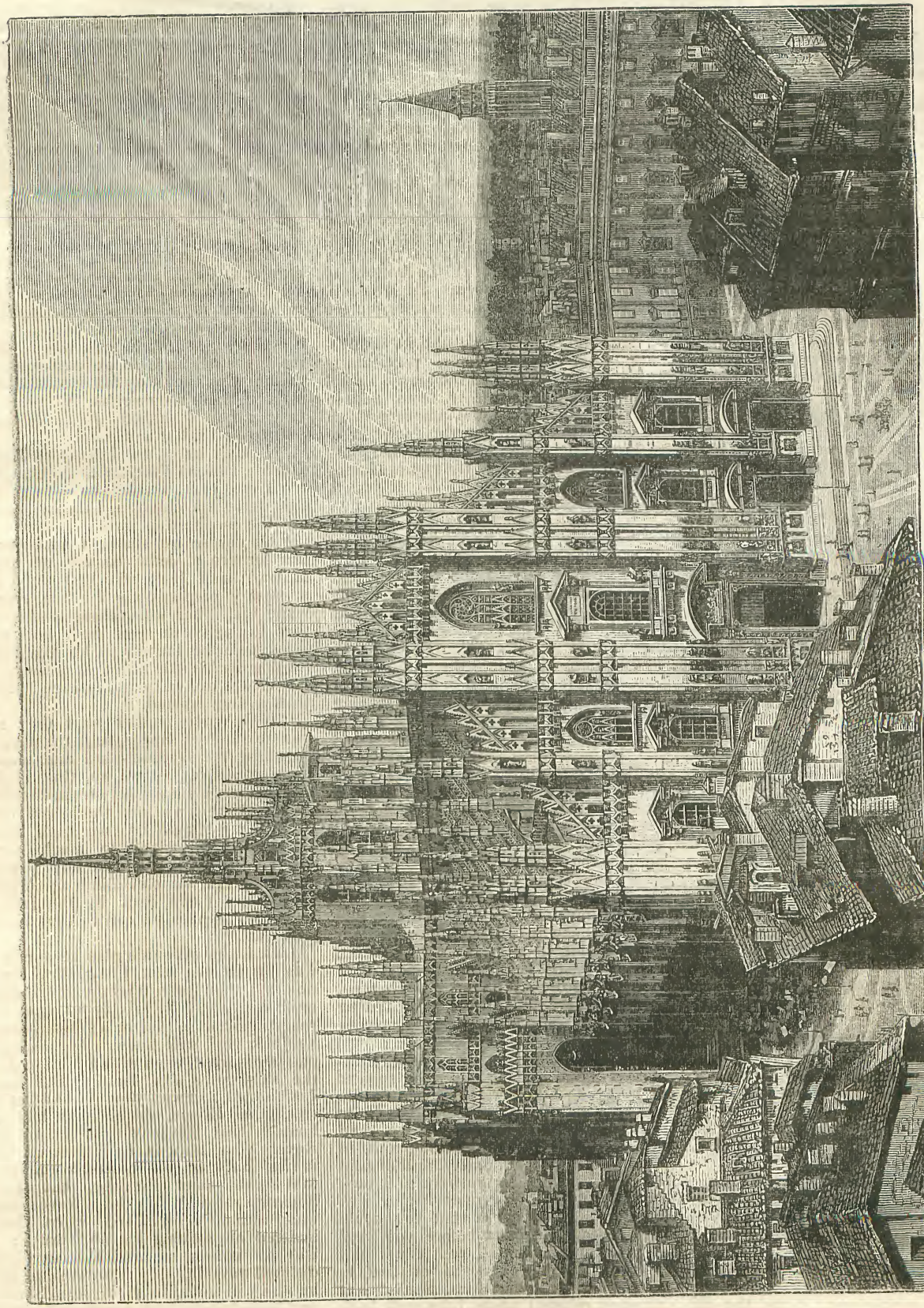
"Of course we shall; I am lighting the lantern; let's be off at once, father," said Jack, who had made the necessary preparations for the search while his father was taking in the fact that the children were lost, and now stood with the lantern in his hand and his dog by his side at the open door.

"Where are we to go, father?" said Jack as they started.

"Well, your mother says they are gone to Mount Harry, so if we were to go along the Oatham-road and search those chalkpits as we go, that is the only place they are likely to have fallen down. If they are not there, and God forbid they should be, we shall know they have not come to much harm beyond a fright. When we have passed the chalkpits we can climb up Mount Harry and come back by the jail; I have my compass, we can't go far wrong with that."

Jack fell in with this plan at once; it was by far the best thing they could do; but then John Shelley, in his slow, methodical way, invariably hit upon the wisest plan of action in an emergency, as Jack very well knew. Accordingly, off they started, each with a lantern and the shepherd's dog leading the way. Jack's own dog was younger and not so steady as Rover, so he kept him at home. This Rover was a son of the Rover who had first discovered the fairies' baby on his master's doorstep that midsummer evening, but John Shelley called all his dogs Rover, and was rather scandalised when Jack insisted on naming his dog Bruce; it was an innovation, and the shepherd disliked anything new; however, in this he was persuaded to yield, Mrs. Shelley and Fairy taking Jack's part, and saying two Rovers in one family at the same time would never do.

(To be continued.)



MILAN CATHEDRAL.

OUR TOUR IN NORTH ITALY.

By TWO LONDON BACHELORS.

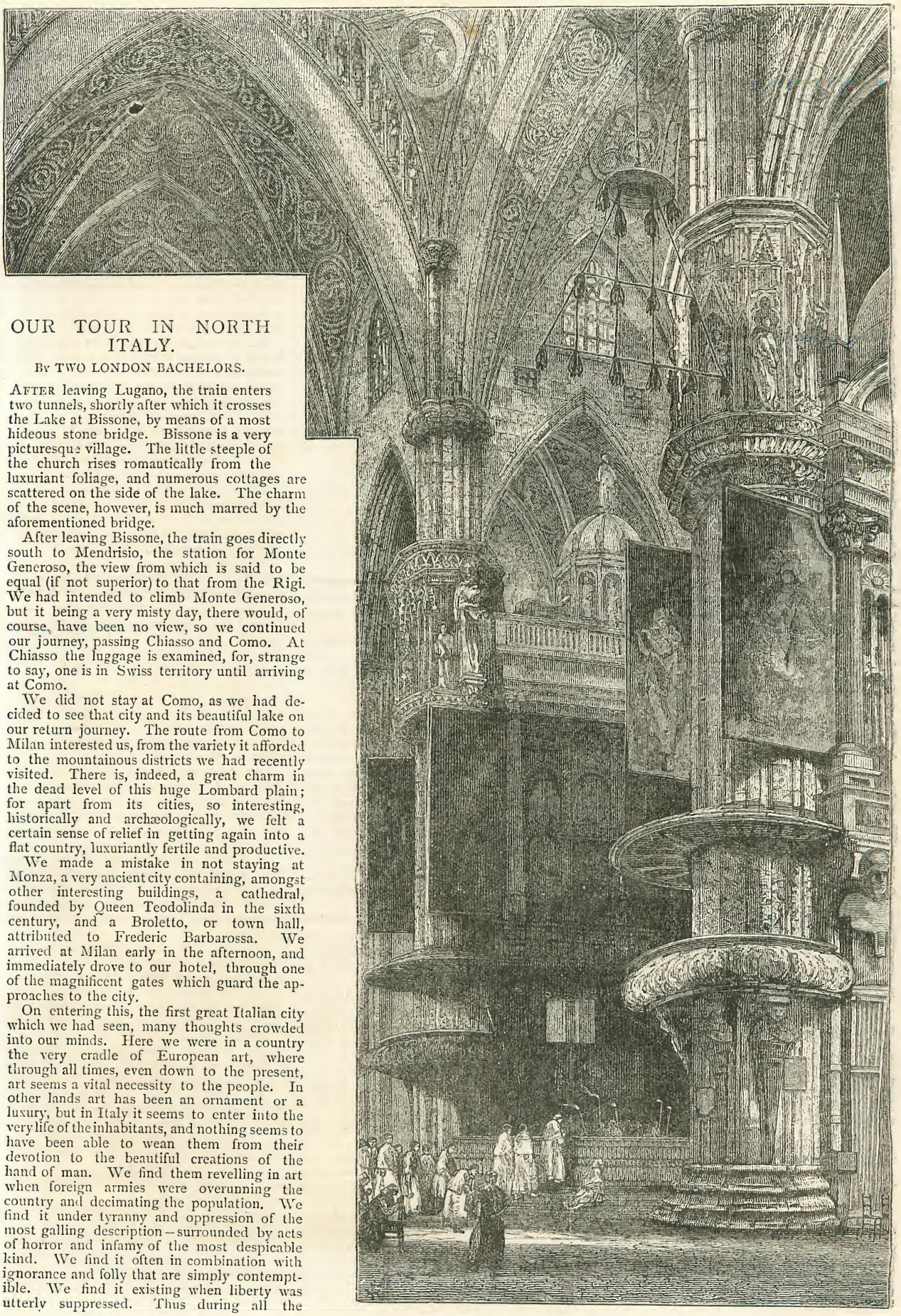
After leaving Lugano, the train enters two tunnels, shortly after which it crosses the Lake at Bissone, by means of a most hideous stone bridge. Bissone is a very picturesque village. The little steeple of the church rises romantically from the luxuriant foliage, and numerous cottages are scattered on the side of the lake. The charm of the scene, however, is much marred by the aforementioned bridge.

After leaving Bissone, the train goes directly south to Mendrisio, the station for Monte Generoso, the view from which is said to be equal (if not superior) to that from the Rigi. We had intended to climb Monte Generoso, but it being a very misty day, there would, of course, have been no view, so we continued our journey, passing Chiasso and Como. At Chiasso the luggage is examined, for, strange to say, one is in Swiss territory until arriving at Como.

We did not stay at Como, as we had decided to see that city and its beautiful lake on our return journey. The route from Como to Milan interested us, from the variety it afforded to the mountainous districts we had recently visited. There is, indeed, a great charm in the dead level of this huge Lombard plain; for apart from its cities, so interesting, historically and archæologically, we felt a certain sense of relief in getting again into a flat country, luxuriantly fertile and productive.

We made a mistake in not staying at Monza, a very ancient city containing, amongst other interesting buildings, a cathedral, founded by Queen Teodolinda in the sixth century, and a Broletto, or town hall, attributed to Frederic Barbarossa. We arrived at Milan early in the afternoon, and immediately drove to our hotel, through one of the magnificent gates which guard the approaches to the city.

On entering this, the first great Italian city which we had seen, many thoughts crowded into our minds. Here we were in a country the very cradle of European art, where through all times, even down to the present, art seems a vital necessity to the people. In other lands art has been an ornament or a luxury, but in Italy it seems to enter into the very life of the inhabitants, and nothing seems to have been able to wean them from their devotion to the beautiful creations of the hand of man. We find them revelling in art when foreign armies were overunning the country and decimating the population. We find it under tyranny and oppression of the most galling description—surrounded by acts of horror and infamy of the most despicable kind. We find it often in combination with ignorance and folly that are simply contemptible. We find it existing when liberty was utterly suppressed. Thus during all the



INTERIOR OF MILAN CATHEDRAL.

Middle Ages and the period of the Renaissance, whether the Italians were slaves or free, whether they were conquered or victorious, whether they were united or divided, still this marvellous spirit of art seems to have pervaded everything from their religion down to the most ordinary acts of everyday life.

Another thought which naturally suggests itself on entering Milan is that of the two noble characters whose lives stand out like brilliant meteors amongst the gloom, horror, wickedness, and folly, which stain so much of her history. We refer to her two Archbishops—St. Ambrose, the light and glory of her early history; and Charles Borromeo, the bright star which illumined her deepest gloom. And one cannot help thinking of the good and great man pursuing his mission of charity amongst the sick and dying of the plague-stricken city.

Our first thought was to find our way to the cathedral, the second largest Gothic church in Europe, about which probably more has been written, and a greater number of conflicting opinions as to its merit expressed, than about any building in the world, with the exception of St. Peter's, Rome. As it is impossible to say anything new about this wonderful cathedral, we shall principally confine our remarks to our own individual impressions and opinions.

To commence with, the first view of the interior struck us as far finer than the more popular exterior. Indeed, so great an effect had it upon No. 2, that he turned as white as a sheet, and seemed completely overcome with the wonder of the buildings. The enormous proportions of the church, the great height of the pillars, with their canopied niches over the capitals, and the rich religious effect of the whole, formed a picture, in comparison to which (in our eyes) the blazing but meretricious glory of the exterior, with its 4,000 or so niches and vast masses of carving, was not to be compared. It is said that an intimate acquaintance with both exterior and interior will fall far short of one's first impressions.

Now this did not strike us with regard to the interior. No, not even after we realised the tracery of the roof to be painted, and the tracery of the windows to be somewhat straggling and unmeaning. But it is a different matter from the exterior; after the first astonishment is over, one sees at once the great over-elaboration and the general "spikiness" of the effect, though No. 1 thought the admixture of the Renaissance style in the façade saved this portion of the cathedral by supplying that solidity and "sobriety of line" which the building otherwise so painfully lacks.

Even before we heard that the architect was supposed to have been a German, we recognised the Teutonic character of the cathedral, especially of the interior, which seemed to be not entirely unlike that of Cologne.

To enter more into detail, the plan is a Latin Cross, terminated by an apse, and divided into a nave and four aisles. The interior is 477 feet in length, by 183 in breadth, exclusive of the transepts, and is supported by fifty-two pillars, which are eighty feet in height and twelve feet in diameter. The before-mentioned niches, which crown the pillars, are a great feature, each niche being of different design, and all remarkably beautiful. The roof is elaborately painted in imitation (so it is said) of tracery. Street calls this an "abominable device, which never ceases to offend and annoy the eye more and more every time it is observed." The effect did not seem to No. 1 at all disagreeable; quite the contrary. He thought it added great beauty and richness to the design, and does not believe that it was ever intended to deceive the beholder into the idea that it is real tracery. "Why not believe it to be mere decorative painting, and beautiful art as such?" he asked. But No. 2 was really deceived into believing that the imitation of tracery was actually what it represented, particularly as the design, which is in dark-brown colouring upon a light ceiling, represents carvings of beautiful patterns and filigree work, very much like the Gothic screens of some of our English cathedrals, only fixed upon the ceiling instead of being on the line of sight. But when, after investigation, he found the paint obliterated here and there by damp and other causes, showing blotches of brown and white, he was disgusted beyond measure, and began to look upon other work with suspicion. "Why," cried he, "should a Christian church impose on the unwary, or to the wary preach affectation and artifice?"

There is no triforium, and the pavement is a mosaic of various coloured marbles. There is a great quantity of old stained glass in the windows, which, though not equal to our old English glass, yet gives the building a very religious effect, which is still more enhanced by the colour of the stonework, which has the appearance of old ivory. The interior is well filled with ancient monuments; but we have no space to describe them, and will simply add that the most remarkable are those of Gian Giacomo and Gabriele de Medici, attributed to Michael Angelo; of Cardinal Caracciolo, in black marble, by Bambaja; and of Ottone Visconti, Archbishop of Milan, which is earlier in date than any portion of the cathedral. In the north transept is the bronze candelabrum for holding seven lamps, constructed in imitation of that which existed in the Holy Temple of Jerusalem—a magnificent work erected in the thirteenth century. And in the south transept is a famous statue of St. Bartholomew being flayed alive.

St. Charles Borromeo, the great Archbishop of Milan, is buried below the dome in a subterranean chapel. It may interest our girls to know that he was the originator of Sunday-schools in Europe.

The Duomo of Milan is like no other building in the world, it belongs to no distinct style of architecture, and in art it had neither parents nor children. Nothing was ever built like it before, and nothing will ever be built like it again. We do not say that it is the most beautiful church ever built, nor do we deny that, architecturally speaking, it possesses many grave faults, but what we mean is this: Of all other churches we say they are built in such and such a style, or are of such and such an order of architecture. But of this we say simply, it is the Duomo of Milan.

When this vast structure, with its countless pinnacles of pure white marble glittering in the sun, and backed-up by a dark blue sky, breaks upon our astonished gaze, the mind is absorbed with wonder.

Is it a vision? What have we seen before like it—possibly only one thing—the snow-clad peaks of the Alps. One cannot get rid of the notion that some kind of relationship exists between the two. We begin almost to suspect that some mighty Alp, with its snow-clad peaks, must have been its mother—so much is it like the kind of architecture that would have sprung from the mountains.

It was after leaving the Duomo that the two bachelors had their first quarrel. This is how it came about:—The older bachelor, who is impressionable and of a poetical and non-technical turn of mind, enjoys an undisturbed first sight of a magnificent building, without first of all inquiring into its structural and architectural details; and if there is one thing more than another which annoys him, it is to have the "dry bones" of workmanship dinned into his ears and thrust before his mental vision when the complete building should rather impress on him all that it has to say of great achievement and power.

Now the younger bachelor is technical and fond of dates, so seized the opportunity of showing off his knowledge of history and archæology at the very moment when his friend was first gazing at the religious splendour of the interior of the cathedral. This made No. 2 insist on a judicial separation, at any rate for the first hour, so the greater part of the building was explored in "single blessedness." The quarrel, postponed, of course, until we had left the Duomo, was happily of short duration, and the two bachelors compared notes, and came to the conclusion that, after all, more permanent unity is created by contradictory temperaments. Whether this would apply in the case of man and wife they unfortunately could offer no opinion founded on experience, so they wended their way through some very narrow, uninteresting streets to the church of St. Ambrose, at the west of the city.

St. Ambrogio, founded in the fourth century, is full of ancient epitaphs and early Christian antiquities, notwithstanding that it was very much repaired in the seventeenth century. The walls of the "atrium," or open court, in front of it, contain fragments of frescoes, ancient inscriptions, etc., which, backed up by the Romanesque red brick church (dating from the ninth century), form one of the most picturesque scenes in North Italy.

The interior of St. Ambrogio is, if possible, more interesting than the exterior; it is of grey stone, with arches of red brick, a quaint effect of colour. There are no transepts, and the building terminates in an apse.

It would take pages to describe all that is remarkable in the interior of St. Ambrogio, so we shall only mention some of the interesting features. On first entering the nave we noticed two pillars, on one of which is a brazen serpent, said to be the brazen serpent of Exodus. The vaulting of the apse is very ancient, and is covered with mosaic work as fine as anything in St. Mark's, Venice. Below we noticed the old chair of St. Ambrose. The high altar is interesting, as being the place where some of the German emperors received the iron crown of Lombardy; a baldachino or ciborium covers it.

On the front of the high altar (itself a blaze of glory) are depicted scenes from the life of Christ, while on the back are represented incidents in the life of St. Ambrose, the former in plates of gold and the latter silver-gilt.

St. Ambrogio contains several frescoes. The finest are "Legend of St. George," by Bernardino; and "Ecce Homo," by Luini. In it also are the shrines of Saints Gervasius and Protasius—very popular saints in Italy.

On leaving St. Ambrogio we wished to get straight back to our hotel; but we unfortunately lost our way, and were obliged to ask an Italian gentleman to direct us. He not only put us on the right road, but actually went out of his way to ensure our not losing ourselves again. This is characteristic of the North Italians. They are really polite, and, according to the elder bachelor, the most gentlemanly people he has visited.

After *table d'hôte* we strolled out of the hotel, and walked through the magnificent Galleria Vittorio Emmanuel (containing some of the best shops in Milan) into the Piazza del Duomo. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and the cathedral looked simply glorious—its dazzling whiteness almost frightening us as it suddenly burst on our view. After due deliberation No. 2 irreverently said that the appearance was similar to that of a colossal wedding cake, with its sugary-looking ornamentations under a strong light. The Duomo, though not a very pure example of Gothic, possibly over-ornamented, and its detail not always in

the best taste, is certainly one of the most extraordinary examples of man's industry, perseverance, and wealth to be found in the whole realm of art.

It was about 9 o'clock p.m. that the first scene was enacted of what might have completely wrecked our holiday, viz., the longing of the younger bachelor to smoke one of the long cigars, with straws in them at either end, which foreigners, especially Italians, seem so to enjoy. No. 2 (the older) bachelor being the better linguist, went into a tobacco shop and ordered one of these cigars. It was in vain that the shopman declared they were never bought by English; it was of no use his repeating that they were so inferior—No, No. 1 had set his heart on possessing one of them, and have one he would.

We bought two, one of which the younger bachelor immediately smoked, having first carefully extracted the straws. The other was given to the waiter, and it is safe to predict that neither of us will ever be seen with one of those terrible cigars again. About 10 p m. No. 1 began to show signs of a violent bilious attack, which grew worse as the night came on. This was the commencement of an ailment which afterwards turned out to be "gastric fever." There was little sleep that night for either of the bachelors, as No. 2 sat up by his friend during a great part of the night. The next morning, however, though still unwell, No. 1 insisted on going to church. On returning hotel-ward the younger felt alarmingly ill, and could not walk further without help.

When we got to the hotel, No. 2 determined to send for a doctor, and, looking into his Baedeker, chose one of those recommended. Our girls must not think it was entirely the horrible cigar that made No. 1 so ill. They must remember he was described as having a shocking digestion, which had been "upset" by the continual travelling and the change of food; also, the sudden change from the bracing mountain air to the comparatively enervating climate of Milan, no doubt accelerated the illness. The doctor came about four hours after he was sent for, and, after asking innumerable questions as to the occupation, rule of life, etc., of the bachelor, seemingly unnecessary—not to say impertinent—prescribed an alarming amount of medicine. We shall remember that doctor, with his important manner and soft, deep voice. He was a smart, healthy-looking man, with an imposing moustache and short black hair. We shall also remember the answer he gave to the older bachelor, who had inquired how long it would be before his friend would be well enough to resume his travels—"Maybe in two or three weeks," being the encouraging reply.

The younger bachelor is here reminded of the interesting view of chimney-pots and house-roof visible from his bedroom window, which it was his fate to watch incessantly for two whole days, miserably ill, with one longing in life, viz., to quench his burning thirst with "a lemon squash."

As it seemed the less expensive method, No. 2 shopped for the lemons, bringing in a dozen at a time, and squeezing them with his fingers into a water-bottle glass. The sugar was purloined from the *salle-à-manger* (as we wish this narrative of ours to be a strictly truthful one, we resolutely admit our guilt, but hope the Italian Government will not be too hard on us), for we preferred the charge of one halfpenny per "squash," instead of one franc, the probable price of one bought at the hotel. If any one of our readers has had a brother to supply incessantly with "lemon squash" for two days and one night, without the use of a proper lemon-squeezer, she will appreciate the sad intelligence that No. 2's finger joints are now less supple and powerful than before this Italian tour.

La femme de chambre was, as most young women are to forlorn and helpless bachelors, tender and kind. In fact, at the end of two days she quietly suggested that a lemon squash was the worst drink for the poor patient, and actually the dear thing made for him some oatmeal, bringing *into the room a sieve*, a basin, some warm water, and a screw of paper containing oatmeal. Then (*à la* Useful Hints in the G. O. P.) the recipe was as follows:—A little oatmeal in the strainer, hold over the empty basin, and with the warm water (by this time very lukewarm), percolate through the sieve, and behold a dish of Scotch oatmeal!

That preparation did not seem to improve the condition of the poor patient.

"Oh, that we had some *English lady* with us," cried No. 2.

"Never no more," groaned No. 1, with his face to the wall, though whether this depressing remark had a reference to the oatmeal, the gentler sex, or the "holiday" (save the mark!), No. 2 has not yet been able to determine.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.



MISCELLANEOUS.

GUINEVERE must take her money to the nearest post-office, and say she wishes to have a book and become a depositor. There is no difficulty about so doing.

PIMMY.—"They also serve," etc., is from Milton's poem on his blindness. The 7th April, 1868, was a Tuesday.

ENID.—Ithuriel, the angel sent by Gabriel to find Satan. He finds him squatting like a toad beside Eve, as she lies asleep, and brings him to Gabriel. Ithuriel is armed with a spear, which by its touch discovered falsehood at once. You will find all this in Milton's "Paradise Lost," which you ought to have read.

LILITH A.—"In Memoriam" was written in memory of Tennyson's friend, Arthur Henry Hallam, who died in 1833.

GRACE.—The beer made with the ginger-beer plant is quite wholesome, we believe.

VIRAGO.—"A young lady, who is nine years old and two months over," is certainly not old enough to choose her books, nor must she think just yet of being guided by her own judgment in any way, except in obeying others older than herself, and should be punished if she do not.

LADY CLARA VERE DE VERE.—The address of the secretary of the Princess Louise Home is 54, New Broad-street, E.C. Write to the secretary. Young ladies should have their names on their mother's card.

E. AUSTILL.—The first two chapters of "A Lady's Journey to Texas" will be found in vol. iv., pages 362 and 713.

PHISIEGIG.—The real name of "George Sand" was Aurore Lucille Amantine Dudevant. Henry M. Stanley, the African explorer, was born at Denbigh, Wales, in 1840.

C. H. S.—The answer to the riddle, "Man cannot live without my first," is *Ignis fatuus*, otherwise called "will o' the wisp," or "corpse candle."

VIOLET.—The lines do much credit to your tenderness of heart and love for your parents, but as poetry they are not worth much, and are full of faults.

CONSUMPTION.—We regret that we cannot give you any information, as we do not know the medicine by name, and we could not advise anyone to use it without the consent of a doctor. We should think a change of climate would be advisable. Cold, dry climates are apparently more recommended now than warm ones.

DIE LORELEI.—The lines you send have some power about them, but they are not correct in rhythm nor in construction. Count the feet and position of the beats in each line carefully while composing.

MARION MOSS.—Seals are found in the Arctic seas. Dundee and Hull are the principal British ports whence the seal-fishers sail. They are also found in Russian America, now called Alaska.

PERPLEXED ONE.—Why not try to obtain a good situation as nurse—head nurse, with a junior under you?

MAGGIE might obtain the first volume by means of an advertisement in the *Exchange and Mart*.

WATER LILY.—Mr. Herbert John Gladstone, M.P., is the youngest son of the Prime Minister, and was born 1854.

SEVEN YEARS FOR RACHEL must get her sister to read aloud, alone, and with someone slowly and carefully, being particularly careful to take her breath regularly, easily, and deeply when reading or speaking. The lungs must be well filled.

A CHRISTIAN.—We agree with your mother that you are both very young, and had better wait till you be older. Then we should repeat to you the saying of Christ, "Have salt in yourselves," which means that you must form your opinions and actions on eternal principles, which are the salt which should savour our lives.

TILDA.—We quite agree with you that the manners of lady district visitors should be very courteous, and that they should certainly knock at people's doors, and not go in until they be asked, nor should they go at the dinner hour. Alas! good breeding and sound common-sense seem both rare qualities everywhere. Either of them would have made your visitors behave differently.

GIPSY.—You should say, "Lady So-and-so," and write it with a capital "L."

ETHEL.—Show your teeth to a dentist. We regret that we could not give you a recommendation of the kind. Your medical man would do so. The loss of an eye-tooth does not affect the sight. It is believed that eating very fine white bread has tended to injure the teeth. Wholemeal bread is the best for producing good bone.

SARAH BROWN.—You cannot re-silver a good looking-glass yourself. You must send it to a manufactory for the purpose. Any furnishing upholsterer or looking-glass seller would undertake to do that for you; but you must make a bargain before you send it, and you might obtain a good secondhand glass at less cost.

DICK.—Dentists usually have a medical man to see and attend to the patient when gas is employed. It is not dangerous to take it.

"IN GREAT TROUBLE."—Yours seems a case for a doctor's advice. You had better consult one. The word "silly" is not spelt "scilly," like the islands of that name, and "disappointed" should not be written "dissapointed."

DOROTHY DRAKE.—You will find the answer to your question several times repeated in our correspondence columns.

EVELYN.—We do not place ourselves between our young readers and their parents, by expressing an opinion respecting the punishments they inflict. If severe, we imagine that their statement of the case you describe would be of a different character from yours. Probably there were attendant circumstances which aggravated the misdoing on your part. What business had you to go out without leave, and not fully dressed for so doing? Besides, you may have been disobedient or impertinent.

DITTO.—You will find instructions in riding in the monthly part for October 1st, 1881, page 3, vol. iii., and, as we *told* you before, at page 131 in the same volume. You cannot read figures, one would suppose. There is a picture of a girl on horseback on the same page. Look again.

JO.—Perhaps you could receive some little pupils daily for two or three hours at your own home, and teach them the rudiments of an English education—reading, writing, arithmetic, grammar, geography, and needlework.

MOTHER OF SIX.—The Paddington Green Children's Hospital might suit you, boys under twelve years of age and girls under fourteen being eligible, and no letters of recommendation being required. Write to the treasurer, George Hanbury, Esq. 21, Portman-square, W. There are also the Belgrave Hospital for Children, 77 and 79, Gloucester-street, S.W.—lady superintendent, Miss Munro; The Eveline Hospital for Sick Children, Southwark Bridge-road, S.E.;—secretary, T. H. Chapman, Esq. All three are free.

SOPHIA FALCONER.—Cod-liver oil is specially beneficial to consumptive persons or those suffering from a severe cough, not from the stomach. In cases of atrophy we should think it would be of service. Many persons, strong or delicate, find a plunge or two in the sea of much benefit; but few comparatively could go into still, cold, fresh water. A cold sponge bath is quite a different thing, and cold salt-water sponging of the spine, throat, and chest is much to be recommended, or a good quick rubbing with a wet towel half wrung out, and drying with a rough one.

CURLY and FLUFFY.—Avoid meeting the men who try to force unwelcome attentions upon you. Speak to your mother about it, and let her direct you. She can put a stop to the persecution with authority. If she were to go out with you a few times she could dismiss them at once. Avoid seeing them, and go into a shop or turn a different way if they try to join you. It is an important part of her duty to protect and chaperone you.

AN OLD GIRL OF POLAND.—In adopting a new country it is always wise to be provided with a passport, a copy of your certificate of baptism, and letters from your clergyman, and any leading men, magistrates or others; also your banker, if you have one. Such papers might prove very valuable as introductions into society, or to facilitate your obtaining employment. Besides this, they would be very essential in case of mistaken identity. No passport is needed in coming to England, yet it is wise to have one.

J. B.—To know the colour called primrose, you have only to look at the flower and at the enamelled or painted representations of it. Why ask anyone else when your own eyes could act better for you than any description by another person?

CLANSMAN.—We should like to encourage you to write, as the lines speak well of the mind and the heart; but we think you would succeed better in prose than poetry.

"EUCHARIS LILY."—We have no recollection of the MS. of which you speak, and regret you have waited so long for an opinion. The lines you enclose show good feeling, but lack originality. We thank you for your kind letter.

F. A. B.—We feel sincere sympathy for you, and scarcely know how to advise you. At your early age you are only eligible for the Children's Hospital, Great Ormond Street, W.C. You might write for particulars to the lady superintendent. You would have to supply certificates both as to character and health.

GERTRUDE MCKENZIE.—No licence is required to enable you to keep a registry office for servants.

SNOWDROPS.—Certainly, wear your gloves in church. Why not? A correspondent some time ago advised that maidenhair ferns should be watered with tea, and tea-leaves from the tea-pot should be put round them.

INEZ and PHILIP.—We are of opinion that the amount allowed by your brother for his dinner is much in excess of what is needed, and may prove a temptation to him if continued. We were interested in your letter, and we hope your mutual happiness will long be continued.

ONE YOU HAVE BENEFITED.—Many thanks for your kind letter. We quite see all your difficulties, but we think you must not make too much of them. The real use of all training at home is to help young people to stand alone some day, and act in the fear of God, for themselves; they cannot be always children, nor in leading strings, so you must excite in them conscientiousness and a constant desire to do right. The conduct they propose, *i.e.*, of going out and in, of accepting invitations as they please, without consulting you, is, in the first place, ill-bred and unladylike. No one treats the lady of the house, be she mother or step-mother, in that manner, and even in society they would not be guests a second time in any house where they ignored the lady who invited them.

ALEA EUROPEA.—In the "Chapel in the Tower," by Mr. Bell, we find the following notice of Arthur Pole, who, with his brother Edmund, was imprisoned for life, and died in the Tower—They were the sons of Sir Geoffrey Pole, and grandsons of Margaret of Clarence, Countess of Salisbury. Cardinal Pole was, therefore, their uncle. In 1562 they were implicated in a conspiracy to depose Queen Elizabeth, and place Mary Queen of Scots on the throne. It was also alleged that one of them designed to marry her. They were tried for high treason at Westminster Hall, 26th February, 1562, and sentenced to be executed as traitors at Tyburn. The sentence was commuted by Queen Elizabeth to imprisonment for life in the Tower, and on the walls of the Beauchamp Tower, which was their prison, their names will be found carved several times. The last written was as follows:—"A passage perillous makethe a port pleasante, I. H. S., 1568, Arthur Pole, aged 37." The date of his death and that of his brother seems not to be known, but both were dead in 1578, and buried in the chapel in the Tower.

DAISY.—Take no notice of the matter, unless you are directly charged, when you can deny truthfully the authorship of such an unmaidenly epistle.

ALICIA.—If the jewellery be good and old, it is better to employ a jeweller to clean it.

SNOWSTORM.—We think you should go to New Zealand to your affianced husband, and keep your promise, especially as you leave a sister at home to take care of your mother. It would indeed be foolish to bring him to England if he be doing well out there, and is able to marry and give you a comfortable home.

SYBIL.—We think you may need a tonic of some kind. A little alum and water is sometimes good for moist hands, but it is never safe to check perspirations, unless under a doctor's orders.

BUTTERCUP.—We know of no situation easier than a nurse's, where there are only one or two children, unless, perhaps, you could manage to get one as parlour-maid only.

A. S. F. T. F. (New South Wales).—There would be no value if the dates of the half-crowns were erased, because coins of the House of Brunswick are only valuable when in perfect order.

MIZPAH.—The word "Mizpah" means a watch-tower. On a ring it would mean, "The Lord watch between thee and me, when we are absent from each other," a solemn pledge of faithfulness and truth in a betrothal. It was used as a solemn warning to one suspected, not trusted, in the original case.

I. H. B.—"Ban" is an Irish prefix, and means "white." We cannot find any other clue to the word, and we think you should have written "Wenham," which is the name of a lake near Boston, U.S.A., from which the ice derives its name.

OMEGA.—The only way to be comfortable is to prevent the chilblains from coming at first, by rubbing the place you feel affected with a little dry mustard and flour very gently, which will generally put the chilblains back. When a chilblain has broken, a decoction of poppy-heads with hot water may be soothing, and bread poultices are used by many people, but we are doubtful of their expediency. When the inflammation has subsided, a little creosote ointment may be used, but when so bad it would be well to consult a doctor.

R. A. A.—The editor declines, with thanks.

DUM SPIRO SPERO.—The words are French, and are used when picking the leaves from a daisy. They mean, "He loves me a little, much, passionately, not at all." This is one of the many ancient charms, or really auguries, which we have obtained from unknown ancestry.

F. A. H. B.—We regret that we can make no use of your essay.

DADDY LONGLEGS should send her locket to a jeweller's to be cleaned and repolished.

LADY GODIVA.—Probably digestion. Ask your doctor about it.

ESTHER BLACK.—The notice of the marriage in the different newspapers is a sufficient announcement to friends at a distance. Neither cards nor wedding-cake are sent now.

FLORENCE MOORE.—Does your sister wish to look like a balloon, tied in at the middle with a string? or, still worse, does she wish to cut her liver in two? Her other plan, "to drink vinegar," would so thin her blood that she would exchange her wholesome fat for dropsy, and become blown out like a skin-bag used for water in the deserts. For your own infirmity you should wear a backboard and faceboard daily while at your studies. We have often described and prescribed them already.

CURIOUS.—The origin of the name given by Handel to his composition called "The Harmonious Blacksmith" was a very natural one. He was on a visit to the Duke of Chandos, at Edgware, and, overtaken by heavy rain, he took shelter in a smith's forge. The ringing strokes of the hammer, combined with the song of the smith, told a story to the lively imagination of the composer, and gave birth to the piece in question.

LAURA.—It is not very evident as to when the Manx House of Keys was first established, but it existed in the time of the Dane King, Orry, at the beginning of the tenth century. This sovereign established an independent throne in Mona. The term "Keys" is derived from *Kiaves feed*, "twenty-four," and applied to that number of men of the island who form the Lower House, while the Upper House, or Council, is appointed by the crown, and consists of the bishop, archdeacon, clerk of the rolls, and some civil officials.

STRAWBERRY CREAM.—Have you learnt any branch of domestic service? If so, make use of it. Better trained servants are much required. You might, at least, look for a situation as schoolroom maid, under nurse, or mother's help. These would serve to give you practical training.

LOLLY.—It is for ladies to recognise gentlemen, if acquaintances, not the reverse. This being the case, we do not see what your bowing to your clergyman can have to do with "fastness." Of course, the character of the recognition must depend on your position in life. Good Friday is a fast, not a feast day. That is the reason, as you will perceive.

ADMIRER OF THE C.O.P.—Why should you ask your clergyman to give you a severe talking to? If you know you deserve it, why not administer it to yourself? Tell your mother that you lament your want of self-control and respect in giving way to unseemly ill-temper, and ask her to help you by a timely check and reproof, and by her prayers to rule your spirit. "He that ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city." Leaving off your spectacles will not only make your eyes ache, but injure them, by over-straining the nerves.

ENID.—If the ends of your hair split, you should have them carefully singed by a hairdresser accustomed to do so. You might set all on fire if you attempted to do so yourself. Improve your handwriting by writing copies daily, and perfect your acquaintance with the first three or more rules in arithmetic, and then you will be eligible for a situation as shop assistant.

GRETTA'S SISTER.—A surgeon should examine your sister's tongue to see whether it be paralysed. If she can hear, then no other alphabet is needed for her than ours.

YOUNG STEPMOTHER.—The advice of your governess is good. As you have so high an opinion of her discretion, as well as amiability and experience, you had better give her the due authority to act for you. In a month's time, or during the first quarter, you will see with what success it is attended. One thing is certain, obedience must be enforced.

HOPE has some poetic feeling, but whether she will rise to the level of "poetry" in future we could not say, nor could we recommend any magazine or publisher likely to take *literary and poetical* compositions. That is a question for the industry and perseverance of the writer to solve.

DOROTHY FORSTER.—The lines you send us are very halting, both as to rhyme and reason.

CHERRY RIPE.—The word "fiat" means an order or decree. We thank you for your good wishes and praise of our paper.

J. F. C.—We have pleasure in giving out readers the address of the Santa Claus Society, for providing toys and dolls for children in hospitals. To make them during leisure hours would be a nice occupation for young people. For the benefit of those who would like to aid in a truly charitable and Christian work, as well as for the sake of the poor children, we copy your address, as one of the managers of the society—Miss J. F. Charles, Hillside, Southwood-lane, Highgate, N.

A. M. C.—There is a home of rest at 9, Albion-place, Ramsgate. Apply to Miss Bennett. You may be taken in for three weeks, and the lowest terms for board, lodging, and attendance are 10s. a week.

POMME DE TERRE.—We have seen the grave of the late novelist, Charles Reade, to which you refer, and the outside public knows no more than just what the inscription states. This is all we can say in reply.

WHITE HEATHER.—The falling of the hair is often due to a condition of the general health and failure of nerve power, and the remedies need to be internally administered, as well as externally. Go to a skin doctor, and obtain his advice.

MARY LEEMING and ALICE HAUGHTON.—Some collectors of insects use the fumes of chloroform or brimstone. Where there are many wild flowers you will find butterflies.

PROGRESS.—Yes, women have been returned to Parliament in past times. In 1360 writs were issued, to four abbesses, requiring their attendance at Westminster, and the year following five ladies of the nobility were likewise returned (35th Edward III.) —viz., Marie Countesse de Norff, Alianor Countesse de Ormand, Agnes Countesse de Pembrook, Philippa Countess March, and Catherine Countesse de Atholl. Whether they actually took their seats, we do not say positively. The only woman ever made a Freemason was Miss St. Leger, a daughter of Lord Doneraile, about the year 1739.

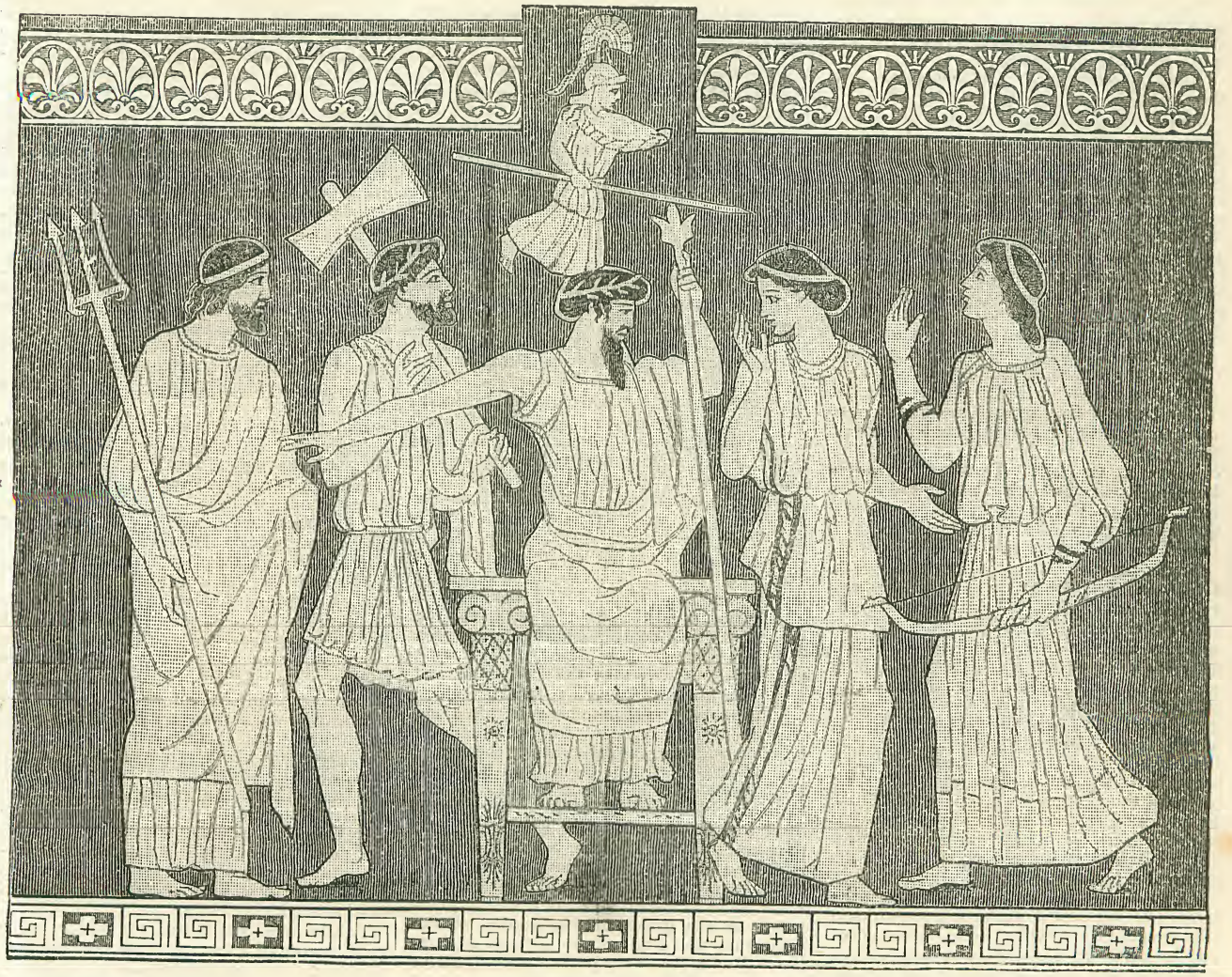
NIL DESPERANDUM.—You may say "intreat," but "entreat" is more correct.



VOL. VIII.—No. 363. DECEMBER 11, 1886. PRICE ONE PENNY.

GREEK AND ROMAN ART AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

BY E. F. BRIDELL-FOX.



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THE BIRTH OF ATHÉNÉ.
(From a Vase in the British Museum.)

PART II.

THE ELGIN MARBLES.

"Abode of gods whose shrines no longer burn."

I HAVE now to complete my account of the sculptures of the Parthenon, that wonderfully beautiful temple to Athéné (or Minerva), at Athens, which has never ceased to be the centre of attraction for all visitors to Greece from the time it was first built—namely, about 435 years B.C.—even till the present moment, when it stands a shattered wreck on its rocky height.

My first article dealt chiefly with the long, sculptured frieze that ran continuously the whole length of the walls of the building (protected by the outer colonnade), and the ceremonials which that frieze represented. The present article will be devoted chiefly to the fragments of the external frieze, and to the figures of the eastern and western pediments, which represented the chief legends connected with the goddess.

I will, before proceeding, here pause a moment to account for the shattered condition in which those fragments now are.

In 630 A.D. the Parthenon was consecrated for use as a Christian church. Like the famous church at Constantinople, it was dedicated to Santa Sophia, the Divine Wisdom. The older temple, that stood near the Parthenon, called the Erecthium, which had been far more venerated by the early Athenians than the Parthenon itself, was about the same time also consecrated. This latter was dedicated to the Virgin Mary.

Long before this date, Christianity had happily become the religion of the Roman Empire by law established—that is to say, of the whole civilised world. It is evident that in adapting the Pagan temple for Christian worship it was impossible to allow the fables of Paganism to remain depicted over the chief entrance, however splendid as works of art. Accordingly, we find that the entire centre group in the pediment facing the east was completely done away with, a plain surface of blank wall filling the space whereon, in all probability, the inscription of the Christian dedication was placed. The subordinate figures at the two extremities were left, as, without the central group to explain their object, they could have had no intelligible meaning.

Our business for the moment is to show what means exist for restoring the lost central group, which was the key of the subject. The evidence is two-fold. There is, first, the Homeric hymn which gives the legend of the birth of Athéné; and, secondly, there is the description given of the Parthenon by the ancient author, Pausanias.

Pausanias was a Greek gentleman, native of Lydia, in Asia Minor, a geographer and traveller, who visited noted sites in Greece with the express purpose of seeing and describing all that was most beautiful and interesting in Greek art. He lived about one hundred and fifty years after the Christian era. His travels or "Itinerary" has come down to us, and a most curious and interesting work it is. He saw and described the Parthenon with much enthusiasm, with all its beautiful statues and works of art, as "still perfect," though they were, even in his day, already considered as ancient art. He refers to the Homeric hymn as suggesting the subject of the group on the eastern pediment over the principal entrance to the temple.

This Homeric hymn to Athéné gives the account of her fabled birth, full grown and fully armed, from the head of her father, Zeus (or Jupiter). It describes her, first as the goddess of war, and afterwards, when she has thrown off her arms, as the goddess of the peaceful arts. I give the hymn in full.

HOMERIC HYMN TO ATHÉNÉ.

"I sing the glorious power with azure eyes;
Athenian Pallas! tameless, chaste, and wise.
Trito-genia,* town preserving maid,
Revered and mighty, from his awful head
Whom Jove brought forth, in warlike armour dressed,
Golden, all radiant! Wonder strange possessed
The everlasting gods that shape to see,
Shaking a javelin keen, impetuously
Rush from the crest of Ægis-bearing Jove.
Fearfully Heaven was shaken, and did move
Beneath the might of the cerulean-eyed;
Earth dreadfully resounded far and wide;
And lifted from its depths, the sea swelled high
In purple billows; the tide suddenly
Stood still, and great Hyperion's son long time
Checked his swift steeds, till, where she stood sublime,
Pallas from her immortal shoulders threw
The arms divine; wise Jove rejoiced to view.
Child of the Ægis-bearer, hail to thee!
Nor thine, nor others' praise shall unremembered be."

Such is the famous hymn. And from Pausanias we learn that it afforded to the sculptor, Pheidias, the subject for his chief group on the eastern pediment. But, exactly how he treated it we have no precise or definite knowledge.

THE EASTERN PEDIMENT.—"Doubtless, in this composition, Jupiter (Zeus) occupied the centre, and was represented in all his majesty, wielding the thunderbolt in one hand, holding his sceptre in the other; seated on his throne, and as if in the centre of the universe, between day and night, the beginning and the end, as denoted by the rising and the setting sun.

"It is probable that the figures on his right hand represented those deities who were connected with the progress of facts and rising life—the deities who preside over birth, over the produce of the earth, over love—the rising sun; whilst those on the left of Zeus related to the consummation or decline of things—the god of war, the goddess of the family hearth, the Fates, and lastly the setting sun, or night. Whilst the divine Athéné rose from behind the central figure in all the effulgence of the most brilliant armour, the golden crest of her helmet filling the apex of the pediment."

I quote this glowing description from Sir Richard Westmacott's "Lectures on Sculpture."

This, however, is all conjecture, for the space is a mere blank. As some little aid to the imagination to help to fill the blank, I give a sketch of the same subject, viz., the birth of Athéné, copied from a painting on a vase now in the British Museum. The artist may have probably seen the Parthenon, and may have taken a free version of the subject, from memory, to decorate his vase. We find the same subject repeated, with variations, on other vases. Zeus (Jupiter) occupies the centre, a small Athéné springs forth from his head, Hephaestos (Vulcan) stands by with his axe (with which he has split open the thunderer's head to let forth the infant deity), Poseidon (Neptune), with his trident, behind him; and Artemis (Diana), with her bow, and a nymph, on the other side, look on. The figures on the vases are so extremely stiff and formal as compared to the grand, life-like statues of the pediments, that I hesitate to give my illustration. But it shows the probable arrangement of the group. The figures on the vase are red on a black ground, treated perfectly flat, without the slightest modelling.

* Born by Lake Tritonis.

To return to the pediment of the Parthenon itself, the space immediately surrounding the blank, on each hand, is filled with different gods, who appear to look with wonder and admiration towards the central group. At the extreme end on the left the rising sun, Phœbus-Apollo, drives the car of day out of the ocean; while Seléné, goddess of night, plunges downward with her team of steeds, into the waves, at the end on the right.

Of the figures referred to, we may identify the following fragments:—First, we note a fragment of the sun-god, his powerful throat and extended arms emerging from the waves, as he shakes the reins to urge on his prancing steeds; before him, a splendid head of one of the horses of his car, the head flung back, as if he tossed his mane in eager movement to rush up into the daylight. Next comes a recumbent figure, of heroic manly proportions, the most perfect of the Elgin collection. A lion's skin on which he reposes, leaves little doubt but that it was intended to represent the youthful Hercules, the god of strength. It is popularly, but erroneously, known as Theseus. Then come two grand, matronly, seated personages. The attitude and beauty of proportion in these two stately figures is considered no less admirable than the subtle arrangement of their flowing draperies. They probably represent Demeter and her daughter, Persephone (the Ceres and Proserpine of the Roman mythology). The younger one leans her arm lovingly on the shoulder of her mother. The mother, Demeter, raises her arm, as if in astonishment at the news communicated by the next figure, who comes rushing towards them, her drapery flying far out behind her, from the rapidity of her movements. This is doubtless Iris, the messenger of the gods, sent to announce the wonderful events transacting in the central group. Three fine dignified female figures, on the further side of the pediment, equally distant from the centre, appear to have balanced this last group of Iris, Ceres, and Proserpine. These were the three Fates, who spun the thread of human life, named by the Greeks, Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropus. Two are seated, a little apart; the third reclines, half leaning on the lap of the second. These three figures are equally well preserved, and equally noble and beautiful with the group to which they correspond on the further side.

The subject of this eastern pediment is evidently supposed to have taken place on Mount Olympus, the highest mountain in Greece, the fabled home of the gods, and the figures were intended to represent a conclave of the gods.

THE WESTERN PEDIMENT.—The subject of the west end, on the contrary, may be supposed to have taken place in Athens itself, on the Acropolis. The subject here was the contest between Athéné and Poseidon (or Neptune) for supremacy in Athens. Here we find local personages, such as the river deities (the rivers personified), and the legendary kings and heroes of Athens. These statues, with the exception of Athéné and Poseidon, are a size smaller than those on the eastern pediment, being not at all more than life size. The object for which this assembly has met is to see which of the two deities could present the best gift to the Athenians. Poseidon struck the earth; the horse appeared, so the story runs. Athéné did the same; the olive tree grew before them. Both were most useful gifts; but the olive tree, on account of its fruit and the oil which it yields, was considered to have the higher claim.

Athéné was proclaimed the victor. The gods bestowed the city upon the goddess, after whom it was named Athens; and Poseidon was so enraged, continues the legend, that he let loose the waters of the angry sea

(which, as monarch of the waves, of course obeyed his behests), and straightway it overflowed its banks and deluged the plain round Athens.

Such is the story, and in the times of Pausanias were shown the three great dents on the rock, the marks of the trident of Poseidon, where he had struck the earth, as well as a small pool of salt water. The Greek traveller mentions having seen these things.

Strangely enough, these two same old-world curiosities were re-discovered not many years ago when excavations were being made on the Acropolis, in the very centre of the older temple, near to the Parthenon, where Athéné and Poseidon were once jointly worshipped. Athéné and Poseidon were the two central figures in the midst of their assembled votaries, the legendary kings and heroes of Athens, and the local nymphs and river gods.

This group is terminated at each end by recumbent figures, supposed to represent the two streams that water the plain round Athens—the Illissus and the Cephissus. The figure of Illissus is scarcely second to the so-called Theseus for beauty of manly proportions; it is perhaps more graceful and less vigorous. "Half reclined, he seems, by a sudden movement, to raise himself with impetuosity, being overcome with joy at the agreeable news of the victory of Athéné. The momentary attitude which this movement occasions is one of the boldest and most difficult to be expressed that can possibly be imagined. The undulating flow given to every part of the drapery which accompanies the figure is happily suggestive of flowing water." Next to the Illissus is a broken fragment of the nymph Callirrhoë, who represents the only spring of fresh water in Athens; while next to the Cephissus, on the other side, sits King Cecrops, the mythical first king of Attica, with his wife, Agranlos (her name means a "dweller in the fields"), and his daughter Pandrosus (whose name means "the dew").

Of the two heroic figures in the centre, Athéné and Poseidon, whose contest is the subject of this western pediment, the only fragment now existing is the muscular, finely-developed back and chest of the sea-god; and of Athéné, the upper half of the face (the sockets of the eyes intentionally hollow, that they might be filled in with precious stones), also one of her feet, and the stem of the famous olive tree.

A careful model of the Parthenon in its present condition is placed in the Elgin Room, and by reference to that we can identify the fragments on the pediments, and can also see the position of the various sculptures. The sculptured figures on it are copied from drawings made from the Parthenon itself at Athens in 1674, by a French artist, Jacques Carey by name, before Lord Elgin had removed those which we now possess, and when many of the figures were far less damaged than they now are. The Parthenon had been used as a powder magazine by the Turks when they conquered the city in 1687. It was during the siege that a bomb from the enemy fell into the edifice, igniting the stored gunpowder, and the whole centre part of the ancient temple, with a part of its lovely frieze, was blown into the air. Again, a similar misfortune occurred in the Greek struggle for independence and freedom in 1827. Yet, in spite of the terrible gap, enough of the building is still left for us to admire the wonderful beauty of proportion, and simple, yet grand, lines of the outline; and more than enough to recognise the general plan and places of most of the sculptures that adorned its walls.

THE METOPES.—These are panels in alto, or high-relief, in the frieze which ran above the colonnade of the Parthenon. They pourtray the struggle between the youth of Athens and the centaurs—monstrous creatures, half horse, half man. This struggle is supposed to have been intended to typify the contest between intelligence and moral order on the one hand, against the power of lawlessness and brute force, as represented by the monsters, on the other—a contest, the result of which was in that day acutely realised.

There were originally ninety-two of these Metopes, fourteen on each end, and thirty-two along each side wall. We possess seventeen out of the ninety-two. So many having been destroyed, it is impossible to judge with any greater certainty of the subject.

THE STATUE.—My account would be incomplete did I not add a few words descriptive of the beautiful statue of Athéné that originally stood within the temple, facing the east. For, although all trace of the statue itself has long vanished, we know its form by copies in marble in several of the museums and galleries in Europe. The one at Naples is considered the best. We have also, in the Elgin Room, two small rough copies of it.

The grand original, which Pausanias saw and describes as "perfect," "a thing to wonder at," was of gold and ivory. Its robes were of gold, its flesh was of delicately cream-coloured ivory, its eyes flashed with precious stones.

"Lovely, serene, and grand," its gigantic form filled the centre of the temple, and the golden griffins on its helmet reared themselves against the very roof.

This statue, with that of the Olympian Jove, was undoubtedly the exclusive work of the master, Pheidias, who, though he may have allowed his pupils to assist him in some of the labours of the other figures of the Parthenon, assuredly hoped that his fame would be secured by these works. Their fame now, alas! rests solely upon copies and description. I give a sketch of the best of the two small rough copies in the Elgin Room. Like the grand original, she holds the figure of Victory in her extended right hand, and grasps the spear in the left, while her shield, together with the snake (type of the native soil of Athens) lie at her feet.

The art of presenting figures in gold and ivory, for which Pheidias is peculiarly famous, is a lost art. A special name was given to these statues. They were called Chrys-elephantine.* The combined richness of the gold with the soft hue of the ivory must have produced a wonderfully fine and mysterious effect when seen in the recesses of a dimly-illumined temple. The golden robes of the goddess were considered as part of the State treasury, and were between the times of the great festivals unfixed from the statue, and stored in the treasure house at the back part of the temple. They were from time to time carefully weighed, and were looked upon in the light of national wealth, which might, in time of need, be drawn upon for the country's requirement. The gold of the robes was said to have been worth as much as £100,000. It is supposed that this part of the goddess was melted down, and finally reduced to Byzantine coin about the time of the Roman Emperor Julian—viz., about A.D. 360.

As Athens sunk from her high position among the Greek States, her processions and ceremonies fell into decay; but while she flourished, none were more brilliant.

Other festivals there were in Greece besides the one at Athens in honour of Athéné, where similar athletic games and feats of skill were performed before the altars of other tutelary gods. There were the far-famed Olympic games in honour of Zeus (Jupiter), in which all the Greek States competed. The Odes of Pindar have immortalised the Olympic chariot races. There were also the Delphic games in honour of Apollo, the sun god, the god of poetry. The practice of these games lasted in Greece, and were in use in Rome, till long after Christian times. How popular they were in those times we may infer from the many references to them in the Epistles and Acts of the Apostles.

Professor Jebb observes, in one of the admirable series of Shilling Primers now publishing, the one on "Greek Literature:" "The Greeks were not the first people who found out how to till the earth well, or to fashion metals, or to build splendid houses and temples. But they were the first people who tried to make reason the guide of their social life. Greek literature has an interest such as belongs to no other literature. It shows us how men first set about systematic thinking." And, he proceeds, "neither the history of Christian doctrine, nor the outer history of the Christian Church, can be fully understood without reference to the character and work of the Greek mind. Under the influence of Christianity, two principal elements have entered into the spiritual life of the modern world. One of these has been Hebrew; the other has been Greek."

Of all the many beautiful things which the Greeks produced, the Greek language itself is considered to have been the first and most wonderful; and "no one," continues the professor, "who is a stranger to Greek literature, has seen how perfect an instrument it is possible for human speech to be."

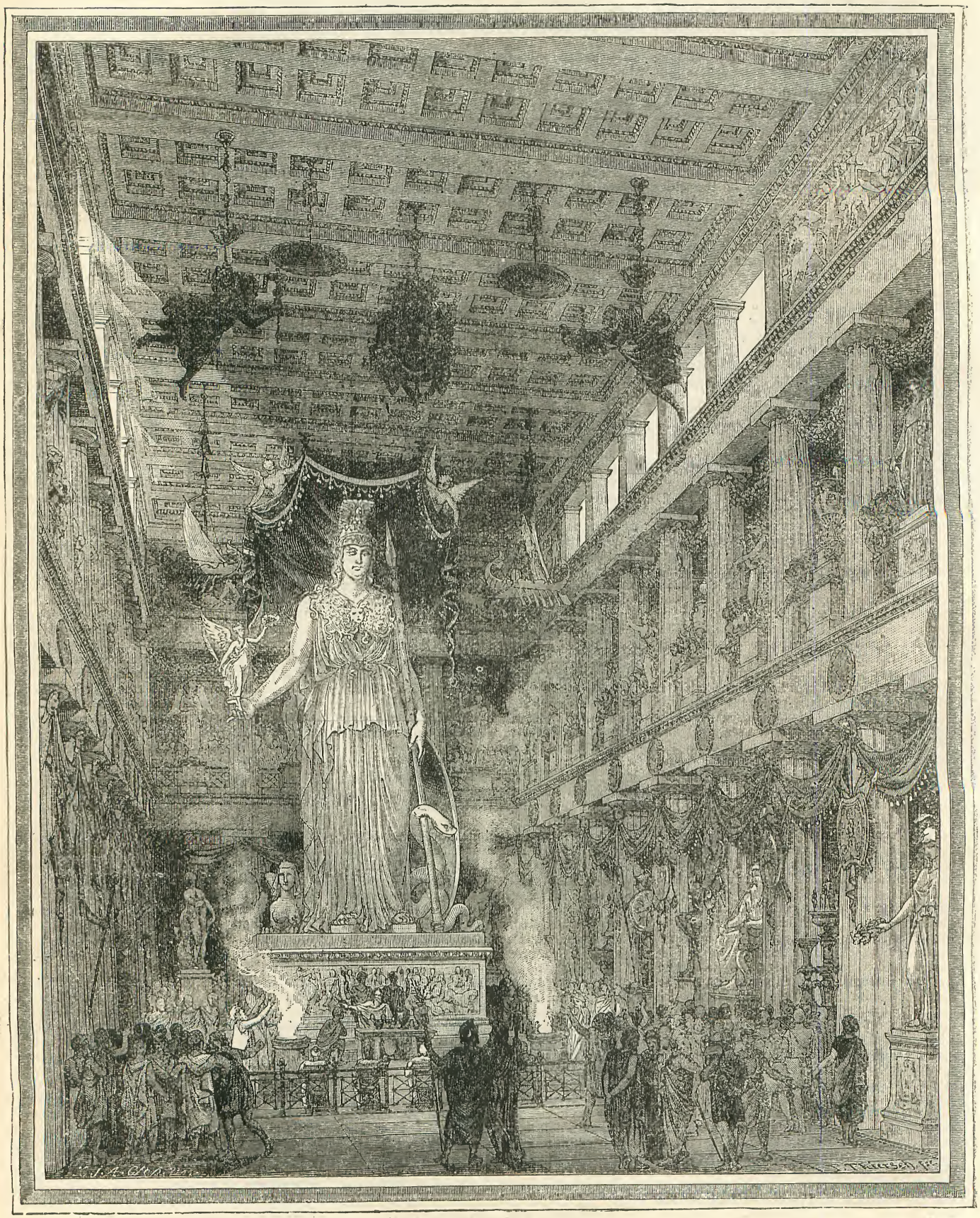
We may remember that the whole of the New Testament was given to the world in this beautiful and expressive language; that St. Paul was well versed in Greek philosophy, and that many of his Epistles were to Greek cities, and many of his first disciples among the Gentiles were Greeks.

We can also be sure that he must often have been present at Greek games such as we have been describing. The frequent references and metaphors referring to them prove this. In the first Epistle to the Corinthians the references to the foot-races run in the Isthmean games, celebrated at Corinth, occur again and again. "Know ye not that they which run in a race run all, but one receiveth the prize? So run that ye may obtain" (ch. ix. 24); and in the following verse, "They strive for a corruptible" (or perishable) "crown, but we an incorruptible"—referring to the fragile crowns or garlands of fresh leaves awarded to the victors in the games we have been describing.

And again, in the Epistle to the Philippians, iii. 14, "I press towards the mark" (or goal) "for the prize." In the first Epistle to Timothy, vi. 12, "Fight the good fight before many witnesses."

The first preaching to the Gentiles was to Greek-speaking peoples, either noted Greek cities, as Athens itself and Corinth, or Greek colonies in Asia Minor. We find (Acts xiii.) how St. Paul actually visited this same beautiful City of Athens, whose early legends, like quaint fairy stories, we have been describing; how he stood on the Areopagus (the Hill of Mars) facing the Parthenon, and must have seen all its lovely statues and grand monuments still perfect; and how he "thought it good to be left at Athens alone," when he there preached to her wise men and philosophers, and found followers and disciples from among them, whose hearts were opened to a higher wisdom than any that the worshippers of the famed Athenian goddess knew.

* Chrysos: gold. Elephantus: ivory.



THE INTERIOR OF THE PARTHENON.

(The Giving of the Prizes. Conjectural Arrangement.)

MERLE'S CRUSADE.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Aunt Diana," "For Lilias," etc.

CHAPTER X.

"I TRUST THEM TO YOU, MERLE."



WITH the early summer came a new anxiety; Joyce was growing very fast, and, like other children of her age, looked thin and delicate. She lost her appetite, grew captious and irritable, had crying fits if she were contradicted, and tired of all her playthings. It was hard work to amuse her; and as Reggie was rather fretful with the heat, I found my charge decidedly onerous, especially as it was the height of the season, and Mrs. Morton's daily visits to the nursery barely lasted ten minutes.

Dr. Myrtle was called in and recommended change for both the children. There was a want of tone about Joyce: she was growing too fast, and there was slight irritability of the brain, a not uncommon thing, he remarked, with nervous, delicately organised children.

He recommended sea air and bathing. She must be out on the shore all day, and run wild. Fresh air, new milk, and country diet would be her best medicine; and, as Dr. Myrtle was an oracle in our household, Mr. Morton at once decided that his advice must be followed.

There was a long, anxious deliberation between the parents, and the next morning I was summoned to Mrs. Morton's dressing-room. I found her lying on the couch; the blinds were lowered, and the smelling salts were in her hand. She said at once that she had had a restless night, and had one of her bad headaches. I thought she looked wretchedly ill, and, for the first time, the fear crossed me that her life was killing her by inches. Hers was not a robust constitution, and, like Joyce, she was most delicately organised. Late hours and excitement are fatal to these nervous constitutions, if only I dared hint at this to Dr. Myrtle, but I felt, in my position, it would be an act of presumption. She would not let me speak of herself; at my first word of sympathy she stopped me.

"Never mind about me, I am used to these headaches; sit down a moment; I want to speak to you about the children. Dr. Myrtle has made us very anxious about Joyce; he says she must have change at once."

"He said the same to me, Mrs. Morton."

"My husband and I have talked the matter over; if I could only go with you and the children—but no, it is impossible. How could I leave just now, when our ball is coming off on the eighteenth, and we have two dinners as well? Besides, I could not leave my husband; he is far from well. This late session tries him dreadfully. I have never left him yet, not even for a day."

"And yet you require the change as much as the children." I could not help saying this, but she took no notice of my remark.

"We have decided to send them to my father's. Do you know Netherton, Merle? It is a pretty village about a mile from Orton-on-Sea. Netherton is by the sea, and the air is nearly as fine as Orton. Marshlands, that is my father's place, is about half a mile from the shore."

I heard this with some trepidation. In my secret heart I had hoped that we should have taken lodgings at some watering-place, and I thought, with Hannah's help, I should have got on nicely; but to go amongst strangers! I was perfectly unaware of Mr. Morton's horror of lodgings, and it would have seemed absurd to him to take a house just for me and the children.

"I have written to my sister, Merle," she continued, "to make all arrangements. My father never interferes in domestic matters. I have told her that I hold you responsible for my children, and that you will have the sole charge of them. I laid a stress on this, because I know my sister's ideas of management differ entirely from mine. I can trust you as I trust myself, Merle, and it is my wish to secure you from interference of any kind." It was nice to hear this, but her speech made me a little nervous; she evidently dreaded interference for me.

"Is your sister younger than yourself?" I faltered.

"I have two sisters," she returned, quickly; "Gay is much younger; she was not grown up when I married; my eldest sister, Mrs. Markham, was then in India. Two years ago she came back a widow, with her only remaining child, and at my father's request remained with him to manage his household. Domestic matters were not either in his or Gay's line, and Mrs. Markham is one who loves to rule."

I confess this slight sketch of Mrs. Markham did not impress me in her favour. I conceived the idea of a masculine, bustling woman, very different to my beloved mistress. I could not well express these sentiments, but I think Mrs. Morton must have read them in my face.

"I am going to be very frank with you, Merle," she said, after a moment's thought, "and I do not think I shall repent my confidence. I know my sister Adelaide's faults. She has had many troubles with which to contend in her married life, and they have made her a little hard. She lost two dear little girls in India, and, as Rolf is her only child, she spoils him dreadfully; in fact, young as he is, he has completely mastered her. He is a very delicate, wilful child, and needs firm management; in spite of his faults he is a dear little fellow, and I am very sorry for Rolf."

"Will he be with us in the nursery?" I asked, anxiously.

"No, indeed: Rolf is always with his mother in the drawing-room, to the no small discomfort of his mother's visitors. Sometimes he is with her maid Judson, but that is only when even Mrs. Markham finds him unbearable. A spoilt child is greatly to be pitied, Merle; he has his own way nine times out of ten, and on the tenth he meets with undesirable severity. Adelaide either will not punish him at all, or punishes him too severely. Children suffer as much from their parent's temper as from over-indulgence."

"I am afraid Rolf's example will be bad for Joyce."

"That is my fear," she replied, with a sigh. "I wish the children could be kept apart, but Rolf will have his own way in that. There is one thing of which I must warn you, Merle. Mrs. Markham may be disposed to interfere in your department; remember, you are responsible to me and not to her. I look to you to follow my rules and wishes with regard to my children."

"Oh, Mrs. Morton," I burst out, "you are putting me in a very difficult position. If any unpleasantness should arise, I cannot refer to you. How am I to help it if Mrs. Markham interferes with the children?"

"You must be firm, Merle; you must act in any difficulty in the way you think will please me. Be true to me, and you may be sure I shall listen to no idle complaints of you. I wish I had not to say all this; it is very painful to hint this of a sister, but Mrs. Markham is not always judicious with regard to children."

"Will it be good for them to go to Netherton under these circumstances?"

"There is nowhere else where they can go," she returned, rather sadly; "my husband has such a horror of lodgings, and he will not take a house for us this year—he thinks it an unnecessary expense, as later on we are going to Scotland that he may have some shooting. All the doctors speak so well of Netherton; the air is very fine and bracing, and my father's garden will be a Paradise to the children."

We were interrupted here by Mr. Morton.

"Oh, are you there, Miss Fenton?" he said, pleasantly (he so often called me Miss Fenton now); "I was just in search of you. Violet, your sister has telegraphed as you wished, and the rooms will be quite ready for the children to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" I gasped.

"Yes," he returned, in his quick, decided voice; "you and Hannah will have plenty of work to-day. You are looking pale, Miss Fenton; sea air will be good for you as well as Joyce. I do

not like people to grow pale in my service."

"I have been telling Merle," observed his wife, anxiously, "that she is to have the sole responsibility of our children. Adelaide must not interfere, must she, Alick?"

"Of course not," with a frown. "My dear Violet, we all know what your sister's management means; Rolf is a fine little fellow, but she is utterly ruining him. Remember, Miss Fenton, no unwholesome sweets and delicacies for the children; you know our rules. She may stuff her own boy if she likes, but not my children," and with this he dismissed *me, and sat down beside* his wife with some open letters in his hand.

I returned to the nursery with a heavy heart. How little we know as we open our eyes on the new day, what that day's work may bring us! I think one's waking prayer should be, "Lead me in a plain path because of mine enemies."

I was utterly cast down and disheartened at the thought of leaving my mistress. The responsibility terrified me. I should be at the tender mercies of strangers, who would not recognise my position. Ah! I had got to the Hill Difficulty at last, and yet surely the confidence reposed in me ought to have made me glad. "I trust you as myself." Were not those sweet words to hear from my mistress's lips? Well, I was only a girl. Human nature, and especially girl nature, is subject to hot and cold fits. At one moment we are star-gazing, and the majesty of the universe, with its undeviating laws, seems to lift us out of ourselves with admiration and wonder; and the next hour we are grovelling in the dust, and the grasshopper is a burthen, and we see nothing save the hard stones of the highway and the walls that shut us in on every side. "Lead us in a plain path." Oh, that is just what we want; a Divine Hand to lift us up and clear the dust from our eyes, and to lead us on as little children are led.

These salutary thoughts checked my nervous fears and restored calmness. I remembered a passage that Aunt Agatha had once read to me—a quotation from a favourite book of hers; I had copied it out for myself.

"Do as the little children do—little children who with one hand hold fast by their father, and with the other gather strawberries or blackberries along the hedges. Do you, while gathering and managing the goods of this world with one hand, with the other always hold fast the hand of your heavenly Father, turning to Him from time to time to see if your actions or occupations are pleasing to Him; but take care, above all things, that you never let go His hand, thinking to gather more, for, should He let you go, you will not be able to take another step without falling."

Just then Hannah came to me for the day's orders, and I told her as briefly as possible of the plans for the morrow. To my astonishment, directly I mentioned Netherton, she turned very red, and uttered an exclamation.

"Netherton—we are to go to Netherton—Squire Cheriton's place! Why, miss, it is not more than a mile and a half from there to Dorlecote and Wheeler's Farm."

"Do you mean the farm where your father and your sister Molly live?" I returned, quite taken aback at this, for the girl's eyes were sparkling, and she seemed almost beside herself with joy. "Truly it is an ill wind that blows no one any good."

"Yes, indeed, miss, you have told me a piece of good news. I was just thinking of asking mistress for a week's holiday, only Master Reggie seemed so fretful and Miss Joyce so weakly, that I hardly knew how I could be spared without putting too much work upon you; but now I shall be near them all for a month or more. Molly had been writing to me the other day to tell me that they were longing for a sight of me."

"I am very glad for your sake, Hannah, that we shall be so near your old home; but now we must see to the children's things, and I must get Rhoda to send a note to the laundress. I had put a stop to the conversation purposely, for I wanted to know my mistress's opinion before I encouraged Hannah in speaking about her own people. How did I know what Mrs. Morton would wish? I took the opportunity of speaking to her when she came up to the nursery in the course of the evening. Hannah was still packing, and I was collecting some of the children's toys. Mrs. Morton listened to me with great attention; I thought she seemed interested.

"Of course I know Wheeler's Farm," she replied at once; "Michael Sowerby, Hannah's father, is a very respectable man; indeed, they are all most respectable, and I know Mrs. Garnett thinks highly of them. I shall have no objection to my children visiting the farm if you think proper to take them, Merle; but of course they will go nowhere without you. If you can spare Hannah for a day now and then I should be glad for her to have the holiday, for she is a good girl, and has always done her duty."

"I will willingly spare her," was my answer, for Hannah's sweet temper and obliging ways had made me her friend. "I was only anxious to know your wishes on this point, in case my conduct or Hannah's should be questioned."

"You are nervous about going to Netherton, Merle," she returned, at once, looking at me more keenly than usual. "You are quite pale this evening. Put down those toys; Hannah can pack them, with Rhoda's help; I will not have you tire yourself any more to-night."

"I am not tired," I faltered, but the foolish tears rushed to my eyes. Did she have an idea, I wonder, how hard I felt it would be to leave her the next day. As the thought passed through my mind she took the chair beside me.

"The carriage has not come yet, Anderson will let me know when my husband is ready for me; we shall have time for a talk. You are a little downhearted to-night, Merle; you are dreading leaving us to-morrow."

"I am sorry to leave you," I returned, and now I could not keep the tears back.

"I shall miss you, too," she replied, kindly; "I am getting to know you so well, Merle. I think we understand each other, and then I am so grateful to you for loving my children; no one has ever been so good to them before."

"I am only doing my duty to them and you."

"Perhaps so; but then how few do their duty? How few try to act up to so high a standard. I am dull myself to-night, Merle. No one knows how I feel parting with my children; I try not to indulge in nervous fancies, but I cannot feel happy and at rest when they are away from me."

"It is very hard for you," was my answer to this.

"It is not quite so hard this time," she returned, hastily; "I feel they will be safe with you, Merle, that you will watch over them as though they were your own. I know you will justify my trust."

"You may be assured that I will do my best for them."

"I know that," returned my mistress, gently. "You will write to me, will you not, and give me full particulars about my darlings. I think you will like Marshlands; my sister Gay is very bright and winning, and my father is always kind."

"Mrs. Markham?" I stammered.

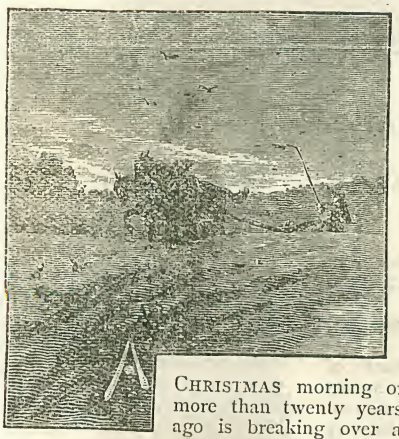
"Oh, my sister Adelaide; she *will* be too much occupied with her own boy and her own affairs to trouble you much. If you are in any difficulty write to me and I will help you. Now I must say good-night. Have I done you any good, Merle? Have the fears lessened?"

"You always do me good," I answered, gratefully, as she put out her slim hand to me; and, indeed, her few sympathising words had lifted a little of the weight. When she had left the nursery I sat down and wrote a long letter to Aunt Agatha, bidding her goodbye, and speaking cheerfully of our intended flitting. When the next day came I woke far more cheerful. The bright sunshine, Joyce's excitement, and Hannah's happy looks stimulated me to courage. There was little time for thought, for there was still much to be done before the carriage came round for us. Mrs. Morton accompanied us to the station, and did not quit the platform until our train moved off.

"Remember, Merle, I trust them to you," were her last words before we left her there alone in the summer sunshine.

(*To be continued.*)

CHRISTMAS IN A FRENCH BOARDING-SCHOOL.



CHRISTMAS morning of more than twenty years ago is breaking over a picturesque old town of fair France. The cold wintry sun touches upon the masts of the ships in her harbour and upon the crowded houses of the Lower Town, creeps up to the leafless trees upon the ramparts, and glints upon the steep roofs and stately cathedral of the Upper Town.

From the dormitory windows of a large boarding-school some dozen or more of girlish heads are peering into the feeble light, in the hope of seeing across the narrow "silver streak" the white cliffs of their English home. In vain. A cold, grey fog is rising from the sea, and baffles even their strong young eyes. The casements are closed, and as the big school-bell sends forth its summons, the English boarders hasten into the class-room below. It does not look very inviting at this early hour; there is no fire and little light, while the empty benches and the absence of the usual chattering throng of schoolgirls serve only to make those of them who remain the more depressed. They gather, from force of habit, round the fireless stove, and wish one another a "Merry Christmas"; but they neither look nor feel as if a merry Christmas could be theirs. With hands swollen with chilblains and faces blue with cold, they stand, a shivering group, comparing this with former anniversaries, and increasing their discomfort by reminding one another of the warm firesides, the ample Christmas cheer, and the lavish gifts with which the day is being ushered in at home.

At length the welcome sound of the breakfast-bell is heard, and our small party descends to the *réfectoire*. Here excellent hot coffee and omelettes, with the best of bread and butter, somewhat reconcile us to our hard lot, while the different mistresses are really very kind to *les petites désolées*, and do their best to enliven the meal. We are told that during the ten days' holiday now begun we shall be entirely exempted from the necessity of talking French, and shall be allowed to get up and go to bed an hour later than during the school terms; moreover, that after service in our own church that morning (for, to their credit be it said, these ladies, devout Catholics themselves, never tampered with our belief), we should have a good fire lighted in the small class-room, where we could amuse ourselves as we pleased for the rest of the day.

After such good news we set off, under the escort of the English governess, in revived spirits for church. It was a plain little building, but we always liked to go; it seemed a bit of old England transplanted into this foreign town; and to-day the holly and flowers, the familiar hymns, and our pastor's short and telling address, made the service particularly bright and cheery.

We were very fond of our good, gentle little clergyman, and always lingered a while after the services in the hope that he would speak to us, as he often did, especially upon any Church festivals; and to-day we had quite a long talk with him before, with many and hearty good wishes, we parted in the church porch.

As usual, after service, we went for a walk on the ramparts which encircle the Upper Town. The view was very fine, comprising on one side the Lower Town, the shining waters of the Channel, and, on very clear days, the houses as well as the cliffs of Dover; on the other, the hills and valleys, watered by the Liane; if we went further still, and passed the gloomy old château—now a prison—we could trace the roads leading to Calais and St. Omer; while on a bleak hill to the left rose Napoleon's Column.

This rampart walk was a great favourite with us all, and we generally liked to make two or three turns. To-day, however, we were to have an early luncheon, and, besides, were yearning for our letters; so we contented ourselves with *le petit tour*, and hurried home. Here we found an ample mail awaiting us, whilst among the pile each girl found a neat little French *billet* from mademoiselle, inviting us formally to dinner and a little dance that evening. Of course we sat down at once to write our acceptances, then, with a cheer for mademoiselle, turned our thoughts to the absorbing topic of what we should wear. Dinner was fixed for 5 p.m., so that after luncheon there was really not very much time left, especially as each girl, besides the difficulty of choosing and arranging her most becoming costume, had also to have her hair "done."

Hair-dressing was an elaborate science in those days, puffs and frisettes, curls and plaits, being all brought into requisition on state occasions, and if this—a dinner and a dance given by mademoiselle, the rather awe-inspiring though extremely kind mademoiselle, who reigned an undisputed autocrat in our little school-world—if this, I say, was not a state occasion, I appeal to every schoolgirl throughout the kingdom to tell me what was.

The *dortoir* was a gay and animated scene as we English girls repaired thither after luncheon to "lay out" (rather a dismal phrase, but one we always used) our best frocks and sashes, our open-worked stockings and evening shoes, and our black or white silk mittens. One of the girls was a capital hairdresser, as everyone else allowed, and as her services were eagerly entreated by the less skilful in the art, I can tell you her powers and her patience were put to the test that afternoon.

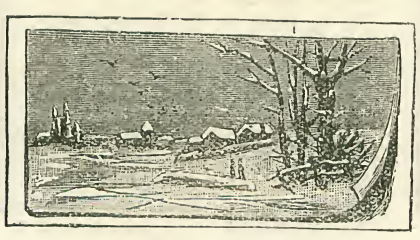
Oh, the plaiting and waving, the padding and puffing, the crimping and curling, that we gladly underwent on that memorable occasion! How openly we admired one another, and—more secretly—ourselves; and then how very funny it seemed to be walking into the drawing-room as mademoiselle's visitors!

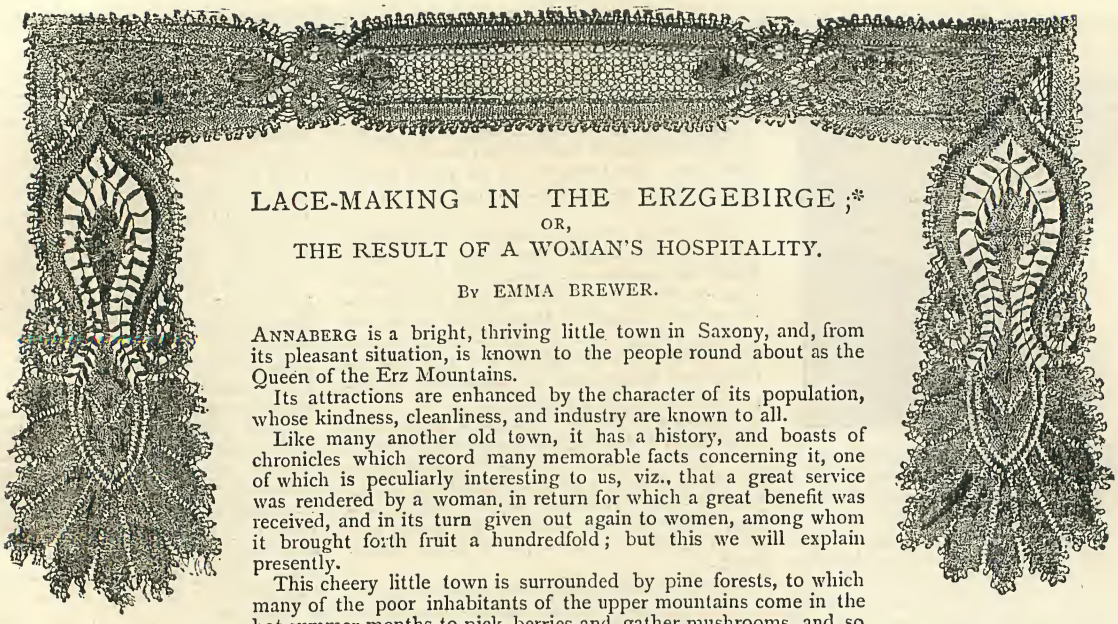
Kind mademoiselle! how handsome she looked in her dark satin dress, with a little old French lace at her throat and wrists! How pleasantly she welcomed us all, while she gave extra care to the one child amongst us, who could only wear black ribbons even for Christmas Day.

Of course, all the under-mistresses were there, and one or two of the non-resident ones. I particularly remember the pretty singing mistress, and the head music mistress, whose brother I hear of nowadays as the first organist of Europe; whilst last of all to arrive was Monsieur l'Abbé, who was a frequent and honoured guest, and for whose coming we had all been waiting.

The dinner bell rang a few minutes after this important arrival, and we all descended to the *réfectoire*. How good that dinner was! A soup such as one never tastes anywhere but in France; the *bouilli*, which we were too English to care for; the turkey stuffed with chestnuts—delicious, but so unlike an English turkey; the plum pudding, very good again, but still with a foreign element about it somehow; and, as a winding up delicacy, the delicious *tourte à la crême*, a real triumph of gastronomy.

Then our glasses were filled with claret, and we drank the "health of parents and relations," a rather perilous toast for some of us, whose hearts were still tender from a recent parting; and finally coffee was served—not the coffee of everyday life, but the real *café noir*, which we girls drank with an extra dose of sugar, but which to seniors was served with a little cognac. Then, as we sat over our fruit and *galette*, mademoiselle and her mother, a charming old lady, with bright, dark eyes, and soft, silver hair, combined with Monsieur l'Abbé to keep us merry with a succession of amusing stories of French life and adventure, until the repeated ringing of the hall bell announced the arrival of some of the old pupils, who had been asked to join our dance. Tables were quickly cleared, superfluous chairs and benches removed, violin and piano set up a gay tune, and then we danced and danced away until nearly midnight, when the appearance of *eau sucrée* and lemonade, with a tray of tempting cakes, concluded the fun, and gave the signal for retiring.





LACE-MAKING IN THE ERZGEBIRGE;*
OR,
THE RESULT OF A WOMAN'S HOSPITALITY.

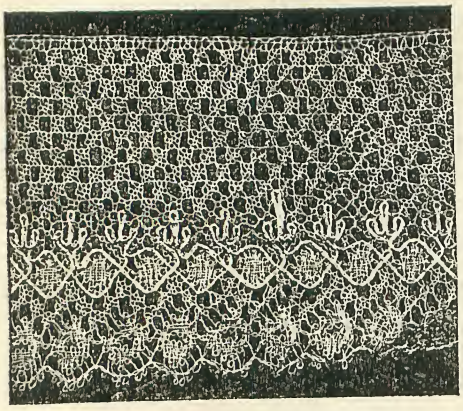
By EMMA BREWER.

ANNABERG is a bright, thriving little town in Saxony, and, from its pleasant situation, is known to the people round about as the Queen of the Erz Mountains.

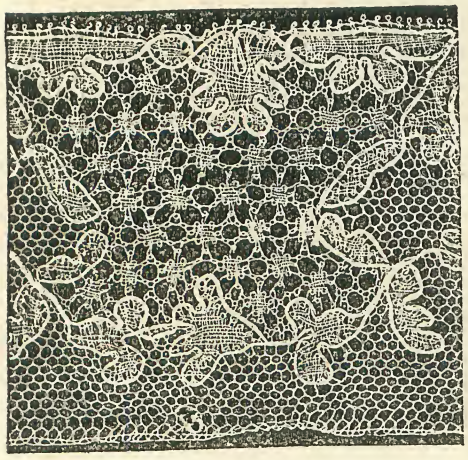
Its attractions are enhanced by the character of its population, whose kindness, cleanliness, and industry are known to all.

Like many another old town, it has a history, and boasts of chronicles which record many memorable facts concerning it, one of which is peculiarly interesting to us, viz., that a great service was rendered by a woman, in return for which a great benefit was received, and in its turn given out again to women, among whom it brought forth fruit a hundredfold; but this we will explain presently.

This cheery little town is surrounded by pine forests, to which many of the poor inhabitants of the upper mountains come in the hot summer months to pick berries and gather mushrooms, and so add to their scant means. The highest point of the Erzgebirge is only two hours distant, or about six miles, and it is quite worth while to climb to it, for from it you get a view which does your heart good. Not that the character of these mountains is either romantic or wild, like that of the rugged rocks in the Bavarian Highlands; on the contrary, it is soft and gently undulating, conveying rest and peace to the heart.

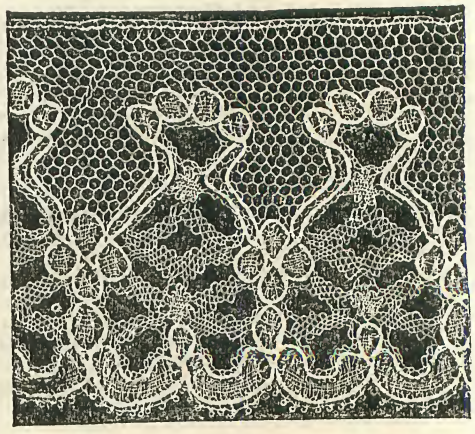


And what of the inhabitants? Are they as attractive as the mountains? I cannot be quite sure. Of one thing, however, I am certain, that they would interest you. They are simple-hearted and good tempered. By incessant industry they manage, as a rule, to gain a scant livelihood, although there are bad times when, in spite of constant toil, many suffer hunger.

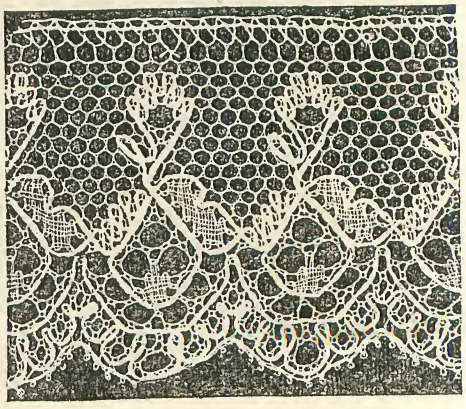


Potatoes, and a suspicious kind of drink which these people call by the name of coffee, form the chief means of support. Those dwelling high up in the mountains consider themselves quite happy if they are able to place a dish of steaming potatoes on their well-scrubbed pinewood table. If, however, night frosts and long rains spoil these, they have little else to live on than the clear water from the spring and the fresh air of the mountains. The result of this is that about Christmas, which should be a happy time, the ghost of Typhus may be seen stalking abroad over the mountains, pausing here and there to knock at one or other of the little snowed-up huts of the weaver, the toy-maker, or the lace-worker, and the gravedigger finds more than enough to do digging graves down through the ice and snow.

Necessity has taught these simple people not only to live sparingly and to exercise self-denial, but it has given them a wonderful cleverness and readiness in taking up any new industry.



Just as in great towns the fashions are continually changing, so the demands of the markets of the world create new trades, and give a variety to the occupations of even these remote dwellers of the mountains. In the very poor huts, with shingle roofs scattered about in out-of-the-way corners of this mountain district, you would scarcely expect to see the inhabitants working a thousand various and tasteful patterns of glistening, sparkling pearl articles, which, when finished, go forth out of those poor huts to adorn the dresses of grand ladies in Berlin, Paris, and London; yet this is the fact.



In like manner and in like houses

* Mountains between Saxony and Bohemia.

you may see the inhabitants busy with the beautiful art-industry of pillow lace-making, which brings us to the interesting fact recorded in the chronicles of Annaberg—interesting to us because it refers to woman and woman's work.

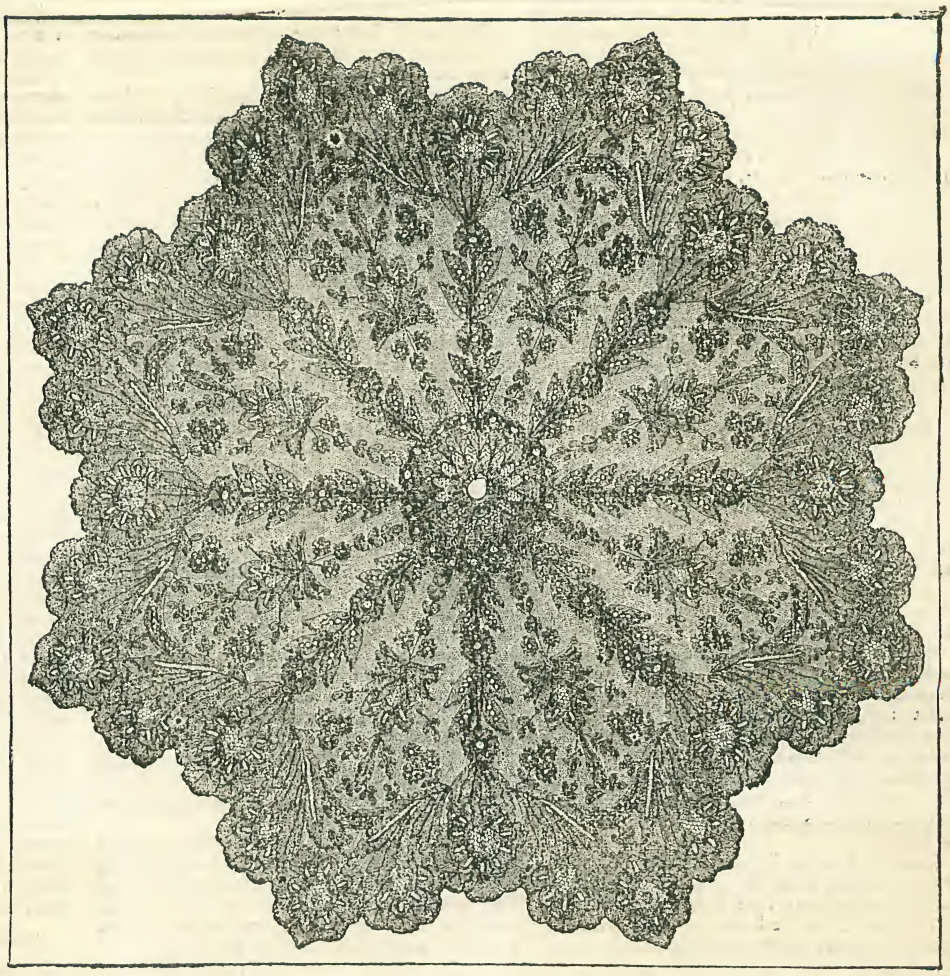
The middle of the sixteenth century was a hard time for the people of the Erz Mountains. Yearly the population increased, and yearly the means of support grew less; for the productiveness of the mines, which up to that time had been great, fell off to such an extent that even the new tin industry failed to make up the loss.

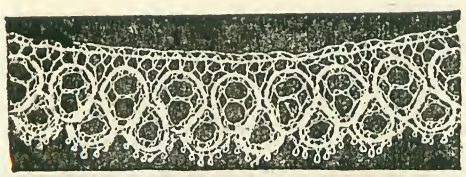
It was just when the need was greatest that the good Frau Barbara Uttman, a rich patrician lady of Annaberg, came to the rescue of the inhabitants by teaching the poor women and girls* an entirely new industry—one that had never been known in Germany. It was the rare art of making exquisitely soft and costly texture with the hand by means of dexterously intertwining and knotting single threads of silk or cotton; in fact, to make what is known as bobbin or pillow lace.

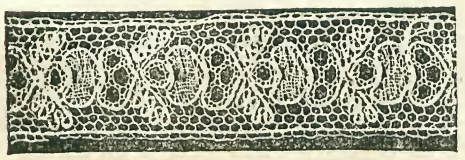
Barbara Uttman (born in 1514, died in 1575), as the story goes, learnt it from a fugitive Brabantine whom she hospitably received into her house. If this be so, then was her hospitality rich in good fruit.

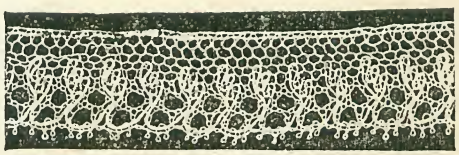
Although pillow lace does not hold so high a place in fashion at the present time as in the good old days, yet the memory of Frau Barbara is kept in affectionate and pious remembrance by the good and simple people of the Erz Mountains.

A venerable avenue of lime-trees leads to her tomb in the "Gottesacre" of Annaberg. It is one of the most simple in style and execution. It points her out as the founder of the bobbin art, seated at a lace cushion.

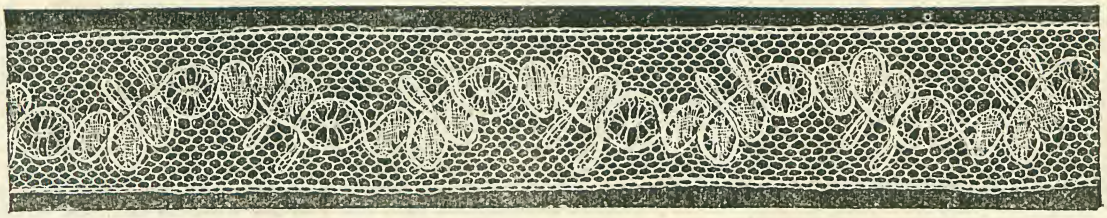












A good action is the most beautiful memorial, just as gratitude is the highest of virtues.

Past neglect has been in a manner atoned for by erecting a worthy memorial of her exactly opposite the ancient grey town-hall in the market-place of Annaberg.

There is a possibility that this memorial may be the means of reviving the industry which has been so good a friend to the inhabitants; and yet it is scarcely possible that

* These wives and daughters of the miners had always worked at point lace, but this was a quieter and easier work which Frau Barbara taught them.

it can ever compete with the machine-made lace of Nottingham, which is comparatively cheap, and, to the uneducated eye, scarcely to be distinguished from the hand-made cushion lace. During the last thirty years the poor bobbin villages would have starved on the ever-decreasing profits had not other industries sprung up to give them work.

Many attempts have been made to give the pillow lace a fresh start, a new life; but without any permanent good result. Standing out from among many noble ladies who have made the attempt, is the Queen Carola of Saxony, who has done her utmost to keep it going.

She maintains model bobbin schools, wherein children are taught the industry under skilful supervision. It was she who gave the order to the poor lace-makers for the bridal veil of the Princess Maria Josepha, as well as for the lace dress.

It is the object in all the schools to ward off the threatened downfall of the hand-made lace industry, by the production of patterns full of taste and style; but this only goes a short way, the markets of the world must do the rest.

Ladies might do much for the industry if they resolved to wear real lace instead of cheap machine lace.

A committee of ladies in Vienna have already determined to do this, which may be the beginning of better things.

Quite apart from its practical purpose of maintaining for the poor mountaineers a branch of business peculiarly theirs, we must remember that, should the cushion lace-making fail, an ancient and noble house industry will have its fall — an industry which is even now able to turn out beautiful works of art, worthy of high praise, one for whose success three centuries have laboured.

The effect of this industry among the people who earn their bread by it is to make them scrupulously clean; their huts have, as a rule, but one floor, but the boards are always freshly scrubbed, the walls are spotlessly whitewashed. The kitchen utensils, which are hung on the walls, are like looking-glasses, so bright are they, and you would look in vain for dust on the poor furniture of the little room.

The costly lace requires the most particular cleanliness, as well in the lace-maker herself as in her surroundings.

The manners of these people are those bequeathed them by their forefathers, and their work is carried on as in former days.

Even little children of four years old earn a few pence weekly at the cushion towards the housekeeping, by making common wool lace. To produce tasteful hand lace requires not only great patience, but also such a high perfection in the art that it must be regularly practised from childhood, and this explains the reason of such young children being placed at the cushion.

The bobbin lace-making industry has never brought even a moderate competency to the cleverest and most industrious worker. How could it, when, if she work from early morning till late at night, the highest she can possibly earn is 5s. a week, and in less busy times not more than two to three shillings?

In the hard winter days no morsel of meat is seen on the table; and if the potatoes are all consumed, then dry bread, and not much of it, is all the nourishment they get.

How does it happen that such valuable work fails to give a fair return? This, with a little knowledge, is easy to answer. It takes a very long time indeed to produce the most simple lace, and as to costly patterns of rich and tasteful designs, such as we give here as a cover to a lady's sunshade—well, it would require for its production six to twelve months, or even longer, according to the pattern and the ability of the worker. This lace-cover is bought in the shops of our great towns for the ridiculously cheap sum of £5—perhaps £7 10s. —or, at the very highest, £15.

If you take into consideration the high duty on these articles, the worth of the raw material, which is generally the best silk, and the fee to the middle-man, you will see how much remains for the industrious artist at her cushion—never more than 2s. 1d. a day.

Supposing that a yard of pillow lace cost 7½d. in the shops, you must take off quite 2½d. for the purchase of material and the fee for the middle-man, which leaves the worker 5d. as the price of a day's hard work, for she cannot make more than a yard a day.

The poverty of the pillow lace-maker is no doubt due also to the low market price of the lace, and this cannot be remedied, for lace being not an article of necessity, but only of luxury, the desire to buy will decrease with every rise in price, especially as the machine-made lace is produced so easily and in such perfection that it is difficult often to tell the true from the false.

For the last ten years it has seemed useless to think of bettering the position of the lace-maker, male or female. Any effort made is rather to prevent an excellent and artistic industry from dying out. The population has turned itself to other industries which pay somewhat better, merely taking up the lace-work when others fail.

For example, men who in summer seek their bread on the plains, either as bricklayers, labourers, or artisans, join the family circle in the winter in making lace, and it is wonderful to see what soft and delicate work is turned out by those hard hands. It is pleasant to see the wooden stools drawn round the table behind the glass globe filled with water, through which the lamplight falls sharp and clear on the spotless work, and watch the family, from the aged grandmother down to the toddling grandchild, take their places at their cushions or pillows. For those who have never seen pillow lace made, we will give a few words.

The pillow or cushion is of cylindrical form, and tightly stuffed. On this a number of pins are stuck, according to the pattern to be worked. The threads, fastened to small bobbins, are thrown across the cushion and placed round these pins; the threads, traversing from left to right, or *vice versâ*, often weave at once the pattern and the ground. There is a line in one of the Volkslied which runs—

"That bobbin lace may prosper ever."

We echo the wish, but fear it will never be realised.

"NO."

By MARY E. HULLAH.

CHAPTER II.



"So you like this part of London?" asked Horace, by-and-by.

Embrance had taken off her bonnet and ulster, and was sitting by the side of the fire. It was one of her characteristics, owing, perhaps, to the need of rest after long hours' work, that she could remain perfectly still for a considerable length of time. She had no desire to busy herself with fancy work or to twirl her watch-chain; she did not throw herself into picturesque attitudes, but sat with clasped hands, listening to her visitor's easy flow of conversation. A curl of her dark hair had escaped from the stiff plait, and her lips were parted with a smile.

"Not half so alarming as I imagined she would be," was Horace Meade's thought, as he pursued his inquiries as to her liking for Bloomsbury, "but why, in the name of all that's wonderful, does she wear such a frightful garment? It requires beauty to carry off a Cinderella garb of that kind."

"I find it convenient to live here," explained Embrance, while her visitor's fancy had soared far away, and was drawing her hair high on the top of her head, putting pearls in her ears, and a mass of crimson roses in the lace round her throat. "She would make a good study for the 'ugly princess,'" he thought.

"I know that you are one of the busy folk," he said, "Joan has told me about you and your hard work. I only hope—" with a certain kindliness that went straight to her heart—"that you are not overdoing it. Joan ought to look after you."

Just for a second, Embrance's dark eyes looked up at him with a flash of inquiry: could it be that this polite, soft-voiced man was making fun of Joan and of her? As if ashamed of her suspicion, she replied gently—

"It is a great pleasure to me to have Joan's company; we have been friends for a great many years, ever since we were little schoolgirls."

"And you helped her with her sums after hours," said Horace, twisting the end of his moustache. "I have heard a great deal about you and your doings, Miss Clemon, but seriously, I should be glad to talk to you about my cousin, if you will let me."

"Please do; she has been so looking forward to your coming; will you be able to suggest any line for her to take up? She doesn't much like teaching; she was not very happy at home, and (with a slight hesitation) her grandfather makes her no allowance while she is here."

"Poor girl!" exclaimed Mr. Meade, "I expected how it would be; he is a regular old miser. As for Joan, with all her talent, she's had no proper teaching herself, and hasn't an idea what real work means. What has she been doing lately?"

Embrance, conscious that Joan had been spending the last fortnight in making herself a charming terra-cotta walking dress, looked towards the window, and said that there had been so many fogs, it was bad weather for artists. Mr. Meade nodded, then marched up to the easel, and examined the drawing—a study of roses, white and pink—that Joan had begun a month ago; but even before the roses (which had cost as much as a week's

rent) withered, she had got tired of the drawing, and had put it on one side for a copy of a landscape, intended for the good of her pupil, and also left unfinished.

For some minutes he stood there in silence, took the drawings nearer to the light, and carefully replaced them on the easel.

"Well?" asked Embrance, anxiously.

"What do you think of them?"

"I am not a judge; I know so little about it."

"Very likely, but look here" (she came closer to the easel), "you are accustomed to observe. Do you see the grouping of the roses is pretty enough, but there, look, that is quite out of drawing, and the stalk is an absurdity."

Embrance could not stay there any longer in mute acquiescence: "But she is so quick," she remonstrated, "and has a real love"—for painting, she was about to say, but her sense of truth turned the sentence into: "for anything that is beautiful!"

He turned away from the window with a sigh. "As an amateur, it is all very well, but otherwise, I don't see what is to be done. Poor little Joan! It's a bad business; how is she looking, Miss Clemon?"

"Prettier than ever, I think."

"I am glad to hear it. She is a charming companion, and I am very glad that you like her. It is a comfort to know that she has got such a good friend in you."

Embrance blushed, feeling very uncomfortable, and half inclined to resent his remarks. It was rather late in the day for a complete stranger to interfere in such an old friendship as hers and Joan's. "However," she reflected, "I am sure he is very fond of her; I wish she would come in."

"Perhaps," continued Horace Meade, "you think that I have no business to say this; but the fact is, that I had expected to find, at least I had not expected to find—that is to say——"

He stopped abruptly, and Embrance could not refrain from laughing: "You had imagined that Joan had set up housekeeping with a strong-minded woman of the most extreme type, who didn't care what became of her."

"No, no, indeed!" began Horace, but she would go on.

"Please let me explain to you that I would do anything, anything in the world to make Joan happy. I have been looking forward to your visit; I hoped that between us we could find some way of helping her."

It occurred to Horace that this would be an advantageous moment to say something complimentary, and get himself out of an awkward predicament, but he did not avail himself of the opportunity. He was a person who believed in his own insight of character, and Miss Clemon (who was so widely different from his preconceived notion of Joan's learned friend) interested him very much; he was quite sure that she was open and honest as the day. Better be straightforward, too.

"Thank you very much," he said, almost as if she had conferred a favour on him personally, "I will think over what you have said; we will try and help her; and may I come again soon?"

Embrance answered that she would be very glad to see him, and when, after a little more chat, he took his leave, she went singing into the next room, feeling lighter of heart than she had done for days. She liked Horace Meade very much, and how pleased Joan would be to hear of his arrival!

Joan was, indeed, delighted to welcome her cousin; Mrs. Rakely invited him to the hotel, and there were many happy days spent in his society. His own rooms and studio were in a distant suburb, but he found time to make himself very agreeable to the ladies, and to show them the sights of London. Joan was in her element, but too soon there came a period of reaction. Mrs. Rakely went back to the country, and Horace began to work regularly; he was slowly making his way as a portrait painter. Joan fell into low spirits again, she wrote a great many letters, and received bulky communications from Mrs. Rakely, about which she maintained a silence, strangely unlike her usual talkativeness. Now and then she would turn wistful glances on Embrance, as if longing for sympathy, but she made no confidences. And Embrance treated her with great tenderness, believing that some slight squabble with Horace was the cause of her despondency. "Better not to worry her with too many questions," she thought, "she will tell me in her own good time."

Horace came to the little second floor parlour, generally timing his visits so as to arrive about seven o'clock. He had dined at his club. If he might be allowed, it suited him best to drop in at this time. He hoped he wasn't in the way. Embrance bade him heartily welcome, while Joan would forget her melancholy, and brighten into fresh beauty under the influence of her cousin's pleasant talk. More than once Embrance, busy as she was, had attempted to leave the cousins to themselves, while she laboured at a side table; but Horace had a knack of coaxing her back to the fireside, asking her opinion on some interesting topic, or referring to her laughingly as a competent authority. And she had been enticed away to listen to his account of his travels, or description of his housekeeping failures in his own rooms. He set Joan hard at work painting menu cards and photograph frames, saying that he knew a man who would dispose of them at a fair price, and now and then he brought a drawing for her to copy, but he showed no sign of being impressed with the progress that she made.

"Do you expect your cousin this evening?" asked Embrance, one afternoon, about a month after Christmas; "he has not been to see you for some time."

"No," said Joan, wearily. She was lying full length on the hearthrug, with her head on a pillow, while Embrance arranged the ornaments on the mantelpiece to her better satisfaction; "but I have heard from him."

"What did he say?" asked Embrance, fancying that in Joan's manner she could trace a desire to be further questioned; "is it a secret, Joan, or may I know all about it?"

Joan fixed her great eyes upon Embrance, and raised herself from the ground with one arm: "I have got a secret, but I am not to tell you. Did you guess that I had?"

Embrance nodded. She had finished putting the ornaments to rights, and now came and sat on a low chair by the fire. "You would rather not tell me about it just yet, Joan?"

"Not yet," said Joan, excitedly. "You will know soon. Mrs. Rakely knows. But, but"—she hesitated, "I don't know when Horace will come here again; he is very inconsiderate sometimes. What do you think he proposed I should do? I met him one day and asked his advice—you are so busy, Embrance, there seems to be no time to talk to you. He says that I had better go back to Doveton!"

"He wants to take her away from me," thought Embrance, with a pang; "perhaps he is right, and I ought never to have kept her." She took Joan's hand and patted it softly. "There is no occasion to fret about it," she said. "Would you like to go back, Joan?"

"I don't know," said Joan, half crying. "I'm sorry I quarrelled with Horace. I was very disagreeable to him. He doesn't think I ought to stay with you much longer."

"I am sorry," began Embrance, humbly; but Joan was too much taken up with her own grievance to listen. She went on: "He offered to speak to the head of a firm he knows where they make furniture and employ people (artists, Horace calls them) to decorate rooms and paint panels. He said *I should have to* be taught to do it; and, oh! Embrance, I should hate to be shut up all day; I should feel as if I were in a prison; so I said I wouldn't go and see his friend—that I would rather go on the stage. And then he advised me to go back to Doveton." Joan was sitting bolt upright now, and her eyes were sparkling. "Do you think I behaved badly?"

"It was very hard for you, my poor dear; but I dare say you were not so disagreeable as you imagine. He would make allowance for your not being accustomed to keep such regular hours."

"It's you who make allowance," cried Joan. "You are very good, Embrance; and I am keeping so much back from you. But don't think hardly of me; promise me you won't. Have patience with me, whatever I do."

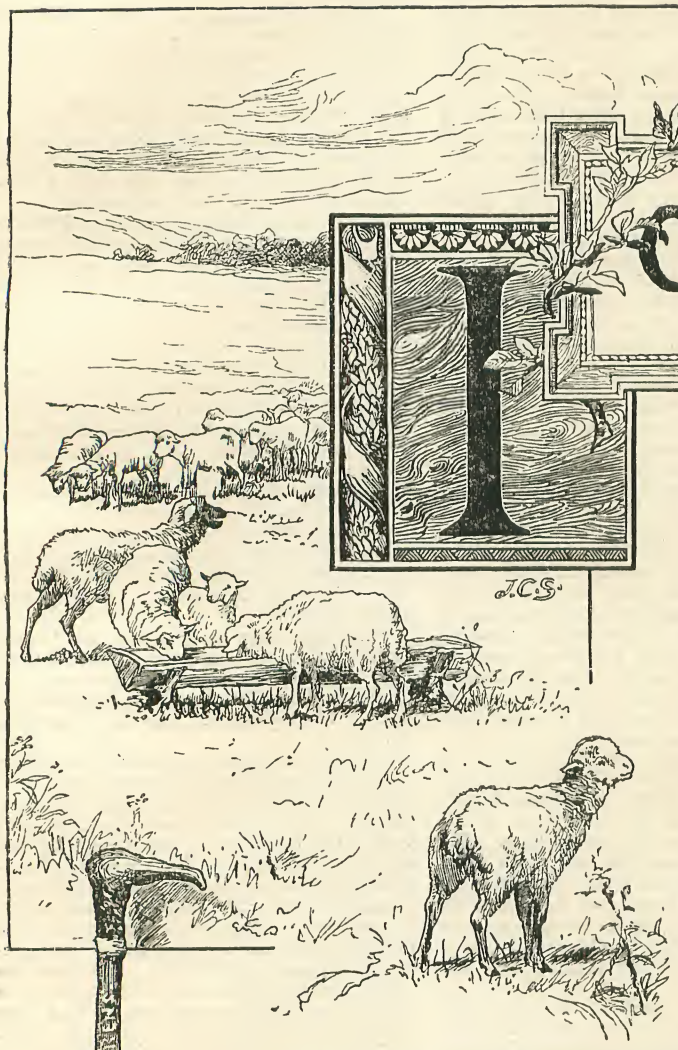
A sharp east wind was blowing across the park; the chestnut-trees stretched their bare branches grimly towards the sky. Embrance Clemon was walking home after her day's work; the dead leaves swept rustling and dancing towards her. A party of noisy children were racing after their hoops a few yards in front of her. She had just been told by the mother of a pupil, with many expressions of regret, that her services would not be required any more after Easter. Her head was full of plans, by which she could contrive to manage her slender resources, so that Joan should not be made to feel that she was in any way increasing the household difficulties. In truth, she could ill afford to lose a lesson just now. She had heard no more of Joan's quarrel with Horace Meade; she imagined that that was made up long ago; the two had met more than once, she knew, at a friend's house, but he had left off coming to call. Embrance missed his visits; it was clear to her now, looking back to the last few months, that Horace Meade had brought a great deal of happiness into their quiet lives—hers as well as Joan's. And yet, try as she would, she could not but feel hurt that he should be so anxious to remove Joan from her influence. "It doesn't matter, after all," she reflected, walking faster and faster in the grey twilight, "what he thinks of me." Nevertheless, it mattered so much, that Embrance grew sad at heart; there came over her a great longing to throw up the present occupation and go away, anywhere, and begin again; to shut up her past life tight and firm and to start afresh. And Joan? She almost smiled at her own folly, as she recollected how impossible it would be to leave Joan in such an unceremonious fashion.

(*To be continued.*)

THE SHEPHERD'S FAIRY.

A PASTORALE.

By DARLEY DALE, Author of "Fair Katherine," etc.



CHAP X.—A FALSE STEP

IF it had not been for his anxiety about Fairy, this would have been an excursion quite after Jack's own heart. He delighted in anything unusual which varied the monotony of his daily life, and if it partook of the nature of an adventure he was all the better pleased. As he and his father tramped along the Oatham-road, one walking on the extreme right, the other on the left hand side, it was natural that John should beguile the way with reminiscences of other fogs.

"The worst fog I ever remember was when I was courting your mother, Jack. It was just after Lewes sheep fair, and a Saturday night, and it came on quite suddenly, so that I saw it was impossible to attempt to get the sheep home that night, for I was on Mount Caburn, and I did not know the mount so well then as I do now. But I always spent Saturday evening and the best part of Sunday with your mother, and I did not feel inclined to be done out of my weekly treat by the fog, so, though I could not get the sheep into fold, I thought I would leave them to take their chance till the fog lifted, and then come after them; I knew I should soon find them by the help of the bell-wethers and Rover, so I left the sheep, and set off to try and find my way home through the fog. I knew there were one or two nasty places where I might fall and break my neck, so I went pretty carefully, you may be sure. I had no lantern with me, and it was a darker night than to-night, and I think I must have wandered round and round the top of Mount Caburn for three or four hours before I even began to descend. At last I found I was actually on a downward track, though I had not the least idea which side of the hill I was, and I think if I had not been in love I should have remained where I was till the morning, or at least till the fog cleared. As it was, I determined, at all hazards, to go on, though I guessed I should get a scolding from your mother for my pains; so on I went, on my hands and knees, feeling my way before me, for I was afraid to walk upright lest I should step over a precipice, and at last I reached the bottom in safety. Then I had no idea where I was till, luckily for me, I met a man with a lantern, and he put me in the road, but it was too late to go to your mother's that night, and the greater part of Sunday was spent in looking after the sheep, who had wandered for miles. But this fog won't last much longer, Jack; the wind is rising," said the shepherd.

"Yes," said Jack, "I wish it would blow those children home safely. I do hope nothing has happened to them; but Charlie is so careless, he leads Fairy into danger without thinking."

"She does not want much leading into danger; she is apt enough at running into that, I am thinking, Jack. But what is become of Rover?" said the shepherd, stopping and whistling.

"Bow-wow-wow," replied Rover, in an excited tone, from the depths of the fog.

"Where are you, sir? Come here," cried the shepherd.

"Bow-wow-wow-wow," answered Rover, in a still sharper key.

"Come here, sir; what are you at?" cried John Shelley.

"I hope he has not found the children in that chalk-pit. See, we are near the first one," said Jack, crossing over to his father, and moving with him to the chalk-pit, which was at the side of the road.

"I trust not, Jack. Here is Rover: he has found something, that is clear. All right, I am coming, good dog," said the shepherd, as Rover now emerged from the fog, and, by dint of many barks and wagging of his tail, gave his master to understand that he had discovered something.

The shepherd throwing the light of the lantern in the direction the dog indicated, followed

him, while Jack, with his heart in his throat, dreading at every step that the next would bring him face to face with Fairy stretched lifeless at his feet—a picture his quick imagination had but little difficulty in conjuring up—brought up the rear.

They were at the mouth of a large chalk-pit, but, owing to the density of the fog, the lantern did not enable them to see more than a yard before them; moreover, they were obliged to go very carefully, as huge pieces of chalk were scattered over the centre of the pit. Suddenly Jack kicked against something, and stooping, picked up a large gingham umbrella, which, to his joy, he saw at a glance did not belong to Fairy.

"See, father, an umbrella; can this be what Rover is making all this fuss about?" asked Jack, handing the huge thing to his father to examine.

"I doubt not; I am afraid we shall find the owner of the umbrella next, Jack, by Rover's ways. But look, there is a name cut on the handle, and it looks as if it had been cut quite recently, too. See if you can make it out, I can't; seems a foreign name to me," said John Shelley, holding the umbrella close to his lantern for Jack to read.

"D-e-t—No, it is a capital t; De Thorens, that is the name, plain enough. A foreign one, too, as you said. It must belong to some stranger, then; perhaps someone has lost his or her way and taken shelter in this pit. Let us shout, father, they may hear us," and Jack shouted, but in vain.

Rover now became more excited than ever, and seizing John Shelley by the skirts of his smock-frock, dragged him forward, until suddenly he came to a standstill, and loosing his hold of his master, sniffed round and round something which was lying a step or two further on. John Shelley stooped, and, lowering his lantern, turned the light on the object, and saw to his horror the apparently lifeless body of an old woman, which was lying huddled together in a shapeless mass. Gently and reverently the shepherd straightened the limbs, which were already getting cold and stiff, and then looking at the face, which was not disfigured by the fall, the old woman having fallen on her back, he recognised his old acquaintance Dame Hursey.

"Is she dead, father?" asked Jack, in an awe-stricken voice, as he clutched his father's arm, for it was a ghastly sight these two were gazing on in the cold, dark, foggy night, by the weird gleams of their lanterns.

"Yes, Jack, yes; do you see who it is? Poor old Dame Hursey, the last person I ever thought to find here, for if anyone knew the Downs it was she. She is dressed in her best, too; she was not out wool-gathering, that is clear," said the shepherd, slowly.

"But what are we to do, father? We can't leave her here, and we have not found Fairy and Charlie yet."

"We must leave her here for the present, Jack; she is dead, and must have been killed on the spot; I expect Rover will watch by her till we come back. We must separate; you go back to the police station for a stretcher and some men, while I go on and look for these children. I hope and trust they won't come across this sight; it would give Fairy a terrible fright. Be as quick as you can, Jack, for if the children are not on the Race Hill we shall have to go in another direction. I'll meet you at the police-station; I shall be back there by the time you have got the poor old dame carried there. Rover, stay here till Jack comes back."

No need to tell Rover twice; he laid down by the body at once, and there he would have remained till doomsday if Jack or his master had not returned before; and Jack, though he by no means liked his task, and would far rather have gone on to look for Fairy, obeyed as promptly as Rover.

And where were Fairy and Charlie on this cold, dark November evening in this thick fog? They had not gone to Mount Harry after all, though they had set out with that intention, for as soon as they reached the Brighton-road Fairy had suggested they should go to Brighton instead, and though Charlie, who was rather lazily disposed, hesitated and raised objections, Fairy overthrew them all, and finally succeeded in persuading him to take her.

The object of their walk was to pay a visit to a bird-stuffer in Brighton, and find out the price of an eared-grebe which had lately been shot in the neighbourhood, and which this man, as Jack, who had been over two or three times to look at the bird, had told Fairy, was stuffing and mounting. If only the price were reasonable, a better Christmas present for Jack could not be thought of. He would be wild with joy at possessing this bird, which Fairy described to Charlie from a picture Mr. Leslie had of it. Charlie did not care much what the price was, but he was curious to see this wonderful grebe with the ruff round its neck, so he consented to take Fairy.

"How much do you think it will be, Charlie?" asked Fairy, as they trudged along the muddy road in the mist.

"I don't know; Gibbons will let us have it ever so much cheaper than anyone else, because Jack so often gives him birds and eggs, and all manner of curiosities. How much can you afford, that is the question?"

"Well, mother will give me something, and John and Mr. Leslie will give me five or ten shillings, and I have got seven myself; I think I can afford a sovereign altogether. You must give something, too, Charlie, you know."

"That's all the money I have," said Charlie, putting his hands into his pockets and producing twopence halfpenny. "That won't go far," he added, ruefully.

"Never mind, it will help. I do hope Gibbons will let us have it for a pound," answered Fairy; and buoyed up with this hope, she walked into Brighton, a good eight miles, without once complaining of being tired.

The bird-stuffer, who knew Charlie well, showed them the grebe with pride; but, alas! Fairy soon learnt that the price was far beyond her means, and feeling very much disappointed, for Jack's sake, she half repented having taken such a long walk, especially as by the time they left the shop the fog had come on very thick, and the short November day was coming to a close. In spite of this, Charlie insisted on going to the beach to look at the sea for a few minutes, though it was quite out of their way, and Fairy, tired as she was, could not refuse to oblige him when he had come so far to oblige her. Happily a very brief peep at the dull, grey sea in this deepening fog satisfied Charlie, but, nevertheless, it was five o'clock before they started on their eight miles walk back to Lewes, and by the time they were quite clear of the town, which in those days was very much smaller than at present, and on the Lewes-road it was so dark they could not see the road before them, and were obliged to walk slowly in consequence; moreover, Fairy was so tired she hardly knew how to drag one leg before the other.

"There is one comfort," said Charlie, "it is a straight road; we can't lose our way, and perhaps we shall meet someone who will give us a lift."

"I wish we could. How dark it is, Charlie. Are we half way yet, do you think?" asked poor Fairy, whose little feet were so sore she could not keep up with Charlie.

"Half-way? No, not a quarter yet. You are tired, I know, though you won't own it. I told you it was too far for you; here, take hold of my arm, and I'll help you along," said Charlie.

Thus encouraged, Fairy plodded on for another mile or so, during which time one or two carts passed them, but either could not or would not hear their requests for a lift, and one so nearly ran over them in the darkness that they ceased to wish for any more to pass. But before they were half-way home Fairy declared she must stop and rest a little, and Charlie, who knew if anything happened to her he would get all the blame, began to get frightened lest she should faint or be taken ill on the road, far away as they were from any village.

"Will you let me try and carry you, Fairy?" he asked.

"You?" laughed Fairy, in spite of her fatigue; "you carry me? Why, I doubt if Jack could, even. No, thank you; let me rest a little on this tree I nearly fell over, and then I'll go on again."

"Very well, but you must not rest long, or you'll catch cold; besides, we shan't get home to-night at this rate. Now, when I have counted up to a hundred, I shall haul you up," said Charlie, beginning to assert a little gentle authority under the circumstances.

Thus they went on, Fairy walking about half-a-mile at first, and then stopping to rest, but each rest grew longer and each walk shorter, and Charlie, who had never had a very high opinion of girls in general, much as he admired Fairy in particular, came to the conclusion that they were all pretty much alike, and that there was not much to choose between them. Poor, weak things, they got tired directly, and

could not even walk sixteen miles without making a fuss!

At last, when they were about a mile and a half from the shepherd's house, and Fairy now could only walk if Charlie supported and led her, they saw a lantern coming towards them, and to their joy found it was John Shelley.

"Oh, John, I am so glad," cried Fairy, as the shepherd turned the lantern full on her.

"Fairy! Why, my pretty one, where have you been?" cried John.

"To Brighton; and, oh! John, I am so tired; I shall never get home."

"To Brighton? Charlie, what do you mean by taking her to Brighton? But we will get home first, and talk about that afterwards. Take the lantern, Charlie, and lead the way. The child is dead beat; I must carry her." And without another word the shepherd took Fairy up in his strong arms and carried her home, stopping now and then to rest, but declaring he was not tired, as she was so light, and he was used to carrying lambs; and was not she his pet lamb?

This was one of his names for Fairy, and finding he did not seem to mind carrying her, she submitted gratefully, for she was so tired she did not care how she got home, as long as she got there somehow.

Mrs. Shelley was at the gate wrapped up in a shawl, and feeling dreadfully nervous about them, although John had not told her of Dame Hursey's terrible end when he came in an hour ago to say, just as Jack had started off to Mount Caburn to look for the children, he had heard they had been seen in Brighton that afternoon.

"Here they are, Polly, quite safe, only Fairy is tired out," said John, as he carried Fairy into the house, and placed her in his own chair before the fire.

"Thank God! Children, children, where have you been? But I must tell Jack first; he has just come in, and was going to have some supper and then start off after you, John. Jack, where are you? They are safe," cried Mrs. Shelley to Jack, who was upstairs.

Down rushed Jack to see for himself that it was true. He looked pale and anxious, for besides the shock of Dame Hursey's death, he was tired out with his search for Fairy after his day's work on the downs.

"Well, a pretty chase you have given father and me, Mr. Charlie, dragging Fairy to Brighton in this cheerful weather. If you are not ashamed of yourself, you ought to be."

"I did not drag her there; I dragged her home, and a pretty tough job it was, I can tell you," said Charlie.

"It was my fault, Jack, not Charlie's; I won't have him scolded; and we had all our walk for nothing, and as John is not angry, I don't mean to be scolded either," said Fairy.

"No, John never is angry with you; if he were sometimes you would not be half so much trouble; but come, it is no use making a fuss about it; they are home safely, thank God, so let us have supper," said Mrs. Shelley.

But somehow, in spite of their fatigue and long fast, no one was hungry except Charlie, whose appetite seldom failed him. Fairy was much too tired to eat, and Mrs. Shelley too glad and thankful to have them all safe around her, while the shepherd and Jack could not forget poor Dame Hursey's fate, which they were only waiting till Fairy and Charlie were gone to bed to discuss with Mrs. Shelley.

Fairy soon asked to be excused, as she was so tired, and Charlie, having been sent off with a huge piece of bread and cheese to consume at his leisure, John and Jack told Mrs. Shelley of the accident.

"Oh dear! oh dear! and to think it might have been that child, Fairy, or Charlie, instead of poor old Dame Hursey! I shall tell them both to-morrow, and I hope it will be a lesson to them to be more careful in the future. Poor old woman! there will have to be an inquest, of course," said Mrs. Shelley.

"Yes, the inquest is to-morrow, but there is no one to give evidence except father and me," said Jack.

However, when Fairy was told the next morning what had happened, it was found she was able to throw a little light on the matter, knowing, as she did, that Dame Hursey had gone to meet her son George the day her death occurred. She had evidently lost her way in the fog after leaving him, and the coroner's jury brought in a verdict of accidental death without any hesitation. Some little discussion was raised as to the umbrella with the name De Thorens cut on the handle, but as it was remembered the last time George Hursey was heard of in Lewes he was living in France, the coroner suggested the umbrella was his, and that he had perhaps given it to his mother to help her home. This theory satisfied everyone but Jack, and he, for reasons of his own, kept his ideas on the subject to himself. He always had thought Dame Hursey knew more about Fairy than anyone, and somehow he could not help thinking this word De Thorens had something to do with the child. He was certain the coroner's theory was untrue, because he had seen Dame Hursey with this identical umbrella over and over again; moreover, the name was recently cut, and as he knew the old woman could not have done it herself, he guessed her son George did, but why or wherefore he could not determine; only he suspected it had something to do with Fairy. But though he turned the subject over in his own mind again and again as he followed his sheep on the lonely downs, he could make nothing of it, though he felt sure he held the key to the solution of the mystery of Fairy's origin in his hand, if he only knew how to use it. On the whole, curious as he was about it, he was not sorry to be unable to solve the puzzle since he feared its solution would lead to his separation from Fairy.

If he could have known how that one false step of poor old Dame Hursey's prevented Fairy from being restored to her parents, shocked as he had been at her terrible death, it is doubtful if he could have regretted her sad end as sincerely as he did.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

A Word to Pride.

Say to thy pride, "'Tis all but ashes for the urn;
Come, let us own our dust, before to dust we turn."

The Silent Lover.

Silence in love bewrays more woe
Than words, though ne'er so witty;
A beggar that is dumb, you know,
May challenge double pity.
—*Raleigh.*

Musical Criticism.—There are two kinds of people who ought to give their opinions about music; those who know enough about it to give an opinion which is really valuable, and those who simply say what they like and what they don't like, and no more.

A Strengthening Medicine.

A Parisian chemist recently advertised his strengthening medicine for delicate people in the following terms:—

"Madame S. was so weak at the time of her marriage that she could hardly stand upright at the altar. Now, after using several bottles of my medicine, she is capable of throwing the smoothing iron at her husband without missing him once."

A Generous Nature.—Generosity is in nothing more seen than in a candid estimation of other men's virtues and good qualities.—*Barrow.*

Saving Habits.—Take care to be an economist in prosperity; there is no fear of not being one in adversity.

The Mind's Sweetness.

Let thy mind's sweetness have his operation
Upon thy body, clothes, and habitation.
—*George Herbert.*

By Fits and Starts.

The rogue and fool by fits is fair and wise,
And even the best by fits what they despise.
—*Pope.*

What is Wit?

True wit is nature to advantage dressed,
What oft was thought but ne'er so well expressed.—*Pope.*

Self-knowledge.—It is not until we have passed through the furnace that we are made to know how much dross is in our composition.

FLUENT SPEECH.—The common fluency of speech in most men and most women, says Dean Swift, is owing to a scarcity of matter and scarcity of words; for whoever is a master of language, and hath a mind full of ideas, will be apt, in speaking, to hesitate upon the choice of both; whereas common speakers have only one set of ideas and one set of words to clothe them in, and these are always ready at the mouth. So people come faster out of church when it is almost empty than when a crowd is at the door.

AN OBJECTION TO HATRED.—Plutarch says, very finely, that a man should not allow himself to hate even his enemies; for if you indulge this passion on some occasions it will rise of itself on others.—*Addison.*

AMUSEMENT FOR THE WISE.

Amusement is not an end, but a means—a means of refreshing the mind and replenishing the strength of the body; when it begins to be the principal thing for which one lives, or when, in pursuing it, the mental powers are enfeebled, and the bodily health impaired, it falls under just condemnation.

Amusements that consume the hours which ought to be sacred to sleep, are, therefore, censurable.

Amusements that call us away from work which we are bound to do are pernicious, just to the extent to which they cause us to be neglectful or unfaithful.

Amusements that rouse or stimulate morbid appetites or unlawful passions, or that cause us to be restless or discontented, are always to be avoided.

Any indulgence in amusement which has a tendency to weaken our respect for the great interests of character, or to loosen our hold on the eternal verities of the spiritual realm, is so far an injury to us.

FISH AGAINST FRY.

The following *jeu d'esprit* was suggested by an action at law some years ago, in which the parties were a Mr. Fry and a Mr. Fish:—

"The Queen's Bench Reports have cooked up an odd dish,
In action for damages *Fry* versus *Fish*;
But sure, if for damages action could lie,
It certainly must have been *Fish* against *Fry*."

WISE WORDS ON READING.

One of the common errors of the day is indulgence in indiscriminate reading. The greater the number of books the more careful readers ought to be in the choice of them, and as a guide to their value nothing could be better than the following wise words of Southey:—

"Young readers, you whose hearts are open, whose understandings are not yet hardened, and whose feelings are neither exhausted nor encrusted with the world, take from me a better rule than any professors of criticism will teach you.

"Would you know whether the tendency of a book is good or evil, examine in what state of mind you lay it down. Has it induced you to suspect that what you have been accustomed to think unlawful may after all be innocent, and that that may be harmless which you have hitherto been taught to think dangerous? Has it tended to make you dissatisfied and impatient under the control of others, and disposed you to relax in that self-government without which both the laws of God and man tell us there can be no virtue, and consequently no happiness? Has it attempted to abate your admiration and reverence for what is great and good, and to diminish in you a love of your country and of your fellow creatures? Has it addressed itself to your pride, your vanity, your selfishness, or any of your evil propensities? Has it defiled the imagination with what is loathsome, and shocked the heart with what is monstrous? Has it distracted the sense of right and wrong which the Creator has implanted in the human soul?

"If so—if you have felt that such were the effects it was intended to produce—throw the book into the fire, whatever name it may bear upon the title-page. Throw it into the fire, young man, though it should have been the gift of a friend; young lady, away with the whole set, though it should be the prominent furniture in the rosewood bookcase."

TAUGHT BY A ROBIN.—I am sent to the ant to learn industry, to the dove to learn innocence, to the serpent to learn wisdom, and why not to the robin redbreast, who chants as delightfully in winter as in summer, to learn equanimity and patience?

HANDS AND FEET.

Hands are no more beautiful for being small than eyes are for being big; but many a modern girl would ask her *fairy godmother, if* she had one, to give her eyes as big as saucers and hands as small as those of a doll, believing that the first cannot be too large nor the last too small. Tiny hands and feet are terms constantly used by poets and novelists in a most misleading manner. It cannot be possible that they are intended by the writers to express anything but general delicacy and refinement; but a notion is encouraged that results in the destruction of one of the most beautiful of natural objects—the human foot.

This unfortunate notion, that the beauty of the foot depends upon its smallness, leads to the crippling of it, till it becomes in many cases a bunch of deformity. It is a most reprehensible practice, *alike revolting to good* taste and good sense, to put the foot of a growing girl into a shoe that is not only too short, crumpling the toes into a bunch, but, being pointed, turns the great toe inwards, producing deformity of general shape, and, in course of time, inevitable bunions, the only wonder being that steadiness in standing or any grace of movement at all is left.

GIRLS AND THEIR MOTHERS.—A writer in a contemporary calls attention to the very objectionable sharpness with which some girls speak to their mothers. "In a railway carriage on our journey north," she says, "the window seats at one end were occupied by two ladies, evidently mother and daughter. The latter appeared to be out of temper. The former mildly remarked, 'Do you not think we had better have the window up?' the reply was, 'Most certainly not,' delivered in F sharp key. If I were a modern Cœlebs in search of a wife, I should very carefully observe the young lady's manner to her mother before asking the momentous question, for a girl must be vixenish at heart and unamiable indeed, when she can address her own mother with such careless rudeness as one too often hears."

MODESTY.—Modesty is the appendage of sobriety, and is to chastity, to temperance, and to humility, as the fringes are to a garment.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

MACACO and F. S. D.—"Macaco" recommends a correspondence class, conducted by a Miss Macarthur, 4, Buckingham-street, Hillhead, Glasgow. We have before drawn attention to a little useful shilling manual called "A Directory of Girls' Clubs," chiefly educational, and including religious studies and unions for prayer (Messrs. Griffith and Farran, St. Paul's-churchyard, E.C.). By procuring this a choice can be made, as the rules and terms of most of them are given. "F. S. D." had better try again, by all means, when we give another competition. It will be found, as you say, to do good, even to those who do not prove winners.

ELLA.—You might find the first instruction books in history, geography, and grammar at a secondhand bookstall for a mere trifle. Later on, you may have the means to obtain the more advanced.

ALTA.—See our answers under the above heading, so continually repeated in reference to your questions. You are too young to be received as a nurse. See our reply to "L. N.," page 31, vol. vi. (part for October, 1884).

ICIPLE.—We do not recommend teachers and Board-school mistresses to look for engagements in the colonies, however well supplied with certificates. Nevertheless, to render the matter more certain you had better obtain information and advice at the Women's Emigration office, in Dorset-street, Portman-square, W.

JEMIMA.—1. We can only say to you what we have had to say to many—you must accept what terms you can get as a governess, your youth being against you: a "fault that will mend." The trainer and caretaker, morally and physically, of children and young people under age is paid for her experience and extensive knowledge of many kinds, not merely for her acquirements in science and art. 2. "The Flowers of the Field," by the Rev. C. A. Johns, is a nice book of the kind you require (43, Piccadilly, W.).

S. B. O. F. W.—We think your writing would pass for the examination you name; but if rounded a little it would be prettier. If you wish to know how you may serve Christ, read His own words (in the four gospels) and those of His apostles. Be much in prayer for the aid of the Holy Spirit, and try to perform the daily duties of life as in His sight. Deny yourself for others, control your temper, and set a good example.

MUSIC.

DINAH begs us to give her "a great 'hunch' of advice" as to the kind of instrument she may purchase for ten shillings, because, having rather limited means, amounting to "tenpence per week," she "could not give a high price." She thinks "a bango would suit her, because much like a nigger," etc. We advise her to go to a musical instrument shop and see what she can get for the price she names.

ROB ROY.—One of the largest organs in the world is, we believe, that which you may see in the Royal Albert Hall, South Kensington. It is by Willis. It contains 111 sounding stops, and nearly 8,000 pipes. Next to it is the organ in St. George's Hall, Liverpool, which has 5,739 pipes; and the Crystal Palace organ has 4,568 pipes. The organ may be splendidly played by a woman, but, on account of the foot pedals, it is by no means suitable for her. The strain upon the back and lower part of the frame is very apt to result in physical injury.

MARY BIRD.—There is no reason why you should not play the flute, if you have one, excepting that it distorts the shape of the mouth—at least, for the time—and it is, we suppose, on this account unusual as an instrument for female culture. The clarionette would be equally objectionable for some faces, yet it is not unfrequently adopted by women. The oldest tune or piece of music in existence is of Hebrew origin—*i.e.*, the "Blessing of the Priests," which is used in the Spanish and Portuguese synagogues, and was sung in the Temple at Jerusalem from very remote times.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SISTER TO "CAGED BEAUTY."—Your request will be considered. We have a special interest in our girls and other readers scattered over our far-off colonies. Your letter is well expressed, and your handwriting is legible and fairly good.

"A Bothering Girl."—The books of Esdras are in the collection called the "Apocrypha," and this may be had from any library. These books are not inspired, though much that is good is to be found in them, together with curious fables and traditions. The books of the Maccabees are much thought of as historical works of great antiquity. A list of the canonical books of both the Old and the New Testaments is to be found in all Bibles, and that of the Lamentations of the Prophet Jeremiah is included amongst them.

Emma.—The reason that some words are printed in italics in the Bible is simply this: that there are no corresponding words in the original language from which the translation was made; but the English words supplied were necessary to give the meaning, which could not be understood without them. Perhaps when we give the following example you will understand what we mean. We all know what is meant when people say, "How do you do?" but translate it into French, word for word, and the meaning would be lost.

Dearie should learn to spell better. She speaks of the word "desert," which denotes a barren, uncultivated waste of arid sandy land, but by which she says she means the last course at dinner, that of fruit, ice, and sweetmeats. Now this course is called "dessert," and the emphasis in its pronunciation is placed on the second syllable, and as if spelt with a "z" ("de-zert"), whereas in the word "desert" it is on the first, as "dez-ert." "Bivouac" is pronounced as "biv-oo-ak." Her writing is very pretty, and we thank her for her kind letter.

Anglican Catholic.—We do not give private addresses. St. Augustine was sent over to this country by Pope Gregory the Great as a missionary, Christianity having been nearly exterminated by the invasions with which it was so terribly harassed. He found a Christian church at Canterbury (St. Martin's), where Queen Bertha worshipped, having Luithard as her priest and director. She was a French princess, and brought him over with her. At that early time the Roman Church had not evolved nor promulgated many of her modern dogmas.

Mary M.—It is not essential that you should send your address in writing to the Editor, as in many cases it might hinder the expression, feelings, and difficulties with the full freedom necessary to ensure satisfactory advice.

Edmunda Yorke.—You had better write and tell him that, having so forgotten himself and taken undue advantage of the intimacy involved in the relations between a doctor and his patient on the occasion of your last visit, your self-respect compelled you, with much regret, to forego the benefit of his treatment, and you would be obliged if he would return your book and send in his account.

E. M. Trill.—You will receive what you require by attending to the directions given at the end of every article by the "Lady Dressmaker." The Editor cannot attend to that department.

One Seeking Light.—1. We recommend you to join the Odd Minutes Society, of which the secretary is Miss Fowell, of Luctons, Buckhurst-hill, Essex. She will send you all particulars about it, and we think it is exactly the useful work that you require. 2. Read Isaiah i. 16, 17, 18, lv. 7, and Ezekiel xxxiii. compared with St. John vi. 37, and Hebrews vii. 25.

Violet.—1. Place the steel ornaments in oil, and leave them there for some time to soak off the rust, and then rub well with a soft toothbrush and chamois-leather. 2. Your handwriting is not formed. Spell "truly" without the "e." Final "e's" in adjectives are dropped when they are formed into adverbs.

Allegro, Mab, Gipsy.—There is Miss Mason's Home of Rest for Christian Workers, 7 and 8, Cambridge-gardens, Kilburn, N.W.; seaside branch, Burlington-place, Eastbourne. Terms, from 7s. to £1 per week. There is also The Cottage Home of Rest, 2, Tilsey Villas, King's-road, Norbiton (close to Richmond Park). Apply for form of admission to Mrs. J. M. Pearson, The Grange, Kingston-hill. Also see our answer to "Daisy." We think that Cobham, Surrey, would suit you.

Idalia (Demerara).—We read your nice letter with interest, and tried to realise the sketch you give of your surroundings. How we wish we could see the "pink and red morning glory," the "Hushfalia," "Waxplant," and Stephanotis "running all up to the banisters on both sides," etc. Accept our thanks for the kind wish expressed to send us some of them. We do "take the will for the deed." By some means your silver bracelet has become oxidised, and your only plan will be to send it to a silversmith. Your writing, if sloped a little from right to left, would be excellent.

Omnia Vincit Amor.—The form of speech, in such common use, to which you refer, is perfectly understood (in the real meaning assigned to it) by the visitors to whom it is addressed. Thus it is not a deception. There are "at home days," and "not at home days." On the former your mistress will be found in her reception-room; on the latter, she will not be found awaiting visitors there. If persons in society agree together to adopt a certain phrase to signify a certain thing, and not as a deception, you may use that phrase, at the orders of your mistress, in the sense in which she meant, and her visitors will receive it. Your letter and the verses, though incorrect in composition, do you credit, and we wish you God-speed!

Hope.—We recommend you to get a small sixpenny manual on canaries and their treatment. Your bird has probably been in a draught. See our article at page 775, vol. iii. Our correspondents are as numerous as ever, and the difficulty is to find space for all the answers written. Your handwriting is not formed.

Marian.—The Jewish year begins with Tisri, which month follows immediately after the new moon following the autumnal equinox; but the ecclesiastical year begins with the seventh month—viz., Nizan or Abib. The following is the entire list:—Tisri, Marchesvan, Chisley, Thebet, Sebat, Adar, Nisan, Tjar, Givan, Thammuz, Ab, and Elal.

Miscel.—When reading or reciting to a public audience, it is usual to stand, unless the piece to be read be very long. You should (or might) hold the letter. "If you were to see So-and-so painted by so poor a painter, and bad *at that*" (bad event for a bad attempt). This is the meaning of the Americanism.

Inquirer.—Chemists have signs of their trade like other tradesmen. The hairdresser has a striped pole, the publican chequers, or a bush, etc. Divide your ancient from your modern coins, and let each of these be sub-divided according to size and age. Have little trays with a succession of shallow circular cells lined with coloured paper to receive them, deep enough to preserve them from any touch of the tray that lies on it.

Ignoramus.—You could clean the large white skin hearthrug by means of powdered plaster of Paris. There is no difficulty in making a small copy of a large picture; the difficulty would be in enlarging.



M. W. A.—On a liberal computation, the cost of keeping a pony varies from £10 to £20 per annum. The grazing will cost less than that of a cow, and £4 or £5 would cover it. You may give him turnips and carrots, and scraps from the house of vegetables and bread. Oats would cost about 10s. a month; but they are really quite unnecessary. A cartload of hay at a corn-merchant's price would be about £5, more or less, and this should last one pony from the end of a summer's grass (about the end of October) till the beginning of May next year, when grass would be resumed. But unless the animal were groomed and harnessed by yourself, you must also take the expense of a groom into your account, and the cost and repair of a trap.

Kathleen.—Rest your foot for a couple of days, and if inflamed poultice it a few times; then cut the nail quite straight at the top, and scrape (with a penknife or scrap of glass) down the centre to thin the nail in the middle, and so dispose the sides to rise up instead of bending downwards and inwards, from the convex (or rounded) shape of the nail. It might be best at first to cut the nail rather in a "u" or "v" shape in the middle, instead of quite straight across, as you may do afterwards.

Perplexed One.—The only wrong we see about the whole matter is that you did not confide all to your mother. A girl should keep no secret of her own from her. She is the adviser and the protector of her daughter, and if desirable that you should renew your acquaintance with him, she will know best what steps to take. Never let her find out by chance what concerns you so seriously, more especially when anyone else has been made a confidant.

Guinevere.—1. The term "furniture" is too vague to enable us to give you advice. You do not even say whether it be wood, stuff, or leather. It is very hard to remove inkstains, but if you refer to our indexes you will find more than one recipe for removing them. The probability is that in taking them out you extract the dye of the material likewise. 2. Break up a small stick of chocolate into a cup, and pour the least drop of boiling water upon it. When dissolved, pour boiling milk upon it, stirring all the time.

Lange.—Sponge the oil-cloths with milk and water, and rub them dry; then rub over with beeswax, dissolved in a little linseed oil. We "thing" your handwriting is not formed, but promises well. We think little girls ought to be "shy." It will wear off quite as much and as soon as it will be desirable for you to get rid of it.

Christabel.—Probably the letter may be returned to your friend through the Dead Letter Office. You write a curious hand, but it is very legible, which is the great object to be gained.

Sharp does not not always merit her nickname. She says: "A gentleman said I have dreamy Southern eyes. I am as a rule treated kindly. Perhaps it is because I have such pure blue orbs." Now, little lady, you have made a blunder—sharp as you may be—for Southern eyes are black, not blue. 2. Weymouth is a very nice place, and while there we advise you to write copies and learn the correct spelling of what you call "Wensday." For all particulars respecting clerkships in the Telegraph Department, you must apply to the Civil Service Commissioners, in Cannon-row, W.C.

A. M. H.—Gainsborough's "Duchess" was at Agnew's when it disappeared.

R. S. V. P.—Clean your white wool shawl with flour, or rinse it in a lather of soft tepid water and curd-soap, or in bran and water. We are glad that you found our recipe for apple pickle so satisfactory. We congratulate you on your writing.

T. C. S.—Have you consulted your mother's wishes respecting your leaving home to be a missionary? Remember that however excellent a profession may be, your first duty is to your parents. You are only in your teens, and, even were you of age, God's providence might have other work for you to do. Your prayer should be "Lord, what wouldst Thou have me to do?" and He will probably answer you through the voice of your parents. "Requite" them; and if they approve of your desire, write to Miss Lloyd, 143, Clapham-road, S.W., secretary of the Mission Training House for Ladies, The Poplars, Addlestone, Surrey.

Clarrie.—The author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," is Mrs. Craik, *née* Muloch.

Deeply Anxious.—Be at peace. You have confessed to God and a sister, and have truly repented and made restitution. There is no occasion for your telling anyone else, nor of doing more than making the little present you propose to give. Sin under all these circumstances is sin forgiven.

Possie.—The edelweiss is an Alpine flower. It resembles a star, with irregular rays, cut out of frosted velvet, of a cream colour, and there is a pretty centre to it. So many travellers have carried away the roots of this plant, that the Swiss Government has issued an order prohibiting it under a penalty.

Star.—We have many times warned inquirers that those who advertise for used English postage stamps do so for nefarious purposes—that is to say, they obliterate the postmarks and defraud the Government by selling them for use a second time. For felony like this the severest punishment is due. Do not lend yourself to such evil doings.

Gwen.—The little roll or piece of bread used at dinner is generally placed within the folds of the napkin or at the right of the plate.

Ventnor Lassie.—You should take the prescription to a good chemist. He will understand all about it, and give further directions; but our advice is, leave nature alone, and do not mind the quizzing. If they saw you were quite indifferent to it they would desist.

Margaret.—There is a swimming club held in the Queen's-road, Bayswater, just beyond Whiteley's, besides at 309, Regent-street, W., and elsewhere.

Mayfly.—There is a Home of Rest at Malvern, where girls in business, ladies of small means, and servants may be received at from 7s. to £1 per week. Members of the Girls' Friendly Society are taken at the lowest rate named, and any respectable girls recommended by two members or two associates of that society will be eligible and received, room permitting.

Grandpapa's Worry.—1. We must refer you to advice already given in our pages respecting the constitutionally damp condition of either hands or feet. There is no such thing as "fate." 2. There is a Divine Providence, and we are told that evils threatened, and even prophesied by God's command, may be averted through repentance and prayer. Nothing happens by chance, and not only this world, but the whole universe, is ruled and sustained with a regularity and method like that of the most perfect clockwork.

Smike.—The 29th of February, 1865, was a Wednesday.

Scotch Nell.—We should prefer the Shetland pony, if well trained and sure-footed, for our own use.

Lucy must take the pebbles to a lapidary and have them drilled.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. VIII.—NO. 364.] DECEMBER 18, 1886. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

TINNED MEATS; THEIR VALUE TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

BY A. G. PAYNE, Author of "Common-sense Cookery," "Choice Dishes at Small Cost," "The Housekeeper's Guide," &c.



TINNED meats and provisions may be regarded from two distinct points of view. The majority of persons, especially in this country, look upon them simply as a convenience to housekeepers, but the subject should be regarded from a far higher point than one of mere convenience, for by means of tinned provisions the whole food supply of the world is increased, and thereby the happiness and enjoyment of mankind at large.

By means of tinned meats the superfluities of one country help the deficiencies of others. Owing to this useful invention, no longer are sheep slaughtered for their wool and tallow only, and the carcasses wasted, but the whole is utilised. It should be borne in mind that economy in the use of food is a duty clearly pointed out to us by the highest of all authority. The age of miracles has passed, but were it in our power to multiply our food miraculously, we are taught that it would still be a duty to gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost.

At present I will confine myself to the consideration of tinned meats in relation to their value to housekeepers, and I will illustrate my subject by supposing the following case, which is by no means a rare one in England in the present day.

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LOBSTER CANNING IN CANADA.

There are, throughout the length and breadth of the land, many hundreds of little quiet country villages which, to a certain extent, may be said to be isolated from civilised life. There is the village inn, alas! generally more than one; the village shop, a few scattered houses and outlying farms. But for all practical purposes the well-to-do inhabitants are dependent for their supplies on the carrier's cart, which takes a journey into the neighbouring town, some four or five miles distant.

The village shop generally supplies the inhabitants with bread; probably they will kill a pig on Thursday or Friday, and supply the usual dish of pork for Sunday's dinner. They also will usually be found to deal in cheap crockery, needles and cotton, sweet-stuff, candles, pickles, etc. The only means of communication with the neighbouring town is, as I have said, the carrier's cart, which generally takes a few passengers. I have lately lived in a little village myself, and have travelled by the same hooded conveyance backwards and forwards, never without thinking of the lazy horse associated with David Copperfield; and, indeed, at times I have felt inclined to chalk up in the corner, "Barkis is willin'." The carrier usually takes his orders the night before, starts at an early hour in the morning, and returns in time to supply the dinner-table. Let us suppose that he has brought with him a shoulder of mutton, and that, instead of dining late, as is our wont, we, on this particular day, dine early. Shortly before our usual dinner hour, we are suddenly alarmed by the astounding news, "Oh, mamma, Mr. Smith has arrived; what are we to do?" Hospitality is a duty, and were I cynically inclined, I would imagine Mr. Smith to be a rich old bachelor uncle, very fond of good living, from whom we had great expectations; but I would rather put this supposititious case. Suppose Mr. Smith to be an old friend of our father who has seen better days, in which he showed us many little acts of kindness. Under these circumstances he is, of all men in the world, the very last one to whom we should like to give the "cold shoulder." What is to be done?

We will suppose that our housekeeper, or whoever acts as such, has, in anticipation of such contingencies, laid in a little stock of tinned goods, which are safely put by in the store closet. Having welcomed our guest, and whispered a few words to the cook and those willing to assist her, we will calmly sit down to our table, take a sheet of paper, and commence as follows:—

MENU.

Ox Tail Soup.
Salmon Mayonnaise.
Hashed Mutton and Pickled Walnuts.
Curried Rabbit.
Asparagus.
Plum Pudding. Brandy Sauce.
Jelly in glasses.
Pine Apple (whole in syrup).

If the cook is smart, the whole dinner could be served easily within an hour, and should one or two of the girls in the house be willing to assist (and who would not, under such circumstances?), the dinner might be sent to table in considerably less time. I can imagine some of my readers glancing over the bill of fare I have just written, and saying to themselves, "What a lot of saucepans we shall want on the fire at the same time!" This, however, is not the case; for I would remind you that one of the first points to learn in connection with the serving of tinned meats is that they should be warmed up in the tin before it is opened. We can, therefore, perform the astonishing trick of making hot our ox-tail soup, our curried rabbit, our asparagus, and our plum pudding in the same saucepan at the same time.

I must, however, commence at the beginning. Our store cupboard is supposed to contain the following provisions in tins:—Ox-tail soup, preserved salmon, mayonnaise sauce, curried rabbit, asparagus, plum pudding, pine apple in syrup, as well as a bottle of jelly. I may, however, mention, with regard to the mayonnaise sauce, that should you have a bottle of oil in the house and a couple of eggs, it would be better to make some fresh sauce from the egg and oil direct. Our cupboard will also contain a bottle of pickled walnuts, a bottle of capers, a bottle of olives, and a bottle of anchovies.

Of course we commence dinner with the soup, unless we happen to have in the house a Brunswick sausage, in which case a few thin slices of Brunswick sausage may be placed in a plate with a few of the anchovies, capers, olives, and a little pat of butter, as there are many persons who like to commence dinner with what is known as a *hors d'œuvre*, and I do not know a better mixture than the one I have named.

But to return to the soup. In my opinion, of all provisions sold in tins at present, the soups are the greatest failures.

This is very much to be regretted; but there is a good old saying, that we must always make the best of a bad job. As a rule, the thick soups are better than the clear, and although I have mentioned ox-tail soup, I will later on give a list of the soups from which you may take your choice. Fortunately, all thick soups in tins can be very greatly improved by a very simple method. Make the thick soup hot in the tin, take the tin out of the hot water, open it, and pour the contents into a saucepan. Of course, if there are many persons to dinner, it would be necessary to warm up two tins, or even more. I will now describe the contents of the tin. The soup itself is not exactly thick, nor is it exactly clear. The bones of the tail, instead of being surrounded by the meat, are quite bare, and it looks as if the bone and the meat had had a quarrel, and they had mutually agreed never to speak to one another again, while the bone itself recalls a game known as "knuckle-bones." To every pint of soup in the saucepan add as follows: a brimming dessert-spoonful of brown thickening, or what French cooks know as brown roux. This brown roux looks like light-coloured chocolate. It keeps good for months, is very cheap, very useful, and I will describe how to make it by-and-by. Add, also, a brimming teaspoonful of extract of meat and half a glass of sherry. The effect of adding the brown roux is that when the roux is crumbled into the soup and gently stirred over the fire till it boils, it makes the soup thicker than it was before. It also makes it darker in colour, richer in flavour, and makes the divorce between the meat and the bone less conspicuous.

The extract of meat also greatly adds to its nutritious properties, and gives additional colour. The sherry gives it flavour. Were I going to take the soup myself, I should also add a little cayenne pepper and lemon-juice, but we must be very cautious how we use cayenne, unless we know the taste of our guests.

We will next consider the salmon mayonnaise. As this is all cold, we should naturally see to the hot things first, and we will, therefore, suppose that the ox-tail soup, the curried rabbit, the asparagus, and the plum pudding are all getting hot in the saucepan. First open the tin of salmon. Turn the contents entirely out. If there is any liquid, throw it away, and, as far as possible, absorb all the moisture of the salmon in a dry cloth before placing it in a dish. Make the surface, as far as possible, oval, and raised in the middle, and then pour the sauce with a spoon gently over the top, so that it looks like a custard pudding. If the season of the year is suitable, and we have some lettuces in our garden, of course we should cut one or two lettuces, and surround the salmon with the best part of the lettuce. Next to ornament the salad. Take a bottle of capers, and with a spoon take out about a couple of dozen, throw these into a cloth and dry them, and place them at intervals on the sauce Then take three or four anchovies out of the bottle, cut them into strips, remove the bone, and place these little strips of anchovy round the base of the light pyramid of sauce like trellis work. A dozen olives may be placed also round the base of the salad, the stone being removed with a knife. This is done by taking not too sharp a knife and cutting the olive sideways, keeping the blade of the knife always in contact with the stone of the olive. When the stone is removed the olive assumes its original shape, of course with a hole in the middle where the stone has been. Now take a little piece of parsley and chop up enough, say, to cover a shilling or a little more. Place this on the tip of a knife and shake it gently over the mayonnaise sauce, so that the little green specks of parsley fall naturally. Now take a bottle of cochineal, supposing you have one—cochineal can be bought at sixpence a bottle, and keeps good for months, or even years—and drop a few drops in a plate or saucer; take a little piece of dry bread and make about a saltspoonful of fine bread-crumbs. Throw these dry breadcrumbs into the saucer with the cochineal, and shake them. This will cause the breadcrumbs to turn red. These can be shaken over the mayonnaise like the chopped parsley, and we shall have a very bright-looking dish. The green lettuce round the edge, the raised surface of the salmon covered with the yellow mayonnaise sauce in the middle, which is decorated round the base with the anchovies and olives, and on the top the capers and the little green and red specks, which contrast nicely with the yellow. If you have no lettuce or salad of any kind to put round the base, you can ornament the edge with hard-boiled eggs cut in quarters, and a sprig of parsley between each piece.

Our next dish is the hashed mutton and pickled walnuts. This scarcely comes in the category of tinned meats. The mutton we had for dinner was probably in a semi-cold and flabby state when our guest arrived. Were I going to make the hashed mutton, I should commence by slicing up a couple of onions, browning them in a frying-pan with a little butter, then pouring in the remains of all the gravy that had been left from the joint, cutting the mutton into slices, and warming them up in this gravy, taking care it does not boil; and as the gravy would be rather poor, as soon as the soup was got ready I should add two or three tablespoonfuls of the soup to the hashed mutton. And let me remind you of another very great improvement. Add, as well, a dessertspoonful of Harvey sauce, after shaking the bottle. You can toast a piece of bread a nice brown, as you would not have time to fry any bread, which is better. Cut the toast into round pieces, and place them round the hash alternately with the pickled walnuts cut in half. Do not send the hashed mutton to table in a great, big dish, large enough to hold a round of beef, but serve it in a deep dish—a vegetable dish, for instance. By this means it keeps hot longer, and looks more appetising.

Our next dish is the curried rabbit. First class curry can be obtained in tins. Remember that tinned meats are like everything else in the world—some are good, and some are bad. If you wish for a bottle of really good wine, you must go to a first class wine merchant; and if you wish your tinned provisions

good, you must get them from first class people, or see that some well-known name is on the label. Unfortunately, this country has been flooded, from time to time, with worthless imitations, introduced by unknown men who have no name to lose.

The curry, having been made hot in the tin, should be turned out in a deep dish; and here again I would recommend a vegetable dish. Boiled rice should be served with it in a separate dish, and the rice should be handed before the curry. If you have any chutney in the house, the chutney should be served with the curry, like they do on board the P. & O. boats, which are so famed for their oriental curry cooks. When the curry has been turned out into the dish, you might add a few fresh bayleaves and serve them up in the curry whole, and if you feel anxious to have the dish ornamental you can proceed as follows, and, should your guest be an "old Indian," he will probably appreciate the addition:—Take some red chilis and bend each chili in the middle, so as to make it look like one of the small claws of a lobster, and place these red chilies round the edge of the dish in a triangular shape, exactly as if you were placing the small claws of a lobster around a lobster salad mayonnaise.

The asparagus should be served as a course by itself. When the tin is sufficiently hot, which it will be a few minutes after the water has boiled, take it out and open it, pour off the liquid, and serve the asparagus on a piece of toast. A little butter sauce should be handed round with it.

Butter sauce is best made by simply thickening, say, half a pint of water (not milk) with a little butter and flour mixed together. When the water is sufficiently thick, add some more butter to the hot, thickened water till it becomes rich and oily.

As soon as you have handed round the butter sauce with the asparagus, take the tureen down-stairs, and let the cook put back the butter sauce in the saucepan for a minute, and add a tablespoonful of moist sugar, a tablespoonful of rum, and two tablespoonfuls of brandy. By this means we avoid waste, and make the same sauce do twice. If you don't approve of spirits being used in the kitchen (I don't approve *of it myself*), add a little sherry, and rub a few lumps of sugar on the outside of a lemon, and also two drops of essence of almonds. (You can, indeed, leave out the sherry, and still have a good sauce.)

The plum pudding will be hot through after the water has boiled for over half an hour. Open the tin, take out the pudding, and serve with a little sauce poured over it, and the rest in a tureen.

The jelly should be served in glasses, for the simple reason that there is no time to melt the jelly. Open the bottle, and rake out sufficient jelly with a bent skewer to fill the glasses.

The pineapple, whole, in addition to the usual stock of almonds *and raisins, figs,* biscuits, &c., makes a first-class dessert.

It is perhaps needless to add that as a rule all these dishes are not necessary for one dinner; but I wish to show what can be done in order to avoid giving your friends the "cold shoulder."

(*To be continued.*)

THE SHEPHERD'S FAIRY.

A PASTORALE.

By DARLEY DALE, Author of "Fair Katherine," etc.

CHAPTER XI.

THE WHITE RAM.

THE secret of Fairy's parentage died with Dame Hursey, and for the next two or three years she lived quietly on with the Shelleys, nothing more remarkable than the finding of some rare bird, or an occasional tiff with Jack, the Lewes carnival on the fifth of November, and the sheep washing and shearing every June, occurring to vary the monotony of her happy life. She was naturally a bright, happy little creature, not much given to thinking, and if she sometimes wondered who she was and where she came from, she never allowed the matter to distress her; she had the Shelleys, and they all worshipped her, and if she wanted other friends she was always welcome at the Rectory, where she still continued to go every day for her lessons. As to the future, it is doubtful if she ever gave it a thought; she lived as all children do, for the present, at least, as far as this world is concerned, though neither she nor any one else could have been brought up by good John Shelley without learning that life here is but a preparation for the life to come. Ignorant as the shepherd was in many things, he was by no means ignorant in things spiritual, and his knowledge of the Bible, large portions of which he knew by heart, would have put many an educated man and woman to shame. It was a favourite amusement of Fairy's and the boys on long Sunday winter evenings, when there was no service at church, and after John had read the evening service to them, as he invariably did, to start him off in some chapter and see how long he would go on without stopping, saying it by rote. He always carried a small Bible in his pocket, and during his long days with the sheep, he had plenty of opportunities of studying it; and he studied it to some purpose, for he was a fine character. Faults he may have had, but you might have known him a long time before you discovered them. Mrs. Shelley, who had better opportunities of judging than anyone else, would have said he liked his own way too much; and that, for such a wise man as he was, it was surprising how easily he allowed a little thing like Fairy, whom he always had spoilt, to get over him; but it is doubtful whether in her heart of hearts she considered either of these faults.

If he had any pride in his composition it was entirely professional, and when one May evening, sixteen years after Fairy first was brought to Lewes, he announced to his family that he had been elected captain of the Lewes shearing company, his face certainly glowed with an honest pride, for he had then obtained the highest honour which could be conferred on a shepherd, and realised his fondest dreams of earthly happiness.

In those days it was the custom for shearers to form themselves into companies, called after the district in which they lived, and to go round to the various farms in the district in the shearing season, which begins in the middle of June, shearing the different flocks. The shearers in those days were generally shepherds, and each band had a lieutenant and a captain, the former distinguished by a silver band round his cap and a badge, the latter by a gold band and badge to match. They were chosen according to their proficiency in shearing, and for the good character they bore. John Shelley had been a lieutenant for some years, but he was now elected captain, owing to the death of the captain of the Lewes band, an old man over seventy; and with this honour some new duties devolved upon him, for at the captain's house was held the shearing feast, called the White Ram. This feast lasted throughout the shearing week, and consisted of a supper after the day's work was over; first, a good, substantial meal, in which the Sussex dish of beefsteak pudding, the crust made of flour and water, played an important part, and then ending with cakes and ale, during the consumption of which shearing songs were sung and many pipes were smoked till late in the long summer evening, when the men dispersed—sometimes not before midnight—to their various homes.

These bands are now a thing of the past, though the shearing is still done by men who go round for the purpose, but no lambs are shorn nowadays, so the work is very much lessened.

"There is plenty of work for you, Polly; you'll have to get someone in to help you; we shall have to have the White Ram here for the future," said John.

"Oh, what fun!" exclaimed Fairy; "now I shall see it all, and hear the shearing songs. Mother, you must let me help; John says no one can make plum heavies, not even you, mother, like me: can they, John?"

"No, but I am thinking those little white fingers of yours are not fit for that sort of work, my pretty one," said John.

"Stuff! white fingers can work as well as red ones—better, I daresay, if the truth were known. And may I help to wait on you?" asked Fairy.

"No, certainly not," growled Jack; "you listen outside to the shearing songs with me, but you are not going inside to wait on a lot of rough men, who will, perhaps, take more beer than they ought."

"No, Jack; I'll have none of that; it shall never be said that John Shelley's White Ram is disgraced by drunkenness. But you must come to the feast, *even if Fairy does not, for* you must go round shearing this year; it is time you began, if, as I hope, one of these days you are to take my place of captain."

"There's an honour for you, Captain Jack. Don't you wish you may ever get it?" laughed Fairy.

But Jack neither laughed nor wished for the honour; hitherto he had always managed to escape going round with the shearers, but this year he saw he must go, since he had not the heart to throw a shadow over his father's innocent joy by refusing; so he said with the best grace he could, "Very well, father, I'll go shearing, but Fairy can't be left out in the cold, I shall have to stay with her during the supper."

"No, you need not, we will take it by turns; I can stop with Fairy sometimes," said Charlie, a remark by no means calculated to soothe Jack, whose love and jealousy had grown greatly in the last few years; but Mrs. Shelley wisely stopped the discussion by remarking that there was plenty of time to settle the details, as the sheep-washing was not begun yet.

"It begins to-morrow though; Jack and I are off with half our flock at daybreak to-morrow. Charlie, you must follow the rest for a day or two; I must have Jack with me to-morrow," said the shepherd.

"And I shall come too. If mother can't take me, I shall get the Leslies to come. I always go to see our sheep washed every year," said Fairy.

Accordingly, early next morning the shepherd and his son were up at dawn, driving their sheep to the brook in which the sheep-washing took place. For some days previously, preparations had been made for this washing, which lasts two or three weeks, as all the sheep for miles round are brought to this spot. These preparations consisted of pens made of hurdles by the side of the river for the sheep; in the stream itself, opposite to each other, were erected two rough pulpits or deal boxes, in which stand the sheep-washers. When Jack and his father arrived, it was so early that no one was there, not even the washers; but at ten o'clock, when Mrs. Shelley and Fairy went, the scene was a most lively one.

Hundreds of sheep were in the pens, some white and clean, their agonies over; others still dirty, with their tortures to come. On the neighbouring bridge stood or leant every child in the village, thoroughly enjoying the sight. On the roadside were some stragglers of all grades, watching the performance, one or two farmers on horseback who had a lively interest in the washing of their flocks, and on the banks several shepherds, among them Jack and his father, all armed with large, toothless wooden rakes, with which they push the sheep about, holding them under water when necessary, and steering them from pulpit to pulpit.

What with the laughter and screams of delight from the children, the shouts of the shepherds, and the coughing of the sheep and jingling of their bells, the scene is a very noisy one; but, noisy as it is, Fairy thoroughly enjoys it, and declares she must stay till the last of John's red-ringed flock are finished. It is such fun to see the poor sheep tumbled into the water and then rolled over on its back and rubbed from head to foot in the bright, clear stream, first by one washer in his pulpit, and then, after sundry pushes and thumps from the toothless rakes, to be seized by the other washer and subjected to another vigorous rubbing and scrubbing, and splashing and dashing, and finally to be pushed off to scramble or swim as best it might out of the river.

Poor, patient sheep! They take their sufferings in very good part, and submit meekly enough to the inevitable ordeal, basing a protest as feeble as it is useless, the older and wiser ones knowing that this washing is but a preliminary to the still more disagreeable ceremony of shearing to be performed a fortnight hence, as soon as the wool is dry. And Fairy, fascinated by the picturesque scene, could not be persuaded to move when Mrs. Shelley was forced to go home to prepare some dinner—a useless labour, Fairy declared, since there would be no one to eat it, for Charlie had taken his with him, and John and Jack were too busy to stop for dinner, and she herself was not hungry, and had no intention of going home till all John's sheep were washed. But Mrs. Shelley had no idea of leaving a pretty young girl like Fairy alone among a crowd of people, so she proposed they should both go home and fetch some dinner and share it out in the field with John and Jack, a proposal Fairy jumped at; and an hour later the four were sitting on a bank under a hedge of blackthorn, with a carpet of buttercups and daisies at their feet, eating their simple meal as happy as it was possible for four people to be.

And then, while the shepherd smoked his pipe, Jack gave Fairy a lesson in the notes of the different birds which were singing around them, and Mrs. Shelley listened with pride to her eldest and darling son, and wondered whether Fairy would ever care for him in the way he evidently cared for her, and thought what a handsome couple they would make.

"Oh, Jack, how clever you are; you know everything; but there, I do know one thing—I am right this time at least—there is a skylark singing up over our heads. Look," cried Fairy, who had been making various wrong guesses at the names of the different songsters around them.

"Poor little Fairy! you are wrong again; it is a woodlark; the skylark mounts up straight in a succession of springs, and then hovers, singing; the woodlark flies round and round in circles, singing all the while, as this bird is doing," said Jack.

"Oh, I give it up; I know nothing; but as long as I have you to tell me, what does it matter? I shall go and look for a wheatear's nest in that fence," said Fairy, rising and shaking back her long golden hair, which she still wore down her back, and which added greatly to her childish appearance.

"My pretty one, wheatears don't build in fences," cried John Shelley, as she ran lightly past him.

"She is doing it on purpose; she knows as well as you and I wheatears build in rabbit-holes or chalk-pits; she only wants me to scold her," said Jack.

"It is time we were at work again, Jack, or we shan't get our eight hundred washed to-day," said John, who saw Jack showed signs of going after Fairy, and wisely thought he would not see him back in a hurry if he once let him go.

So the sheep-washing began again, and Mrs. Shelley, who had brought some work with her, promised Fairy to remain till tea-time, on condition that she then accompanied her home.

"I do enjoy it so, mother," said Fairy; "it would be wicked to spend such a bright warm sunny day as this shut up in a house; it is so delicious out in this field. I wonder how much they pay those washers; it must be dreadfully hard work; they ought to pay them well."

"They give them half-a-crown for every hundred sheep, and they can wash a thousand sheep a day, but these men won't do more than finish John's eight hundred to-day."

"That leaves nearly eight hundred more for to-morrow. Oh! do let us come and have another day like this. Will you, mother?" pleaded Fairy.

Mrs. Shelley looked at the fair little face, with its great brown eyes, its dainty pink and white complexion, and the long wavy hair which veiled the slight girlish figure, and smiled and sighed—the smile was for Fairy, and the sigh for Jack—as she promised to do so if the weather were fine.

And so it came to pass that that sheep-washing was long remembered by Jack as two of the happiest days in his life, though, alas! they came to an end, as all days, however happy, must only too soon; and then came a fortnight of preparation for the great event of the shepherds' year—the sheep-shearing and the Feast of the White Ram. Jack had not much to do with the preparations, for he was upon the downs with his washed flocked, but little else was talked of when he came home in the evening, and it was a very busy time for Mrs. Shelley, who had to provide supper for twelve men for five nights, the shearing beginning on the Tuesday, and ending on the Saturday, when the money earned was divided among the company. It had been a source of much anxiety to Mrs. Shelley to know where the supper was to be held. To have these twelve men in the kitchen

in which she had to cook it all would be very inconvenient, and she was by no means inclined to lend the little sitting-room, which Fairy had made so pretty, for the purpose; but at last Jack suggested borrowing a tent and pitching it in the field near the house, a plan which was at once adopted. The shearing itself took place outside a barn belonging to the farmer who owned the sheep about to be shorn, and the company went round to the principal farmers in the neighbourhood, taking one each day of the shearing week. How



Jack hated this business of shearing! He would have given anything to have got out of it, if he could only have done so without vexing his father; but as this was impossible, he was obliged to go on with it with the best grace he could, but he was in an irritable mood all the week. The work brought him into contact with other shepherds, with none of whom had he anything in common, and made him realise his lowly position, which in his *lonely life* on the downs, lost in his studies, he was apt to forget. He would long ago have given up his shepherd's calling and gone to London to seek more congenial work, if it had not been for Fairy; she was the magnet which held him in her vicinity, but he was daily becoming aware that if any of his dreams were to be realised, he must go away at once, though the time he spent on the downs was by no means wasted, since he was educating himself to the best of his ability. His idea was to try and get an appointment as usher in a school, for

THE SHEEP-WASHING.

which in those days he was fully qualified. In teaching others he would learn himself; he would have access to books of all kinds, and he would be able in his leisure hours to pursue his favourite study of natural history. He had confided this plan to Mr. Leslie, who had promised to look out for him, and when an opening occurred to give him a testimonial. Another reason which had kept Jack at home hitherto was that Charlie was barely old enough to take his place, but during this last sheep-washing Charlie had had the care of half the flock, and had shown himself quite up to his work, which, in the summer, at any rate, was just the lazy, dreamy kind of life to suit an indolent nature like his, and Jack saw he need no longer delay his departure because there was no one to take his place. On the contrary, it would solve a difficulty, for it had hitherto been rather a puzzle to know what to do with Charlie since John Shelley only required one under-shepherd, and he did not seem to have any inclination for any other kind of work. Accordingly, all through the White Ram Jack was making up his mind to tear himself away from Fairy, in the hope of eventually winning for himself a position he could ask her to share, and the thought of the coming separation did not tend to make him happier.

Every morning he started with the rest of the Lewes company of shearers, with his father at their head, for some farm, where they spent their day in shearing the sheep, pausing about twelve and again about two o'clock to "light up," that is to sharpen their shears, eat cakes, and drink beer, the meal of the day being supper when they got back after their labours were over.

(*To be continued.*)

EVERY GIRL A BUSINESS WOMAN.

A PRACTICAL GUIDE TO THE WORLD OF INDUSTRY AND THRIFT.

By JAMES MASON.

PART III.



E are going now to speak about money: not, however, about how to get it, but about what to do with it after it is got. About the occupations by which money is made, we shall not at present say anything. Many of them have already been treated of in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

When people have money there are three things they can do with it; they can spend it, or place it out at interest, or tie it up in a parcel and hide it away. Perhaps they do not need at the moment to spend it; in that case of the two ways that are left the only wise one is to place it out at interest.

And what is *interest?* Interest is the sum paid by anyone who gets the loan of money, for the use of it. Selina, say, gets the loan of £50 for a year—not for nothing—oh, no, she pays £2 for the twelve months. This £2 is the interest. At the end of the year the lender receives back her £50 and £2 added to it, so, you see, it is for a good reason that we recommend lending in preference to unfruitful hoarding. Money—and this is a wise rule—should never be allowed to lie idle.

The sum lent is known as the *principal*, and on the principal the interest is calculated at so much *per cent.* (by the hundred); that is to say, at so much for every £100. For instance, 5 per cent. means £5 for the use of every £100; 2½ per cent., £2 10s. for the use of every £100; and 3¾ per cent., £3 15s. for the use of every £100. Selina's loan, in the preceding paragraph, is at 4 per cent., in other words, £4 for £100; so, of course, for £50 she just pays £2.

When you see a rate of interest quoted you may safely conclude that it is for a year—*per annum* (by the year), is the correct phrase—unless something is said to the contrary.

The rate paid in the shape of interest depends on a number of things, but the main question is, will the principal be perfectly safe? If the answer be yes, then the interest in these days will certainly be low. But on this subject we shall have more to say in a succeeding article.

To calculate interest on any sum *for a year*, the rule is to multiply by the rate per cent. and divide by 100. For example, find the interest on £460 at 4½ per cent. Here you multiply 460 by 4½, which gives 2,070, and dividing by 100, arrive at the answer, £20 14s.

When the interest is wanted *for a certain number of days*, you must multiply by the number of days and by double the rate per cent., and divide by 73,000. By way of example, find the interest on £320 for 30 days at 3 per cent. Multiply 320, first by 30 and afterwards by 6, which gives 57,600. Now divide by 73,000, and you have the total amount of interest, 15s. 9d.

People who have much calculating of interest to do should invest in a book of Commercial Tables. The use of these saves a great deal of trouble. There are some short cuts, however, which every business woman should carry in her head. At 5 per cent. per annum the interest upon a pound for every month is one penny. Having seen what this comes to, other rates may be reckoned by adding to or deducting from the 5 per cent. product.

For example, 2½ per cent. is one-half; 3 per cent. is six-tenths; 3½ per cent. is seven-tenths; 4 per cent. is four-fifths; 6 per cent. is six-fifths; 7½ per cent. is one-half more. Thus, 5 per cent. on £30 for ten months will be £1 5s.; 2½ per cent., 12s. 6d.; 3 per cent., 15s.; 3½ per cent., 17s. 6d.; 4 per cent., £1; 6 per cent, £1 10s.; and 7½ per cent., £1 17s. 6d.

Sometimes, on interest becoming due, it is regularly added to the principal, and interest is paid on the new principal thus formed. Money invested on this accumulating system is said to be placed at *compound interest.*

There is something startling about the growth of money invested in this way. "A penny," says Dr. Price, "so improved from our Saviour's birth as to double itself every fourteen years—or, what is nearly the same, put out at five per cent. compound interest at our Saviour's birth—would by this time have increased to more money than could be contained in 150 millions of globes, each equal to the earth in magnitude, and all solid gold.

"A shilling put out at six per cent. compound interest would, in the same time, have increased to a greater sum in gold than the whole solar system could contain, supposing it a sphere equal in diameter to the diameter of Saturn's orbit; and the earth is to such a sphere as half a square foot or a quarto page is to the whole surface of the earth."

To show the difference between "simple interest," in which the interest does not bear interest, and "compound interest," in which it does, we give the following table, showing the time it takes for a sum to double itself at different rates:—

Rate per cent.	Time in which a sum will double itself.	
	Simple Interest.	Compound Interest.
2	50 years	35 years 1 day
2½	40 years	28 years 26 days
3	33 years 4 months	23 years 164 days
3½	28 years 208 days	20 years 54 days
4	25 years	17 years 246 days
4½	22 years 81 days	15 years 273 days
5	20 years	14 years 75 days
6	16 years 8 months	11 years 327 days
7	14 years 104 days	10 years 89 days
8	12½ years	9 years 2 days
9	11 years 40 days	8 years 16 days
10	10 years	7 years 100 days

The really surprising difference between simple and compound interest is, however, only seen after the first few years are over. A loan of £100 for ten years at 4 per cent. simple interest would give £40, and at 4 per cent. compound interest about £47. But if the loan were for a hundred years the simple interest would be only £400, whilst the compound interest would be no less than £4,950.

Having now said all that is necessary at present about interest, we must speak for a little on the subject of banking, for it is by means of banks that most money transactions are satisfactorily managed.

What, then, is a bank? There seems, at first sight, something mysterious about it, but it is really a simple institution. It is partly a shop and partly a left-luggage office. It is a shop for dealing in cheques, bills, notes, gold, and silver, and a left-luggage office to which we consign our spare cash to lie till called for.

This, however, is only a rough and ready way of putting it, and we may as well add the following extract from a writer who has taken pains to give an exact definition:—"A banker is the custodier of the money of other people. Such is his business, viewed in its simplest aspect. A banker, however, if he hoarded the money deposited with him, would be simply a cash-keeper to the public; his bank would be literally a bank of *deposit.* . . . . But the business of receiving money on deposit has always been, and is now, universally combined with that of lending it out. A banker does not hoard all the money deposited with him—he gives the greater portion out in loan. The lending of money is as much a part of his business as the receiving of deposits."

You cannot go into a banker's and say, "I

have come to open an account," just as you would enter a grocer's with, "Be so good as send me half a dozen tins of the best sardines." You must be introduced by someone who can vouch for your respectability, or, if not introduced, you must be able yourself to satisfy the banker that you are likely to be a desirable customer.

This first step being taken, you open what is called a *current or drawing account;* that is to say, an account into which you can pay money whenever it suits you, and from which you can draw money at any time by means of orders, or *cheques,* as they are called. In a current account in a good bank money is kept safely—which is a great matter—and at the same time you can make use of it as readily as if it were lying in your pocket.

For convenience, and partly, too, as a protection against fraud, bankers are in the habit of supplying their customers with books containing forms of cheques. When a book of cheques is exhausted, a new one is supplied on the presentation of a form which, when filled up, may resemble the following:—

THE CASHIER,
THE COSMOPOLITAN BANK.
LONDON, 29*th November*, 1886.

Please deliver to Bearer Cheque Book containing 25 *cheques payable to*

JEMIMA BOUNCER.

Each cheque bears a penny impressed stamp, and a book of cheques is supplied at the price of the stamps—a book, say, of twenty-five costing two shillings and a penny.

Cheques may be in one or other of two forms. The first form is—

No. 478953. LONDON.....188...
THE COSMOPOLITAN BANK,
14, Marketjew-street, E.C.
Pay.....or Bearer.....
£.....

The other form is precisely the same, except that instead of the word "Bearer" it has the word "Order."

As an example of a cheque with the particulars filled in, take the following:—

No. 536212.
LONDON, 19th November, 1886.
THE COSMOPOLITAN BANK,
14, Marketjew-street, E.C.

Pay Miss Georgina Makepeace or Bearer Nine pounds Thirteen shillings and Four pence.

£9 : 13 : 4. ALICE M. LITTLEPROUD.

The difference between cheques made out to "Bearer" and those made out to "Order" is this. Cheques payable to bearer can be cashed by anyone. Those payable to order, however, must be endorsed by the person in whose favour they are drawn before the money can be received. But what is to *endorse* a cheque? It is simply to write your name on the back of it.

Cheques payable to order are certainly safer than those payable to bearer. And they have another advantage. In the event of receipts being lost or mislaid, they supply evidence that the money was received by the person to whom it was owing.

A cheque payable to bearer can be made payable to order by drawing the pen through "Bearer," and writing "Order" above it. A cheque payable to order can also be made payable to bearer by scratching out "Order" and putting "Bearer" above it; but in this case you must put your initials to the alteration.

To give extra security to a cheque, draw two parallel lines across the face of it with the words "——— & Co." inserted between them. This makes it what is called a "crossed cheque," which will only be paid through some banker to a known customer. Instead of "——— & Co." you may write the name of the banker of the person to whom the cheque is payable. When this is done, the cheque is only payable through him.

If in crossing the cheque you add the words "Not negociable," that is another safeguard. These words "warn all whom it may concern that they accept the cheque subject to the liability of being compelled to refund its value should it prove to have come improperly into the possession of any person from whom their own title is derived." This makes a cheque as secure against the wiles of the dishonest as anything in this world can be.

The filling up of a cheque should be done very carefully, and the style of signature should be always the same. The figures in the body of a cheque must be in words, and should be written close together, so that there is no room left for the fraudulent to improve on the amount. Cases have frequently occurred of "ty" being added to six, seven, and nine, to make them read sixty, seventy, and ninety, and a "y" being given as a tail to eight, to multiply eight by ten, is quite a common trick. As a protection, the words "Under ten pounds" are sometimes written upon a cheque that lends itself to this sort of roguery.

Suppose a cheque is given by a person who has not money enough in the bank to meet it, the banker will most likely return it, with the words written on it, "No effects," or "Refer to Drawer." The cheque is then said to be *dishonoured.*

Cheques should always be *cashed*—that is to say, payment of them should be got—as soon as possible after they have come to hand. It is never safe to delay, for the most unlikely things happen; the bank may fail, or the drawer may become bankrupt, or his account may become locked up through his death.

A memorandum should be preserved of every cheque you give away. This is provided for by the cheque-books furnished by the banks having a margin which is left when the cheque is torn out. This margin, separated from the cheque by a perforated line, is known as the *counterfoil.* The counterfoil bears the same number as the cheque to which it is attached. Here is an example of one filled up:

No. 213,551
17*th November*, 1886.
DR. SIMON BURRE.
Medical Attendance.
£7 . 7 . 0

On the back of each counterfoil some people are in the habit of writing the balance they have at the moment in the bank. This has some advantages, and is certainly a check to extravagance.

Though cheques are usually made out on engraved forms, you may write a cheque on a sheet of note-paper should a cheque-book not be at hand. In that case, remember to put a penny stamp on it, and to cancel the stamp by writing on it the date and your initials.

Keep your cheque-book always under lock and key. If you leave it about, it only puts temptation in the way of people to abstract a blank form and make free with your signature. Should your book ever be lost or stolen, give notice at once to the bank.

Lodging money is one of the easiest of business operations. You go to the bank, and fill up a slip, headed, say—

THE COSMOPOLITAN BANK,
14, Marketjew-street.
..... 18...
CREDIT.....
Paid in by .....

Below this heading you enter the particulars of the sum you are going to lodge:—Bank-notes, so much; coin, so much; cheques and bills (mentioned separately), so much; total, so much. You hand this slip over to the teller with the money, and the whole thing is done. No receipt is given, and it says a great deal for the perfect machinery by which banking is conducted that one never hears of a mistake, or that any customer ever thought his confidence taken advantage of. We speak here of the method in the best London banks. In the provinces and in some London establishments the form of procedure varies a little.

When you send money to your banker by post, you should write with it somewhat as follows:—

Brackenhurst, 24th November, 1886.
Dear Sir,

I enclose cheque for £34 12/—Messrs. Bagwell and Sackit on the Welsh Counties Bank—which kindly place to my credit.

I remain, Dear Sir,
Yours truly,
SILVANINHA HAMILTON.

The Manager,
THE COSMOPOLITAN BANK.

Receipt of this will be acknowledged by the manager, thus:—

Dear Madam,

I beg to acknowledge receipt of your favour of 24th inst., with enclosure, value £34 12/, for your credit.

Yours, etc.,
JACOB BIRCHENOUGH,
Manager.

To every person keeping an account the bank supplies a book, generally known as a *pass-book.* On the Dr. or left-hand side of this book, will appear the sums received on behalf of the owner of the book; whilst all the cheques paid on her account by the bank will appear on the Cr. or right-hand side. Here is an example in which, for convenience, we have printed the Cr. side under the Dr., instead of side by side:

THE COSMOPOLITAN BANK.
in Account with
MISS ESMERALDA BEATRICE BONES.

Dr.

1886					
Sept.	6	...	*To Cash*	£60	0 0
	13	..	,, *Draft*	14	7 6
	23	...	,, *do.*	4	1 8
	29	...	,, *Bill*	17	18 0
Oct.	2	...	,, *Notes*	15	0 0

1886				Cr.	
Sept.	9	...	*By Twentyman*...	£ 3	5 0
	15	...	,, *Self*	10	0 0
	25	...	,, *Jones*	5	1 3
Oct.	6	...	,, *Williamson* ...	4	9 8
	12	...	,, *Thomson* ...	27	2 5

In this book you must never make an entry yourself. It should be left at regular intervals at the bank to be "made-up," that is to say, for all the sums received and paid to be entered in it. The pass-book is really a copy of the bank ledger. When received again from the bank it should be gone over carefully to see that all the entries are just as they should be.

Current accounts, as a general rule in England, do not bear any interest, in other words, the banker pays nothing for the use he enjoys of any balance left in his hands. Unless the balance is large he thinks he does enough in taking the trouble of keeping the account. In Scotland interest is usually given on current accounts, but it is only a slight advance upon nothing.

Besides receiving money on current account, however, bankers receive it on *deposit. Deposit accounts* are those in which sums of money are lodged in a bank on the understanding that a certain rate of interest is to be paid upon them, and that a certain number of days' notice is to be given before they are withdrawn. There is no such thing as drawing cheques on a deposit account.

When money is received on deposit, a deposit receipt is given. The amount is

usually repayable to the depositor alone, but it may also be paid to anyone to whom the depositor gives an order on the bank, either written on the back of the deposit receipt or accompanying it.

The rate of interest paid on deposits varies with the Bank of England rate. It is, however, usually so small that no one, except for special reasons, will let money lie on deposit in a bank whilst there are plenty of perfectly safe investments to be met with outside.

For business women who travel few business documents are of greater interest than a *letter of credit*. This is a communication from a banker to a correspondent, or correspondents, authorising credit to be given to the bearer to a certain specified amount.

In applying for a letter of credit you must name to your banker the sum you will require altogether, and the number of towns in which you wish to draw portions of that sum, and if there are, say, three towns—Paris, Berlin and Rome—you must enclose your signature on three separate sheets of paper. The banker sends one of these slips to an agent in each of the towns named, and forwards to you a letter of credit in this form :—

Messrs. ANCELOT & SANTINE *Paris.*
" OTTO, RUST & UMLAUF *Berlin.*
" TRENTO, BERTONI, & VALENTINO *Rome.*

LONDON, 27th November, 1886.

Gentlemen,

We have the pleasure of establishing a credit in favour of Miss Robina Turpin, who will present to you this letter, and we shall thank you to supply her with cash to the amount of one hundred and twenty-five pounds (£125) sterling, or such part thereof as may not previously have been paid on this credit, writing off on the back of this letter the sum advanced, and taking her drafts on us in your favour for your reimbursement, which we engage duly to honour.

We remain, Gentlemen,
Your most obedient Servants,
SMITH, PATERSON & WINKLES.

Across the face of the letter of credit is written, "*This credit to be in force for twelve months only from this date.*"

Circular Notes, as they are called, are in one respect an improvement on a letter of credit: they can be cashed in almost every town the traveller is likely to visit. They are issued by most London bankers and for sums of from £10 upwards.

A banker has a pretty responsible time of it. He is bound to keep secret the state of his customer's account. He must also know his customer's handwriting, so, should he pay a cheque or bill which turns out to be a forgery, he must bear the loss. If he neglects to carry out any instructions within the legitimate sphere of banking business, such as the payment of premiums on a life insurance or the purchase of shares, he may be called to account for any loss the customer may suffer through his carelessness.

The simplest bank in the country, and the most important to depositors of small means is the Post Office Savings Bank, about which we must now speak. It is an extensive institution, having over eight thousand branch establishments all over the country; indeed, every money order office is a branch office of the Post Office Savings Bank. At the present time there are more than three and a half millions of accounts open, with an average balance of £13 10s., and the average turnover of the bank, counting both the money deposited and the money drawn out, is twenty-eight million pounds a year.

You cannot, in the Post Office Savings Bank, open an account from which, by means of cheques, you can draw money at any hour. It does not provide cheque books, and makes the withdrawal of money comparatively a slow process, for its leading idea is not to facilitate present business, but to provide for future need. It really starts with the reflection that

"If youth but knew what age would crave,
Many a penny it would save."

An account may be opened with a very small sum. You can do it with a shilling. With that in your hand you can go to a post office, and assert your intention of placing your savings under the care of the Government. And remember that the shilling, and anything else added to it, will be safer than in any other bank whatever; for the Post Office Savings Bank can only come to grief with the ruin of the British Empire.

Intending depositors must state their Christian name and surname, occupation (if any), and residence, and they must sign a declaration to the effect that they have no interest in any savings bank account, and are willing to have any deposits they may make managed according to the regulations of the Post Office.

When that is done a deposit book is supplied. In this book every deposit must be entered at the time of its being made by the postmaster, or whoever receives it, and he must affix to the entry his signature and the stamp of the office.

"In addition to the receipt in the book, the depositor will receive an acknowledgment by post from the Savings Bank department in London, and this should reach him within four clear days, exclusive of Sundays and bank holidays, if the deposit be made in England or Wales; within six days, if it be made in Ireland or Scotland."

The interest allowed is 2½ per cent. per annum—that is to say, at the rate of £2 10s. every year for every £100. This is just a halfpenny each month for every pound. Thus, a pound lodged in the bank, and lying there for a year, becomes £1 0s. 6d.: £10 becomes £10 5s.; and £30 grows to be £30 15s. The interest is calculated to the 31st of December in every year, and is then added to and becomes part of the principal.

The deposits made in any year ending 31st December must not exceed £30, and when a depositor has lodged in all £150, not counting interest, she is not allowed to lodge any more till she has reduced the sum standing at her credit. If she chooses to let it lie, it will, of course, by the addition of interest, increase every year. When it reaches £200, however, no more interest is allowed till some of the money is withdrawn.

When a depositor wishes to withdraw any money, she fills up a notice of withdrawal, to be had at any Post Office Savings Bank, and forwards it to the Savings Bank Department in London. She then receives by post a warrant, which she should present with her book at the post office where payment is to be made.

Once in every year, on the anniversary of the day on which the first deposit was made, the deposit book should be forwarded to the Controller of the Savings Bank Department in London, that the entries may be checked, and that the sum due for interest may be added. When sending the book, do not pay postage: all communications on Savings Bank business go free.

Deposits may be made by married women, and in that case their husbands have no control over the money. They can draw from it when they please, and bequeath it by will to any person they choose.

The Post Office Savings Bank adapts itself to saving on the smallest scale. If a girl can only save a penny at a time, she can with the penny buy a stamp, and the stamp she can stick on a form with twelve divisions, supplied by the Post Office. When she has in this way saved twelve stamps, she must take it to the post office, and have the shilling entered in a regular bank account.

But the Post Office undertakes more business in connection with money than merely storing it up against a rainy day. Of that, however, we shall speak in our next article.

(*To be continued.*)

A SONG FOR THE OLD YEAR.

By M. M. POLLARD.

A TALE of the past, a tale of the past!
Of the days that have vanished, the first and the last,
Of the year, the old year that has met with its doom,
And is vanished for ever in time's yawning tomb!
The snow of December is spread as a pall
Of white-crested trophies to mourn for its fall,
And the flow of the river is hushed in its bed,
Silent and still as the year that has fled.

Bright were the blossoms that welcomed its birth,
Springing afresh from the bosom of earth,
Smiling in valley, on mountain, and glade,
Gladdening the pathway in sunshine or shade.
But they have budded and blossomed to fall,
Summer birds answer no more to the call,
They are gone—and the wail of the chill wintry blast
Sweeps like the sound of a requiem past.

E'en as the seasons my life-tale has been,
Sunshine has lightened up many a scene;
Sometimes the hours seemed all brightness and joy,
Cloudless and calm as a sweet summer sky;
Sometimes the beauty fled swiftly away,
As rising clouds shadow the glory of day,
For life has all changes—is joyous or drear,
Like the seasons that make up thy round, hoary year!

And many more cycles will swiftly roll past,
With changes, and sunshine, and gloom like the last,
Giving new birth to the blossom and rill,
And voices will praise them when mine shall be still,
And others will welcome with gladness or tears,
The hope and the promise of many more years.
Oh, year that is vanished! I bid thee farewell,
And the chill winds of winter are sounding thy knell.



THE NEW YEAR'S BELLS.

MERLE'S CRUSADE.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Aunt Diana," "For Lilias," etc.

CHAPTER XI.

MARSHLANDS.



WE had started by an early train, and arrived at Netherton soon after four. I knew we were to be met at the station, and was not at all surprised when a fresh-coloured, white-haired old gentleman brandished his stick as a token of welcome to Joyce. I was quite sure that it was Squire Cheriton before Joyce clapped her hands and exclaimed, "There's gran."

"Halloa, little one," he said, cheerily, as she ran up to him with a joyous face, "so you have not forgotten grandfather. Bless me, you are not a bit like Vi, you have taken after Alick. So this is the boy, nurse? Dear me! which is the nurse?" looking at me with rather a puzzled countenance.

"I am the nurse, sir," I returned, quietly; "and this is Hannah."

"Hannah Sowerby, of course. Bless me, I never forget a face—never; I knew yours directly," as Hannah dropped a countrified curtsey to the squire. "I saw Michael the other day; he was looking hale and hearty—hale and hearty; 'that comes of hard work and temperate living, Michael,' I said—oh, we are both of an age, old Michael and I, and I am hale and hearty, too. So this is my grandson; he is a fine fellow; takes after Vi, I should say. Come along, come along, there's auntie waiting for us," and, talking half to us and half to himself, Mr. Cheriton led us through the station. On the way, however, we were stopped twice; first, the station master was interviewed and the children introduced to him—

"My grandchildren, Drake," observed the Squire, proudly, twirling his gold headed stick as he spoke; then a burly farmer jostled against the squire, and the two commenced observations on the weather.

"Fine weather for the crops, Roberts; the oats look lively. These are my grandchildren; fine boy that."

"Little girl looks rather peaky, squire; wants a bit of fattening."

"Eh, what! We'll fatten her, won't we, Joyce?" pinching the child's thin cheek. "Takes after her father, Alick Morton. You can't find fault with my grandson, Roberts, I hope; never seen a finer child in my life."

"Father, father," exclaimed a fresh young voice, "what are you doing with those children? Methuselah is fretting terribly to be off. Do be quick, pray."

"I am coming, Gay. Now then, all of you, move on. Ta-ta, Roberts." And Mr. Cheriton drove us out before him. An open barouche was waiting at the door, and a young lady was on the box trying to hold in a pair of thoroughbreds. When she saw us, she at once handed the reins to her father, and jumped lightly to the ground.

"Kiss me, you darlings," she said, coaxingly; "don't you know me yet?" as Joyce hung back a little shyly. "I am Gay, the little auntie, as you used to call me. How do you do, Miss Fenton—you see I know your name. Hannah, I am glad to see you again. There is plenty of room for us all; the boxes are going by omnibus. Now, father, we are all ready," and in another moment Methuselah and his mate were on their homeward way.

Miss Cheriton chattered all the time. She was a pretty, dark-eyed girl, rather piquante in style, but not equal to her beautiful sister, though I caught an expression that reminded me now and then of my mistress. She struck me as very fresh and unconventional, and she had a bright, chirpy voice and manner that must have been very attractive to children. Joyce made friends with her at once, and even Reggie wanted to go to her, and received her caresses and compliments with unusual condescension.

"How wonderfully he has improved, nurse—Miss Fenton, I mean. My sister told me he was a lovely boy, and so he is. Why, Rolf will look quite plain beside him. What nicely-behaved children they seem. Poor Rolf is such a plague to us all."

"Don't you love Rolf, auntie?" asked Joyce, fixing her dark eyes on Miss Cheriton's face.

The young aunt looked rather perplexed at this question.

"When Rolf is good I love him, but not when he teases, fidgets, or frightens my canaries; I do not love him a bit then. I am always longing to box his ears, only his mother would be so angry with me. Father, dear, do make Methuselah go a little slower, Mr. Hawtry is trying to overtake us."

"Holloa, Roger," exclaimed the squire, in his hearty voice, "you did not think to pass Methuselah, did you, on that hack of yours?" And the next moment a gentleman, well mounted on a dark bay mare, rode up, and entered into conversation with Miss Cheriton. He threw a searching glance round the carriage as he lifted his hat, and then laid his hand on the carriage door.

"Good afternoon, squire; Methuselah seems a trifle fresh. How is it you are not driving, as usual, Miss Cheriton? Better employed, I suppose," with a look at Reggie. "So these are Alick Morton's children, are they? The little girl looks delicate. You must bring them out to my place; Mrs. Cornish will give them plenty of new milk. By the by, isn't that Hannah Sowerby?" And as she dimpled and looked pleased, "Why, I was over at Wheeler's Farm this morning, and your sister Molly was talking about you. I wanted Matthew to come up to the Red Farm for a job—he is a handy fellow, that brother of yours—so, as I was waiting, I had a chat with Molly."

I looked across at Hannah and saw how this kindly mention of her home pleased her. It was good-natured of Mr. Hawtry to single her out, and this little act of Christian charity prepossessed me in his favour. He was not very young—a little over thirty, I should have judged—and had a strong sensible face, "not a mask without any meaning to it," as Aunt Agatha sometimes said, but a face that seemed to reveal a sensible, downright character.

I saw Mr. Hawtry look in my direction once a little doubtfully. I daresay, being an old friend of the family, he thought it rather odd that Miss Cheriton did not introduce him to me, but Joyce soon enlightened him.

"Oh, nurse! do look at those pretty flowers," she called out, pulling my gown to enforce my attention.

"Yes, I see them, dear," I answered, quietly, and then Reggie became restless and struggled to get to me, so I took him in my arms, and at that moment the carriage turned in at some lodge gates.

I had not been able to judge much of the place. Miss Cheriton's chatter had engrossed me. I knew we had driven very fast through a pretty village, and that we had turned off down a country road, and that was all. Once I fancied I had caught a blue shimmer in the distance that must have been the sea, but after we had turned into the lodge gates, I took no more notice of Miss Cheriton and her companion. I was far too curious to see Marshlands, the home where my beloved mistress had passed her childhood.

A short avenue brought us to the gravelled sweep before the hall door. A large sunny garden with terraces seemed to stretch into a park-like meadow; in reality it was divided by a wire fence to keep in the sheep that were feeding between the trees. An old white pony was looking across the fence, attracted by the sound of our horses, a little black and tan terrier flew out on the steps barking, and a peacock, who was spreading his tail on the sundial, retreated in much disgust, sweeping his train of feathers behind him.

"Jacko hates Fidgets," observed Miss Cheriton, as the children clapped their hands at the gorgeous bird, and then Mr. Hawtry dismounted and lifted Joyce out of the carriage.

I stood for a moment with Reggie in my arms, admiring the old red brick house, with its ivy-covered gables, before we entered the wide dark hall, and it was then that I distinctly heard Mr. Hawtry say—

"Who is that young lady?"

"Do you mean the children's nurse, Miss Fenton?" observed Miss Cheriton, carelessly. "Oh, yes, Vi says she is quite a lady, and very nice, but——" Here I passed on quickly and lost the rest, only my foolish cheeks caught fire Merle, Merle, be prudent, remember the Valley of Humiliation. What does it matter, my girl, what the world thinks? Eve was a dairymaid in Eden.

An old grey-headed butler had hurried out to meet us. Miss Cheriton, who had joined us after a minute or two, questioned him at once.

"Is Mrs. Markham still out, Benson?"

"Yes, ma'am, and Master Rolf and Judson are with her, but I have taken tea into the morning-room."

"Very well, Benson, I will be down presently. Now, Miss Fenton, let me show you your quarters," and she preceded us up the dark old staircase, and down a long narrow lobby, lighted with small lozenged pane windows, and threw open a door at the end of the passage. "This is the old day nursery, and there are two bedrooms communicating with it. Susan will bring up the children's tea directly. Will you ring for anything you want. I am sorry I cannot wait now, but I must pour out tea for my father and Mr. Hawtry. I will come up again by-and-by," and she nodded pleasantly and ran away.

I looked round the nursery approvingly. It was such a charming, old-fashioned room, rather low, perhaps, but with brown wainscotting, and a dark panelled ceiling, and wooden window seats, and though the windows were small, they were deliciously quaint, and they looked out on the grass terrace and the sundial, and there was the white pony grazing under the elms, and such a pretty peep of the park, as I supposed they called it. An old black-faced sheep came in sight; I called Joyce to look at it, and even Reggie clapped his dear little hands, and cried out, "Ba—ba, ba—ba."

The bedrooms were just as cosy and old-fashioned as the nursery. The bed where Joyce and I were to sleep was hung with curious blue chintz, and there was an oak wardrobe that looked black with age, and curious prints in little black frames hung round the walls. Reggie's cot had chintz hangings too. The afternoon sunshine was flooding the room, as I stood at the window a moment. I called to Hannah to admire the view. We were at the back of the house; there was a kitchen garden and fruit trees, then came a deep, narrow lane and cornfield, and beyond lay the sea; I could even catch sight of a white sail very near the shore.

I never saw Hannah so excited as she was when she caught sight of that lane. She thrust her head out of the window, almost overbalancing herself in her eagerness.

"Why, miss," she exclaimed, "there is Cherry-tree-lane, and if we could only see round the corner—but those pear trees shut it out—we should see Wheeler's Farm. Isn't it like being at home?" her voice trembling with emotion. "Directly I had a taste of the salt air, and a glimpse of Squire Hawtry's cornfields, I felt almost beside myself." And indeed the girl's honest joy was good to witness, and again, as I thought of those sisters crowding out the attics of Wheeler's Farm, I could have found it in my heart to envy Hannah.

When I had taken off the children's things we went back to the day nursery. A freckled-faced country girl was covering the round table with all sorts of dainties—new laid eggs, fruit, jam, and honey; there seemed no end to the good things. She nodded to Hannah in a friendly way, and asked after her health in broad Sussex dialect.

"Do you know Susan?" I observed, in some surprise, as I poured out some milk for the thirsty children.

"She is a neighbour's daughter," replied Hannah, as she waited on us. "Susan was never much to my taste, but we learnt our samplers together. The Mullinses are not our sort," she continued, with manifest pride. "Joseph Mullins is the village cobbler, but he is none too steady, and father and Molly can't abide him."

As soon as the children had finished their tea, I took them to the window, where they found plenty to amuse them. The white pony was still cropping the grass; here and there was a nibbling sheep; the rooks were cawing about their nests in the elm trees; the peacock was strutting along the terrace, accompanied by his mate; a pair of golden-crested pheasants followed them.

Presently the bay mare was brought round by a groom, and Mr. Hawtry came out on the terrace, and stood talking to Mr. Cheriton before he mounted.

"Why did you call him Squire Hawtry, Hannah?" I observed, curiously, as he rode away down the avenue.

"He is mostly called by that name," returned Hannah. "He is a gentleman farmer, and lives at the Red Farm down Dorlcote way. His mother and sister used to live with him, but his mother died two years ago, and Miss Agnes did not long survive her. She was a sweet creature, and very handsome, but she had been a sad invalid the last few years of her life."

"Poor Mr. Hawtry! and he is all alone."

"Quite alone, except for his good old housekeeper, Mrs. Cornish; she takes good care of Mr. Roger, as she calls him. Folks say," continued Hannah, somewhat hesitating, "Squire Hawtry has had enough of loneliness and nursing Miss Agnes, and that he is looking out for a wife; he and Miss Gay are firm friends, and——"

"I think Reggie is getting sleepy," I observed, hastily, for Joyce was listening with all her might, and the old proverb is true in saying "little pitchers have long ears;" besides which this was gossiping about other people's affairs, and Hannah knew I never countenanced gossip; it always seemed to me such a mean and undignified thing to chatter about those who were inmates of the house that sheltered us. We had partaken of their bread and salt, and so they ought to have been sacred to us. How little the world understands the so-called word "honour," but "*Noblesse oblige*" is a safe motto.

Hannah took the hint with her usual good nature, and went off for the bath water. The next moment there was a slight peremptory tap at the nursery door, and before I could answer a tall, elegant-looking woman, dressed in black, entered the room. I rose at once in some little trepidation; of course it was Mrs. Markham.

"Good evening, nurse," she said, in rather a thin, highly-pitched voice. "I hope you find yourself comfortable, and that the children are not tired with the journey." Then, without waiting for an answer, she seated herself languidly, and called to Joyce, "Come to me, my dear; I am your Aunt Adelaide; good children always come when they are called."

I gave Joyce a slight push, for she was hanging back in a most unaccountable way, and yet she was by no means a shy child, and would be friendly even with strangers, if she liked their appearance. I thought Mrs. Markham looked a little annoyed at her hesitation, but she controlled herself and tried coaxing.

"What would your mamma say, if you refused to kiss poor Aunt Adelaide? Come, that is better," as Joyce advanced, timidly. "Why what a thin, sickly-looking child it is," regarding the sweet little face before her rather critically; "I should hardly have thought," speaking half to herself, "that Violet would have had such a plain child."

I was indignant at this; for everyone thought Joyce had a lovely little face, though it was rather too thin and grave. "Excuse me, Mrs. Markham," I observed, hastily, "but Joyce is a very forward child, and understands all that is said before her," for it was hard that our pet should meet with such a cold reception.

Mrs. Markham regarded me with a supercilious stare; she evidently thought I was taking a liberty with her in venturing to remonstrate, but I took no notice, and prudently restrained myself.

I felt, even at that first moment, an unaccountable dislike to Mrs. Markham. Most people would have pronounced her very handsome, in spite of her sallow complexion and thin lips, but a certain hardness in her expression repelled me, as it repelled Joyce. Her dark eyes regarded one so coldly; there was such hauteur and indifference in her manners; and then the metallic harshness of her voice! "How could she be Mrs. Morton's sister?" I thought, as I recalled the sweet graciousness, the yielding softness, that made my dear mistress so universally beloved.

(*To be continued.*)

CHRISTMAS IN THE GERMAN FATHERLAND.

In the days of my youth it was my good fortune to have letters of introduction to some German friends of our family, and to be invited to spend the winter with them in their charming country house at the foot of the Riesengebirge.*

It was the 24th of December, and bitterly cold, when I emerged from the railway carriage upon the platform of a small country station, and was taken into friendly possession by a vivacious little dark-eyed baroness and her tall, flaxen-haired son, who, with many fears *that I must be nearly frozen* by my long journey from Berlin, wrapped me in an extra fur and supplied me with a third veil before allowing me to encounter the keen outer air and a long sledge drive.

To drive in a sledge at all was to me a novel and delightful experience, and the sledge to which I was now conducted was particularly pretty, with its body of light carved wood, its fur rugs lined with crimson, its pair of cream-coloured Russian ponies, with their harness studded with silver knobs, and arches of silver bells over their heads; and when once we were all warmly ensconced among the *cushions and wrappers*, and were gliding with noiseless swiftness over the well-kept sledge-way, it seemed to me that sledging was the very acme of luxurious motion, and I felt almost sorry when Baron Max checked his ponies to point out the high tower, now close at hand, which he said formed part of the main building of his home.

After passing through some fine pine-woods, we drove across the whilom moat, now planted with trees and called the Dark Walk, and, driving under a small archway, found ourselves in a spacious court laid out as a flower-garden, while facing us, and forming three sides of a hollow square, stood the schloss itself. The great entrance was approached by a long flight of steps, and upon these were several liveried servants awaiting our arrival, while at the sound of the sleigh-bells and the cracking of the driver's whip, two great wolfhounds rushed out to welcome their master, and were followed, more sedately, by the daughters of the house, who from their striking disparity in height were always known by the sobriquet of Tiny and Tall.

To Tiny's care I was immediately consigned, and, after a brief adjournment to my room, was led by her into the saloon, where we found Tall presiding over the coffee and cakes, which, as I discovered later on, she had herself prepared.

The Baroness had disappeared, leaving an apology for me that, as it was Christmas Eve, she had much to do, to which she must attend, and while we were waiting the signal to go and view the tree, Tiny and Tall proceeded to enlighten me as to many of their national customs in connection with this particular season.

In this village, for instance, as in many others of the Fatherland, and especially in Southern Germany, a veiled woman goes up and down the streets after nightfall, bearing in her arms a child chosen for his beauty and goodness to represent the Infant Saviour, and as they pass along they find the cottage windows discreetly left ajar, so that the Christ-child, as he is called, can leave upon the sill some token of the day. Every good child, upon awakening next morning, finds gifts—oranges, sweeties, or some such things; but, alas for the child who has been naughty! for him are no such delights; for him there lies only a pliant willow or birchen rod, suggestive of the chastisement he deserves. Into the towns the Christ-child seldom comes; he is there replaced by the Christmas tree; and it was to decorate such a tree that the mother of the family had now disappeared.

The room in which I was hearing all this was large and lofty, lighted by five windows, the remaining walls being hung with ancestral portraits; for these unassuming, domesticated young girls were the descendants of a noble and historical line, would not have changed their ancient barony for a modern dukedom, and with pardonable pride showed me the family portraits, and gave me slight sketches concerning the originals. The most striking of these was certainly the full-length picture of that old field-marshal of whom Carlyle thus graphically writes:—"With regard to Friedrich, the court-martial needs no amendment from the King. The sentence on Friedrich, a lieutenant-colonel guilty of desertion, is from president and all members, except two, death as by law."

From this portrait we turned to that of Frederic the Great himself—his own gift to the family; from that prince the transition was easy to the subject of the Seven Years War, and we had begun planning excursions to the different battlefields when a bell began to ring, and changed the current of our thoughts.

We rushed down a long corridor, being joined as we went by different other members of the household, and reached the room from whence the blaze of light betrayed the presence of the great tree. It was, indeed, a giant, and formed a most imposing spectacle, as it stood in the centre of the large room, dazzling with variegated waxen tapers, shimmering all over with ice-like crystals, and decorated with gilded fruits and sweetmeats. The base of this wonderful member of the vegetable world was covered by a pyramid of the tempting confectionery and gingerbread peculiar to the province, and for which lots had afterwards to be drawn.

Round the room, and overshadowed by the mighty branches of the central tree, stood tiny specimens of the same tribe, each standing upon a table laden with gifts, and each destined for a separate member of the family and household.

Even I, stranger as I was, had my own little tree and table of presents—pieces of fine Silesian linen, a huge surprise ball,* and a pretty gold brooch, embossed with roses and forget-me-nots, which I cherish still in remembrance of my first happy visit to Germany. There were so many pretty things to admire, so many thanks to tender, so many good wishes to exchange, that it was growing quite late before we could make up our minds to leave these "halls of dazzling light" for the more prosaic supper-room.

Here—as in Germany the Eve is more celebrated (except as regards religious services) than the Christmas Day itself—we found the traditional dishes of Germany and of England. In honour of Germany I had to make acquaintance with real black bread—"Pumpernickel," as they call it in some parts of Germany, sauerkraut, and raw smoked ham, all of which at first I secretly thought odious, but eventually grew to like very much; and in honour of England we had plum pudding and mince pies—the former not at all badly cooked, the latter a dismal failure, as most English housewives will understand when I tell them that the cook, although adhering strictly to the proportions of an excellent recipe, had—for some extraordinary reasons of his own—pounded the whole into a paste, and enclosed it in a very thick crust, the shape and size of a small pork pie.

We did not linger long after supper; for it had been a long and fatiguing day for everyone. As for myself, after so many interesting and novel incidents, and so long and wearying a journey, I was only too glad to find myself once more in my own room, and I slept without pause or wakening until the appearance of the young ladies' maid, Amalia, at my bedside next morning with a cup of coffee and the intimation that it was now 7.30, and that the sledge for church-goers would be at the door at nine o'clock.

We were off punctually to the time, and after about half an hour's drive over the hard-frozen snow, upon which the brilliant sunshine was streaming down, we reached the unpretending-looking little Lutheran church. Here, as the due of the Adel,* we sat in a gallery all by ourselves, and had high-backed velvet chairs, surmounted by the baron's coronet, and with footstools embroidered to match; and very strange it seemed to me to be looking down from this pinnacle of isolated grandeur upon the poorer congregation below.

Generally speaking, these wore the costume of the province, and a charming costume too—a short skirt of red, green, or blue serge, with five broad bands of black velvet round the lower edge; black velvet bodice, laced over a full chemisette, and sleeves of white cambric; pointed velvet cap (of the Stuart shape), in colour matching the skirt, adorned with heavy gold braiding, and edged with a fluting of Silesian lace. Long gold earrings and a broad gold plaque, set with garnets and suspended by a slender chain round the neck, were the ornaments worn with this costume, and were, as I was afterwards told, handed down as family heirlooms from mother to child.

The dress of the men was, of course, less elaborate. It consisted of dark-blue or grey cloth suits, much adorned with silver buttons. Both men and women wore long black stockings and buckled shoes as part of their Sunday garb, but on weekdays generally go barefoot.

Those among the congregation who abjured these picturesque costumes and went in for modern fashion, wore—like the gentle folk—black; and I found to my astonishment that black was also *de rigueur* for Confirmation and the Holy Communion. The clergyman, a tall, kindly-looking old man, wore a long black gown and a wide box-pleated ruff. There was an ebony and silver crucifix upon the altar, which had lighted waxen tapers burning upon it. The musical part of the service was led by a full brass band; and, to complete my surprise, I found it was against rule to kneel at any time; one either sat or stood.

All this seemed so utterly at variance with recognised ideas in England upon the same subject, that I am afraid I did not much profit by my first church-going in the Fatherland. Still, it was an interesting experience, and when time had familiarised me more with both the language and the customs, I found a great deal that I could honestly admire, though I never ceased to prefer our own bright and beautiful Liturgy to the somewhat ponderous nature of worship in the Fatherland.

* A lofty chain of mountains lying to the south of the province of Silesia.

* A ball of this kind is a favourite gift in Germany. It looks like a very unskilfully-wound ball of knitting wool. You are bound in honour to knit it up, and as you do so you disclose, one by one, a variety of gifts, the most precious being generally the innermost of all.

* Nobility.



"AN EMPTY CAB CAME RATTLING ROUND THE CORNER."

"NO."

By MARY E. HULLAH.

CHAPTER III.

THE wind blew fiercer than ever as Embrance turned out of the broad avenue into a side path, and found herself face to face with Horace Meade.

"Good afternoon, Miss Clemon."

"Good afternoon, Mr. Meade."

She put her hand into his for a second; he had thrown away his cigar and turned to walk by her side. "How fast you walk," he said; "I have been watching you for the last three minutes."

"I haven't much time to lose," said Embrance, apologetically, "as a rule. The park gate will shut soon."

"Yes, to be sure. Do you like the Regent's-park?"

"Very much; don't you?"

"Oh yes, immensely, but somehow I never come here. No, indeed, I don't," in answer to her look of amusement; "I came to-day because I thought there was a chance of meeting you. There is something that I want to talk to you about. Do you know that you are the most difficult person in the world to approach?"

"I should not have thought so," said Embrance, with a smile. "I think I can guess what you are going to tell me."

He shook his head: "I'm afraid you can't."

"You must not suppose that she means all she says; only give her time and she will take your advice."

"Ah, yes; Joan, you mean?"

It struck Embrance that he was very absent and unlike himself, but she had broached the subject now, and she felt bound to go on with it. "She told me that she was very sorry that she had been ungracious about some suggestion that you made. I'm quite sure that she would not willingly say anything to hurt you."

"I'm quite sure she would not," assented Horace, "she is much too kind-hearted."

"And," continued Embrance, clasping her hands firmly in her muff, "I wanted to say (we needn't talk about it again), if you think that it would be better for her to go down to Doveton, I will try and persuade her to go; it would not be for long perhaps."

"No, I suppose not," said Horace, absently; "but don't you see, Miss Clemon, the question is not altogether about Joan's peace of mind, but yours?"

They had reached the gate, and turned into a dreary piece of "outer circle."

"Mine?" exclaimed Embrance, growing scarlet in the dim twilight; "there is no occasion to talk about me."

"I beg your pardon. I have a great deal to say. Do you suppose I don't see what you are doing for my cousin, how you are helping her and teaching her, and taking on your shoulders the responsibilities that her own family ought to bear?"

"I had not looked upon it from that point of view," said Embrance, dryly.

"Now you are angry at what I have said; I can't help it, I can't hold my tongue any longer. Joan knows what I think, but perhaps she has not told you all I said; she is a dear little girl. Don't imagine that I am throwing any blame on her, but she shouldn't have come to London!"

"I have tried to do my best for her," said Embrance, in a broken voice.

"Miss Clemon," cried Horace, "you must think that I am behaving like a brute! Do you suppose I don't know that? You have done her, and are doing her, all the good in the world."

"I thought that you did not trust me," explained Embrance, simply. "I'm so glad I was wrong; indeed, Joan is like a younger sister to me; don't try to separate us."

The light of a feeble gaslight fell upon her face as she spoke; her eyes were raised pleadingly to his.

"You have mistaken me altogether," he said, hurriedly, "but I couldn't expect it to be otherwise. You must not misunderstand me again. Embrance, I know I am taking you by surprise; I must say it. I love you. I am miserable when I am away from you. Don't, don't turn away!"

A gust of wind came roaring down the road; she did not heed it. She walked quietly by his side, stricken dumb with great joy. She did not deceive herself for one instant, it was too late for that, she liked him too well. She could not shut her heart to the truth, any more than she could shut her ears to his words. Alas, alas! where were all her plans for Joan? Did Joan love him? In the darkness of the badly lighted road, she seemed to see Joan's beautiful face, and to hear her say, "Embrance, have patience with me. Don't think ill of me! You are the only one who has patience with me!"

"My poor dear, I will do my best for you," she thought, as a feeling of great tenderness towards Joan came over her. She had no answer ready for Horace Meade. Ah! he was strong, and did not want her pity.

"What shall I say? What shall I do?" she cried at last, in desperation. It seemed as if hours had passed since he had spoken the words that made this great difference in her life.

"Have I distressed you? I can't help it. Tell me, won't you listen to me?"

"I, I am sorry," she faltered, looking at him with a tearful glance.

"I didn't know. I had thought——" She stopped; Joan's name must not be mentioned now if she loved him; if—nay, she must love him, and he would find it out by-and-by; he could not but be fond of her. Only give them time; he was vexed with her for the moment; it would all come right. Nevertheless it was hard to give him her answer. "Mr. Meade," she said, speaking more firmly now, "it is very good of you. I thank you very much. I can't listen to you; it is better not."

"Are you engaged to that man who went to New Zealand?"

"My cousin? No, certainly not; why should you think so?"

"Joan said something about it, that is partly why I determined to know my fate at once."

"You must have misunderstood her altogether. When did you see her last?"

"About a fortnight ago. I can't remember," he replied, impatiently. "I believe your whole thoughts are wrapped up in her."

"I beg your pardon. I didn't mean to vex you. Can't we be friends, at least?"

Up to the present moment she had indeed been thinking how she could best make a reconciliation possible between him and Joan. With a sharp pang it struck her that perhaps after all she was in the wrong.

"Listen," he said; "I am in earnest, in bitter earnest. You believe me, don't you?"

"Yes," said Embrance.

"Thank you. I was sure of that, at least. I care so much that I can't stay here any longer, coming to see you like a stranger, and having no right to help you in any way whatever. I have seen enough in the last few months to guess a little what your work is. No; let me say it out to the end. Before I knew you I fancied that you were selfish and indifferent. Heaven knows how wrong I was! If I can't win your love, it is my own fault. Embrance, don't decide in a hurry. Think it over. I love you. Give me a chance."

They had reached the crowded thoroughfare. Gaslights were flaring; the road was thronged with cabs and carts; the people were pushing along the pavement, too busy to notice the quiet couple, or to observe that the plain girl in an ulster had a white face, and that the lines of her mouth were set with pain and suffering. Across the street, in a few minutes, they were in a dreary square. Here there were no loiterers. A murky grey sky; black trees, flinging their gaunt arms to the chimney pots; rows of melancholy stone houses, with carved heads, placidly unconcerned, gazing down from the lintels.

In vain she strove to find words to tell him her perplexity. How could she accept this gift from his hands, believing as she did that the child at home was longing to make friends with him? How should she return and look her friend in the face, saying, "I have stolen your lover"?

"Embrance, be patient with me," Joan had said. "Embrance, don't give me up."

Then she turned and put her hand into Horace's. Her fingers were cold as ice, but they did not tremble. "I can't; don't ask me," she cried under her breath.

He strode by her side in silence. An empty cab came rattling round the corner. "Stop it," whispered Embrance. He obeyed her, opened the door, and told the man where to drive. He lifted his hat, standing on one side, and waiting for the cab to drive off. At last she raised her eyes to his. "Forgive me," she whispered; "do forgive me. God bless you, Horace."

He turned away without a word. What should he say more than he had said? She could not love him. There was nothing more to be done. She was no coquette to say "No" when she meant "Yes." Fate was hard on him. The one woman in the whole world whom he longed to call his wife had rejected his love. He must bear his grief as best he could.

Embrance sank back into a dark corner of the cab, shuddering as she recalled his look of misery. She had none of the spirit of a heroine or a martyr to support her; she had tried, struggling against her own self, to act uprightly by one friend; suppose that her very love of honesty had caused her to be cruel to another? Now that it was all too late, she longed to have the last five minutes over again. No, a thousand times, no! Let her only get home and have time to think, and she would leave off being sorry. Whether rightly or wrongly, she had done what seemed honest and fair; she would not reproach herself, and he would soon get over it. "Men forget sooner than women," she reflected, falling back on one of her aunt's numerous truisms. Then she almost laughed in scorn at her own insincerity. "You don't believe it; you know he loves you, and your ridiculous behaviour will make him think worse of all womanhood from this day forth." "Oh! I hope not. I hope not!" she sobbed aloud, with her head against the cushion of the cab.

The sound of her own voice roused her to the consciousness that she was getting very near home; she sat up, dried her eyes and smoothed her hair. It would not do to alarm Joan; what had happened this afternoon must be kept a secret from her at all events. She had her own latch-key. She opened the door and stole upstairs. The landlady and her daughter were chatting in the back parlour, but Embrance did not want to exchange civilities with them just now. Outside her own door she paused for a moment, then opened it, saying: "Well, Joan, are you waiting for your tea?"

There was no answer. The lamp was lighted, the tablecloth was laid, but Joan was not there. Her chair was in a corner by the window; there were no signs of her drawing or scraps of millinery about.

"Joan!" cried Embrance, nervously. "Where are you?"

No answer. She ran to the door of the next room and looked in; all was dark and silent. "I suppose it is not so late as I thought," she said to herself. "She will be in soon, I daresay."

She took off her bonnet, and sat down to wait with a book, but she could not fix her attention. She was very, very tired, and rather lonely; she did wish that Joan would come. The longing to speak to somebody was so great, that after a short time she put out her hand and rang the bell. Annie came running upstairs at the summons; her eyes were round with excitement; she hardly waited to hear Miss Clemon's question.

"Did Miss Fulloch leave any message for me when she went out?"

"No, miss; she's been gone ever since ten o'clock, half an hour after you left. I heard the door bang, and I said to myself, 'What's that?' And it was Miss Fulloch; she had on her new bonnet, with the pink feather, that she was making."

"Never mind the bonnet, Annie; did she say when she would be in to tea?"

"No, miss; and I expect she won't be back; she took her bag."

"Very well. I will wait half an hour, and then, please, bring tea."

"There's something wrong upstairs," was Annie's report in the kitchen. "Miss Clemon looks as if she see a ghost. She isn't half the lady she was."

Seven o'clock struck; eight o'clock, nine o'clock, and no Joan appeared. Embrance drank a cup of tea, but she could not eat anything. In vain she told herself that very likely Mrs. Rakely had made one of her flying visits to London, and had persuaded Joan to spend the day with her; it was absurd to be anxious; of course she would be back directly; nevertheless she could not read, write, or rest. The late postman brought a letter for Miss Clemon. Annie, having studied the envelope on the way upstairs, saw that the postmark was Brighton.

Embrance took the letter. The handwriting, firm and neat, was quite strange to her. She opened it hastily.

"Dear old Embrance" (it began). "I had not the courage to say good-bye to you this morning, but I told you that I had a secret, and I think you guessed it; you are so clever. I was afraid you would be disappointed, you meant me to be a painter's wife, didn't you? but I was happily married to Alfred Brownhill this morning, and we are spending our honeymoon at Brighton. We must come and see you before we go to Doveton. Alfred sends his kind regards; he remembers you quite well. You will be glad to hear that I am so happy; I hope you won't miss me too much, you busy old dear.—Your loving, JOAN BROWNHILL. P.S. Alfred likes the bonnet very much. He wrote the address; were you mystified?"

A little bunch of sweet smelling violets dropped out of the letter and scented the room—Joan always loved flowers. She liked everything that was pleasant and good to look upon.

Alfred Brownhill! he was a staid, middle-aged man, with a comfortable home and a prosperous income. No wonder that old Mr. Fulloch had wished for the marriage. He would be surprised, too, and would wonder that his grand-daughter had not returned to his roof, as she was prepared to follow his advice at last. But Embrance saw clearly enough that Joan would never have done that. A runaway wedding, and a triumphant return to Doveton, would be much more to her taste. She looked at Joan's unused cup and saucer on the table, and she shivered as she realised the truth; her friend would never come back. While she had been rejecting the pleadings of a good man who loved her, Joan had perhaps been telling her husband that "Embrance wished her to marry a painter."

"I will write to him," she said, turning to the little table where she had so often sat when he and Joan talked together over the fire. She never swerved from her intention; he had been cruelly treated; he might not care to accept her apology, that did not matter. She must see him once more, and explain to him that she had been deceived—mistaken, that was a more gracious word. She would write no more than she could help.

"Dear Mr. Meade,—Please come and see me. I have made a mistake.—Yours truly, EMBRANCE CLEMON."

She knew his address, she had written to him before, asking him to do various little acts of kindness for Joan. Once she had been to tea at his rooms, with Mrs. Rakely and Joan, he had shown her his sketches and asked her opinion about his pictures. It was all long ago. It had been a bitterly cold day, Joan had caught a bad sore throat, and was ill for a week afterwards; she had been an impatient invalid, and Horace had called to inquire after her very often, and had left fruit and flowers.

Embrance could no longer endure the loneliness of the little parlour; she missed Joan terribly, her laugh and her many coaxing ways. She longed for air; it was a good excuse for posting the letter herself. As she tied her bonnet-strings before the glass, she shrank back aghast at the sight of her pale face. She put on a thick veil and threw a shawl over her shoulders; she would feel happier when the letter was once in the pillar-box. A hundred times she had been up and down the crooked staircase in the dark; to-night, it might be that she was tired, or that her eyes were full of tears, but her foot slipped, she clutched instinctively at the banister, missed it, and fell down into the darkness below.

So it came about that the letter to Horace Meade was left unposted till the following morning.

Some days passed before Embrance could leave her room; the doctor, whom the landlady had summoned in her fright, said that she had sprained her ankle badly, and ordered perfect rest. The people in the house were good to the solitary invalid; the first-floor lodger brought her knitting and a great many dull stories of her own youth, and experiences of sprained ankles and broken limbs, and came and sat by her sofa, while the landlady and Annie were unceasing in their attentions. Some of Embrance's pupils called, and Joan wrote sheets of sympathy, crossed and re-crossed. Her husband sent his kind regards and hoped that Miss Clemon would come down to Doveton and stay there till she was quite convalescent. However, Embrance refused the invitation, she would rather stay at home for the present; later on, she would like to visit Joan.

Mrs. Brownhill, in the snug breakfast-room in her new home, fretted a little over this refusal; then she recovered her spirits and laid plans for summer excursions; it would be better to have Embrance, after all, when the roses were in bloom. Alfred Brownhill was very much in love with his young wife, and considered her interest in the welfare of her sick friend the prettiest trait of character imaginable.

"Poor old Embrance," exclaimed Joan, with her hand in his; "I should die of loneliness in that pokey room all by myself, but she has so much strength of will; I don't believe she minds a bit. I shall never be like her!"

"Heaven forbid!" murmured he devoutly. He was prepared to be kind to the lady for his wife's sake, but he had a virtuous horror of a strong-minded woman wrapped up in herself, and his principles (which he held sacred) did not allow him to disguise his feelings.

In the meantime Embrance recovered slowly and went back to her work, but she received no answer to her letter.

(*To be concluded.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

L. M. D. (Suisse).—We have no charge whatever to make against the moral or intellectual training given in Swiss schools, having had opportunities for making ourselves well acquainted with some of them. But we speak advisedly in stating that, on the score of diet, and certain other matters, English habits differ from those of foreign countries, and many English constitutions cannot bear so great a change with impunity, especially young growing girls. Thus it is better that they should be educated at schools in their own country; or, if abroad, should attend day schools, or engage visiting masters, and sleep and board at home. We have many Swiss friends, and are partial to them and their country. We are glad you like our paper, being one of "our girls."

YOUNG ANTIQUARY.—The word "cromleac" is a compound of two Irish words—viz, *crom*, "to adore," or "worship," and *leac*, "a stone." *Crom* was likewise one of the Irish names of the supreme God. These ancient remains are therefore very clearly those of altars or places of worship. You would learn all that is known of them by reading Higgins' rare work on the round towers, etc., in the British Museum.

WORK.

DUCHESS.—To tan a tennis net, soak it in boiled oil, and let it dry under cover, hung up in the air. Your writing is too full of flourishes.

YOUNG MOTHER, HELEN C—Get a shilling manual with knitting and crochet patterns. Our space cannot be occupied by them.

FLORENCE GOBBLER.—We thank you for your communication about hat cleaning.

COURTS.—Clothing for Ceylon should consist of what we here call summer clothing—white and pale-coloured cambrics, tussore and Surah silks, very thin cashmere, silk gauze webs for undervests, etc. Go to an Indian outfitter's, and you will be shown the materials which are the most suitable.

T. A. and C. M.—The best dress for tricycle-riding is a tailor-made short habit, or tight short jacket, and a plain narrow cloth skirt, without any trimmings, festooning, and draping.

C. C.—Table centres are much used for dinner parties, but not of gathered up plush. They are made of straight pieces of silk, German canvas, or satin sheeting, ornmented with an appliqué of plaited straw, or plush edged with fine cord or tinsel.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MAUD.—Go to the police office and inform the inspector of your trouble and the cruel treatment to which you are subjected, and he will take you to the proper quarters, where you may obtain a separation and an allowance. Do nothing rashly and nothing wrong, be your trials and provocations what they may. What you suggested to us would be very wrong indeed, and we think and hope you must have done so under great excitement. If by word or act you thoughtlessly gave cause for jealousy, you might not obtain the separation and allowance, to which otherwise you could lay just claim. Pray God to guide you and preserve you from evil.

BLUSH ROSE.—*Requiescat in pace* means "Rest in peace."

LOTTA.—Try to live much in prayer during each day while at your business, or in little intervals of leisure. The responsibility of either turning to God and accepting or "neglecting so great salvation" lies on you. You are not a mere puppet, but a reasonable being, and have been given to distinguish between good and evil. "Ye *will* not come unto Me," not "Ye *shall* not come." "Why will ye die?" etc. Do not let anyone deceive you with the idea that you have no free will. God does not unjustly "gather where He does not strew." He had already given the one pound to the idle servant, and thus supplied the means for trading, or would not have expected any return. May He guide you aright.

KITTIE.—Perhaps some glycerine or vaseline might remove the roughness from your face and neck. Get some nice nursery hairwash and apply it to the skin of your head with a small sponge.

HARRY'S WIFE.—We sympathise with you in your trouble and your sister in her sufferings. Certainly, the prayer offered in faith, resting on God's promises, will certainly be answered. He who bestows faith will accept His own gift with favour. It is He who is drawing your heart towards Him.

EMMA WALKER.—There is the Royal Free Hospital in Gray's-inn-road, W.C., for the relief of the sick poor of all nations, without any letter of recommendation or other claim beyond sickness and destitution. Write to the secretary, James S. Blyth, Esq. About 2,000 in-patients and 25,000 out-patients are annually under its care.

BEATRICE MARIE.—1. The 16th July, 1869, was a Friday. 2. A series of articles on girls' pets was given in vol. iv., pages 83, 274, 602, and 731.

A DARK LADY and SUSSEX.—When a married man dies intestate, having children, the widow can claim one-third of his property, and the remaining two-thirds are divided between his children in equal portions. If he die without children, the widow can claim one-half of his property, and the rest is divided in equal portions between his nearest of kin. "Sussex" is quite wrong in his ideas respecting a brother's claims taking precedence of those of the widow and the children, and it would be most unjust if such were the law. The "Dark Lady" writes well.

PRISCILLA.—Your digestion needs attention, and perhaps your diet and mode of life. If you get a bad headache whenever you read for long at a time, why do you attempt it? Read a little from time to time, and rest your eyes and the feeble nerves connected with the brain.

ADELAIDE.—*What you name* are designed as acts expressing respect and veneration for Him whom we worship on bended knee. We cannot enter more fully into the subject of your letter. We have no remembrance of any letter signed "Ade."

ANTOINETTE R. informs us that "she is pretty," and that gentlemen whom she serves in her father's shop "stare at her as if she were an unseen object." (?) We fail to understand what that means. She should resolutely try to forget herself, and give her whole attention to selling her father's gloves, etc.

JULIA F. E. must count the feet of her verses, so as to get them even. It will not do to have nine feet in one line and eight in another. "Heaven" and "driven" do not rhyme, and in the poem to a "Skylark" there are many mistakes in the length of the feet. But, after all, to an invalid the pleasure of writing down the "thoughts that oppress" and "the words which burn" is very great, and the relief is excellent both for brain and the feelings.

AN ENGLISH VOICE FROM IRELAND.—We certainly could not advise you to marry under the circumstances that you "neither love nor respect" the man to whom you have promised your hand. Perhaps you do not know your own mind, and had better ask to wait a year before you decide finally.

MARION, NEWCASTLE.—The new volume of the G. O. P. begins with the November part. You could improve your writing by crossing your "t's" and dotting your "i's."

RILLY.—The Malvern Home of Rest might suit you. Particulars may be had from the Hon. Mrs. Hewett, Barnard's Green, Great Malvern. There is also Fern House, Coleshill, Warwickshire, standing high, having a large garden, etc. Apply for terms to Miss Price, Fern House, Coleshill, Warwickshire. We think that one of these might suit you. If a boarder were willing to share a bedroom, the charge would be 17s. per week, everything included except washing, which would be 9d. a dozen.

ANNIE.—The office of the Poor Clergy Relief Corporation, an institution intended to give aid in temporary distress to them, their widows, or orphans, is at 36, Southampton-street, Strand, W.C.

THYRA and CASSY.—There is no "usual time" for giving answers. There is very little space allowed for putting them in. In reference to your question, the use of tweezers and pumice-stone is all that we can recommend.

AUNTIE LAURIE.—Your parents' objection to an engagement with the man you name is fully justified by his conduct. The fact that he has endeavoured to induce you, a minor, to rebel against them and "marry him secretly," shows him to be devoid of all honour and right principle. He is taking a disgraceful advantage of your youth, weakness, and inexperience.

MAUDE SCOTT.—1. When a cemetery is closed it is generally because the neighbourhood has become overcrowded near it. We never heard of a cemetery being re-opened. 2. The colours of the hoods worn by clergymen and their linings show the university or college from which they come.

A PERPLEXED ONE.—We know of no remedy so good as golden ointment. But why not consult a doctor, as your house and its surroundings must be in fault?

A SCOTCHWOMAN.—"Edward Garrett" is the *nom de plume* under which Isabella Fyvie Mayo has written several popular works, amongst others, "Occupations of a Retired Life," and "Premiums Paid to Experience."

VIRGINIA MAUD.—We could not answer your letter at the length you desire, as we have no space in our columns. We should advise you to write to the secretary, Girls' Friendly Society, central office, 3, Victoria Mansions, Victoria-street, Westminster, S.W., with a view to joining the Girls' Friendly Society, which will offer you all the aid and information you may require.

LILY.—Ten extra summer and Christmas numbers have now been published.

HERMON'S SERVANT.—Ember Week is a corruption of *Quatuor tempora*, through the Dutch *Quatemper* and German *Quatember*. The four times are after Quadragesima Sunday, Whit Sunday, Holyrood Day (September), and St. Lucia's Day (December). The ancient belief that persons sat in embers or ashes on those days is without foundation.

RANCE and GYPSY.—Canaries' claws when too long can be cut with a small pair of sharp scissors, but it is a very delicate business to perform.

PORTIA.—Your sending out cards of thanks for kind inquiries is an intimation that you are prepared to receive the visits of the friends who made them. That will decide the time for you. Until you send the cards, they would be most indiscreet and intrusive in calling, unless the very nearest relations, or an exceptionally intimate and privileged friend.

ROWENA.—It is a fixed and general rule that for a girl to ride out only with a riding master is very far from expedient. Of course, if he were an uncle or brother, or a very old and respectable married man, the objection would be lessened, especially if riding up and down the sea sands in full sight, instead of taking a country ride out of sight. There should always be a second lady or a brother, though quite young.

JERBOA is thanked for her kind letter, and the Editor feels much obliged to those who proposed his health at the dinner party "Jerboa" attended. She makes the tails of her letters too long below the lines. Those above are of a suitable and prettier length. Make them correspond.

PRISCILLA may probably outgrow her headaches, as she is so young. They may arise from various causes. Thus, we could not prescribe without due acquaintance with her constitution and many surrounding circumstances.



A COQUETTE.

LOUIE.—Your informant was right, and probably drew his information from Major A. B. Ellis's work, entitled "West African Islands," published last year. Canaries have no song in their wild state; it is of artificial origin, and the song our birds give us in no way resembles their natural shrill chirp. They are placed in cages near those of birds already trained to sing, and when accustomed to imprisonment they strive hard to imitate the notes of their educated fellows. The natives of the Canary Islands keep a large stock on hand in process of training. The young of those trained and taught naturally learn from the parent birds.

ELLA BROWN.—The statue of the Venus de Medici is only 4 feet 11½ inches in height. It is believed to be the production of Cleomenes, of Athens, of the second century. It was exhumed in the seventh century near Tivoli, in the villa of Hadrian, and was removed in 1680, by Cosmo III., to the Imperial Gallery at Florence, from the Medici Palace at Rome. It was broken into eleven pieces when discovered, all in a perfect state, one arm only missing, which has been added.

TWIN SISTERS.—The 5th of June, 1876, was a Monday.

C. OF RUDOLSTADT, IDA, and STELLA.—We are inundated with verses from girls, young and untaught; and, as a rule, the same opinion and criticism would be suitable for all alike. But in the case of "Ida's" verses there is some promise of better to come; as, at least, she has a good ear for rhythm. Our young friend with the long name should count the feet and make each line correspond with its fellow, observing where the beat falls in every line, and placing it uniformly on the same syllable in each verse. Those that follow her first verse neither correspond with it in feet nor in the beat. Though quite incorrect, there is some little poetic feeling in "Stella's" lines.

VEVEY.—We are much obliged for your article, but are unable to give it a place in our columns owing to lack of space.

LULU.—Consult our series of articles on "Good Breeding," and "The Habits of Polite Society." At page 314, vol. ii., you will find "Dinners in Society," and from this you can glean all the information you require. You only show your good sense in making inquiries when unacquainted with any subject. There is nothing to be ashamed of in so doing.

BULB.—You should put out a good-sized barrel or tub to catch any rainfall in a garden, backyard, or on the leads, where accessible, and use it at least for the face and hands.

LILY LEAVES.—To prevent moths from eating your clothes in the summer, keep them constantly brushed and aired. Camphor, Keating's powder, or sandal-wood shavings should be placed about all clothing that is kept in boxes and cupboards. The 23rd of September, 1867, was a Monday.

MILLICENT LEIGH.—St. Catharine was a virgin martyr, who suffered at Alexandria under Maximin in 307, and whose relics were said to have been miraculously conveyed to Mount Sinai, where they are preserved in a monastery. The celebrated Duchess of Devonshire was the youngest daughter of John, Earl of Spencer, born, June, 1757; died, March, 1806. Her beauty, wit, and audacity made her one of the most celebrated women of her day.

A WARD IN CHANCERY.—Rice thrown at a bride is a relic of the *panis farreus* in the most honourable form of marriage amongst the ancient Romans, and it was called *Confarreatio*. Orange blossoms were first worn by Saracen brides, but the modern custom of wearing them is a fashion introduced by dressmakers, and is referrable to the "language of flowers."

ARMISTICE.—The redness of the scar can only be removed by time. Nature has produced a new skin, but, like that of a new-born infant, it is tender and red. Leave it alone.

MAUD KINSLEY.—*Au revoir* is the French for "to see again," and is pronounced as "o-rev-voir," and *retroussé* means "turned up," or "tucked up," and is pronounced as "re-troo-say."

ANAHUAC (Mexico).—The individual who is desirous of being naturalised as a British subject should have resided seven years in Great Britain. Did the applicant do so when being educated in England? Children belong to the father's nationality, not the mother's. The British consul would give all necessary instructions and assistance.

T. M. B.—Your nice letter deserves a kindly acknowledgment. You may send as much as would fill a sheet of notepaper as a specimen of your style and originality of ideas, and we shall hope to give you our opinion, as you desire.

WILL'S DARLING.—We do not know how to advise you, save to marry and live with your aged grandmother. You cannot possibly leave her, and in all probability she will be glad to have you comfortably settled with a kind husband before she is called away. Your writing is rather careless.

SHINY FACE.—It is not the so-called working men whose wives enter learned professions and neglect home duties. They enter public-houses instead. The complete monopoly of almost all occupations for bread-earning for such a length of time by men could not continue amongst an ever-increasing population; so many suitable fields of intellectual and manual work have been shut out from women by their "natural protectors." It is sad to see the latter selling tapes and ribbons behind counters. They can be clergymen, schoolmasters, soldiers, sailors, emigrants to prepare new settlements, lumberers, navvies, engine-drivers, stokers, mechanics, chimney sweepers, masons, etc., and the women will leave all such work to them. But dairy, fruit, flower, poultry, and other farming may be very suitably directed by women; also printing, binding, engraving, designing, china painting, and very many other ways of bread-earning should be equally open to them as to men.

ROSELEAF.—An ell (cloth measure) was fixed at 45 inches by Henry I., A.D. 1101. The word is derived from *ulna*, "the arm," although much longer than that member; but even now measurements are made by it.

LADY ADELAIDE.—Edelweiss is pronounced as "A-dle-vice."

ANXIOUS ONE.—Lessons can be had to cure stammering. Fill your lungs well with air, and consider what you wish to say before you speak. Make your sentences very short, and open your mouth well. When alone, read aloud, and beat time with your foot or hand regularly at every second syllable.



VOL. VIII.—No. 365. DECEMBER 25, 1886. PRICE ONE PENNY.

WHERE HEAVEN BEGINS.

By RUTH LAMB.

NOT at the gates of pearl or streets of gold,
Not with the endless day or songs of praise;
In meeting those above we loved below,
Or echoing back their new, exultant lays.

Not in the thought of tears for ever dried,
Of pain, want, weariness and sorrow fled;
Or in the thought that nothing there can part
Those loved and lost ones whom we call "Our dead."

So vast our heritage, we claim all these,
For Jesus bought them, made our title clear;
Yet, blessed thought! for heaven we need not want—
Our Lord is with us, and our heaven *is here.*

No night, no fear, if Christ within us dwell;
Above where Jesus reigns can be no night.
Heaven here with Jesus, and His hand shall lead
O'er Death's dark threshold into life and light.



All rights reserved.] "ABOVE WHERE JESUS REIGNS CAN BE NO NIGHT."

THE SHEPHERD'S FAIRY.

A PASTORALE.

By DARLEY DALE, Author of "Fair Katherine," etc.

CHAPTER XII.

JOHN SHELLEY'S White Ram was a great success; up to Friday everything had gone well; the puddings and cakes had been pronounced excellent, the beer first rate; and though there had been no stint, John had kept his word, and no one had as yet been any the worse for it. The tent, too, was voted a great improvement on a close kitchen, and there, when supper was over, the men sat smoking and singing their sheep-shearing songs, while Jack and Fairy listened outside, Jack having hitherto resisted all his father's invitations to sup with the other shearers, in which Fairy, knowing his feelings, assisted him, and, to please her, John did not press it.

On Friday evening, when Jack and the other shearers came back earlier than usual, it was found that Charlie had forgotten to bring home a lamb that was ailing and required nursing, so, as John Shelley could not be spared from the supper, and Charlie by no means inclined to go, Jack, tired as he was, set off to fetch it. While he was gone, the last of the series of suppers went on in the tent, and was over and the singing begun before he returned. Fairy wandered out into the field to listen to the men's voices as they sang their favourite song.*

"Here the rosebuds in June and the violets are blowing,
The small birds they warble from every green bough;
Here's the pink and the lily,
And the daffydowndilly
To adorn and perfume the sweet meadows in June.
'Tis all before the plough the fat oxen go slow,
But the lads and the lasses to the sheep-shearing go.

"Our shepherds rejoice in their fine heavy fleeces,
And frisky young lambs which their flocks do increase.
Each lad takes his lass
All on the green grass,
Where the pink and the lily,
And the daffydowndilly
Do adorn and perfume the sweet meadows in June.
'Tis all before the plough the fat oxen go slow,
But the lads and the lasses to the sheep-shearing go.

"Here stands our brown jug, and 'tis filled with good ale,
Our table, our table shall increase and not fail.
We'll joke and we'll sing,
And dance in a ring,
Where the pink and the lily,
And the daffydowndilly
Do adorn and perfume the sweet meadows in June.
'Tis all before the plough the fat oxen go slow,
And the lads and the lasses to the sheep-shearing go."

As the men sung these verses to a swinging tune, which if not very high musical art, at any rate had plenty of go in it, and suited the occasion, Fairy strolled across the meadow into the road by which she knew Jack would come, to meet him. She had not gone very far before she saw him coming, with his crook in one hand, and what looked like a dead lamb dangling in the other. As he got closer she saw this was the case, and there was a frown on Jack's handsome face; though vexed and tired as he was, he smiled when he saw Fairy, and Jack's smile was a singularly sweet one, which lighted up his whole face.

"Is it dead, Jack?" asked Fairy, sympathetically.

"Yes, and all for the sake of a little care. If Charlie had only had the sense to bring it home with him we might have saved it; he must have seen it was dying when he came away, but all he thinks of is getting home to the White Ram. I wish there weren't such a thing, for if I had not been forced to leave my sheep to that boy for the sake of the shearing it would not have died, I am sure."

"Poor little lamb. I am very sorry for you, Jack; but it is the first you have ever lost, isn't it?"

"Yes, and if I had my way, I would give Charlie such a thrashing that he would take pretty good care it was the last. Lazy, careless young scamp!" said Jack.

"Never mind, Jack, he will always be lazy; it is his nature, just as it is yours to be always poring over books; but come home and have some supper; you look tired out; mother has saved some for you. What are you going to do with that lamb?"

"Bury it; but I will have some supper first," said Jack, leaving the lamb just inside the gate of the field, which they had now reached.

Unfortunately, just at that moment Charlie came rushing out of the tent from which the chorus "of the pink and the lily and the daffydowndilly" was still rolling, shouting for Fairy at the top of his voice. He was flushed and excited, his blue eyes sparkled, and he looked just what he was—a healthy, happy, lazy, labouring boy of sixteen, fresh and clean, but in thick shoes and corduroys, and not the least pretension in manner or appearance to be anything but a shepherd's lad, thoroughly enjoying his first shearing-feast. As soon as he saw Fairy he ran up to her, and seizing her by the waist, cried—

"Come along, Fairy, let us have a dance."

"Don't, Charlie, I don't want to dance; I am going to give Jack his supper," said Fairy, pushing him away.

"Nonsense! let Jack get his own supper. Come along.

'Each lad takes his lass,
All on the green grass,'"

sung Charlie again, seizing Fairy by the waist; but before the words were out of his mouth, Jack, in an ungovernable fit of temper, had raised his crook, intending to give his brother a good stroke across the shoulders with it, but Charlie, turning his head suddenly round to see what was coming, met the blow, which fell heavily across his right temple. He staggered backwards half-stunned, and fell to the ground, striking the back of his head in his fall against the stone gate-post.

There he lay insensible, and for the moment both Jack and Fairy thought he was killed on the spot. Down on their knees beside him they both knelt. All Jack's anger vanished, and only a terrible fear, too terrible for words, taking possession of his heart.

"Oh, Jack, Jack, what shall we do? what shall we do? Charlie, Charlie, do open your eyes! Oh, Jack, has he fainted? What is it?"

"I don't know, Fairy. Fetch mother, will you? We must carry him into the house," said Jack, trying to feel if Charlie's heart were still beating.

Fairy flew rather than ran into the kitchen, where Mrs. Shelley was sitting resting after her hard week's work, listening to the shearing songs, and watching lest Jack's supper should burn. In spite of the hard work, perhaps partly because of it, it had been a very happy week to her, for she was very proud of John's position as captain of the company, and up to the present nothing had occurred to spoil the feast; it had been as merry as any "White Ram" ever was, but no excess, no coarse jokes, no irreverent jests had ever been attempted, and Mrs. Shelley knew, if her husband did not, that his presence was in itself enough to prevent their occurrence. And now what an ending it was to have.

"Mother! mother! come and help Jack! Charlie is dead, we are afraid," cried Fairy, standing on the threshold, her great eyes open wider than ever, and her pale cheeks testifying there was at any rate some truth in her words.

Mrs. Shelley was not a nervous woman, and she did not for a moment believe Charlie was killed, though she rose immediately to go and see what was the matter.

"Killed; nonsense, he has fainted, I suppose. Where is he? What has

* Taken from the Sussex Archæological Collections (out of print).

happened?" she asked, as she followed Fairy.

"By the gate. Jack wants you to help to carry him indoors; he is insensible."

"Insensible! What has made him insensible? How did it all happen?"

"I don't know, it was all so quick. Charlie wanted me to dance with him, and Jack was angry because his lamb is dead, and he hit Charlie with his crook, and somehow Charlie fell and knocked his head against the stone gate-post," said Fairy.

They were close to Charlie and Jack, and Mrs. Shelley saw at a glance it was a more serious matter than she had at first supposed, and having, like Jack, a quick imagination, as well as a quick temper, she guessed what had prompted Jack to raise his hand against his brother, and, for the first time in her life, she turned and spoke unkindly to Fairy.

"Go out of my sight; it is all your fault; but for you there would never have been strife between my boys. Fool that I was to take you in, when something warned me, even then, it would lead to no good. Oh! Jack, Jack, my son, my son, what are we to do?"

Even then, in the first flow of her grief, Mrs. Shelley's sympathy seemed to be for her darling son who had struck the unlucky blow, and not for the poor boy stretched lifeless, to all appearance, on the ground.

"Get him indoors first, mother, and then I will run to Lewes for the doctor. If you will take his feet, we can easily manage him."

"Yes, yes, to be sure; we don't want all those men to know what has happened. Your father will be out in a few minutes for some more ale, and then we can tell him," said Mrs. Shelley, helping Jack to carry Charlie to the house.

Again Mrs. Shelley was thinking of her eldest boy. If, indeed, Charlie were killed, she knew it would be a terrible thing for Jack, and in any case she did not want all this shearing company to know what had happened, and gossip about it.

As she and Jack carried Charlie to the house, Fairy followed, trembling, and wondering what Mrs. Shelley's cruel words meant. Why was it her fault? What had she done? When had she wilfully stirred up strife between the boys? And where was she to go out of Mrs. Shelley's sight? Was she to be turned out of the house because poor Charlie was dangerously hurt? Frightened and grieved for Charlie and Jack, cut to the quick by Mrs. Shelley's words, Fairy threw herself on the bench outside the door, and burst into tears.

A minute or two later, John Shelley, coming out of the tent to fetch some more beer from the house, saw the unwonted sight of Fairy crying as if her heart would break.

"Fairy! Why, my pet, what is it? Crying at my White Ram. What is the matter?" he asked, laying his hand on the bowed golden head.

"Oh John, John!" sobbed Fairy, clinging to him, "poor Charlie is dreadfully hurt; it was partly an accident and partly Jack hit him, and he fell, and he is insensible. Go in and see. I mustn't come."

John had not time to stop and ask why Fairy must not come, but went in to the little sitting-room, where Jack and Mrs. Shelley were applying restoratives to the still insensible Charlie.

"What is this?" said the shepherd, glancing sternly from the prostrate Charlie to Jack, who dared not meet his father's glance.

"Hush, John! it is a terrible business—listen." And in a few words Mrs. Shelley, who had heard from Jack exactly how it occurred, told her husband the story, and what prompted the unfortunate blow.

"Poor boys, poor boys! Jack, Jack, what were you thinking of?" cried John Shelley, stooping over Charlie to try and see where he was hurt.

"He is alive, thank God; perhaps he is only stunned; we must go for Dr. Bates at once," said John, after a brief examination of Charlie.

Here a stifled sob broke from Jack, who was standing with his head buried on his elbow which he was leaning on the corner of the chimney-piece, and caused the shepherd to turn to the son who was suffering far the most acutely. John crossed the room to his eldest son, and put his arm round his neck. He did not say a word, but as Jack grasped his father's hand, he knew that he not only forgave him, but sympathised with him also. If they had never understood each other before they understood each other now, these two, as they stood half broken-hearted by the chimney-piece. Jack understood that whatever trouble might be in store for him in consequence of his hasty act, his father would be his friend and do his best to help him; he knew, too, that he would never hear a word of blame from his lips, for as children, the shepherd had ever been wont to forgive them directly they showed any signs of repentance, and it did not require much penetration to see that Jack already bitterly regretted his hasty temper. And the shepherd understood what it was that had roused Jack's anger; in fact, at any rate, he could quite sympathise with his vexation and annoyance at the death of the lamb, and he guessed at his jealousy with regard to Fairy, for Jack's love for her was no secret to his father.

"Jack, some one must go for the doctor at once. Will you, or shall I?" asked the shepherd.

"Oh! I will, I can go quicker; besides, you can't leave the men yet," said Jack, rising and seizing his hat.

"That is the best plan; I can't dismiss these men yet, but I will tell them we have had a bad accident, so I can't task them to stay late, and I'll come in every few minutes, Polly, to see how you are going on," said the shepherd, as Jack left the house.

All this happened much quicker than it has taken to tell, and ten minutes after the blow was struck Jack was running across the fields to Lewes like a madman, knowing that his brother's life hung in the balance. While he was gone John Shelley told the men in the tent his youngest boy had met with a serious accident, and was lying between life and death; and, to their credit, the men unanimously stopped singing and took their departure before Jack returned with the doctor.

So ended John Shelley's first White Ram.

(To be continued.)

A VEXED "WOMAN'S QUESTION."

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO.

THERE is no more vexed "woman's question" than that of "clothes." It has been said that if we see how a man regards money and deals with it, we see the whole character of the man; and we think it is equally true that if we find out how a woman or girl feels and acts about clothes, we should have an excellent key to her nature and history.

There is the woman to whom "clothes" are the object of life. This does not necessarily mean that she is a rich woman, who can spend much money, nor does it mean that she succeeds in being a well-dressed woman. She may be one of those who indulge in what the poet Crabbe called "The piteous patchwork of the needy vain," and who send "one poor robe through fifty fashions"; or she may be a millionaire, always on the alert to catch up the latest fashionable outrage on good taste and good sense. Only in either case, dress is always foremost in her thoughts. The first question she asks about any public event is, "What did the ladies wear?" Her first anxiety concerning any crisis in her own life is, "What shall I put on?" At church she remembers the bonnets and not the text; and the moment she enters an evening party she appraises all the toilets present, and is unhappy unless hers is the most modish and costly, whether it be with the costliness of Worth's latest whim from the Continent, or of the last box of frippery received at the village shop.

If she feels that any reflection is cast on her waste of time and expenditure of money in the matter of dress, she defends herself in the following manner—that she owes it to society to look nice; that it is everybody's duty to

make the most pleasant appearance; that it is well to employ labour and to put money into circulation, etc., etc. If she has "gone in" for "culture," perhaps she may quote Browning—

"Be thy beauty
Thy sole duty," etc.

On the other extreme there is the woman who does not care a bit for dress; who says she wishes we were born covered with black fur, or that we might cut holes in a sack for our feet and arms, and tie it up round our necks! She carries out her words so far as generally to appear in garments specially unsuitable to the occasion on which they are worn, and seems arrayed in remnants and oddments, chosen without any regard to her age, complexion, or circumstances; she thinks getting up a lace fichu is "a waste of time," and finds it too much "bother" to wear the little ornaments with which family affection may have provided her. She defends herself from any charge of slovenliness by pointing to the swamp of petty frivolity in which too many female lives are sunk, and avers that she scorns any regard which would be influenced by what she wore or did not wear. It may be said in her favour that she generally grows tidier and trimmer as she advances in life, and, proving much more amenable to the criticisms of "her young people" than she was to the raillery of school friends and cousins, is often a matron of comely and attractive appearance.

Then there remains the great multitude between these extremes—a multitude who does not quite know its own mind, and cannot find any principle whereby to regulate its movements; who wants to look pretty and to please, yet is afflicted in its conscience when it reflects on the sin of personal vanity, and on our responsibility for the souls and bodies which are perishing at our gates; a multitude who is sadly tossed between the conflicting arguments of the more strongly-biassed ladies whom we have just described, with the demoralising result that it generally leans in practice towards the former, and in theory towards the latter.

It is this great multitude of girls and women whom we would like to help by offering a few broad principles for their consideration; for principles underlie everything. And it is only by our grasp on principles that we can guide ourselves through the ever-varying details of duty.

Let us say at once that it is the right of all to be well dressed, because that means to be dressed suitably to the climate and circumstances in which they live, and to their occupation, age, and appearance. A woman may be quite as well dressed in print and serge as in velvet and satin. When you hear people complaining that "nowadays everybody will go so well dressed," you hear a misuse of language; and language loosely used is a dangerous thing; because it leads to looseness of idea. Nobody has any right to complain of anybody's being well dressed. What they really mean is that these are unsuitably dressed. And there is a great deal of unsuitable dress in the world of the kind, more or less in degree, of that seen in the daughter of a *parvenu* millionaire of the Western States, who, when she went to a sensible New England seminary, where the young ladies were expected to wait on themselves, descended to the scullery in a velvet robe and diamond earrings!

Anybody, therefore, is not well dressed whose attire unfits her for the performance of those actions which *ought* to be her duty. The tight-laced, be-flounced be-trained damsel proclaims to the world her utter unwomanliness. The nursery would soon make havoc in her finery. Let us hope she would never carry it into a sick room, and in the kitchen it would be a nuisance and a bad example. But then "Isn't it pretty for wearing in the parlour during those hours when we are doing nothing?" Let us reply with other questions: "Ought there to be hours when we are doing nothing?" And "In providing ourselves with clothes only fit for such occasions, are we not falling into the error we often smile at in working men who will buy stiff, uncomely Sunday garments of broadcloth and silk hats, instead of providing themselves with gala suits of the sensible tweed that will serve afterwards for work-a-day wear?"

We began by saying that everybody has a right to be well dressed in the true meaning of the phrase. But, as Ruskin says in his grand "Letter to Young Girls," "Although in a truly Christian land every young girl would be dressed beautifully and delightfully: in this entirely heathen and Baal-worshipping land of ours, not one girl in ten has either decent or healthy clothing, and you have no business, till this be amended, to wear anything fine yourself." And Jean Ingelow, a writer with whose works you cannot too soon make acquaintance, brings this indictment against our sex—"For them mainly are the gorgeous pageants, are the costly clothes, the gold lace, the carpets of velvet pile, the diamonds and the splendours of life. The pride of life is in their souls, and mainly for them. It is luxury that stands in the way of the civilised world, so that men cannot marry young and be happy. For the earth does not produce unbounded riches for a few while yet the many can have enough. Equality is a word without meaning or possibility; but notwithstanding, squalor and destitution might be things outside our experience, as should be luxury and waste."

This brings us to the principle that should guide our expenditure, whether the sum at our command be large or small. Of material we should buy the best and most durable within reach of our purse. We have no right to keep people employed in weaving and making up useless and perishable shoddy articles. It is a dishonour to them to do such work, and if they are forced to do it that they may get bread to eat, we are keeping them in the worst kind of slavery. That we pay them for it does not make it any better, any more than if we paid them for any other degrading and wasteful service. We insult them by taking their industry and trampling it under foot, as if they had no concern in their work, but only in their wages. How can the industrial classes retain self-respect under such circumstances? And when self-respect is lost, respect for others always goes also. Quite lately we saw a lady sitting in a dressmaker's room watching the "setting-up" of what was considered a very grand garment. Its materials were certainly of the costliest, but it had yards of delicate silk trailing on the ground to an extent that must have ensured their speedy destruction, even on the most ceremonious occasion, and over the short front skirt hung masses of tulle, festooned by elaborate iridescent glass drops, worthy of the decoration of a South Sea Island god! Seeing our friend's grave face, we asked her what she was thinking of, and she replied, "I am thinking of the men who wove that silk to be trodden on, and the girls who sewed those beads to be smashed. Poor things! I would rather be the grimiest maid-of-all-work toiling for real human needs, or the roughest tailor or cobbler, working to cover honest human nakedness."

Let all dress, therefore, always be as durable as can be, both in material and mode. As to "fashion," even that has a root of necessity and common sense, because dress must change as social habits and customs change. Ruskin advises that no garment should ever be thrown aside because unfashionable, and that no costly fashion should ever be followed. Think what that word "costly" involves. Tight lacing, heavy flouncing, open bodices, high heels, and so forth, costly of health; dead birds' wings, and everything else costly of suffering; complicated trimmings, costly of time and human energy in a world where there are thousands of little children growing up ill taught, thousands of sick people dying ill tended, thousands of industrious folk slaving to death for a paltry pittance.

It seems to us that when a lady has once discovered the dress best suited to her age, appearance, and condition—the ideal robe in which she would wish to be painted for the eyes of unborn generations—her future study will be, not how much she can "follow the fashion," but how little she need follow it to escape singularity. Fashion has nothing to do with a desire to be pleasant in the sight of others. Let any of our readers turn to the graceful studies of girl-life with which M. E. E. makes us so familiar, and then to the figures in any fashion-plate, and ask themselves candidly which are most likely to commend themselves to the eye of artistic taste or of domestic affection?

And here we come to the matter of making ourselves "fair to see." This is a decided duty. We have to make ourselves attractive to those whose love we desire, and to those from whose wisdom we wish approval. But we imagine that the desire to be loved and approved has a very small share in extravagance and fantasticalness in dress. Let us speak out plainly. We seldom befrill and bedeck ourselves, and waste time and money, to please our parents or friends, but rather to spite and outshine our "dearest enemies" among our female acquaintances. Suitability of style, dainty freshness, and tasteful variety will always satisfy love; and good sense, combined with a little industry and taste, will easily secure these desirable objects. I remember the approving notice bestowed by a great divine and philanthropist on the appearance of a young literary woman, who, travelling under difficult and troublesome conditions, was provided with a very few dresses of the plainest quality and style, but who by artfully varied arrangements of muslin or lace and coquettish little additions of tasteful ribbon, managed to give her friends' eyes an ever-new surprise and pleasure. Can there be a prettier picture than that of a modest little maiden trying how a rose-coloured bow will brighten her sober dress, to please papa—or perhaps somebody else?

And now we come to the consideration of "luxury." If we are always to remember the ignorant and the starving, are we never to have anything whose price might have paid teachers or bought bread? Let us hear Ruskin again:—"What of fine dress your people insist upon your wearing, take and wear proudly and prettily for their sakes." Let us never seek luxury of any sort—let us rather avoid it; but let us still accept it with delight when it comes to us by the hands of genuine love. The diamond in a girl's engagement ring, the gold locket enclosing her mother's portrait, the dainty filigree bracelet sent by her brother abroad, the exquisite lace set worked by her dearest friends, are on quite a different line from the fashionable jewellery and ornaments which she buys for herself or teases her relatives to buy for her—as different (with all reverence be it written) as the gift of the alabaster box of precious ointment tendered by a loving woman to her Master is different from the cases of Rimmel's perfume which are squandered at every ball.

And thus we see that the great principle which underlies this vexed "woman's question" of clothes is the great principle of love itself—love, serving others, considering others; love bestowing, love receiving. Such love needs no law, being itself the highest law.

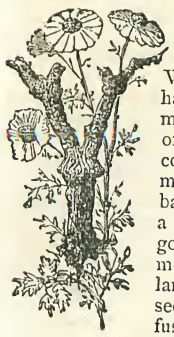
THE ROMANCE OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND;

OR,

THE OLD LADY OF THREADNEEDLE STREET.

By EMMA BREWER.

CHAPTER III.



OU want to know where they obtained the money in order to lend it? Well, from all those who had money to deposit—the merchants, the widows and orphans whose small incomes were derived from money lodged with the bankers; these all received a small interest from the goldsmiths, who lent their money again at a much larger interest; so you can see that when the king refused to pay, it was not possible either to return the principal or pay the interest to those of whom they had borrowed. Great was the distress, therefore, not only among the merchants, but among all who had lodged their money with the goldsmiths. The voice of the people grew so loud and angry, that at length Charles found himself compelled to pay the interest, though he never paid back the capital. In 1625 King Charles sent the Duke of Buckingham to Holland to borrow £300,000 on the pledge of the Crown jewels.

You can see by what I have told you how difficult it was for the people to find secure places wherein to deposit their money, and how ruinous was the interest demanded if, on the other hand, they desired to borrow. Great, indeed, was the need of some establishment capable of advancing money at a reasonable rate on the security of Parliamentary grants. One or two private bankers of high repute strove to improve matters. Especially may I mention Child and Hoare. To the former by common consent belongs the celebrity of having the first banking house, which was established in 1620 on the site of the present building; and I am proud to bear testimony to the fact that from that year to the present day, all through the troublous times of banking, it has maintained the high position and respectability in which Mr. Francis Child left it.* Hoare's bank was established in 1680.

These men did something towards steadying the money market; but it was left to me to clear the country of the insecurity and rapacity which had so long obtained.

Before proceeding with my personal history, I should like to explain a certain method of keeping accounts before I came into power, which accounts I strictly paid up as they fell due. It was known by the name of *tallies*,† or *tally*.

"The word 'tallies' is derived from the French, and signifies cutting. The tallies were pieces of wood cut in a peculiar manner to correspond or tally. For example, a stick of hazel or some other wood, well dried and seasoned, was cut square and uniform at each end. The sum of money which it bore was cut in notches (a notch signifying so much, according to the size) in the wood by the cutter of the tallies, and likewise written upon two sides of it by the writer of the tallies. The tally was cleft in the middle by the deputy chamberlain with a knife and mallet, whereby it made two halves, each half having a superscription and a half-part of the notch or notches. Thus cut, one part was called a tally, the other a counter-tally. When these two parts came afterwards to be joined, if they were genuine they fitted so exactly as to be parts one of the other." ‡

You will understand, therefore, "that the notches corresponded to the sum for which it was an acknowledgment; the writing on the other sides containing the date and the payer. The rod was so cut that each half contained one written side and half of every notch. One part was kept in the Exchequer and the other was circulated.

"When the time of payment arrived, the two parts were compared, and if they tallied or corresponded all was right; if not, there was some fraud, and payment was refused. Tallies were not finally abandoned in the Exchequer till 1834."

Having thus cleared the ground, I will proceed with my story.

You already know of the sensation which my appearance in the world caused, but I have not yet told you that I started in life with the sanction and support of the Government, and that I received my Charter of Incorporation, as it was called, on the day I was born.

Those who had the charge of me found it no easy matter to fulfil all that was demanded of them by the Government for my safety. For, by Act of Parliament, passed especially for my benefit, they were authorised and commanded to raise the sum of £1,200,000 within a given time by voluntary subscriptions, and in case of their failing to do this, I was to lose my charter.

This was a most difficult undertaking, and under the circumstances its success was doubtful; for, as you may suppose, I had many enemies among the money-lenders and people opposed to the Government, who, from self-interest, did all in their power to ruin me. Happily, however, the subscriptions came pouring in from individuals, both native and foreign, and from bodies political and bodies corporate, and that so rapidly that within ten days the whole sum was obtained and my charter secured; and thus, bound together with the subscribers, I became a corporate body, under the name of the Governor and Company of the Bank of England.

And now I must tell you that with this £1,200,000, my original capital, I did my first stroke of business, which was to lend it to the Government, who were in want of money to prosecute the war, and who for the loan of it paid me interest at the rate of 8 per cent., with a further allowance of £4,000 a year for management, which, if you reckon up, you will find afforded me an income of £100,000 per annum—a nice little sum to start in life with.

To understand my position, you must hear something of my household and my housekeeping.

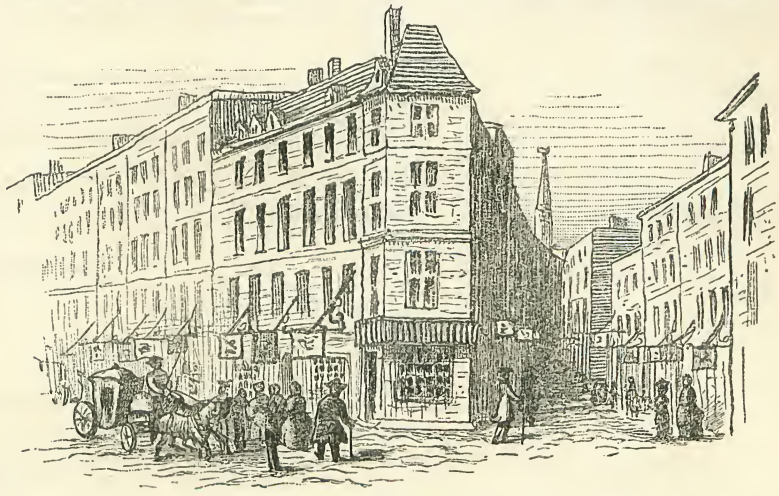
It was deemed needful and proper that I should have a governor, sub-governor, and twenty-four directors, all of whom, it was decided, must be either natural-born subjects or have been naturalised; and further to render them eligible for my service, they must have a certain sum of my stock—Bank of England Stock—standing in their names and for their use. The governor must possess £4,000 of it, the sub-governor £3,000, and each director £2,000, at least.

Regarding my position at this present time, you will scarcely believe how simple and economical was my way of living originally. I occupied only one room in the hall of the Grocers' Company, and employed but fifty-four assistants, whose united salaries did not exceed £4,350.

I must here state that my governors and directors were no expense to me, but served me without proposing any advantage to themselves, save and except the interest they would receive from their contributions to the capital stock of £1,200,000, and the position they would derive from being of my household.

It was in this one room, with almost primitive simplicity, we lived and performed the duties of our household. I have a letter in my pocket, yellow with age and almost crumbling to pieces, written by a gentleman who paid me a visit in the days of my youth. He writes: "I looked into the great hall where the bank is kept, and was not a little

‡ Madox: "History of the Exchequer."



GOLDSMITHS' ROW.

* He kept his money-chests in old Temple Bar.

† The revenue was often anticipated by tallies.

pleased to see the directors, secretaries, and clerks, with all the other members of that wealthy corporation, ranged in their several stations, according to the parts they held in that just and regular economy."

It is a pleasant picture which he draws, and one that I love to look back upon. I think we all derived benefit from working together in that intimate and kindly manner; it made us strong and of one mind. Of course, I have grown quite accustomed to a much grander way of living; it is a sign of my prosperity and my usefulness, and I am thankful, but I am afraid if you came upon me unawares in my grand parlour you would find me with a sad sort of yearning for the early primitive simplicity and kindly feeling.

Many were the rules and regulations I was subject to in those early days, and even now, all powerful as I feel myself to be, I am still governed by them. They were irksome, but I never thought of rebelling, for I knew that their object was to give me a high position and keep me out of the way of temptation to meanness and dishonour.

One was that I must never trade in any wares, goods, or merchandise whatever.

Another, that I was never to borrow or owe more than the amount of my capital, and that if I ventured to disregard this command I should bring down punishment on the heads of those whose money had endowed me with my fortune.

Again, I was strictly forbidden to pay any dividend at any time save only out of this same capital or stock.

Yet one more, I was to lend no money to the Government without the consent of the Parliament, under a penalty of three times the sum lent, one-fifth of which was to go to the informer.

How little I thought that a strict adherence and submission to this early discipline would pave the way to a future in which my movements would influence the whole body of the public, my opinions and determinations affect all the markets of the world, and in which my one room would have extended itself beyond three acres of ground; but I must not get on too fast—you will see all this for yourselves as the years of my history roll on.

My early life was not without its cares and struggles which strained to the utmost the talents and energy of my household. I was but three years old when I was first attacked, not as you may think, by scarlet fever or measles, but by ill-treatment and cruel sarcasm.

A child, by name *Land Bank*, living at Exeter Change, not very far distant from Grocers' Hall, was ridiculous enough to set up as my rival. Had she confined herself to fair play while striving to win from me public favour, I think I should rather have enjoyed it, but believing that all things were allowable in love and war, she descended to be spiteful, and being gifted with humour and wit she used them against me without mercy.

Papers were circulated in all directions with the one view of injuring me. You will be able to see them, as I have preserved copies—

Here is one—"The trial and condemnation of the Land Bank at Exeter Change, for murdering the Bank of England at Grocers' Hall."

Another, which had a wide circulation, was one supposed to be my last will and testament, in which "I bequeathed my obstinacy and blunders, my self-conceit, my blindness, my fears," and in which "I commanded my body to be burned lest my creditors should arrest my corpse."

A third contained an epitaph—

"Here lies the body of the Bank of England, who was born in the year 1694—died May 5th, 1696, in the third year of her age.

"They had issue legitimate by their common seal £1,200,000 called bank bills, and by their cashier two million sons—called Speed's notes."

These papers, so widely circulated, were not without their effect, and for some time I and my people were in no enviable position. We had to struggle for a precarious existence—in fact, we had a difficulty to make the two ends meet.

My notes were at a heavy discount, and I had not always the money to meet the demands of my creditors. And, just as it always happens when one is short of money, everybody wanted to borrow of me, amongst others the Government sadly pressed me for a loan. Oh dear, that was a troubled period of my life, but help came and prevented disaster by tiding me over the difficulty.

It was very long before I found myself in a like dilemma, for I soon learned that to be short of money or, in fact, any difficulty in money matters, would deprive me of the confidence of the public, and that would never do; for to me, more than to anyone, confidence was money.

It was cruel behaviour of the Land Bank, but fortunately, except that it gave me a period of great anxiety, it did me no permanent harm. Indeed, now that I look back upon it from this distance of time, I think it was clever of the Land Bank to handicap me, a young beginner, with her weight of merciless wit, a thing very hard to deal with, or even to trace, when once it has issued from mouth or pen.

This little trouble being over, we went about our daily work in the one room as usual; work, which was gradually increasing both in quantity and responsibility, occupied us from morning till night, and the way in which we performed it called forth many a word of praise. I remember seeing the following in a journal which encouraged and pleased me greatly—

"There never was a body that contributed more to the public safety than the Bank of England, and who upon every emergency has cheerfully and readily supplied the necessities of the nation, and in many important conjunctions has relieved the nation out of the greatest difficulties, if not absolutely saved it from ruin."

I may be excused for feeling proud, for I began to see that not only was I fulfilling my mission, but that the world was aware of it.

The work which occupied my early days was very complicated, although it fell far short of what I now perform. I will try and give you a little idea of how I spent my days.

Picture to yourselves my one room, with its directors, clerks, and secretaries each at his table or desk and ready for the special work allotted to him.

You want to know where I sat, I, the young and handsome girl. Well, I was everywhere, infusing life and energy and cheerfulness into all.

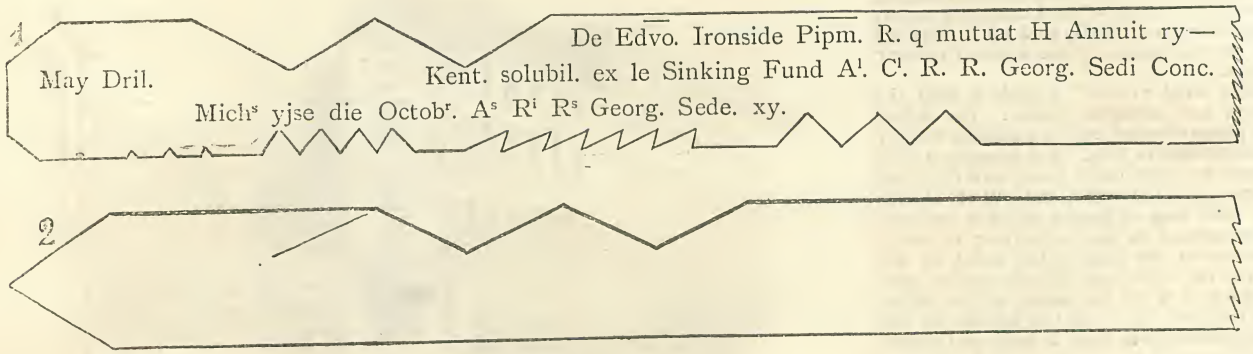
With clear head and accurate mind, I watched and verified every transaction, encouraging and helping all who came to me as far as it was possible, and giving my warnings gently where no help could be extended.

All is ready for business—it is early morning—and soon the door opens to admit a few at first who bring in their hands the peculiar sticks notched and written on, which were called tallies, and which I have explained to you in a previous part of my story. These people make their way up to a certain table and ask that money may be given them in exchange for the tallies.

This is readily granted for a certain consideration, provided the tally be correct—or may be, they desired to lodge the sticks with me. In any case I obliged them, and by my action I made tallies current payment in the land which, as my friend, Michael Godfrey, stated in his quaint pamphlet, "The country had long wish't for," and which certainly could not have been effected without me.

If you watch, you will see others passing into the room, bringing securities of many kinds and asking to borrow money upon them, which was readily granted, at much less interest than had ever been demanded before.

Others, who had confidence in me, came to ask that their money might be lodged with me, to which I assented, telling them that not only would we give them interest for



No. 1 is an exact copy of a section of an Exchequer Tally acknowledging the receipt of £236 4s. 3½d. on Oct. 25, 1739, from Edward Ironside Esq., as a loan to the King on Three per Cent. Annuities.

No. 2.—Each large notch represents £100, and a single cut of the notch signifies half the amount. Thus the upper line of No. 2 represents £250.

the money so lodged with me, but that it would be as much at their disposal as though kept in their cash-box at home, and very much safer.

It was to the interest of all concerned in my establishment to reduce the interest of money, otherwise we could not have used it to advantage. We were receiving only 8 per cent. for my stock; the lower, therefore, we brought all other interest, the more valuable was my stock.

Previous to my starting in life, the nation had been paying from 12 to 20 per cent. interest for money, which, if it had continued, must have ruined the kingdom; and as, by the way I did my work, this would be no longer necessary or possible, those who had been, up to this time, making money in this fashion, were compelled to spend it on land or lend it at a moderate rate.

Others came in during the day to have their foreign bills of exchange discounted, which I did at the rate of 3 per cent. per annum, undertaking the inland bills and notes for debts at 4½ per cent. per annum.

This was the kind of work which I performed in my early days, and upon which has been built up that wonderful fabric of money transactions associated with my name in this the nineteenth century. I am afraid the very relation of my day's work two hundred years ago has wearied you; *if so, forgive me.* I felt it necessary to my character to show you that the work undertaken by me from the very first was good and honourable, conscientious and helpful, and that wherever my household did a good stroke of business for itself it was not at the expense of others' ruin; on the contrary, we could not help ourselves to riches without extending the benefit all round.

(*To be continued.*)

CHRISTMAS IN ITALY.

WE were spending a winter on the Riviera, and, after trying various hotels in town and country, had finally established ourselves in a pretty little Italian villa, *palazzino*, as the peasants called it, not many miles from Genoa.

From the terraced garden there was a wide and splendid view. On our left, as we looked seawards, was the city herself, her marble palaces and churches rising crescent-wise behind the bay, which on the eastern side is bounded by the headland of Porto Fino. Facing us was the shining sweep of the Mediterranean; while to the right hand the Alpes Maritimes trended away into the far distance, their giant peaks and hollows an ever-present, ever-changing feast of colour—whether seen at early dawn, a glory of rose and gold; or at sunset, a gorgeous vision of amber and crimson, and softest, tenderest violet; or under the southern moonlight, a study in oxydised silver.

For me mountains have always had a peculiar fascination, and no landscape ever seems complete without them. I could spend, and, indeed, did spend, when in Italy, many an hour in watching their changing hues. But to-day none of our party had time for indulging in mere sentiment. Throughout the week we had been rambling among the hills and valleys in quest of mosses, ferns, and other greenery wherewith to decorate the house; for this was Christmas week, and the day after to-morrow would be Christmas Day itself.

How difficult it was, even as we worked at the familiar mottoes and rejoiced over the holly, which, after a seemingly hopeless search, we had at last found in a remote corner of the Doria woods—how difficult it was, I say, to realise the fact that this was the 23rd of December. Why, the garden was full of roses, camellias, and heliotrope; the air was as soft as upon a summer's day in England; and we were out of doors in thin woollen dresses and large, shady hats, rejoicing in the brilliant sunshine.

We had to give up our pleasant work early that afternoon, as we had engaged to help at a children's party given by a kindly English doctor in the neighbouring village. He had hired a large room at the hotel, and invited about forty children to a sumptuous tea; and, though wintering abroad for health's sake, and with doubtless many an anxious thought for wife and little ones at home, he most unselfishly catered upon this evening for the amusement of "other folks' children."

The long table was covered with dainties such as little folks love, while assiduous waiters handed round cups of delicious-looking coffee and chocolate.

Tea over, there was an adjournment to another room in which all kinds of merry romps were carried on for an hour or two, a general distribution of presents took place, a hearty cheer was raised for the kind doctor, and the young flock trooped gaily home.

Christmas Eve we spent in really hard work over our decorations. The dining-room was made festive with mottoes in pine sprays and trophies of orange-boughs laden with fruit, while the drawing-room was adorned with maidenhair fern, lycopodium moss, arbutus-berries, and the much-prized holly before mentioned. Then, about six p.m. we started to spend the evening with some charming neighbours.

The host was German, his wife English, and their two children spoke both languages with equal facility, adding thereto no mean proficiency in Italian. An Italian marquis and his younger brother, a married sister of our hostess, with her husband and little girl, a German composer, with our own quartet, made up the party. We were at once ushered into the room in which the Christmas tree had been placed; for the children, at least, were on the tiptoe of excitement as to their gifts; and thence, after due distribution thereof, we adjourned to the dining-room for high tea.

The table was a picture, with its bowls of crimson or pale-pink china roses. Each couvert had its own bouquet of heliotrope, fern, and camellia; while the profusion of handsome silver and of ancient Nuremberg glass combined still further to set off the tasteful appearance of the whole. What with the many German dishes, and the chatter of the German tongue all around me, I seemed to be transferred bodily from the shores of the Mediterranean to the dear and well-remembered Fatherland—an illusion which was not dispelled until an hour or so later on, when we found ourselves walking homewards under the brilliant, starlit sky of the south. On this particular night, too, the stars were shining with a radiancy which in England would betoken a hard frost; only that in this case the stars themselves looked so much larger, and in many instances shone with such intensity as to make themselves the centre of a distinct halo.

We met numbers of people on their way to midnight mass, either at the various shrines in the mountains or at favourite churches in Genoa, and at about eleven p.m. the bells began to ring, and went on at intervals for four hours, when they ceased for a time, to recommence at five a.m., and summon the worshippers to early mass.

I inaugurated Christmas in Italy by dressing with open windows, then joined the younger members of our party in carol-singing outside our hostess's bedroom door; after which we all descended to the dining-room—not, as it would have been, in England, to spread out icy hands and feet to the welcome blaze of a roaring fire, but to open the long French windows and to stand awhile upon the balcony watching the lizards flitting swiftly in and out among the crevices of the marble, and the green frogs jumping about the boughs of the orange-trees.

Breakfast in Italy was never a heavy meal; but to-day, in honour of the day, polenta cake and chestnut bread were added to the usual omelette and roll, to which due attention having been paid, we returned to the balcony and eagerly awaited the postman.

He brought a goodly supply of letters for each of us, and with thankful hearts we set out for morning service.

The church was full of roses—red, white, and yellow. Arbutus and fern wreathed the east window and the chancel arch; and designs of roses upon a mossy ground filled in the panels of lectern and reading desk and the wide window-sills. There was, of course, a good attendance, and all joined with spirit in the service; but our clergyman rather damped the conclusion of it by preaching a very long and exceedingly dolorous sermon, in which he harped upon "vacant chairs," absent friends," "broken circles," and "dear invalids," until he had reduced two-thirds of the congregation to tears.

Our dinner-party included a few English friends staying at the hotel, and one or two Italians, the latter being as much interested in our national customs as we were in theirs. It was certainly quaint enough to find that the Eastern Counties doggerel had its counterpart among the shepherds of Sardinia, with whom it is generally used as a cradle song.

"Lu letto meo est de battor cantones,
Et battor anghelos si bei ponem,
Duos in pes, et duos in cabitta.
Nostre Segnora a costazu m'istu.
Ea mie narat: Dormi e reposa,
No hapas paura de mala cosa."

In Upper Italy they sing—

"Dormi, dormi, O bel Bambin,
Rè divin.
Dormi, dormi, O fantolin,
Fa la nanna, O caro giglio,
Rè de Ciel."

And a gentleman who joined us later on wound up our charming evening by singing to a strange old chant the following Burgundian carol, written, as my readers will perceive, in alternate lines of French and Latin:—

"Voici la Roi des Nations,
Natus ex sacra Virgine:
Ce fils de bénédiction,
Ortus de David seminæ;
Voici l'Etoile de Jacob,
Quam prædixerat Balaam:
Ce Dieu qui détruisit Jéricho,
In clara terra Chanaam."

DRESS: IN SEASON AND IN REASON.

By A LADY DRESSMAKER.

THE advent of new ideas in clothing has been later this year than usual, and we were well into the middle of November before we recognised many things as novelties in the shops, even though they were well filled with new dress manufactures as usual. Stripes are a great deal worn in all materials, but checked stuffs show signs of being rather more popular, and the fine-lined checks with which we began the autumn have grown into greater squares as the time has gone on. But these new checks are not at all in the direction of Scotch plaids, nor do they show any tendency to such garish colouring. Their hues are singularly well chosen, and even when the plaid is large it is neither ugly nor aggressively visible. They are never produced in more than two shades of colour, and they are mostly made up with velvet of a dark shade, nearly akin to that of the darkest shade of the plaid. These woollen materials are coarse and heavy-looking, and nothing seems more popular than serge and serge grounds to woollens of all kinds. Angola wools, with their long, untidy-looking, hairy surfaces, are also much liked; nor must I forget the new woollens, with stripes of braid in high relief on them.

There are great numbers of fancy silk materials to mix with fine woollens, such as chess-board designs in velvet and plush on a satin ground; plain and fancy stripes in plush and velvet; velvet, with crossbar designs in terry; brocaded silks, the brocade being in velvet, terry, or plush; and silks with stripes in imitation of lace. All these may be called trimming materials, and are used for underskirts for woollen materials as well.

There are several things in the winter fashions which are quite fixed. First, that there are no trains to any dresses, whatever people may say—save and except to court dresses and the evening gowns worn by a few dowagers who

BELOW LAUNSTOWN CASTLE.

fancy old ways the best. The general idea with reference to all draperies, overskirts, panels, and skirts is to give length and height; therefore, those of my readers who are very tall will have to use some judgment in choosing a skirt that shall not make them look too gigantic. Most of the morning dresses are made of two woollen materials, a better kind of walking or afternoon dress with a woollen and silk material, such as I have described. There do not appear to be any really short tunics, but some dresses have the long overskirt more raised and bunched-up at one side than they have been. The skirts are generally rather wider, but are not distended, except by a moderate *tournure*. The collar, cuffs, and *revers* are of the same material as the underskirt, and bands of this material are put round the edge of the overskirt. When this is a plaid it is cut on the bias, and with plaids folds are very much used everywhere that they can be introduced.

The chief changes that one has to chronicle are to be seen in the sleeves of dresses, which, after remaining quite stationary and unaltered for a long time, have now quite blossomed out into new beauty of form, much of which, I think, is derived from Venetian portraiture. The sleeves of evening gowns are all of this class, and have puffs of thin material from the shoulders to the elbow; ending in a plain band of velvet, or a puff of transparent material at the elbow. Some sleeves have puffs inside the arm at the elbow, and end in a plain band or cuff round the arm. In the daytime deep cuffs are much worn; they are cut so as to stand away from the arm, like the deep cuffs of a cavalier glove. Then there are puffs at the shoulder; and there is also a new sleeve that has no seam at the back of the arm. Shoulder-straps and epaulettes are very popular additions to the bodice; and we find shoulder-straps without epaulettes, and epaulettes without shoulder-straps, or both together. Some of the shoulder-straps to woollen dresses are of the material of the dress, which may be braided or embroidered.

One bodice which I have lately seen struck me as being both ugly and peculiar, and it must, I am sure, be a faithful copy of a railway porter's waistcoat—with its front of corduroy, and its back of linen. In the copy, the fronts are of velvet, fancy or plain plush, and the backs are of plain silk to match it in colour, the sleeves being also of silk. One of the new fancies is to make the dress-sleeves like the waistcoat or plastron, the bodice being of a different stuff, and having a small epaulette on the shoulder. I have been careful to give all these changes in detail, as they will, I know, be very valuable to the home dressmaker, and to those on whom the burden rests of "doing up" half-worn dresses, and making themselves look well and ladylike on small means.

Bodices are a great deal trimmed at present. Waistcoats, plastrons, and full or plain plastrons with long *revers* that extend from shoulder to the point of the bodice, as well as braces, are all forms of *trimming*. The latter are now put on much higher than they were, and are carried close to the band at the neck, and they sometimes meet in the centre of the back. The sleeves are often trimmed round the shoulder-seams on the bodice—a very useful fashion indeed, as the sides, which are too well worn by the friction of the arms, can be made quite respectable for a longer term of service.

There is no change in the way of making dress bodices. The basques are all cut very short on the hips, and are generally ended in a square-cut tail at the back, with a fan of pleats, or even plain, and not with ornaments at all. The darts in front are cut very high, and are straight in form; and there are two side pieces—one quite below the arm; and the seam of the side piece at the back is as straightly cut as possible. The great fancy is still for a narrow and flat back, and all methods of cutting out tried to produce this effect.

There is not very much to relate about mantles this month. They all seem to be



IN A CORNER OF THE DRAWING-ROOM.

short at the back and long in front, the ends being either square or pointed. In the latter case many of them are tied with ribbon bows, or have other ornaments of braid, beads, or chenille. Striped materials are used for making up handsome cloaks; and ulsters are usually made of checked woollens, though they are by no means "loud" in tone. The small mantles of plush, brocade, and velvet are very much trimmed and ornamented; and in this way—as the beaded trimmings and fur bands are moderate in price—mantles that have already seen service may be helped over another winter. The long jackets will be found to cut into shape very well; and I have recently helped to alter a *paletôt* which had been dyed, by cutting it up nearly to the waist, at the back, and into deep square ends in front. The trimming then laid on was black astrachan, about two and a half inches deep all round, and in a V shaped point on the back, with cuffs and a tiny epaulette on the sleeves, making it quite a new garment at a very small expense, viz., 2s. 6d. for the dyeing and about 6s. for the five and a half yards of astrachan.

Instead of the almost forgotten sets of linen collars and cuffs, many ladies are wearing pleated satin, the pleats being very close and small. The satin is used in various colours, and appears also in the necks and sleeves of evening dresses, especially in black ones, where the bright hues of the satin look refreshing. A velvet bow may finish it at the neck.

These are certainly halcyon days for the home milliner, for so little trimming is placed on bonnets that it is quite worth while to manufacture them at home, after a look at the many shown in the windows. Care must be taken to set the bows in front up well, and, if a soft material, a long bit of wire will form a support.

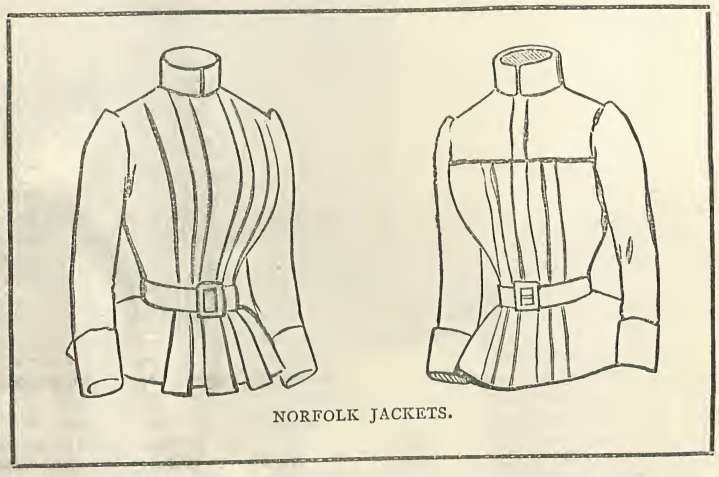
The flower of the day is the white chrysanthemum, and one sees it everywhere—on dinner tables, as button holes, and forming bouquets. Very few flowers, however, are seen in millinery, and ribbons seem in greater favour. A new idea in the way of dress pockets is to have the pocket made as a little gathered bag or reticule, which hangs at the side for the handkerchief.

The stockings produced for wearing this winter are quiet and ladylike-looking, being self-coloured, to match any dress with which they may be worn; or, if embroidered, the patterns are small, or the stripes are merely fine lines of colours. The newest shoes all appear to lace, not button; and this will probably keep them in all the better shape, as they can be pulled tightly together or loosened, as desired. Laced boots are also returning to favour, for the same reason; but I do hope my girl-readers will not neglect their laces, and always try to keep a spare lace in the house, in case of breakages, as nothing looks so bad, or is really so wretched in wear, as a broken or an untidy, unevenly pulled-up lace. For skating, of course, laced boots are a necessity.

The new winter muffs of fur are not large, and nearly all of them are supplied with a purse or pocket of some kind, and also have handles of fur, which are more convenient than the purse; for the muff can be slung over the arm when shopping, or when it is necessary to keep the hands free; a style that seems more sensible than the long cord round the neck for grown-up people. Long boas are not quite so long as they were, and are now more used with one long tail hanging down than two, the other end being the head of some furry creature—mink, marten, or squirrel; and so far does this idea go, that the legs are often seen as well, which is a painfully suggestive idea.

Our illustrations for this month are peculiarly successful in showing the prettiest of the winter styles, especially in the larger picture of out-of-door gear. The long cloaks are shown with two different styles of trimming, and a short jacket braided with thick cord—which is very girlish and graceful. So, also, is the short mantle trimmed with bands of fur. In the corner of the drawing-room—which serves as a warm and cosy refuge to two of our girls—we have our paper pattern of last month illustrated, with a plastron of soft silk added to it, for wearing in the house; while a waistcoat is used for the out-of-doors dress. The young girl in the armchair wears a "Norfolk," or pleated jacket, like her dress, which has an air of simplicity and elegance. These "Norfolk jackets" we propose to adopt for our paper patterns for this month. The first is really a repetition of that we have already given, which, however, is as much worn as ever; and the second is rather a new form, with a yoked top, which is sometimes made pointed both in front and behind. The first of the "Norfolk jackets," or blouses, is that without a yoke, and for this I will repeat the directions given very carefully, for it is a pattern that can be cut out and made-up by anyone, however inexperienced they may be. It consists of seven pieces: the front, back, collar, belt, two halves of a sleeve, and a cuff. The back should be cut double, as there is no join down the centre; a deep hem must be allowed on each side the front where the buttons are placed; the pleats turn forward, and the position of the notches should be very carefully observed. The edges may be finished by a row of machine stitching, which should be even and good.

No lining is needed, as a general rule, to this bodice. The pleats are run down, like the breast of a shirt, or may be stitched with a machine. The quantity of material required for either of these bodices would be about three yards and a half of thirty-six inches in width. No seams are allowed in the pattern. The other blouse is made with a yoke, and has nine pieces, viz., front, back, two sleeve pieces, collar, cuff, belt, and two yoke pieces, back and front. In cutting out, the back must be cut double, and in making up the yoke should be stitched flatly on the pleated portions with the machine before joining the bodice together. Both the belts should be lined with buckram, and machine-stitched at each edge, to render them firm and useful. These blouses are worn both out of doors and in, and are made and worn at present in blue, crimson, and all shades of red, in black and white, and may be worn with differently-coloured skirts. They are very suitable for young girls, and may well form the first experiment in their own home dressmaking for the inexperienced. The materials used are elastic cloth, serge, diagonal, blue linen, cashmere, and, of course, any dress material which may be in fashion.



NORFOLK JACKETS.

All paper patterns supplied by "The Lady Dressmaker" are of medium size, viz., thirty-six inches round the chest, and only one size is prepared for sale. No turnings are allowed in any of them. Each pattern may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate-hill, E.C.; price 1s. each. It is requested that the addresses be clearly given, and that postal notes may be crossed "& Co." to go through a bank, as so many losses have recently occurred. The patterns already issued are always kept in stock, as "The Lady Dressmaker" only issues patterns likely to be of constant use in home-dressmaking and altering; and she is particularly careful to give all the new patterns of hygienic underclothing, both for children and old and young ladies, so that no reader of the G.O.P. may be ignorant of the best methods of dressing.

The following is a list of the patterns already issued, price 1s. each:—

April, braided loose fronted jacket; May, velvet bodice; June, Swiss belt and full bodice, with plain sleeves; July, mantle; August, Norfolk, or pleated jacket; September, housemaid's or plain skirt; October, combination garment (underlinen) with long sleeves; November, double-breasted jacket; December, Zouave jacket and bodice; January, princess underdress (underlinen, underbodice, and underskirt combined); February, polonaise, with waterfall back; March, new spring bodice; April, divided skirt, and Bernhardt mantle with sling sleeves; May, Early English bodice and yoke bodice for summer dress; June, dressing jacket, and princess frock, with Normandy bonnet for a child of four years old; July, Princess of Wales' jacket, bodice and waistcoat, for tailor-made gown; August, bodice with guimpe; September, mantle with stole ends; October, pyjama, or nightdress combination, with full back; November, new winter bodice; December, patterns of Norfolk blouses, one with a yoke and one with pleats only.

NOTICES OF NEW MUSIC.

EDWIN ASHDOWN.

Vanished Years. Song. By Seymour Smith.—A sympathetic, easy setting of the sad words by Helen M. Waitman. It is published in F and A flat.

The Violet and the Snowdrop. Song. By Ethel Harraden, with words by Gertrude Harraden.—A simple story, simply illustrated. The violin accompaniment, charming as it is, would have been much more so, had it been broken up a little more. There is no rest for it, and this destroys much of its effect. The same part has been transposed an octave for a violoncello. The song is within the compass of most singers—C to D, and not higher.

Two Mélodies for violin and piano, by the same composer, Miss Harraden, meet all the requirements of the youthful amateur violinist. They are simple, effective, and melodious. As they are so evidently intended for young people, we are surprised that the violin part is neither fingered nor bowed.

Six Romances. For the pianoforte. By Sir George Macfarren.—If the others are as delightful as Nos. 4 (*Lullaby*) and 5 (*Welcome*), which we have before us, these romances are the most graceful and sympathetic works for the piano which this great theoretical master has given us.

Tarantella. In G minor. For pianoforte. By J. Hoffmann.—A very characteristic specimen of this phrenzied dance. The excitement is well sustained to the close.

Violanté. A Spanish Waltz. For piano. By Michael Watson.—Containing what Mr. Corder would call "distinct local colouring," and developing a graceful subject. Is it because the melody is in Spanish that the title-page is in French?

Gavotte. In D. By Ariosti (1660—1730). Arranged by Edwin M. Lott for the piano.—An interesting relic by a man who, like Buononcini, was at the commencement of the eighteenth century a powerful rival to Handel in opera production, and who, like Buononcini, is now almost entirely forgotten.

Arpeggios.—An extremely useful collection of these technical passages. By Edwin M. Lott.—The arrangement of the arpeggios is founded on the well-known work of Charles Chaulieu, who taught the piano in London 1840—9.

Two Andantes, for the organ, by Walter Porter, are mild, harmless movements, containing many signs of the youthful amateur about them. Amongst others is the fact that the pedals are used without intermission from beginning to end, augmenting a want of contrast and variety already too apparent in both pieces.

PATEY AND WILLIS.

Yellow Roses we can recommend as a pretty ballad by Michael Watson. It is published in every necessary key.

Biondina, a ballad of a rather better order, by Weatherly, has been set to music by F. N. Löhr.

No other Dream. Song, for mezzo-soprano voice. By Joseph L. Roeckel.—Is also of the modern ballad type, and hardly attains to the usual merit of this composer's songs.

Clairette. By Ernst J. Reiter.—A fascinating little dance for piano. The delicacy of subject and treatment suggests a lady's composition in every page.

Bouquets de Mélodies. Pour violon, avec accompagnement de piano. Par Gustav Merkel.—We have received No. 1, a gavotte in C, a well-written trifle by this scholarly German organist and composer.

ROBERT COCKS AND CO.

While we Dream. A song of moderate compass, possessing much musical feeling, and the originality that we are now led to expect from Mr. Addison. A curious, not very vocal, effect is produced by the diminished fourth, in the line, "At our feet long shadows lie."

The Old See-Saw is a song of the conventional "Swing, swing" type, but brightly written, and likely to add to Miss Annie Armstrong's reputation as a popular writer of small things.

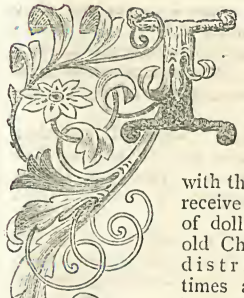
J. CURWEN AND SONS.

A most important addition to the large number of teaching manuals already published is the *Child Pianist*, divided into grades and steps, and combining in a thoughtful and systematic way a little theory and a little practice, never forcing a child, and never letting the head get in front of the hands or *vice versâ*. Accompanying these steps with their capital duets for pupil and teacher, by J. Kinross, written after the manner of Lebert and Stark's book, we have a *Teacher's Guide to the Child Pianist*, an assistance to young teachers, and an essential explanation to the exercises and method. We cannot too highly estimate the care and management displayed by Mrs. J. S. Curwen, the authoress of these valuable works.

F. PITMAN AND CO.

We do not generally notice dance music, but must mention with praise two compositions of this class by Evelyn Hastings, really charming and graceful as piano pieces, for little *entr'actes* at readings, or between charades; they are the *Onda Waltz* and the *Postscript Polka*, the latter being especially happy in its construction.

AN APPEAL.



I SHOULD very much like to interest the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER in the little Hindu school girls and native ladies in India, with the hope that I may receive occasional supplies of dolls, scrapbooks, and old Christmas cards for distribution. Several times a year I pack a large case with toys and other attractive things, and it is sent to English ladies at Calcutta or Madras, or elsewhere. These ladies give away the contents on prize days and other occasions, when it is delightful to witness the pleasure of the happy recipients. Presents from England are particularly liked, not only because they are novel and different from Indian toys, but also because the school-children are glad to be thought of by friends at such a distance. Though their ideas of our country are very vague, they value these tangible expressions of sympathy in their good conduct and progress, which have come to them from the other side of the world.

One of the ladies to whom I send cases of presents and prizes is Mrs. Brander, Inspectress of Girls' Schools in Madras. During the last six years her constant occupation has been to examine and report on schools, and she has often to travel a long way for the purpose. Though there are some railways in the Madras Presidency, they do not reach the out-of-the-way places that Mrs. Brander has to visit, so she makes a part of her journey in what is called a *bullock bandy*. This is a sort of small private omnibus, drawn by two patient bullocks, at the rate of two miles an hour. It is sent forward to meet her at some distant station. Besides the bullock bandy for the inspectress, there are several other vehicles, forming quite a procession. One is for the deputy inspector, who has the long name of Miss Govindarajulu; another for the writers (or clerks), and some for the luggage of the party. Two Government peons, or attendants, rather like commissionaires, guard and manage the cavalcade, if so it may be called. The roads are often very rough and dusty, and for part of the day it is extremely hot. Sometimes a river has to be forded, for there are not many bridges. The native drivers are ready to say that the stream is too strong, but Mrs. Brander does not listen to their objections unless there seems to be real danger, so down the bank the bullocks are made to go, and across the water. At night the travellers halt at a rest house, which is provided at certain places by Government, but does not give very good accommodation. At last a village is arrived at, where there is a school, and some of the native gentlemen of the place who are the managers, receive the inspectress. It is often located in a dark, close room, or, more pleasantly, in a verandah, under an overhanging roof. Mrs. Brander then examines the pupils in reading and writing, arithmetic and needlework. She is not hard upon them, for the teachers themselves have had little opportunity of learning. The children are generally bright and quick, very gentle and graceful, and with a winning but shy manner. It is true they are apt to be idle, but then it is trying to learn lessons when the heat is so intense, and they are not taught very intelligently.

Often the mothers of the little scholars crowd to the school, and talk to Mrs. Brander. At one place several of these women begged her to give them a lesson in needlework, and she did so; but they all pressed so closely round her that she had to insist on two or three only looking on at a time.

Altogether, the arrival of an inspectress at a village is an event of much interest. Now she usually carries with her luggage a number of dolls, pictures, small boxes, and Christmas cards, out of her English store. If it is the time for a prize-giving at any particular school, she chooses some suitable things, which are placed on a table and distributed with the usual ceremony, including speeches. And

how pleased the children are! They hug their dolls as eagerly as English children do, and their dark eyes sparkle with pleasure. Whether or not it is a prize occasion, Mrs. Brander gives Christmas cards to the scholars that have attended for a month with regularity, and she likes to leave a packet with the schoolmaster as future rewards. One school had become almost empty for some reason, but on hearing of the Christmas cards the children all came back. These journeys of the inspectress last often three or four weeks, because there are many schools to visit. At the end of each tour she returns to Madras. There she has to inspect a number of larger and more important schools, but for these, too, she is glad to have prizes ready.

I must not occupy too much space, but I want to mention that when Mrs. Brander is at Madras she gives an afternoon party to native ladies on one Saturday in the month. Some English ladies also attend, and there are various amusements, such as parlour croquet, chess, solitaire, puzzles, music, and for the little ones, games—as several of the ladies bring their children. If Mrs. Brander has just received a box from England, she displays the pretty things, and they are eagerly and minutely examined by the guests. The party is always much enjoyed, and on going away the children are often presented with a toy. Other English ladies at Madras also give occasional parties of the same kind. Last January there was one at which a beautiful Christmas tree added greatly to the entertainment.

Now I shall be very glad to take charge of dolls or other toys, and old Christmas cards (with or without writing upon them) for sending to India. I need presents not only for Madras but for other places, only I cannot refer to those now. The dolls should be of composition or china, not of very soft wax. It is not necessary that their clothes should take off and on, though for large dolls this is an advantage. The Indian children are very pleased to have small boxes with lock and key, to keep their bangles in, and they like bags too. At Calcutta many of the ladies read English, so that interesting books are of use, if not very difficult. I shall be able to inform the donors of the way in which their kind gifts are applied, for Mrs. Brander and my other correspondents tell me particulars about the children who receive them. I give my address, and I shall be very grateful on behalf of the little Indian children if my appeal is responded to.

E. A. MANNING,
35, Blomfield Road, Maida Hill, W.

"N O."

By MARY E. HULLAH.

CHAPTER IV.

SOON after Easter Mrs. Rakely paid a visit to London. She was a person with a chronic grievance; and though she had done her utmost to bring about Joan's marriage, she considered it necessary to feel ill-used, because her favourite companion was not at hand to amuse her.

She called on Embrance, and carried her off—almost without asking her consent — to spend a long afternoon.

"I wish I had had you yesterday, my dear. Horace Meade came to dinner. Joan begged me to ask him; and as I met him in Bond Street, I did; otherwise, I think it would have escaped my memory. I took a fancy to him at one time; but he was always eccentric, and he looks more so than ever since he has been in Italy."

"I did not know that he had been in Italy."

"Yes. He has only just returned. It was a foolish thing to do, flinging away his chance of getting his picture into the Royal Academy. Joan told me about it. But that's my objection to young men taking to art—they are so eccentric. Now he is going abroad again—I have forgotten where, my memory is not what it used to be; but he did tell me."

As long as Mrs. Rakely had someone to listen to her she was quite satisfied. She took Embrance to a picture gallery; trotted her through four or five milliners' shops in search of an ideal bonnet; asked her advice about umbrellas, and then bought the one she liked best herself; and finally left her, thoroughly exhausted, at the corner of her own street.

A foreign letter was awaiting Embrance's arrival. Mrs. Clemon was not a regular correspondent, but when she did write she sent a good budget of news, pouring out a complete history of her experiences for the benefit of the niece who had been to her as a daughter. She was happy; her son was doing well. Now and then there came a hint that Embrance would be heartily welcome, if she could make up her mind to come out. In the next page, much blotted and smudged, came the tidings that William was engaged to be married to a neighbour's daughter, a pretty girl and well brought up; but, ah! it might have been so different! Still, she would not complain, only now would Embrance come? There was room, and to spare. William and his wife would rejoice to see her. Let her think over the proposal, and not decide in haste. Then the letter went on to tell of preparations for the wedding. There were little bits of information concerning the bride's family, and there was a great deal about an Irish help who had run away and left them at a moment's notice without rhyme or reason. At the very end of the page came another suggestion, in William's hand, "Come for a year, and try how you like us"; after which his mother had taken up her pen again to say, "Bless you in all your doings, my child, whatever course you decide upon."

Embrance kissed the letter and put it away carefully. There was no time to read it again to-night, or to think if she should follow her aunt's wishes. She was wofully behindhand with her work, and to-morrow morning she had an extra lesson to give to a backward pupil who lived at South Kensington. The long day with Mrs. Rakely had tried her newly-gained strength to its utmost limits, and her ankle was very painful. She limped towards the chiffonier in search of a book; in the glass over the mantelpiece she saw the door open with the familiar jerk that always preluded Annie's knock.

"Come in," said Embrance; but the words died away on her lips as she recognised the figure in the doorway, whose shoulders towered above the little handmaiden.

"Mr. Horace Meade."

There was no sign of eccentricity in Horace's appearance; even Mrs. Rakely might have been satisfied. He wore a dark, grey coat, and in his hand he carried a hat which was scrupulously glossy and well brushed. When he spoke his manner and voice were very quiet, much of the fun seemed to have died out of him during his sojourn in Italy, and his first remark was commonplace to the last degree.

"I heard from Mrs. Rakely that you had met with an accident. I am exceedingly sorry; I called to inquire how you were before I leave town."

"You are going away for some time, I suppose?" asked Embrance, when she had invited her visitor to sit down. He took a chair by the window, and seemed interested in the growth of some ferns that Joan had sent from her garden.

"I hardly know. I have several portraits on hand that must be finished as soon as possible. But my studio is not habitable yet; it is being painted, and the workpeople are lamentably slow. When these commissions are disposed of, I may go away for several months, perhaps I shall get as far as Constantinople."

"I have often thought that Constantinople must be a most interesting city to visit."

"Oh, very; it is so beautifully situated; there is no other place quite like it."

"No, I have never seen any place like it." ("I suppose," Embrance was thinking while she uttered her brilliant remark, "that he was offended at my writing to him.")

"I was a fool to come at all," said Horace to himself, "but I wanted to see her once more; she looks horribly ill."

"I am sorry to see that you are still lame," he said, aloud, as Embrance subsided into silence after her last attempt at light conversation.

"I am much better," she said, quickly; "I'm only a little tired this afternoon. Are you looking at the ferns? Joan sent them; she is very well and happy. I often hear from her."

"I am glad of that; I only heard of her marriage by chance, about a fortnight after it took place. Well, I hope it is a happy ending to her many troubles."

"Yes," said Embrance, quietly, "I hope so."

"You were in her confidence all along, of course, Miss Clemon?"

"No, I did not know of her engagement."

"That was really heartless of Joan! I hope you were angry with her?"

"No," said Embrance again, "but I miss her very much."

"I hope that you mean to go and stay with her shortly; the change would do you good."

"I don't know. I must say good-bye to her, of course, if I go to New Zealand."

It had not seemed so clear to her a quarter of an hour ago that she would accept her aunt's invitation as it did now.

"You would go to your relations—to Mrs. Clemon?"

"She wishes it very much," explained

Embrance, remembering how he had once before made a similar question; "if I don't like it, I am to come back again."

"I think," said Horace, with a desperate effort to speak naturally, "that the voyage would be an admirable thing for your health. I hope that you will be very happy there. If I can be of any assistance to you in arranging about your passage—in fact, in any way, pray make use of my services."

Painfully conscious that he had delivered this speech very much after the manner of a stage father in a heavy melodrama, he rose to take his leave. Embrance sank back into her chair as he left the room. Five minutes by the clock, his visit had lasted, he had been most kind and considerate, but—she wished that she had never written that letter.

Horace met a friend at his club, with whom he dined. It was late when he got back to his own rooms. He opened the door of the studio to see what progress the workmen had made. The room presented a forlorn appearance. The carpets were up, and the furniture was covered with sheets; all about the floor were paint-pots, shavings, and workmen's tools. A writing-table stood apart in the window; Horace bethought himself of a sketch-book which he had left somewhere about, perhaps in one of the drawers. The top drawer was unlocked, and as he pulled it open he saw a heap of letters and advertisements which had accumulated during his absence. He had opened a great many of them, leaving the rest to a more favourable opportunity. It occurred to him now that the opportunity had arrived. He lighted a cigarette, dragged a chair from a corner of the room, and began tearing up circulars and invitations to parties that had taken place weeks ago; they would have to be answered some day, not now. At last he came upon some bills, and underneath these a grey envelope. He opened it leisurely. The letter was dated, "February 2nd"—the day before he had gone abroad. "Dear Mr. Meade,—Please come and see me. I have made a mistake.—Yours truly, EMBRANCE CLEMON."

He read it over and over again, turned it backwards and forwards, then he put it down with a sigh. It must have been written shortly after that conversation in the park that he had been trying to forget. It was an apology—a direct appeal to him—and he had taken no notice of it! Nay, worse than that! With a groan, he pushed away the candle and rested his head on his hands, exclaiming, "And *I* have been advising her to go to New Zealand!"

Never had the backward pupil seemed so backward as she did that day. She had made twelve mistakes in a simple dictation; she had written an essay on Catherine of Arragon, whom she persistently confused with Catherine of Medici; and she had worked her sums on a method of her own, involving one direct certainty—that the answers could not by any possibility be correct. Embrance succeeded in concealing her vexation, and the two hours' lesson ended more happily than might have been expected. The girl (who was good as gold, though not gifted with a taste for study) helped her dear Miss Clemon into her ulster, and let her out of the hall-door, with many injunctions that she was to take a cab if she got tired, or if it rained too fast.

Embrance pined for a little air, and was determined to walk, *in spite of the wet*. It was a long way; her umbrella was dripping and her ankle was aching sadly before she reached the corner of the street. In the distance a policeman was slowly pacing along, the pavement was slippery, and the road was shining with puddles. There was not a break in the leaden-coloured sky or a breath of wind to interfere with the steady downpour. Embrance's umbrella had seen hard work; the rain pattered through the little holes in the silk; she had the greatest difficulty in keeping the book she carried out of the wet.

Well, it was not far now, though the street was long. Number 11, number 12, number 13; that was the house *with the door-knocker* that Joan had *made a sketch of* (she said it was like her grandfather). Number 14. There was a quick step behind her, and another umbrella was walking side by side with her.

"Good morning. I have been waiting to



"MR. HORACE MEADE."

speak to you. I am so glad that you are come at last."

The owner of the umbrella looked excited; his artistic eccentricity was to the fore; he held a scrap of grey paper in his left hand; his gaze was fixed on Embrance.

She said no word of greeting, but dropped the dictionary that she had been guarding with such care.

He picked it up for her. "Let me carry it."

"Thank you. I do not like to trouble you"—and the rain trickled down on to her gloves and cuffs as she held out her hand towards him.

"Not at all," said Horace, politely, as he pocketed the book, regardless of the mud. "The fact is, if you don't mind listening, I've come to make an apology."

Embrance glanced at the piece of paper that he was beginning to unfold, and the blood rushed to her cheeks.

"You see," explained Horace, speaking very fast, "I don't want to be a worry to you, only I should like you to know that this got put away with a heap of papers, and I only opened it last night. I hadn't a notion yesterday that you had written to me. I wish I had. You are getting so wet. Will you let me hold my umbrella over you? It will be better so. Thank you," as she murmured something that was not a refusal.

She had nothing now to carry; she clasped her hands, and looked straight in front of her down the rainy street.

"Why didn't you tell me that you had written to me?"

"I thought you had had the letter, and would rather not answer it."

"Why did you write at all?"

"To explain my mistake," said Embrance, confusedly.

"Then you did make a mistake, and I was the sufferer?"

With a flash, her dark eyes turned to his. The look of joy on his face brought peace and comfort to her.

"I am sorry," she began.

"Are you?" he asked, tenderly. "Don't be sorry on my account. If I had come to see you at once, would you have sent me away a second time, Embrance?"

They had passed number 25, and were walking towards the City, unmindful of the rain. In their hearts was the brightest sunshine.

"Would you, Embrance?"

She unclasped her hands; for a second she rested her fingers on his arm, as she answered, "No!"

[THE END.]

OUR TRACTARIAN MOVEMENT.

By ANNE BEALE.



As the Religious Tract Society never wearies of publishing wholesome literature, so tract distributors should never flag in spreading it abroad. Since our first sketch of work accomplished, we have had some experience, and are thankful to be able to say that religious books are now gladly accepted, where some years ago they would have been scornfully rejected. They are particularly welcomed on Sunday, when policemen, cabmen, firemen, and other public servants who cannot attend a place of worship, say they like to have something to read when they are off duty. Of course, the magazine or book is more acceptable than the mere tract, and when regularly supplied is often eagerly accepted and expected.

"I have had this before," said a policeman, looking at a picture of *The Cottager and Artisan*. "I haven't seen you for some weeks, and I thought you'd forgotten me." The oversight was soon remedied. "You would be surprised if you knew how many of the Force will read this," said another. "Perhaps a dozen of us. We pass it on, and it does us all good."

"That's just what I do," said a cabman, who chanced to be near. "Perhaps, ma'am, you will read this which was given to me." He took a well-thumbed book from his pocket, which we subsequently read and "passed on" also.

The railway officials welcome us gladly as they stand or sit at their enforced Sunday work.

"It is better than the papers," said a young porter, whom we heard with some companions singing hymns below ground.

Even the newsboys, with the Sunday papers under their arms, like to have something profitable for Sunday reading. One ragged, pale little fellow was in the habit of telling us one Sunday what were the contents of the small book he received the previous Sabbath; and another youth of larger growth emphatically demanded "A big'un. I likes a big book, please." These and sundry others are the hawkers of newspapers. Oh! why cannot people wait till Monday morning for such secular reading, and why are our ears to be deafened with cries of the 'paipers'? Cannot we give one day in seven to the service of Him who said, "Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy," and who added, "I am not come to destroy the law, but to fulfil"?

I wish all those who will not remember it had heard an undeserved rebuke administered to us on a weekday by a railway official; undeserved, because we do not travel on Sunday, either to hear popular preachers or otherwise amuse ourselves.

"I shall be happy to take your book to-day, ma'am; but I never accept one on Sundays," he said. "Why?" we inquired. "Because you know we have to work all day Sunday for the public, and I don't think people who travel on Sundays, and break the law themselves, have any right to give us books to teach us how to keep it." Let Sabbath-breakers take this to heart.

It is very rarely that we meet with a rebuff. On one occasion, however, when distributing illustrated leaflets to a party of scavengers, we were arrested by the words, "No, thankee. I don't want one."

"Why?"

"Because I hate cant, and it's all cant."

"I am sorry. Do I look like a cant?"

"No; I can't say as you do."

"He's a bad'un, and al'ays rude to the ladies," whispered a neighbour confidentially.

We often encounter gangs of navvies, who have their own ideas on most subjects, and like to air them.

"I don't want tracts; I have heaps of books at home, and read all Sunday and every evening," said one. "I'll warrant me I have some you haven't. Have you got 'Heaven is my Home'? and 'Paradise Lost'?" He enumerated many others, after which he poured forth his feelings on political matters, inveighing against the Poor Law, the School Board, the distraint system, and saying what he would do if he were in power. When we ventured to suggest that he would not mend matters if he went the lengths he proposed, he began an argument that we were obliged to cut short both for his employer's sake and our own; but he was a fair example of "The British Workman." The navvy is a shrewd discriminator.

"Is that in favour of Bradlaugh?" asked one; "because, if it is, I must decline it."

"Oh, if it isn't I'll read it with pleasure."

Another stood considering his small offering, and volunteered, "This don't tell us to throw away one's pipe and backy; somebody gave me a tract as did. They've kept many a man from doing a rash act. If I was without my backy I should sometimes be inclined to destroy myself. It calms one down, somehow, and makes one more contented. 'Tis all very well to preach against drinking, but as to backy, that's different."

A fine, stalwart-looking young man lamented that he had had scarcely any schooling, and feared that the reading we offered him might be too abstruse for him. He had taught himself to write a little by copying letters, and could spell out easy sentences; but his education had ceased when he was six years old. His home was in Devonshire, but his navvy work had taken him far afield. We recommended him to go to a night-school, and he was well inclined to do so. We fell in with him several times afterwards, and found that he had followed our advice, and went three times a week. He said the teacher would not let him rest after he had spoken to him, but made him go at once.

All young men are not so amenable, and sometimes make a jest of what is meant to help them.

"Have you anything to suit me? I am an atheist," asked one, glancing at our wares.

"They are sure to suit you; take which you like," we replied.

He chose one haphazard, and the title was "Cross-bearing."

"What's an atheist?" asked a burly looking bystander of his mate.

"Oh, one of them Bradlaughites," was the answer, as they both came forward for a book.

On another occasion a flippant young mason inquired if "it was about love."

"Yes, the best kind of love; about Jesus," we replied.

"Oh! I don't know Him. I only love those I know," he said, but he took the book.

It is melancholy to see how many youths seem to know little of Him who died to save them. One Easter Sunday we ventured to attack a knot of them who were holiday-mak-

ing. The pictures always attract, so they were soon engaged in contemplating them.

"Is it about Jesus?" asked one.

"Yes."

"Ah! He was a good man," he continued.

"He was your Saviour, and mine," we added.

"Do you believe it?" he inquired, with real earnestness.

"Yes; the little book will tell you so."

What was the result? Who shall say?

We are sometimes astonished at the eagerness of the men and boys, working in scores or even fifties, to secure the tract, leaflet, or magazine. The supply rarely answers the demand, for even from the tops of high houses in process of being built, we hear a shout of "Don't forget us, please," while the workmen on *terra firma* volunteer to distribute as many as we can spare. All seize with avidity on *The Child's Companion*, for all, or most, have families at home, and "something for the little ones" is a boon.

"I read them out while my wife sees to the house," said one. "I can't afford to buy them, but I carry home all I can get."

"I read it to father, and father reads it to mother, and mother reads it to me," was the satisfactory acknowledgment of a little girl who came in for one.

"Here are two young gentlemen who would like to study them, I am sure," said a master mason, indicating his juvenile aids, he having accepted one himself.

The other day we were arrested by an old man, a scavenger, who said we couldn't give him too many good books, for he loved them. "I was fifty-two years without entering a place of worship," he added. "I was guard to a travelling wagon, and worked Sundays and weekdays. Four years ago I had a bad illness, and a lady converted me. I promised God, if He was pleased to restore me, that I would serve Him for the rest of my days. I thought I was dying, but I got better, thanks be to Him; and I have kept my word ever since. I have been to church three times a Sunday, and to mission-hall twice a week. I have been on my knees night and morning for twenty minutes, and I thank and praise the Lord."

It is this Sunday working which is the cause of so much irreligion. Turn where you will, those employed have the same tale to tell. They all say that if only they could be ensured every other Sunday they would be satisfied, but to have no Day of Rest was bad both for body and soul. Indeed, one of them argued that the soul perished with the body, and that he could prove it from Scripture. Here and there we find men brave enough to refuse all Sunday work, and they say they have not lost by it.

"I never turn a wheel on Sunday," said a cabman. "Many of us stand out against it, and all who do say they are better off than those who work."

He was certainly a good specimen. His cab was his own; he was well dressed, and his horse as brisk as himself. It was evident that "the one day in seven" agreed with them. It is well known that the life both of man and beast is shortened by the breach of the fourth commandment, and it is clear that the Great Legislator blesses its observance.

We have occasionally fallen in with the regular *colporteurs*, and been convinced of the good done by the sale of their religious literature. Once at a coffee-stall we were greeted by an emphatic "God bless you and your work," and the gratuitous contribution did not seem to interfere with the monetary. The holders of these stalls are always glad of something to read, and are willing to distribute wholesome reading to their customers. Strange incidents sometimes occur when you take a poor, wearied, out-of-work yet respectable fellow-creature, for a cup of coffee and a plate of cake or bread and butter, to one of these wayside restaurants. One evening at dusk we encountered a glazier, who, having received the tract, said he had not tasted food since daybreak. He was a foreigner, a Pole, who had been in England ever since the Polish insurrection of some thirty years ago. His father was a gentleman. He had a wife and children, and had been looking for work all the day. A trifle for them and refreshment for him opened his heart, and he gave his address. Subsequently a district visitor found it, and discovered that he was a Polish Jew. He was not in, but his wife said that it was contrary to their faith to receive relief from one not of their own religion; but in his hunger food was heaven-sent through "a sister," and he could not refuse it. Neither did she reject a shilling. The family were subsequently placed under the protection of a charitable Jewish lady, who said, with truth, "That her people took such care of their own poor, that they had no need to apply to the Christian." Still, it is well that Jew and Gentile should meet, as they now do, happily, in works of general benevolence. The reign of Christ will begin when universal love takes the place of sectarian hate, and religious persecution ceases.

Time and space would fail us to tell how the men of the Fire Brigade love reading, and how they showed us with pride a number of *The British Workman*, sent to them monthly by Miss Weston—for are not the brave fellows mostly sailors? Or how other public servants speak gratefully of monthly gifts of religious books sent by friends interested in them, and circulated amongst them. Let no one imagine that either tract, magazine, or book is thrown away, though a kindly discretion, and, perhaps, a cheerful manner are needed for their distribution. We have made an inroad into one of the great laundries, and find that both men and women employed rejoice at "something to read" during their brief leisure. Text cards are always welcomed.

"I shall have this framed. It just suits me," said one.

"I wonder that ladies do not visit our large laundries," remarked the superintendent.

This visitation has been begun by members of the Y.W.C.A. May it prosper! These workers in the steam laundries have a hard life of it, and stand for long, long hours over their laborious toil. Here are elderly women and young girls, ready to welcome anyone who will say a kind word to them, and, perhaps, benefit them thereby.

"I like a whole story that I can read all through," said one of the latter, and the cheap reprints of good stories published by the Religious Tract Society are invaluable. Moreover, they can be lent from one to another.

It is strange that one still meets with people comparatively young who cannot read. Much of their religious knowledge is often due to hymns. A man said he liked the old hymns best, and had known "Glory to Thee" by heart ever since he was a boy. Others are proud of the fact that their children will read to them whatever we are pleased to give them, and sometimes even beg for a book apiece for all the olive branches—"For fear one should be jealous of the other," said a cabman. To which we replied that "jealousy was expensive."

The other day we fell in with a gipsy encampment: vans and tents settled on a bit of waste land, having been turned out of a neighbouring holding for building purposes. In one of the tents we found a young man and woman, a lovely three-year-old child, and an infant not yet a fortnight old. The father of the family, aged twenty-two, had been to night-school once upon a time, but his learning was nil; the mother, seated on the ground, baby in arms, could not read; but a ragged urchin who had crept in was going to school the following Monday. The young couple were strangely handsome, and rejoiced in the gipsy name of Loveridge. The woman said she had prayed to the Lord when she was ill. "What else was there to do? I have never been a great sinner; you know what I mean, ma'am. A gentleman comes here to preach on Sunday."

She did not seem fully to apprehend her need of a Saviour, but acknowledged that we were all sinners. It was a strange, sad scene. She, seated on her bed of rags at one end of the small, dark, smoky, stifling tent; her husband also on the ground making skewers at the other, and apologising for untidiness; the infant apparently dying, the little girl affectionately stroking our garments. The mother said she had had no food that day, for the times were bad; and the trifle we offered was instantly despatched to a shop at some distance for "a little oatmeal and arrowroot," the husband being the joyful messenger. Still, she said she liked tent-life better than she should life within stone walls. "I have been used to it, and I suppose it is what we are brought up in that we like best," she added, simply, and in perfect English.

Thanks to Mr. George Smith, tent and barge are becoming alive to the teaching of the Gospel; and soon, we hope, the Testament or tract will be legible by all their long-neglected inmates. At present, comparatively few, of the seniors especially, can read them. Nevertheless, we will scatter the seed far and wide, convinced that it will bring forth fruit if sown to enlarge and to sustain the kingdom of our Lord and Master, Jesus Christ.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

MAUD BELIN.—You do not say whether you have been trained as a nurse. Write to the secretary, Nightingale Fund, H. B. Carter, Esq., 5, Hyde Park-square, W., or to the secretary of St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, giving full information.

B. K. I. O.—We never heard of lady clerks being employed at the Law Courts, but in America we hear that women are in full practice as lawyers.

MOTHERLESS JEAN'S writing shows her to be very young, and so do her questions. 2. Where does she live? How could we give her the information she requires about the Kindergarten, not knowing that, when she says, "she cannot leave home"?

PSYCHE.—If you be going in for "hard reading," as you say, you had better look out for a Lemprière's Classical Dictionary to teach you something about mythology. Your questions are too many and long.

QUI POSSE VIDETUR POTEST.—Copying is only to be obtained by the personal inquiry and exertions of those who require it. Your writing does not appear good enough.

COMPLEX.—We recommend you to apply direct to the secretary or matron of the Holloway College for the prospectus, and ask for any further information you require as to Government clerkships. Look through our answers under the heading "Educational," and you will soon find the particulars you require.

ANNIE B.—We have read your thoughtful and well expressed letter with much interest, and we think as long as you are of use at home you are where God needs you, for in our service we do His will the best. But, as your education has been a little neglected, a certificate will be valuable to you, and you will be happier in the feeling that you are doing something to improve yourself for future work. We should advise you to go in for the examination of the College of Preceptors, fee 10s.; secretary, 42, Bloomsbury-square, W.C.

COPY CAT.—We mention with pleasure the correspondence class conducted by Miss Pearce, Ledwell House, Steeple Aston, Oxon. for English history and literature. We regret that it is little known, or would have been named in the manual of girls' clubs of an educational character and otherwise, just published (Messrs. Griffith and Farran, St. Paul's-churchyard, E.C.), compiled by one of our writers for the benefit of a large number of our girls who are inquiring about them.

MISCELLANEOUS.

NAN and NANCY.—The letters are nicely made, and a little box full of them, with plenty of duplicates, might sell at a bazaar for the purpose of guessing the words to be produced by a given number of letters. But you would not get very much for a box. We thank you for your kind letter. Your wise friends deserve to be complimented on their powers of discrimination, really above their tender years. We hope the parents of these phenomenal geniuses are prudent and do not press them in their studies.

ONE IN TROUBLE.—Your good or plain looks were given you by your Maker, and you are only responsible for the expression you wear. Nothing could be more unjust and unkind than to let a plain girl see that she is neglected or set aside on that account. But some plain girls are touchy, and see slights where none are intended, and show discontent and resentment, which are met with ill-feeling in return. Beware of falling into this error, and bear the cross laid upon you as you should, who owe so great a debt of gratitude to Him who made you what you are. You are not fit for heaven in your present state of mind!

SAPERE AUDE tells us that her friends have written to us on about every subject "under the globe." Pray explain what the subjects are that are connected with that locality? Have they to do with Atlas, the giant, or the big turtle on which our globe is said, in fable, to be supported? 2. If the German parents you name were naturalised in France, their children are French. The latter, we suppose, have been registered as such at their birth, in any case.

CLARICE E. A. inquires, "What is the meaning of Mount Moriah and Mount Ararat?" The former was a hill to the north-east of Jerusalem, and formed a part of the cultivated ground of Araunah, the Jebusite, from whom David bought it, and on this spot Solomon built the temple (2 Chron. iii. 1). The latter is situated in Armenia, consisting of two peaks about seven miles apart, the point of the highest being 17,000 feet above the level of the sea. It has been generally believed that upon one of these mountains the ark rested after the Flood, but this fact is scarcely sufficiently proved. 2. Berlin black, or artist's black, is preferable to brunswick black for application to grates.

ONE OF EIGHT.—Your verses show good religious feeling, and, as you are so young, you may write better by-and-by.

UNICA.—"God save the mark" is a phrase found in Shakespeare's *Henry IV.* i. 3. Hotspur, speaking of the messenger, calls him a "popinjay" who talked of guns, drums, and wounds in an unmanly way, and it would be sad if "his mark," who has been in battle, were displaced by this court butterfly. In archery, when a good arrow was sent, it was usual to cry out "God save the mark," meaning, "prevent anyone following to displace my arrow" in the "gold."

TOOTSIE.—There are homes for invalids and convalescents at 7s., and from 8s. to 12s. 6d. a week. You might get into the Female Convalescent Home, Crescent House, Marine Parade, Brighton. For this home no letter or nomination is required, but the charge is 8s. a week, paid in advance, and you may remain there for a month. Address Mrs. Marshman, 4, Ladbroke-square, W. If you take 5s. previously to going there, to Mrs. Marshman, she will give you a voucher, which must be shown to the ticket clerk at the station, and he will give you a third-class free ticket to and from Brighton. Mrs. Marshman is at home every day till noon to see candidates for admission.

M. SCHWARTZENBERG.—Write to our publisher, Mr. Tarn, for the index, frontispiece, and title-page, enclosing thirteenpence for the same and for postage.

OLD-FASHIONED.—If your mother approve of your engagement at so early an age, and to a lad yet in his teens and younger than yourself, we have nothing to say against it. Still, you should remember that it would not be to his discredit if he were to change his mind when he became a man and knew his own mind and character. But in this special case it may be otherwise. You have our best wishes, and we thank you for your kind letter.

PRINCESS LOUISE.—No, the lines are not poetry, but rhymed prose, and not very good as this.

AGATE.—The case you name is indeed a very sad one; but within our own experience we have known two or three exactly such. They were persons of undoubted piety. Yet God's ways are often inscrutable and "past finding out," and why He permits His people to be visited with such a terrible affliction, terminating thus their usefulness to others, we cannot explain. Possibly it may be for the trial of the faith and submission of others. "When one member suffers, all the other members suffer with it." Those that have been deprived of reason are no longer responsible for their words or acts; those that retain their reason are fully responsible for rebellion against the calamity laid upon them, and for any consequent shipwreck of faith. Your afflicted relative is now, without doubt, at peace, and enjoying the presence of the Saviour whom she loved and served so long as He preserved her senses.

HOPE.—Pronounce Mendelssohn as "Mendle-soan"; Gluck, as spelt; "Bach," guttural "ch"; Gounod, as "Goo-no"; Schubert, as "Shoo-bert"; Franz Liszt as "Frantz List"; and Maupréty as "Mo-pray-te."

GRACIE.—The schoolroom-maid cleans the schoolroom and the grate, attends to the fire, lays the table, brings up the meals, and waits and attends to the bell, making herself generally useful to the governess.

SARA.—You might obtain information about a home of rest near the sea during vacation, at about 10s. weekly, if you applied to the Governesses' Benevolent Institution; secretary, Charles W. Klugh, Esq., 32, Sackville-street, London, W. Inquire about a home of rest at Ramsgate. We have heard of one there which might suit you. There is also a home of rest at Sunninghill, Staines, about which inquire also.



INQUISITIVE GIRL.—Your quotation is not correct. It is, "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," which places the spectator in sympathy with the actor, since we all have the same feelings, weaknesses, and emotions, one as the other, in greater or less degrees. If you saw a mother parting in great grief with a child, you, as a mother, would experience a kindred feeling. 1. The great composer, Karl Maria Baron von Weber, did not die in prison; he was found dead in his bed when on a visit to Sir George Smart, who had entertained him during his stay in England, June 3rd, 1826.

SYDNEY.—The Early English style in architecture dates from 1190 to 1245; the Perpendicular from 1360 to 1550. There are three varieties under the name Romanesque, and four known as Gothic. The former comprises the Saxon, Norman, and Transition; the latter comprises the Early English, Geometrical, Decorated, and Perpendicular. All churches subsequently built are true or debased imitations of these, excepting in cases where Byzantine or Greek models have been adopted.

WINNIE.—An apology should be received graciously, and there should be no reference thereafter made to the quarrel; but everything must depend on the cause which produced it, so far as your future relations with each other are concerned. The character of the offender might have been exhibited in a new and unsatisfactory light, rendering confidence misplaced and dangerous. Thus, your relations one with the other might be very materially and wisely changed, notwithstanding the full forgiveness accorded and the apology rendered.

EVELYN wants to know how to make the whites of her eyes white. They become yellow in cases of jaundice, or bilious disturbance, and they become red from a cold or blast in them, or from crying, over-work, or intemperance in drink. She must be the best judge as to which of these causes her yellow or red eyes owe their colour, and deal with the trouble accordingly. If from a cold in the eye, hold it in an eggcup of as hot water as can be borne without scalding, and this will force back the red particles in the blood vessels, which should not be present in the eyeballs. If Evelyn be a girl of colour, of course, the balls of the eyes, that should be of a blue-white in white people, are naturally yellow, and nothing will change it.

BUTTERCUP.—You should have mentioned the book you were reading, as we think the word is a manufactured one, *alma* being "soul," and *cinere* "ashes," in Italian. Perhaps it has something to do with Ash Wednesday and Lent. There seems no other clue.

E. B. B. should read Sir John Lubbock's recent account of teaching his dog to read cards, with certain words on them indicating "out," "food," etc. 2. Lilith is fabled by the Talmudist as having been the first wife of Adam, but, refusing to obey him, she left Paradise for the regions of the air.

ISOLDE.—The meaning of the word *nehustan* (2 Kings xviii. 4) is given by Bishop Hall as "a piece of brass," and by Dr. Hales as "a brazen bauble," designed to be a term of contempt. The brazen serpent was made an idol, and was worshipped, and Hezekiah spoke of it in its real character as a mere piece of metal. We acknowledge your kind letter with many thanks.

MISS MALAPROP, FIVE TOES, X. Y. Z.—At sixteen you should be attending to your lessons. If wise, you would not be in such a hurry to begin the troubles and anxieties of life.

MAY.—Even if the brigade of artillery had been moved from Bellary, all letters and papers would be forwarded to the troops, wherever they were. We can find no mention of anything recent.

M. L. W. A.—The great diamond called the Koh-i-noor, or "mountain of light," was found in the Mines of Golconda in 1550, and is said to have belonged in turn to Shah Jehan Aurungzebe, the Afghan rulers, and afterwards to the Sikh Chief Runjeet Singh. Upon the abdication of Dhuleep Singh, the last ruler of the Punjab, and the annexation of his dominions in 1849, the Koh-i-noor was surrendered to the Queen, and was brought over and presented to her, July 3rd, 1850. Its original weight was nearly 800 carats, but it was reduced, by the unskilfulness of the artist, to 279 carats. Its shape and size was like the pointed end of a small hen's egg. The value is hardly to be computed, but appraising it at two millions has been considered reasonable, if calculated on a trade scale. It was re-cut in 1852, and was reduced to 102½ carats. It is worn by Her Majesty as a brooch on all State occasions.

LAURA.—Of course, your pale semi-opaque amber will turn darker and lose its beauty if exposed to light and heat. Whenever taken off, wipe your necklace and earrings carefully with a soft handkerchief to remove any greasiness, and put them by in a cool, dark place.

R. E. F.—A woman married after the 1st of January, 1883, is qualified to dispose by will of all property belonging to her at the time of her marriage, and of all property acquired thereafter, in all respects as if she were an unmarried woman. If married previously to the date above named, she must obtain her husband's consent to any will she may desire to make, and all property accruing to her after marriage, unless by settlement, becomes his to surrender to her or to retain, as his perceptions of honour or feeling of generosity may dictate.

AWKWARD SIXTEEN would make a very awkward mistake if she burned her face with aquafortis on account of a few moles! Methylated spirits should not be packed into a trunk. Better to place it in a basket; and still wiser to buy what is required on arrival.

HELEN ADA.—The game of tennis, as all others with a ball, is of very remote origin. The Greeks played such. Tennis seems to have originated in or before 1300 in France, and in Charles II.'s reign it was very fashionable. The game of lawn tennis has been evolved out of the old game. A statue was erected to Aristonicus, in commemoration of his superior skill in playing with a ball.

ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, and WALES.—St. Mary Magdalene was not the sinner you name, but one afflicted with devil possession, seven of which were cast out of her by our Lord.

FATHER'S PRIDE AND MOTHER'S JOY.—You cannot show your dislike to anyone in a more innocent and godly manner, especially if they be proved enemies to you, than by kindness and love. If you can do any kindness towards them, you must look for and seize the occasion to do it. This is Christ's way, and would be your way and all our ways if we were only like Him.

GERTRUDE's question is too wide for our space. There are dozens of pretty watering-places in England. But where does she live, and what does she require in a watering-place—quiet or noise? It would be impossible even to suggest a residence unless we had more data to guide us.



"'COME, CHILD, YOU HAVE HAD NO SUPPER YET.'"

See "The Shepherd's Fairy," p. 219.



VOL. VIII.—No. 366. JANUARY 1, 1887. PRICE ONE PENNY.

NEW YEAR'S GIFTS.

By MARY ROWLES.

"OH, bonny New Year, pray tell me true,
While your birthday bells are ringing,
What beautiful work have you come to do?
How much of joy shall we find in you?
In your wallet of blessings, all fresh and new,
What fairy gifts are you bringing?"

"For field and garden, asleep in the cold,
A wonderful store I carry,
Fresh robes for the snowdrops, first to unfold,
Pink ruffs for the daisies, fair to behold,
New cups for the crocuses, yellow as gold,
Wherein shall the sunbeams tarry.

"The woods I will clothe in vestures bright,
Whose work shall be mine own doing,
Anemones there shall be found in white,
And bluebells ring by day and by night,
And girlies warble with new delight,
Old songs of loving and wooing!"

"But what do you bring, oh blithe New Year,
To human sorrow and sadness?"
"For shrouded lives, an horizon clear,
For hearts that are desolate, friendship dear,
For midnight sufferers, starlight cheer,
And morrows of peace and gladness.

"To those who have climbed when barely shod,
New guerdons for brave endeavour,
New flowers to bloom on the graveyard sod,
New visions of heavenly heights untrod,
Yea, the gifts I bring are the gifts of God,
And of love that shall last for ever!"

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"OLD SONGS."

MERLE'S CRUSADE.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Aunt Diana," "For Lilias," etc.

CHAPTER XII.

GAY CHERITON.

I WAS afraid Mrs. Markham did not understand children. Nothing would induce Reggie to let her kiss him; he beat her off in his usual fashion, with a sulky "go, go," and hid his face on my shoulder. I could see this vexed her immensely, for she had praised his beauty in most extravagant terms.

Joyce listened with a perplexed expression on her face.

"Have you ever seed an angel, Aunt Adda?" this being her childish abbreviation of Adelaide.

"Dear me, nurse! how badly the child speaks. She is more than six years old, you say. Why, my Rolf is only seven, and speaks beautifully! What did you say, Joyce?"—very sharply—"seen an angel? What unhealthy nonsense to put into a child's head! This comes of new-fangled ideas on your mother's part"—with a glance in my direction. "No, child! of course not. No one has seen an angel."

Joyce looked so shocked at this that I hastened to interpret Mrs. Markham's speech.

"No one sees angels now, Joyce; not as the good people in the Bible used to see them; perhaps we are not good enough. But what put angels into your head, my dear?"

"Only Aunt Adda said Reggie was like an angel, and I thought she had seed one. What is a cherub, nurse, dear? Something good to eat?"

I saw a smile hovering on Mrs. Markham's thin lips. Evidently she found Joyce amusing, but just then a loud peevish voice was distinctly audible in the passage.

"Mother, mother, I say! Go away, Juddy, I tell you. You are a nasty disagreeable old cat—and I will go to mother"—this accompanied by ominous kicks.

I signed to Hannah to take the children into the adjoining room. It was Reggie's bedtime, and Joyce was tired with her journey. The door was scarcely closed upon them before the same violent kicking was heard against the nursery door.

"It is only Rolf. I am afraid he is very cross," observed Mrs. Markham, placidly, shivering a little after the fashion of people who have lived in India, as she moved away from the open window, and drew a lace scarf round her. "Judson is such a bad manager. She never does contrive to amuse him, or keep him quiet."

"He will frighten Reggie," I remonstrated, for she did not offer to stop the noise, and I went quickly to the door.

There was a regular scuffle going on in the passage. A little boy in Highland dress was endeavouring to escape from a young woman, who was holding him back from the door with some difficulty.

"Master Rolf — Master Rolf, what will your mamma say? You will make her head ache, and then you will be sorry."

"I shan't be a bit sorry, Juddy, I tell you! I will go in, and——" Here he stopped and stared up in my face. He was a pale, sickly-looking child, rather plain, as Miss Cheriton had said, but he had beautiful grey eyes, only they were sparkling with anger. The young woman who held him by the arm had a thin, careworn face—probably her post was a harassing one, with an exacting mistress and that spoilt boy.

"Who are you?" demanded the boy, rudely.

"I am Miss Fenton, the nurse," I returned. "Your little cousins are just going to bed, and I cannot have that noise to disturb them."

"I shall kick again, unless you let me come in and see them."

"For shame, Master Rolf. Whatever makes you so naughty to-night?"

"I mean to be naughty. Hold your stupid old tongue, Juddy. You are a silly woman. That is what mother calls you. I am a gentleman, and shall be naughty if I like. Now then, Mrs. Nurse, may I come in?"

"Not to-night, Master Rolf. To-morrow, if you are good."

"Nurse," interrupted Mrs. Markham's voice, behind me, "I do not know what right you have to exclude my boy. Let him come in and bid good-night to his cousins. "You will behave prettily, Rolf, will you not?"

One look at the surly face before me made me incredulous of any pretty behaviour on Rolf's part. I knew Joyce was a nervous child, and easily frightened, and already the loud voices were upsetting Reggie. I could hear him crying, in spite of Hannah's coaxing. I felt I must be firm. The nursery was my private domain. I was determined Rolf should not cross the threshold to-night.

"Excuse me, Mrs. Markham," I returned quickly. "I cannot have the children disturbed at bedtime; it is against Mrs. Morton's rules. Master Rolf may pay us a visit to-morrow, if he be good"—laying a stress on *good*—"but I cannot admit him to-night."

She looked at me with haughty incredulity.

"I consider this very impertinent," she muttered, half to herself. But Judson must have heard her.

"Come with me, Rolf darling. Never mind about your cousins. I daresay we shall find something nice downstairs," and she held out her hand to him, but he pushed it away.

"Bring him to the drawing-room, Judson," she said, coolly, not at all discomposed by his rudeness; but I could see my firmness had offended her. She would not soon forgive my excluding Rolf.

Rolf waited till she was out of sight, and then he recommenced his kicks. I exchanged a glance with Judson; her harassed face seemed to appeal to me for help.

"Master Rolf," I said, indignantly, "you call yourself a gentleman, but you are acting like an ill-tempered baby, and I shall treat you like one," and to his intense astonishment I lifted him off the ground, and, being pretty strong, managed to carry him, in spite of his kicks and pinches, down to the hall, followed by Judson. Probably he had never been so summarily dealt with, for his kicks diminished as we descended the stairs; and I left him on the hall mat, looking rather subdued and ashamed of himself.

I had gained my point, but I felt out of heart as I went back to the nursery. I had entered the house prejudiced against Mrs. Markham, and our first interview had ended badly. My conscience justified me in my refusal to admit Rolf; but all the same, I felt I had made Mrs. Markham my enemy. Her cold eyes had measured me superciliously from the first moment. Very probably she disapproved of my appearance. With women of this calibre—cold, critical, and domineering—poor gentlewomen would have a chance of being sent to the wall.

When the children were asleep I seated myself rather disconsolately by the low nursery window. Hannah had been summoned to the housekeeper's room to see her sister Molly, and had left me alone.

I felt too tired and dispirited to settle to my work or book; besides, it was a shame to shut out the moonlight. The garden seemed transformed into a fairy scene. A broad silvery pathway stretched across the park; curious shadows lurked under the elms; an indescribable stillness and peace seemed to pervade everything; the flowers and birds were asleep; nothing stirred but a night moth, stretching its dusky wings in the scented air, and in the distance the soft wash of waves against the shore.

I laid my head against the window frame, and let the summer breeze blow over my face, and soon forgot my worries in a long, delicious day-dream. Were my thoughts foolish, I wonder!—mere cobwebs of girls' fancies woven together with moonbeams and rose scents!

"A girl's imagination," as Aunt Agatha once said, "resembles an unbroken colt, that must be disciplined and trained, or it will run away with her." I have a notion that my Pegasus soared pretty

high and far that night. I imagined myself an old woman with wrinkles and grey hair, and cap border that seemed to touch my face, and I was sitting alone by a fire reviewing my past life. "It has not been so long, after all," I thought; "with the day's work came the day's strength. The manna pot was never empty, and never overflowed. Who is it said, 'Life is just a patchwork?' I have read it somewhere. I like that idea. 'How badly the children sew in their little bits—a square here and a star there. We work better as we go on.' Yes, that queer comparison is true. The beauty and intricacy of the pattern seem to engross our interest as the years go on. When rest-time comes we fold up our work. Well done or badly done, there will be no time for unpicking false stitches then. Shall I be satisfied with my life's work, I wonder? Will death be to me only the merciful nurse that call us to rest?"

"Why, Miss Fenton, are you asleep? I have knocked and knocked until I was tired."

I started up in some confusion. Had I fallen asleep, I wonder? for there was Miss Cheriton standing near me, with an oddly-shaped Roman lamp in her hand, and there was a gleam of fun in her eyes, as though she were pleased to catch me napping.

"You must have been tired," she said, smiling. "The room looked quite eerie as I entered it, with streaks of moonlight everywhere. Dinner is just over, and I slipped away to see if you are comfortable. I am afraid you are rather dull."

But I would not allow that, for what business has a nurse to be subject to moods like idle people? but I could not deny that it was very pleasant to see Miss Cheriton. She was certainly very pretty—a good type of a fresh, healthy, happy English girl, and there is nothing in the world to equal that. The creamy Indian muslin gown suited her perfectly, and so did the knot of crimson roses and maidenhair, against the full white throat; and the small head, with its coil of dark shiny hair, was almost classical in its simplicity. A curious idea came to me as I looked at her. She reminded me of a picture I had seen of one of the ten virgins—ready or unready, I wonder which! The bright-speaking face, the festive garb, the quaint lamp, recalled to me the figure in the foreground, but in a moment the vague image faded away.

"How I wonder what you do with yourself in the evening, when the children are asleep!" observed Gay, glancing at me curiously. Then, as I looked surprised at that, she continued, sitting down beside me in the window-seat, in the most friendly way imaginable:

"Oh, Violet has told me all about you. I am quite interested, I assure you. I know you are not just an ordinary nurse, but have taken up the work from terribly good motives. Now I like that; it interests me dreadfully to see people in earnest, and yet I am never in earnest myself."

"I shall find it difficult to believe that, Miss Cheriton."

"Oh, please don't call me Miss Cheriton; I am Miss Gay to everyone. People never think me quite grown-up, in spite of my nineteen years. Adelaide treats me like a child, and father makes a pet of me. By the bye, you have contrived to offend Adelaide. Now, don't look shocked—I think you were quite right. Rolf is insufferable; but you see no one has mastered him before."

"I was very sorry to contradict Mrs. Markham, but I am obliged to be so careful of Joyce—she is so nervous and excitable; I should not have liked her to see Rolf in that passion."

"Of course you were quite right; I am glad you acted as you did; but you see Rolf is his mother's idol—her 'golden image,' and she expects us all to bow down to him. Rolf can be a nice little fellow when he is not in his tantrums; but he is fearfully mismanaged, and so he is more of a plague than a pleasure to us."

"What a pity!" I observed; but Gay broke into a laugh at my grave face.

"Yes, but it cannot be helped, and his mother will have to answer for it. He will be a horribly disagreeable man when he grows up, as I tell Adelaide when I want to make her cross. Don't trouble yourself about Rolf, Miss Fenton; we shall all forgive you if you do box his ears."

"But I should not forgive myself," I returned, smiling; "the blow would do Rolf more harm than good." But she shrugged her shoulders and changed the subject, chattering to me a little while about the house and the garden, and her several pets, treating me just as though she felt I was a girl of her own age.

"It is nice to have someone in the house to whom one can talk," she said at last, very frankly; "Adelaide is so much older, and our tastes do not agree. Now, though you are so dreadfuly sensible and matter-of-fact, I like what I have heard of you from Violet, and I mean to come and talk to you very often. I told Adelaide that it was an awfully plucky thing of you to do; for of course we can see in a moment you have not been used to this sort of thing."

"All dependent positions have their peculiar trials," I replied. "I am beginning to think that in some ways my lot is superior to many governesses. Perhaps I am more isolated, but I gain largely in independence. I live alone, perhaps, but then no one interferes with me."

"Don't be too sure of that when Adelaide is in the house."

"The work is full of interest," I continued, warming to my subject, as Gay's face wore an expression of intelligent curiosity and sympathy. "The children grow, and one's love grows also. It is beautiful to watch the baby natures developing, like seedlings, in the early summer; it is not only ministering to their physical wants, a nurse has higher work than that. Forgive me if I am wearying you," breaking off from my subject with manifest effort, "one must not ride a hobby to death, and this is my hobby."

"You are a strange girl," she said, slowly, looking at me with large puzzled eyes. "I did not know before that girls could be so dreadfully in earnest, but I like to listen to you. I am afraid my life will shock you, Miss Fenton; not that I do any harm—oh, no harm at all—only I am always amusing myself. Life is such a delicious thing, you see, and we cannot be young for ever."

"Surely it is not wrong to amuse yourself."

"Not wrong, perhaps," with a little laugh; "but I lead a butterfly existence, and yet I am always busy, too. How is one to find time for reading and improving oneself or working for the poor, when there are all my pets to feed, and the flower vases to fill, and the bees and the garden; and in the afternoon I ride with father; and there is tennis, or archery or boating; and in the evening if I did not sing to him—well, he would be so dull, for Adelaide always reads to herself; and if I do not sing I talk to him, or play at chess; and then there is no time for anything; and so the days go on."

"Miss Gay, I do not consider you are leading a perfectly useless life," I observed, when she had finished.

"Not useless; but look at Violet's life beside mine."

"In my opinion your sister works too much; she is using up health and energy most recklessly. Perhaps you might do more with your time, but it cannot be a useless life if you are your father's companion. By your own account you ride with him, sing to him, and talk to him. This may be your work as much as being a nurse is mine."

"You are very merciful in your judgment," she said, with a crisp laugh, as she rose from the window-seat. "What a strange conversation we have had! What would Adelaide have thought of it! She is always scolding me for being irresponsible and wasting time, and even father calls me his 'humming bird.' You have comforted me a little, though I must confess my conscience endorses their opinion. Good-night, Miss Fenton. Violet calls you Merle, does she not? and it is such a pretty name. The other sounds dreadfully stiff." And she took up her lamp and left the room, humming a Scotch ballad as she went, leaving me to take up my neglected work, and ponder over our conversation.

"Were they right in condemning her as a frivolous idler?" I wondered; but I knew too little of Gay Cheriton to answer that question. Only in creation one sees beautiful butterflies and humming birds as well as working bees. All are not called upon to labour. A happy few live in the sunshine, like gauzy-winged insects in the ambient air. Surely to cultivate cheerfulness; to be happy with innocent happiness; to love and minister to those we love, may be work of another grade. We must be careful not to point out our own narrow groove as the general footway. The All-Father has diversity of work for us to do, and all is not of the same pattern.

(To be continued)

HERALDRY, HISTORICALLY AND PRACTICALLY CONSIDERED.

THE world-wide existence and remote antiquity of heraldic insignia—before heraldry emerged from its infancy, and developed into a science—is an established fact. To enter exhaustively into this branch of my subject, its historic and artistic interest, and valuable practical uses; its institution by Divine ordinance; together with its various accessories — comprising war-cries, badges, mottoes, seals, and devices —would demand far more space than could be allocated in a weekly magazine.

Some of my readers, it may be, will inquire, "What is Heraldry?" and lest this should be the case, I must commence by stating that it is the practice, art, or science of recording genealogies, the blazoning of arms or ensigns armorial, and all that relates to the marshalling of state ceremonies, processions, and cavalcades; the devising, also, of suitable arms and badges for families, guilds, cities, and regiments. This brief explanation supplied to the uninitiated, we may enter at once on the historical department.



A TOURNAMENT.

The antiquity of distinctive badges and ensigns dates back, as I have premised, to long-ago ages of the world. No exact period can be assigned to their first adoption by Eastern nations; from whence the custom spread to the West. It would appear that in the first instance only nations, or tribes of one and the same people, distinguished themselves by special emblems displayed on their banners; although certain princes and warriors adopted personal devices. In later times, such distinctions were granted to families likewise, as hereditary honours, in reward for chivalrous service rendered to their country. Such rewards were more esteemed by many than gifts of money or lands, as they sacrificed life or limb as patriots, and needed no pecuniary compensation.

And here I must draw attention to the fact that the granting of such rewards for distinguished service as should commemorate that service for all generations, and confer hereditary honour on the hero's descendants, was, in its character, in accordance with the just and liberal dispensations of the All-wise Himself. He is "a rewarder of them that do well;" and while visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation, He "shows mercy unto thousands in them that love Him." To such He says: "The promises are to you, and to your children" (Acts ii. 39), because "they are the seed of the blessed of the Lord; and their offspring with them" (Isa. lxv. 23)"—a clear case of hereditary blessing; for, "as touching election," we are told "they are beloved for the fathers' sakes." Duly considering the Divine example, it seems to me that ample precedent exists for the reward of well-doing in a man's descendants; more especially as, in most cases, those commemorative rewards exist in a title only, or an escutcheon on his seal.

We return now to our historical data, in reference to the infancy of the art in question. Those who are acquainted with the classics will find many references to the use of heraldic emblems before that use was reduced to a complete and perfect science. According to Herodotus, the Carians were the first who put crests upon their helmets and sculptured devices on their shields. These Carians inhabited a country in the south-west angle of Asia Minor, of which Halicarnassus was the capital and Miletus its rival—both famous cities of antiquity. The princes of Caria reigned under Persian protection, but the kingdom was annexed to Rome about 129 years before Christ. Herodotus further observes that Sophanes "bare on his shield, as a device, an anchor," and Tacitus speaks of the standard, eagles, and other ensigns in use of the Romans. Xenophon, also, says that the Median kings bore on their shields the representation of a golden eagle. The Greeks adopted crests from the Carians, and had flags adorned with images of animals, or other devices bearing a peculiar and distinctive relation to the cities to which they belonged. For instance, the Athenians chose an owl, that bird being sacred to the goddess Minerva, the patron and protector of their city, while the Thebans were represented by a sphinx, in memory of the monster overcome by Œdipus. The emblem of Persia was the sun, of the Romans an eagle; the Teutonic invaders of England bore a horse on their standards, and the Norsemen a raven.

The figure-heads on the prows of our own ships owe their origin to the times of the Phœnicians and Bœtians, who distinguished theirs by a figure of one of their gods, being thenceforth the tutelar god and protector of the vessel. Thebes was the principal city of Bœtia; and their tutelar divinity, Cadmus, having been the founder of that city, was represented on their flags, having a dragon in his hand. They also used flags to distinguish one ship from another, which were placed in the prow or stern; and these were sometimes painted to represent a flower, tree, or mountain; and the names of the vessels were taken from the devices respectively portrayed upon them.

Before our system of heraldry was organised, even in a yet imperfect degree, we read that the ancient British kings, Brute, Lud, Bladud, and others, all assumed their respective insignia. Brute bore on a golden shield a "Lion rampant gules, charged on the neck and shoulder with three crowns in pale." Camber, another British monarch, bore on a silver shield two lions passant gardant, gules.

Even to this day, the descendants of the British Prince Cadogan-ap-Elystan bear the arms of their warrior ancestors—"gules, a lion rampant regardant or," and combined with them the badge of the three Saxon chiefs (brothers), *i.e.* "three boars' heads couped sable, on a silver field"—which chiefs he slew in battle with his own hand.

In the same way, the Saxons, who succeeded, and partially exterminated our ancient British ancestors, are still memorialised by the badges of their thanes; and later on, the Normans—so reputed in the annals of chivalry—were all individually distinguished by their armorial bearings.

As time went on, ripening all arts and sciences—or is supposed to do so—heraldry began to develop, and to be regulated by certain rules under State control, and the spirit of chivalry, that grew with the institution of the crusades, jousts, and tournaments, may be credited with that development. The English knights under Cœur de Lion, and the French under Philip Augustus, wore emblazoned shields; and such of my readers who may visit the Museum at Versailles may see a fine collection of those worn by the crusaders, arranged in proper order. There are (or were some thirty years ago) no less than 74 of these "*écussons*," which belonged to "*seigneurs les plus illustrés et les plus puissants*," including those of our lion-hearted king, and Philip Augustus, before named. These all date from the first Crusade, in 1095, down to the time of Philip "le Hardi," 1270. But, over and above these emblazoned shields, once used by the grandest examples of Middle Age chivalry, the visitor to this museum will find some 240 others, bearing heraldic insignia worn by crusaders of less exalted rank than the illustrious personages better known to fame comprised in the seventy-four first-named. The better to appreciate such an exhibition, the student should previously acquaint herself with the curious and charming "Chronicles of Froissart," than which no romance could ever prove half as interesting, and certainly not as desirable for study, being a faithful and graphic history of those warlike times.

To obtain an appreciable idea of a field prepared for a tournament, we refer the reader to the eighth chapter of Sir Walter Scott's "Ivanhoe." The picture he gives of the scene is worth notice. Imagine the gay

pavilions ranged side by side, and the arms of the several knights, emblazoned on their shields, suspended before the entrance of each and guarded by their squires, the latter being curiously attired, according to his lord's particular fancy. Then picture to yourselves the knights, armed *cap-à-pie*, mounted on splendidly caparisoned chargers, and riding up and down the lines, and the whole field glittering with arms and bright with gorgeous banners.

But perhaps some reader may say, "*Cui bono?* What a vain exhibition and useless expenditure of money!" Nay, such condemnation is scarcely just. In those half-civilised, warlike times danger threatened the country on every side, at home and abroad, and at any unexpected moment; and such practice in the science of arms and reviews of the efficiency of the knights and leaders of our armies were absolutely essential. Even in our own day it is a thoroughly well recognised fact that such a terrible service as that of arms needs all the external attraction with which it can possibly be invested to induce volunteers to enter its ranks. Were there no band, no uniform, no decorations nor rewards for gallantry in prospect, thousands who, when face to face with the enemy, would give their lives for their country without a moment's hesitation, would be revolted if, in the first instance and in cold blood, they were invited to dress in a butcher's apron, and were presented with a mallet or cleaver. But these few reflections may suffice in reply to objectors, and we will return to the history under review.

It was not until the latter end of the twelfth century, about the time of Philip le Hardi, that the science of mediæval armory developed into a system. In the thirteenth century it had gained in growth and in favour, the uses of the art being more fully recognised. Thus, under the reign of Henry III. a regular system, classification, and technical language of its own were devised and organised.

The earliest heraldic roll of arms actually still existing is dated at the time of Henry III. It is a copy, of which the original was compiled (according to Sir Harris Nicholas) between the years 1240 and 1249, and the regular armorial bearings of the king, princes of the blood, chief barons, and knights of England were correctly blazoned. Moreover, most of the principal terms in use in the present perfected state of the art are to be found on this roll. A second of the same period still exists, comprising nearly seven hundred coats of arms, besides other and similar heraldic records, which are likewise preserved to this day, belonging to the several reigns of the first, second, and third Edwards and of Richard II. It appears that the right to bear arms was inaugurated at some time in or about the reign of Henry II.

In the reign of Henry V. a registry of armorial bearings was inaugurated, rendered essential for the avoidance of confusion and the just settlement of disputations; but the incorporation of the officers of this College of Arms by royal charter was granted in 1483 by Richard III. The several titles and duties of these officers shall be duly recorded in another part of this series; for to the apparent origin and antiquity of heraldic insignia, and the gradual development of their use into a science, I must for the present confine my attention.

Cold Harbour was the name of the mansion allocated to the heralds as soon as incorporated into a college. It was erected between Blackfriars and St. Paul's Wharf by Sir John Poulteney, who was four times elected Lord Mayor of London. This mansion was successively known as York Inn, Poulteney's Inn, and thirdly as Cold Harbour. In the reign of Mary I. she removed the college to Derby House, previously the palace of the Stanleys, and bestowed it on them by charter, Dethick being Garter King-of-Arms at that time. This ancient building stood on St. Benet's Hill, and was destroyed in the Great Fire of London, A.D. 1666; but the valuable records were all saved and conveyed to Whitehall, Charles II. sending his private carriages for the purpose. Thither also the heralds removed and continued to reside until upon the original site the present college was erected. Of this building Sir Christopher Wren was the architect, the north-western portion having been built at his own expense by Dugdale. It was constructed in the form of a quadrangle, but the formation of a new street caused the removal of the southern side, and the form was changed. To obtain further particulars respecting this interesting institution and all its treasures we recommend a visit to the college, if the means of admission can be procured through acquaintance with some one of the officers connected with it.

So far I have given a brief account of the remote origin and growth of heraldry. I now proceed to name a few of the leading uses claimed for armorial insignia, and still further for the institution of a regularly organised system in connection with them under the authority of the State.

In the first place, when a knight was encased in armour and wore (as the hand-to-hand warfare of the times necessitated) a visor to protect the face, it became equally essential that some external sign should identify him as a friend or foe and distinguish him as a leader and the lord of his special retainers and squires. Thus the rewards granted in the form of heraldic escutcheons emblazoned on his shield, and the crest that surmounted his helmet identified him, and even in the thick of a close encounter, when the shield might be hidden from view, the crest could be seen and his identity recognised.

Thus, likewise, the standards used by the conflicting hosts served to distinguish at a distant point of view the friendly or hostile forces one from the other, whence the shields and crests would have been indistinguishable. To those individually engaged in mortal combat, and to the countries whose woe or weal hung on the issue of a battle, the usefulness of employing emblazoned standards and shields and the wearing of crests was sufficiently self-evident.

Again, amongst the uses of heraldry, as at present existing and developed into a science, I may name the service rendered to private families by the records preserved, the investigation of claims to property, the identification of relationships, and finding of next of kin; the distinguishing between one branch of a family from another, proved by some trifling differences in the arms they respectively bear, or in the crests or mottoes; usurpation of arms and titles, and unjust pretensions to the privileges due only to legitimacy, to the injury of real heirs—all these are rights or evils which the College of Heralds alone is in a position to investigate, prove and maintain, or expose and frustrate, respectively. Such public services as these, not confined to the titled or untitled aristocracy, nor even to the upper commoners of the country, but available to all classes when seeking relationships, and through relationships *property*, or when searching for registries of births, deaths, or marriages—such public services as these, I say, ought surely to be duly recognised by all.

Lastly, so long as public pageants and processions continue to exist—no less interesting and attractive to the poorer spectator than to the great personages that are fêted—so long as there are royal presentations, investitures with orders of knighthood, coronations, and grand State ceremonies to be conducted, and processions marshalled in suitable order—just so long the offices of the College of Heralds will be essential to the requirements of the State and country.

And now I have reached the last part of my subject with which this, my first chapter, has to deal, *i.e.*, that in its broad features heraldry is supported by the highest possible authority. The formation of pedigrees, the use of emblematic signs and figures, and of emblazoned standards, as distinctive badges, was not merely permitted, but was Divinely ordained. To many customs of the world around them the "elect people of God" were forbidden to conform. In the case in question it was otherwise.

In proof of this assertion, let me refer the reader to the Book of Numbers, chap. i., 2, 18, 52. There we read as follows: "Take ye the sum of all the congregations of the children of Israel, after their families, by the house of their father, with the number of their names." "And they declared their pedigrees, after their families, by the house of their fathers, according to the number of the names." "And the children of Israel shall pitch their tents, every man by his own camp, and every man by his own standard, throughout their hosts." Again, in the same book, chap. ii., 2, 34, we read thus: "Every man of the children of Israel shall pitch by his own standard, with the ensign of their father's house." "And the children of Israel did according to all that the Lord commanded Moses; so they pitched by their standards, and so they set forward; everyone after their families, according to the house of their fathers."

What some of these several standards represented, so as to distinguish one tribe from another, we have not far to seek, although we have no data whereby to determine the devices of the several families they each comprised. Jacob, the patriarch and father of these elect tribes, allocates to each its fitting symbol. To ascertain what these were I refer the reader to the blessing he gave them when his pilgrimage was rapidly drawing to its close. (See Gen. xlix. 10, 13, 14, 17, 19, 20, 21, 22, 27.) Some of the tribes had two emblems, as in the case of Judah—a lion and a sceptre (or kingly crown)—and Joseph—a bunch of grapes and a bow—these two sons of the patriarch inheriting respectively the birthright and the blessing. Other emblems of a representative character were attributed to these Hebrew tribes by Moses also, for which I refer the reader to Deut. xxxiii.

In my next chapter I propose to enter on what is designated the "grammar of heraldry," and without further taxing the reader's patience, I now take my leave.

(*To be continued.*)

THE BRIDE'S FIRST DINNER PARTY.

By PHILLIS BROWNE, Author of "The Girl's Own Cookery Book."

A CERTAIN young lady, a member of The Girl's Own Cookery Class (in other words, an individual who has educated herself in cookery, with the assistance of articles published in this journal), was married a few weeks ago. Her husband is an exceedingly good fellow, and holds a salaried position in a mercantile establishment. He has plenty of common sense and energy, and, if all goes well, he will make his way; but at the present moment he is not very well off. He has, however, managed to save enough to furnish the small home very prettily and very well, while his wife has received from her father a handsome trousseau, a good supply of house linen of every sort and kind, and a good many odds and ends of things. Besides this, the young couple, having a large circle of friends, have been presented with a considerable number of wedding presents.

Young beginners in these days are really very fortunate; for they get so much friendly help in starting life. It very much simplifies matters if, just as one has arrived at the conclusion that a dinner service is imperatively required, but that the money for purchasing the same is not immediately forthcoming, a knock is heard at the door, and a box is brought in containing a handsome dinner service of the newest pattern and latest fashion, as a small proof of the affection of a friend. The young people now referred to have been most lucky in this way. They must have received scores of presents, all useful, all judiciously chosen, and with only two duplicates, which were speedily exchanged for something else. That delightful Parcel Post has been a messenger of good fortune to them. Pretty things for the table have arrived in profusion; ornaments, pictures, silver, glass, china, cutlery have appeared upon the scene as if by magic; and the result of it all is that the home of this newly-wedded pair is as thoroughly well appointed all the way through as anyone need wish a home to be.

The routine of married life in these days is first the wedding day, then the honeymoon, and then any amount of visiting—dinner parties and supper parties without limit. Old-fashioned individuals may disapprove of this, and say that it would be better for the newly-wedded to settle down quietly, look at life from a serious standpoint, read improving books aloud to each other in the evenings, and save up every available halfpenny for a future rainy day. Without doubt, the old-fashioned individuals are right; but, unfortunately, few young married people see as they do. Experience is the great teacher, and its lessons can never be learnt by proxy. These young people have not yet been to that school. They have their charming home, their many friends, their limited income, and their pretty table appliances; and the question has now arisen—How shall they entertain their friends? They plume themselves on being prudent; they have no wish to run into extravagance, and they have no thought of entertaining everyone whom they know; but they are hospitably inclined, and they have deliberately arrived at the conclusion that there are one or two special friends whom they must invite, and whom they must make a little fuss over. The result of it all has been the bride's first dinner party.

When first the subject of an entertainment was mooted, the young bride, whom we will call Mabel, was much exercised as to whether it would be wiser to have high tea or dinner. There was much to be said in favour of both. With high tea it was possible to have everything cold, and put on the table all at once, and this would enable the mistress to see the table laid, and be sure that everything was right before the guests arrived, a consideration not to be disregarded where there was only one little maid, and that one only eighteen, though clever for her age. The bride thought of the anxiety which she would have to go through if there were to be an awful pause between the courses, and then Emma were to come to her side and say, "Please, mum, the pudding won't turn out!" What should she do? Then, too, high tea was quieter, and less pretentious, and the young housekeeper had no desire to make a display beyond her means. On the other hand, dinner would be pleasanter; and, best of all, it would furnish an occasion for bringing out all the pretty presents, the bright silver, the exquisite glass, the artistic table ornaments, the elegant dinner and dessert services. Where was the good of being possessed of all these treasures if they were always to be kept locked up in a cupboard? With these presents a dinner-table could be laid out so effectively that the food would be quite a minor detail. Besides, "the master" preferred dinner. In his bachelor days he had been accustomed to dine on leaving business, and had learnt to regard high tea as a nondescript sort of meal, only to be accepted as a painful discipline when it could not well be avoided. Of course, the master's likes and dislikes counted for a good deal with the mistress, and dinner was almost decided upon. But then came the question, "Which meal would be the more expensive of the two?" Expense was the chief consideration after all. Everything had to be paid for with ready money, and a committee of two of ways and means had decided that a sovereign must cover all expenses apart from beverages. There were to be six guests, eight in all with master and mistress; could the thing be done for £1 sterling? The young lady was doubtful.

At this stage of the cogitation, a double knock was heard, and in a minute or two the maid, young but clever for her age, came up and announced that Mrs. Jones had called to see Mrs. Smith. Amy Jones! exactly the person to consult. Amy was an old school-mate of the bride's, had been married a couple of years ago, enjoyed almost the same yearly income, and deserved the reputation of having arrived at Dora Greenwell's idea of perfection; that is, she had, up to this point, not merely made both ends meet, but made them tie over in a handsome bow. Yet she had been hospitable, too. A person of such abundant experience would be sure to know what was best.

"Amy, if you were in my place, which should you decide upon, a high tea or a small dinner?"

"You have begun to consider the claims of hospitality, have you, Mabel! What is your maid like?"

"She is a very good little girl, and she does her best, but she is very slow. If all goes on quietly, she manages excellently, but if she were to be flurried, I do not know what would happen."

"That's bad," remarked experienced Amy Jones.

"Yet she means well, and really does her best," continued the young mistress, anxiously eager to defend her first domestic. "She can cook plain dishes fairly, and is interested in her work. If I tell her a thing, she never forgets."

"That's good; almost good enough to make up for the slowness. Can she wait?"

"Not properly. She can bring dishes and plates into the room and take them out again quickly, but that is almost the extent of her power; she could not hand round dishes or remain in the room during a dinner to be a credit or help. If we were to decide on dinner, don't you think you would hire a waitress if you were me?"

"If you want my advice, dear, I should say, decidedly, do nothing of the kind. It would be an exhibition of effort which would involve pretence, and the slightest pretence would be a mistake. Whatever you do, don't go beyond the resources of your own modest establishment. At present, all your friends know exactly what your position is; they will respect you if you make the best of it, but if you seem to wish to go beyond it they will begin to criticise, while the people you care for most will blame you."

"Then you would give up all thought of dinner?"

"I don't say so. Why should you not have a small dinner? Prepare everything yourself, altogether dispense with regular waiting, show Emma exactly what she has to do, and let her do her best. Supposing there should be a little *contretemps*, never mind; laugh at it, and your friends will laugh with you. They will only say that you are inexperienced. If all should go well, how pleased your husband will be! You are sure you don't mind the trouble?"

"Mind the trouble! I like it. I think it is fun. I am only uneasy about the expense."

"Well, dear, I should say that high tea, though less troublesome, is quite as expensive as dinner. We can easily ascertain the truth, however. Let us take paper and pencil, and draw up a statement of the cost of both. We will begin with the high tea. I suppose we are to take it for granted that *you must* have something extra? It would not do to have a thoroughly simple meal."

"Oh, no. If we ask six people on such an occasion, we must make a sort of feast. Let me think. You put the items down as I decide on them. We might have a lobster salad, a couple of boiled fowls with egg sauce, a beefsteak and oyster pie, a strawberry cream, a jelly of some sort, a few tarts and cheesecakes, some fruit and fancy biscuits. Then, of course, tea and coffee and thin bread and butter, brown and white. That would do well enough. We could not well have less."

"A very excellent menu, indeed," said Amy, while a rather amused look passed over her face. "What do you suppose it will cost?"

"I don't know," said Mabel. "You cast it out and see. You understand prices better than I do."

For a while there was silence, and nothing was heard but the scratching of a pencil. Then Amy read aloud:—"Lobster salad, 3s. 3d.; boiled fowls and egg sauce, 7s. 11d."

"Oh, dear!" said Mabel.

"Well, you see, it is spring, and fowls are dear in the spring. I do not suppose you could get a fine pair for less than 3s. 6d. each. Beefsteak and oyster pie, 5s.; strawberry cream (made with your own jam), 1s. 8d.; orange jelly, 1s. 4d.; tarts and cheesecakes we will calculate roughly at 1s. 4d.; a little fruit, 2s.; tea and coffee (say 2d. per person), 1s. 4d.; bread and butter, 2s. Altogether say £1 5s. 10d."

"That will never do," said Mabel. "We must take something away."

"For one thing, you might take the tarts and cheesecakes. Surely they are not necessary."

"One wants a little trifle of the sort to conclude the meal," said Mabel.

"Then make jam sandwich. I can give you a simple recipe, by following which you can produce a dishful for less than sixpence."

"Thanks. But that will not make matters right. We must reduce much more than that."

"Suppose that before doing so we draw up a dinner, and see what we can make of that. I will furnish the menu this time."

"Very good. Only remember to take into consideration Emma's limited capacity," said Mabel.

Again there was silence. After a few minutes Amy read aloud once more :—

MENU.

Potato Soup.
Tomatoes Farcies.
Rolled Loin of Mutton and Sour Plums.
Mashed Potatoes, with Brown Potatoes round. Stewed Celery.
Ready-made Pudding. Orange Jelly.
Macaroni Cheese.
Dessert.
Coffee.

ESTIMATE.

Potato soup, 11d.; tomatoes farcies, 1s.; mutton, forcemeat, gravy, &c., 6s. 9d.; potatoes and celery, 6d.; orange jelly, 1s. 4d.; ready-made pudding, 1s. 3d.; macaroni cheese, 9d.; dessert, 3s.; coffee, 10d. Altogether, 16s. 4d.

Mabel was silent for a moment from amazement. Then she said—

"That is very extraordinary. I would not have believed it."

"Yes, dear. But you must take into account that you drew up rather a luxurious tea; and my dinner is a very simple and homely one. Therefore you were scarcely fair to yourself."

"I only described the sort of high tea we should have had at home before I was married."

"And you forgot that your mother did not need to make a sovereign cover all expenses."

"And yet your dinner sounds more satisfactory than my tea, and I am sure it would look more. I wonder if Emma could manage a dinner like that; she is not entirely ignorant. She can roast a joint, and boil potatoes very well, and she can bake a pudding——"

"Then I am sure she could manage, for everything else you could yourself prepare beforehand. Of course, if she were more of a cook, you might have a little fish, or perhaps a trifle of game after the mutton, and still keep within the sovereign."

"I feel that I should be wiser to experiment first in a small way," said Mabel.

"Very well. The potato soup you know well. It is good, and cheap; you can get it ready beforehand, so that Emma will only have to make it hot. The mutton you can get the butcher to bone, and then stuff it with veal forcemeat, and roll it early in the day, leaving Emma to roast it. The gravy, also, you can make ready, and put, nicely seasoned and free from fat, in a cup, so that Emma will need only to put it in a saucepan to get hot when she begins to dish the meat. The tomatoes you can prepare. The celery and potatoes you may leave with her, I should think."

"Decidedly; she boils vegetables very well, and she can mash potatoes, and put browned potatoes round quite easily. I had better make the sauce for the celery, though."

"You might make it, and put it in a gallipot in a saucepan with boiling water round, to keep hot. Then surely if you make the soup, if you prepare the meat, and make the gravy, make the sauce, get the tomatoes ready, make the jelly, mix the pudding, three parts cook the macaroni, dish the dessert, and altogether make the coffee, there can be no danger."

"I shall be rather tired by the time our friends arrive," said Amy, looking a little grave as she realised the responsibilities which she was proposing to take upon herself.

"Oh, yes; you will have to be very quick, and to do all the head-work. But you said you did not mind the trouble. And besides, remember this, if once you can succeed in your attempt you will find that you are not at all more tired with providing dinner than you are with providing high tea. But there are just two things you would do well to try for, in my opinion."

"What are they?"

"One is to make Emma well acquainted with every dish beforehand. Let her understand how things ought to be and to look when properly cooked; on no account let the final touches be the product of her imagination as exercised in carrying out your descriptive order."

"No, that would scarcely do," said Mabel, laughing.

"Well, the only way to prevent it is to make the most of the time between now and the important day. Have potato soup one day, rolled mutton another, tomatoes farcies, and ready-made pudding a third, and macaroni cheese a fourth, and so make her familiar with what is coming."

"And the second point?"

"I was going to suggest that if you have anything served in a style superior to your ordinary mode, you should try to keep Emma up to the better way as a regular thing. This will really be a great kindness to her. It will make her more skilful, and fit her for taking a better situation afterwards, and, strange to say, she will be all the happier for it. Right-minded girls (and I should quite think Emma is one) are glad to be shown refined ways, and they respect a mistress who understands and insists upon the best modes of doing things far more than they respect a mistress who lets things go, and puts up with slipshod fashions just for the sake of peace and quiet. And really you will find that when Emma knows what ought to be, all you will need to impress upon her is the time required for the various dishes."

"That is it precisely," said Mabel, who had been listening very quietly to her friend's remarks, but who was evidently giving all her thoughts to the subject in hand. "I can see now exactly what I shall have to do. I shall make out a list of every ingredient, and have everything where it will be close to my hand, the day but one before the dinner. The day before I shall make the jelly and, with Emma's help, brighten all the glass and silver, and look out any pretty ornaments and services. Then quite early on the eventful morning I shall make the soup, and put it ready for making hot; yes, I shall even fry and dish the sippets and chop the parsley, which will have to be sprinkled in at the last moment. I shall stuff and roll the mutton, dish the sour plums (those delightful sour plums! they were there without needing to be in the estimate; how good it was of Frau Bergmann to give them to me). I shall stuff the tomatoes, turn out the jelly, dish the dessert, arrange the coffee cups and saucers—but, oh, the coffee, what shall I do for that? Emma never makes it properly."

"Few servants do; and if I were you I should look after it yourself in this case. The coffee is so very important. Really good coffee, served at the close even of an unsuccessful dinner, almost atones for disaster, while inferior coffee spoils the most *recherché* repast. Why should you not steal away for a minute or two when your friends leave the dining-room, make the coffee, and send Emma in with it. Then all is sure to be right."

"Yes, that will be best. Well, as I was saying, I must be as busy as possible before luncheon. Then, after luncheon——"

"After luncheon I should lie down for an hour," said Amy.

"Oh!" said Mabel, dubiously.

"Yes. It would be unfortunate if the dinner were a success, and the hostess laid up next day through fatigue."

"May be. Yes, I will certainly rest awhile after luncheon. Then, while Emma prepares her vegetables, tidies the kitchen, and attends to the roast, I will lay the table; and I know I can make it beautiful."

"What shall you do for flowers? We did not allow for them in our estimate."

"I planted some corn a week ago in a large fancy bowl, and it will be lovely. Have you never done that? You get a few ears of corn, pack them in a bowl full of water, so that the ears are close together and are partially covered with the water. Put the bowl in a warm room, and in about a fortnight the delicate blades will peep out and grow to be very pretty. There could not be anything more effective for the middle of the table, and the grass lasts five or six weeks, and it is a most convenient decoration when flowers are scarce. We always used to provide ourselves with corn in harvest time for this purpose."

"I will remember to do the same," said Amy. "I never heard of growing corn in a bowl."

"I can give you a little meanwhile to experiment with. Then, when the table is laid, I will dress, and when I come down will present Emma first with a written menu, giving a list of what is to go in with each course, and a few notes of reminder—something of this sort :—

"REMEMBER—

"To put the pudding and tomatoes in the oven, also to pour the sauce over the macaroni and set it to brown, as soon as the last guest arrives.

"To put the plates for soup, meat, tomatoes, ready-made pudding, and cheese to heat half an hour before the dinner hour.

"To make the milk boil before stirring it into the boiling soup, and to sprinkle in the chopped parsley at the last moment.

"To shut the dining-room door after taking in or removing dishes, &c., and to move about as quietly as possible.

"To begin to dish the meat and vegetables and make the gravy hot the moment soup is in, so that everything may be quite ready when the bell rings.

"To put the coffee (left ready ground on the dresser) into the oven, to get hot, as soon as dessert is in, and at the same time to set a jug of milk in a saucepan of boiling water."

"What is that for?" said Amy.

"It is to scald the milk. Coffee tastes so much more delicious when the milk is scalded, not boiled. There, I think that is all. I will write the notes early, and then, if anything else occurs to me, I can put it down. But, Amy, for safety's sake would you mind giving me the recipes for the dishes in your menu. I have one or two, but they may be mislaid, and I should not like there to be a mistake."

"There is not much fear of a mistake, if you take all that trouble. But I will give you the recipes with pleasure. In return, will you give me the recipe for the sour plums? I should like to have it, for I intend to make some when plums are in season."

The arrangements thus laid down were implicitly carried out, and the "Bride's First Dinner Party" was a great success—so much so that every guest remarked, when the evening was over, "What a clever little woman Mrs. Smith is! How fortunate her husband is to have a wife thus domesticated." Then,

in a moment, "What lovely wedding presents!"

For the benefit of those who may care to have them, I subjoin a copy of the recipes which were exchanged between Amy and Mabel.

Potato Soup.—Melt a piece of butter the size of an egg in a stewpan. Throw in two pounds of potatoes, weighed after they have been peeled, the white parts of two leeks, and a stick of celery, all cut up. Sweat for a few minutes without browning. Pour on a quart of cold stock or water; boil gently till the vegetables are tender, and pass through a sieve. When wanted, make hot in a clean stewpan, and add salt and pepper. Boil separately half a pint of milk; stir this into the boiling soup. At the last moment sprinkle on the top of the soup a dessertspoonful of chopped parsley. If cream is allowed, the soup will be greatly improved.

Tomatoes Farcies.—Take eight smooth red tomatoes; cut the stalks off evenly, and slice off the part that adheres to them; scoop out the seeds from the centre without breaking the sides. Melt an ounce of butter in a stewpan. Put in two tablespoonfuls of cooked ham chopped, two tablespoonfuls of chopped mushrooms, two shalots, two teaspoonfuls of chopped parsley, pepper and salt, and two ounces of grated Parmesan. Mix thoroughly over the fire, fill the tomatoes with the mixture, and bake on a greased baking tin in a moderate oven for ten or fifteen minutes. The tomatoes should be tender, but not broken. If the ingredients for this forcemeat are not at hand, a little ordinary veal forcemeat may be used, but the taste will be inferior.

Rolled Loin of Mutton.—Get the butcher from whom the meat is bought to bone the loin; spread veal stuffing inside, roll it up, bind it with tape, and bake in the usual way. Thick, smooth gravy should be served with it. This may be made of the bones.

Mashed and Browned Potatoes.—Mash potatoes in the usual way. Prepare beforehand six or eight good sized potatoes of uniform size. Parboil them, then put them into the dripping-tin round the meat for about three-quarters of an hour—less, if small—and baste them every now and then till brown. Pile the mashed potatoes in the middle of the tureen, put browned potatoes round, and sprinkle chopped parsley on the white centre.

Stewed Celery.—Wash the celery carefully, and boil it till tender in milk and water, to which salt and a little butter have been added. The time required will depend on the quality. Young, tender portions will be ready in half an hour or less; the coarse outer stalks will need to boil a long time. Drain thoroughly, dish on toast, and pour white sauce over.

Sour Plums (a substitute for red currant jelly served with meat; to be made in the autumn).—Take three pounds of the long, blue autumn plums, almost the last to come into the market, called in Germany zwetschen. Rub off the bloom and prick each one with a needle. Boil a pint of vinegar for a quarter of an hour with a pound and a-half of sugar, a teaspoonful of cloves, three blades of mace, and half an ounce of cinnamon. Pour the vinegar through a strainer over the plums, and let them stand for twenty-four hours. Next day boil the vinegar, and again pour it over the fruit. Put all over the fire together to simmer for a few minutes until the plums are tender and cracked without falling to pieces. Tie down while hot.

Ready-Made Pudding.—Mix two tablespoonfuls of flour, an ounce of sugar, and a very little grated nutmeg, with a spoonful of cold milk to make a smooth paste, then add boiling milk to make a pint. When cold, beat two eggs with a glass of sherry, mix and bake in a buttered dish for half an hour.

Orange Jelly.—Soak an ounce of gelatine in water to cover it for an hour, and put with the gelatine the very thin rind of three oranges. Squeeze the juice from some sweet oranges to make half a pint, then add the juice of two lemons, and strain to get out all pips, etc. Take as much water as there is fruit juice, put this into a stewpan with the gelatine, and a quarter of a pound of loaf sugar, and simmer for a few minutes till the gelatine is entirely dissolved. Remove any scum that may rise, then add the juice; boil up once, and strain into a damp mould. This jelly has a delicious taste, and is not supposed to be clear.

Macaroni Cheese.—Wash half a pound of Naples macaroni, break it up and throw it into boiling water with a lump of butter in it, and boil it for about half an hour, till the macaroni is tender. Drain it well. Melt an ounce of butter in a stewpan, stir in one ounce of flour, and, when smooth, half a pint of cold milk. Stir the sauce till it boils, add salt and pepper, an ounce of grated Parmesan, and the macaroni drained dry. Pour all upon a dish, sprinkle an ounce of macaroni over, and brown in the oven or before the fire.

Simple Jam Sandwich.—Beat three eggs, and add a breakfastcupful of flour, to which has been added a teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Beat the mixture till it bubbles. Add a scant breakfastcupful of sifted sugar. Beat again, and add half a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda. Turn into a shallow baking tin, greased, and bake for a few minutes in a quick oven. With the oven ready, this cake can be made and baked in half an hour.

GIRTON GIRL.

By CATHERINE GRANT FURLEY.

"WHY, sir, should you seem so startled
When you chance to come on me
Talking silly baby-language
To the child upon my knee—
To this happy, crowing urchin,
While his peasant mother stands
Watching us, while she is wiping
Thick-flaked soapsuds from her hands?

"When you met me first, at dinner,
At the Hall the other night,
You were seated on my left hand,
The professor on my right;
And you saw I cared to listen—
Saw it with a scornful mirth—
To the facts that he was telling
Of the strata of the earth.

"And again, when of the Iliad
My companion chanced to speak,
You were less pleased than astounded
That I quoted Homer's Greek.
And beneath my half-closed eyelids
I observed your covert smile,
When our hostess spoke of Ruskin,
And I answered with Carlyle.

"Then you thought you read me fully—
'Woman in her latest phase,
Following with feebler footsteps
In far-reaching manhood's ways.
A half-taught, conceited creature,
Something neither wise nor good;
Losing for a vain chimera
All the grace of womanhood.

"'Failing in her mad endeavour,
Though in every languid vein
Love-warmed heart-blood she replaces
With cold ichor from the brain.
Woman striving to be manlike,
Making him her enemy,
Fighting where she best had yielded'—
This was what you saw in me.

"Sir, I claim to be a woman:
Nothing less and nothing more;
Laughing when my heart is joyful,
Weeping when my heart is sore;
Loving all things good and tender,
Nor so coldly over-wise
As to scorn a lover's kisses,
Or the light of children's eyes.

"Over-wise! Nay, it were folly
If I cherished in my mind
One poor fancy, one ambition
That could part me from my kind—
From the maiden's hopes and longings,
From the mother's joy and care,
From the gladness, labour, sorrow,
That is every woman's share.

"Not for all life's garb of duty
In the self-same tint is dyed;
I must walk alone, another
Shelters at a husband's side.
Yet I claim her for my sister,
While—though I must stand apart—
All her hopes, her fears, her wishes
Find an echo in my heart.



A GIRTON GIRL.

"True it is I love to study
Every page of nature's lore.
Must that make my soul less gentle?
Nay, it softens me the more.
True it is I love the story
Of the old heroic age,
True I love the aspirations
Of the poet and the sage;

"But if poet, artist, thinker,
Lend me some inspiring thought,
Must it follow that the duty
Of the woman is forgot?
No; 'tis you who err, believe me,
Thinking, as perchance you do,
That because her brain is empty,
Woman's heart must beat more true.

"'Tis not learning that unsexes,
'Tis not thought will make us cold,
Nor at sight of heavy volumes
Love on us relax his hold.
Woman is for ever woman;
O'er her life love rules supreme,
Though his kingdom be but fancy,
And the bliss he gives a dream.

"Nought besides, however worthy,
In her heart can take his place—
But enough! The child is frightened
At the graveness of my face.
I must bring him back to laughter.
Pray you, leave us for a time,
Or you'll hear a Girton student
Teaching him a nursery rhyme."

THE SHEPHERD'S FAIRY.

A PASTORALE.

By DARLEY DALE, Author of "Fair Katherine," etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

HOPE AND FEAR.

As soon as the shearing company was gone, John Shelley went into the house to watch by Charlie's couch, and to take counsel with his wife as to what must be done about Jack, as to whose safety he was as anxious as about Charlie's, for if the latter died Jack would inevitably be tried for manslaughter, though the shepherd felt sure the fall on the stone gate-post was a far more serious matter than the blow Jack had dealt, and which had accidentally, and quite unintentionally, caused the fall.

All Jack had meant to do, as the shepherd and his wife knew well enough, was to give Charlie a good bang across the shoulders, but if the boy died it might be a difficult matter to persuade a coroner's jury that no more was intended, especially as Jack, by keeping himself aloof, as he did, from his own class, was by no means popular in the neighbourhood.

Mrs. Shelley was even more keenly alive to the danger which threatened Jack than her husband, and was for sending him away at once to her brother, who lived at Liverpool, but John Shelley never acted hastily or on impulse, and he suggested taking counsel with the doctor and Mr. Leslie, both of whom were good friends of Jack's, before they decided on any course of action.

"We'll send Jack round to the rectory as soon as he comes back; he will be glad of something to do, tired and hungry as he must be, for I see he has not had his supper yet," said the shepherd.

"No, he won't touch anything till there is some hope of Charlie, I daresay. He has been unconscious nearly an hour now, John. Do you think there is any hope?"

Yes, I do; while there is life there is hope. I expect it is concussion of the brain, and if so, people are often unconscious for hours. He is breathing, you see. But where is Fairy? Why does not the child come in? Is she frightened?"

"I don't know, I am sure; I had forgotten all about her. Just see, John, will you? She has had no supper either," replied Mrs. Shelley.

John went to the door to look for Fairy just as Jack and Dr. Bates came up together. The shepherd brought the doctor in, and sent Jack to the rectory, and then went to talk to Fairy, who was still sitting on the bench outside.

"Why have you sent for Mr. Leslie? Is Charlie worse?" asked Fairy, anxiously, as she beckoned to the shepherd to sit by her side.

"No, he is just the same, but I want to ask Mr. Leslie's advice about Jack; I am afraid we shall have to send poor Jack away. Shall you be sorry, Fairy?"

"Sorry! Of course I shall; but, John, why must Jack go as well as I? Mother says it is all my fault, and I am to go away, and I don't know where to go, so I was waiting till you came, to ask you; but if Mr. Leslie is coming, I daresay he'll take me in for a little while," said Fairy, with a little sob at the end of each sentence.

"Mr. Leslie take my Fairy in. Why, child, you would not leave us now in our hour of trouble, when we most want you to comfort us, would you?"

"I don't want ever to leave you, unless, of course, I find my own parents; but mother says I am to go, and she is sorry she ever took me in, because it is all my fault. So you see, John, of course I must go away after that," said Fairy, gently.

"I can't spare my little Fairy now. Mother did not mean what she said; she was so upset at seeing poor Charlie insensible, I expect she hardly knew what she was doing, so you must forgive her—will you, little one?—and stay and cheer us in our sorrow," said John.

"Of course I will, if you are quite sure mother didn't mean it, but she should not have said it was my fault, should she? For she knows as well as you do, John, how fond I am of both the boys, and how I never let them quarrel; only this was done in such a minute I could not stop it; it really was more an accident than anything else. Poor Jack didn't mean to knock Charlie down, or to hurt him really, only he was so angry about that lamb that he lost his temper. How grave you look, John; you don't think it was my fault, do you?"

Now the shepherd understood perfectly what his wife had meant by saying it was Fairy's fault; but it was evident the child had not the remotest suspicion of Mrs. Shelley's meaning; she was too childlike and innocent (children of that day were less precocious and more like children than they are now), too free from vanity and self-consciousness to be aware that Jack had any other feeling for her than a brotherly affection, and it was equally evident that at present, at any rate, Fairy's affection for Jack was of precisely the same character as her sisterly love for her foster-brother. Seeing this, the shepherd felt his wife was right in saying it would be far better for many reasons that Jack should go away; but he was so lost in thought that he forgot to reply to Fairy's question, which, after waiting a minute or two, for she was accustomed to John's slowness of speech, she repeated.

"No, my child, no, I am sure it was no fault of yours; don't think any more about it. Here comes Jack with Mr. Leslie; I will go in and hear what the doctor says. Ask Mr. Leslie to wait in the kitchen for a minute, if he does not mind," and the shepherd went indoors to hear the doctor's report just as Jack and Mr. Leslie appeared.

They both looked very grave, for Jack was a great pet of the rector's, and he had already told him exactly how the accident had occurred; and Mr. Leslie was almost as anxious as Jack to hear the doctor's report, for Jack seemed so absorbed in his anxiety about Charlie as to be unconscious of his own danger.

"How is he?" they exclaimed in a breath.

"I don't know; Dr. Bates is still with him," said Fairy; but a minute or two later John Shelley came out with the doctor's report.

"Well, what news?" asked Mr. Leslie.

"He is still unconscious, and the doctor can't say how it will go with him," replied the shepherd.

"Is there no hope, father?" asked Jack, turning very white and speaking very low.

"Yes, lad, yes, there is hope, thank God; he may rally; it is the fall on the gate-post that has done the mischief. He struck the back of his head against the stone; the place on the temple is a mere trifle. But will you walk in, Mr. Leslie? Dr. Bates wants to speak to you, and you too, Jack."

Accordingly these four went into the kitchen and shut themselves up to discuss the matter, leaving Fairy feeling very miserable and in the way, for she did not know where to go, on the bench outside. But a few minutes later Mrs. Shelley came to the door to look for her, wondering what had become of her, having forgotten her hasty speech on seeing Charlie lying prostrate on the ground.

"Why, Fairy, where have you been all this time? Come, child, you have had no supper yet. How pale you look; and your hands are quite cold. You are not frightened, are you?" said Mrs. Shelley, as Fairy reluctantly followed her into the house.

"No, I am not frightened, but it is all so miserable," said Fairy, sobbing, as she looked at the unconscious Charlie, who was breathing almost imperceptibly on the sofa.

"Come, this won't do; I shall have you ill next; why, the child has cried more to-night than she ever cried all the sixteen years she has been here," said Mrs. Shelley, taking Fairy in her arms.

"You were never unkind to me before," sobbed Fairy.

Suddenly Mrs. Shelley remembered how she had turned on Fairy in her anxiety and pity for Jack.

"There, child, don't cry any more; I don't know what I said; but at any rate I can't let you quarrel with me when I may lose one, if not both, of my sons; for I am sure they will decide to send Jack away—indeed, I hope they will," said Mrs. Shelley.

"You hope so, mother?" asked Fairy, in astonishment.

"Yes; if anything happened to poor Charlie, Jack might get into terrible trouble, so, for his sake, I hope Mr. Leslie will let him go; besides, he is not fit for a shepherd; he never has liked the work, and he may get on far better at something else."

Just as Mrs. Shelley said this, the kitchen door opened, and John Shelley asked his wife to come in to the discussion which was being held in the kitchen, and Fairy was left to watch by Charlie. It seemed an interminable time to Fairy, though it was not really half an hour before the door opened and they all came out. Mr. Leslie went home; the doctor came in to look at Charlie again; Mrs. Shelley went upstairs with Jack; and the shepherd called Fairy into the kitchen to tell her what had been decided.

"Jack is going away to-night; he is going to America."

"To America!" exclaimed Fairy, for in those days going to America was indeed going to another world.

"Yes, for two years; perhaps for longer if he likes it. Mr. Leslie has friends out there, and he knows of something he thinks will do for Jack. There is a ship sails on Monday from Liverpool, so he is to go to Brighton to-night with Mr. Leslie, and be off by the London coach at five to-morrow morning. Mr. Leslie will go to Liverpool with him and see him off if he can get anyone to take his duty here on Sunday; anyhow, he will go to London and put him into the Liverpool coach."

John had not time to enter into further details as to what had passed at the meeting in the kitchen; but, in truth, both Dr. Bates and Mr. Leslie had strongly urged getting Jack out of the way as quickly as possible. Dr. Bates because he was very anxious and by no means hopeful about Charlie; Mr. Leslie partly on the same account, but also because he knew the state of Jack's feelings with regard to Fairy, and had long wished to see the boy in a position where he would have some opportunity of using the talents he possessed, and, by dint of his own abilities and exertions, rising in the world. It so happened that he had friends in New York, and a relation of his; a banker there had, in answer to his inquiries whether he had an opening for a clever, self-educated young man, lately written to say he had a vacancy for a clerk which he would keep for Mr. Leslie's young *protégé*. Mr. Leslie had only been waiting till the shearing season was over to offer this post to Jack, knowing that he could not very well be spared till it was finished. Jack was delighted at the idea; a salary of fifty pounds a year seemed to him untold wealth, and to have all the rest of the day from five in the afternoon till ten the next morning to himself, a perpetual holiday; and then to go to America, to him who had never been much farther than Brighton, would, under any other circumstances, have been all that he could have wished for, except Fairy to accompany him. The post was offered him for two years, and the option of remaining, if he liked the work, at the end of the two years. The only difficulty was the money for his passage, but, to the surprise of Jack, his father said he had plenty in the savings bank for that and to get him a few necessaries as well.

But leaving as he was leaving, took all pleasure out of Jack's good fortune; if he felt any pleasure at all it was only from the excitement of the journey, and the occupation of both mind and body, which prevented him from dwelling on the sorrow he had brought on them all, and diverted his mind from the terrible anxiety Charlie's state caused him.

If it had not been for Dr. Bates, Jack would have remained at home for the night, and walked over to Brighton at daybreak to catch the coach, but the doctor was rather a nervous man, and knowing that it was quite possible Charlie might not live till the morning, he urged Mr. Leslie to take Jack to Brighton that evening, adding in an undertone that if anything happened Jack had better learn it in America. Perhaps it was as well for all parties that the doctor's advice was acted upon, for it prevented any prolonged leave-takings, and gave no one time to fret over Jack's departure; indeed, an hour after the council held in the kitchen, Jack was standing already to start, folding his mother in his arms as he bade her good-bye. Then he went to the sitting-room, in which Charlie was lying, and took a long, long look at him as he lay with closed eyes, just breathing, all the colour gone from his usually rosy cheeks. What would not Jack have given to see those merry blue eyes open once more before he went away, perhaps never to see them again? But no, the eyelids remained firmly closed, and Jack waited in vain for any hopeful sign. He was alone in the room, and before he left he knelt down by the side of the sofa and prayed until a footstep outside startled him, and he rose hastily, for, proud and reserved as he was, he would have hated even his mother to have seen him on his knees, for, like many young men of his age, he had a great deal more religion than the world gave him credit for. The footstep was Mrs. Shelley's; she was come to warn her darling son that it was time he started or he would keep Mr. Leslie waiting.

"Mother, may I have a lock of his hair?" asked Jack. And Mrs. Shelley cut one of Charlie's fair curls for him; and then Jack stooped, and, for the first time for many years, kissed the boy's pale cheeks, and then, once more embracing his mother, he left the room. But there was another person to say good-bye to—Fairy—who was waiting in the passage, and now came forward, putting both her hands in Jack's and lifting up her sweet, delicate little face to be kissed as naturally as though Jack was her own brother; and though poor Jack blushed crimson as he stooped and kissed her, Fairy, if she changed colour at all, grew paler, for she felt very sad and lonely at the loss of her favourite companion.

"You will think of me sometimes, Fairy, won't you?" whispered Jack, holding her hands.

"Yes, often, Jack; and mind you write to us directly you get to America; we shall be longing to know how you are getting on."

"Jack, my boy, it is time to start," cried John Shelley, who was waiting outside to walk to the rectory with his son, and the next moment they were off.

(To be continued.)

THE ROMANCE OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND;

OR,

THE OLD LADY OF THREADNEEDLE STREET.

By EMMA BREWER.

CHAPTER IV.

AFTER having tided over my difficulties, which had been brought about partly by the ill-feeling and envy of the Land Bank, and partly by another matter to be explained later, I went on successfully in my old home, gradually increasing my powers and responsibilities, and, if I may be allowed to add, daily growing more attractive.

Everybody courted my smiles, and were wretched if they failed to find favour. Among those who paid me attention were members of the royal family, bishops, clergy, ministers of state, merchants, and philosophers; and, strange to say, I was as great a favourite with the women as with the men, and I think I influenced their lives not a little, for if a girl were known to be on my visiting list, even though she were very plain, she found no difficulty in marrying well. Did a mother hold in her arms her first-born, she was more restful and content concerning its future if it had an opportunity of being placed in my good books; and, certainly if a person died who had during his life stood well with me, he was buried with more pomp and ceremony for the fact.

It seems wonderful, does it not, that I should have kept my head amid so much flattery and attention, and I very much doubt if I should have done so but for the healthy tone of my home and the constant care of my people.

Every now and then I got a fright, which prevented my becoming frivolous, and which, but for my good constitution, would have gone far to shake the life out of me. One I remember well.

It occurred in 1707, when I was but thirteen years old. It came in the form of a "run," and certainly, but for timely help, I should have been torn to pieces.

The word *run* may be suggestive to you merely of a race between me and another bank; but in bank language it has a most terrifying and disagreeable meaning.

It is a sudden demand from everybody to whom you owe money to pay up on the spot, and without hesitation.

Your office is filled and refilled with people angrily and defiantly demanding their money. Such was the case with me, and in my one room in the Grocers' Hall, at the date I mentioned.

I tried to console myself with the thought that if the people would but give me time I would pay everyone to the full, but, alas! I was old enough to know that this was not sufficient—my existence depended upon the whole world believing me to be safe and worthy of confidence, and their test of my trustworthiness was that I should pay everyone in full at a moment's notice.

I was nearly wild, and, for the moment, utterly powerless. To me confidence was money, and by money I lived and breathed.

It was no use disguising the fact—I had not sufficient in my chests to pay the reckless demands.

Not that I had misused the money entrusted to me, but that I had lent it out again, that it might work and earn for me the means to pay interest to the depositors and afford me something for my trouble; all this was quite honourable and above board, and yet how frightened I was! Had I wished it I could not have run away, for you know I had but one room, without private doors and staircases; I was, therefore, compelled to stand and face the excited and unreasonable crowd.

In the case of a *run*, it is absolutely necessary to find the money somewhere, in order to meet the demand made by the public; for if once payment is suspended credit is gone, career blasted, and business at an end.

When a person asks me in confidence my definition of a *run*, I always answer, "A reckless, senseless attack on a bank—one in which self-interest is so overpowering as utterly to cover and blot out reason for the time being."

Of course the news spread like wildfire that I was surrounded by a clamorous people whom more than likely I should not be able to satisfy, and who, in that case, would not hesitate to take my life.

This roused my friends, who without loss of time came to my assistance with the only commodity that could save me.

Godolphin (the Lord Treasurer in the reign of Queen Anne) declared that the credit of the country was bound up together with mine, and that help must be at once offered, for which phrase, when I had time to think of it, I was thankful; but, better than words, my friends, the Dukes of Marlborough and Newcastle, and others of the nobility, at once came to my rescue with large sums of money, and gentlemen of all ranks came with their offering of such cash as they had in hand.

One incident deeply touched me. A poor man, hearing of my trouble, came to me with £500 which he had saved, and placed them absolutely at my disposal. On my mentioning this to the Queen when next I saw her, she was so pleased that she sent him a present of £100 and an order on the Treasury to pay at once the £500 which had been lent to me. You may be very sure that I did not forget such a friend.

You see, therefore, how the ill effects of the *run* were averted by the kindness of private and powerful friends.

The next fright I had was of another character, and occurred on the 28th of February, 1709, just two years after the *run*.

You who have studied the history of this country know that in the reign of Queen Anne a certain Dr. Sacheverell caused a great deal of trouble to those in authority, and roused the people to acts of riot and rebellion.

On this particular day the people were mad with triumph. They had set fire to chapels and meeting-houses; they had made bonfires of Bibles and other books and materials in Lincoln's Inn Fields without let or hindrance, and while these were blazing the mob, which had been joined by persons of the very lowest class, began to entertain the thought of attacking me in Grocers' Hall and relieving me of my wealth.

So on they came, as you know mobs will when they think themselves masters, and there stood I and my whole household, determined to guard our home and its treasures with our lives.

Thanks to the Earl of Sunderland, who rushed into the Queen's presence with an account of the mob's proceedings, help was sent before harm could reach us. The Queen, on hearing of the danger which threatened me, turned pale from fear, but quickly regaining her courage, bade her secretary "send her foot and horse guards forthwith and disperse the rioters." Thus peril was once again warded off from me and my home.

I know that you will think I had enough to do without dabbling in politics, but in all your criticisms of me and my doings you must take into consideration my education, my position, and my responsibilities. Of course, I had daily dealings with every class of politicians, and became acquainted with every shade of politics.

There is no knowing on which side I should have ranged myself—whether among the Whigs or among the Tories—had I been allowed a choice; but circumstances decided for me, and made me, and kept me for several generations, a determined Whig.

My friend Joseph Addison* fully realised my position, and in a pretty allegory set forth the calamity which would fall upon me should I by chance favour the Tories.

It is very elegantly written, and, as it is not long, I will relate it to you.

You will see that he speaks of me as a queen—by name "Public Credit."

"I saw Public Credit on her throne in Grocers' Hall, the Great Charter overhead, the Act of Settlement full in her view. Her touch turned everything to gold.

"Behind her seat bags filled with coin were piled up to the ceiling. On her right and on her left the floor was hidden by pyramids of guineas.

"On a sudden the door flies open, the Pretender rushes in, a sponge in one hand, in the other a sword, which he shakes at the Act of Settlement.

"The beautiful queen sinks down fainting; the spell by which she has turned all things around her into treasure is broken; the money-bags shrink like pricked bladders; the piles of gold pieces are turned into bundles of rags, or faggots of wooden tallies." †

The truth which this picture was meant to convey was never absent from my mind or from my governors'.

We were perfectly aware of how very closely our interest was bound up with that of the Government, and the greater the public danger the more ready were we—that is, I and my people—to go to their rescue.

I mentioned in an earlier portion of my story that I gained part of my income by discounting bills of exchange.

It has been suggested to me that I should make clear to you the meaning of bills of exchange, their origin and purpose, and how I could have gained money by my dealings with them. I will do so as well as I can, and in as few words as possible.

Originally, a bill of exchange was nothing more than a letter from a person in one country to his debtor in another, begging him to pay the debt to the person who would deliver the letter to him.

This way of proceeding was a saving of trouble to everybody. To the creditor certainly; to the debtor, who could pay the money owing without the danger and expense of sending it abroad; and to the third person, or bearer of the letter, who, travelling in a foreign land, found himself in funds of the country without the great inconvenience of carrying much money from home.

For example, Madame Rotina, dwelling in Constantinople, has sent goods to Mrs. James, of Cheapside, London, to the amount of £300,

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* Joseph Addison, an elegant writer and a Secretary of State in Queen Anne's reign. He was born in Wiltshire, 1672, and died in 1719 at the age of forty-seven.

† Try and keep the meaning of tallies in your mind.

to be paid on a certain date some twelve months hence. Well, a friend of Madame Rotina's intends spending a few weeks in London, and asks if she can do anything for her friend while there. "Oh, yes," says madame; "I shall be glad if you will take a letter to Mrs. James, who owes me money, and receive it for me."

It might so happen that the friend would wish to leave London before the time has arrived for Mrs. James to pay. She would, therefore, take the letter, which would be open, to a fourth person—to me, perhaps—and say, "This bill is not due for a month. The debtor is reliable. Will you be good enough to discount it for me?" Under the circumstances, this is what I should do: take the bill for £300, and give the bearer £298 19s. 6d. Four per cent. interest for one month would be £1, which would be mine for the trouble and risk of discounting, as well as payment for the loss of my money for that time. The odd sixpence would be for the stamp. At the end of the month I should get the full £300. Now do you see how I increased my income by discounting bills of exchange, especially if some hundreds passed through my hands in one day?

These letters or bills, which were representatives of debts, became by degrees articles of traffic. They were simple instruments, transferring value from place to place, at home or abroad, and by their means accounts were balanced without the transmission of money. At this present time the net produce of stamps alone in Great Britain is enormous.

I hope I have made it clear to you; because I want you to become thoroughly acquainted with all my daily work.

And now to proceed with my story.

There is no knowing how long I should have gone on content in my one room at the Grocers' Hall, had not some unpleasantness occurred about the renewal of the lease.

My governors and directors met me in council on the 20th of January, 1732, and we decided that, if we could find a suitable site, we would build a house of our own.

We were fortunate enough to find a house and garden for sale, the property of a former director of mine, Sir John Houblon. It was situate in Threadneedle-street, in the parish of St. Christopher-le-Stocks.

We employed a first-rate firm of builders, Dunn and Townshend, very well known at that time, and the first stone of the Bank of England was laid on August 3rd, 1732.

It was a great day for me and a very imposing ceremony, in which my governors and directors took a prominent part. I gave away twenty guineas to be distributed among the workmen, that they too might have cause for rejoicing on such a memorable day.

In less than two years the building was complete, and on June 5th, 1734, I took up my abode there, and have lived in Threadneedle-street from that day to this; so that I am, of course, the oldest inhabitant. One after another I have seen my neighbours pass away, and their houses pulled down to make room for other and more stately buildings. The friends of my youth, too, are all gone, and there remain none who can sympathise with me in my high position, because there are none old enough to remember my early struggles, which led up to it.

A very lonely old woman I feel sometimes when I have leisure to sit in my grand but comfortless parlour and think, with only the shadows of past friends for companions.

There is no one with whom I care to speak of them; for, alas! the present generation remember only their faults, and none of their greatness.

It was but the other day, when some one was abusing one of my former governors, Thomas Guy,* I reminded him that my friend had built and endowed Guy's Hospital at a cost of £18,793 for the first, and £219,499 for the last, and that he should be spoken of with respect and gratitude. "Oh, yes, I know," was the careless answer, "*Charity* covereth a multitude of sins."

I think this is the first time I have been able personally to express my feelings about people and things in my life, and for the opportunity I am indebted to you, the girls of the world, who have expressed the desire to make my acquaintance.

The house in Threadneedle-street, into which I moved all my effects, and in which I took up my abode in 1734, was small and insignificant compared with its present size and appearance. It consisted only of the present centre, courtyard, hall, and bullion-court, and was scarcely visible to passers-by.

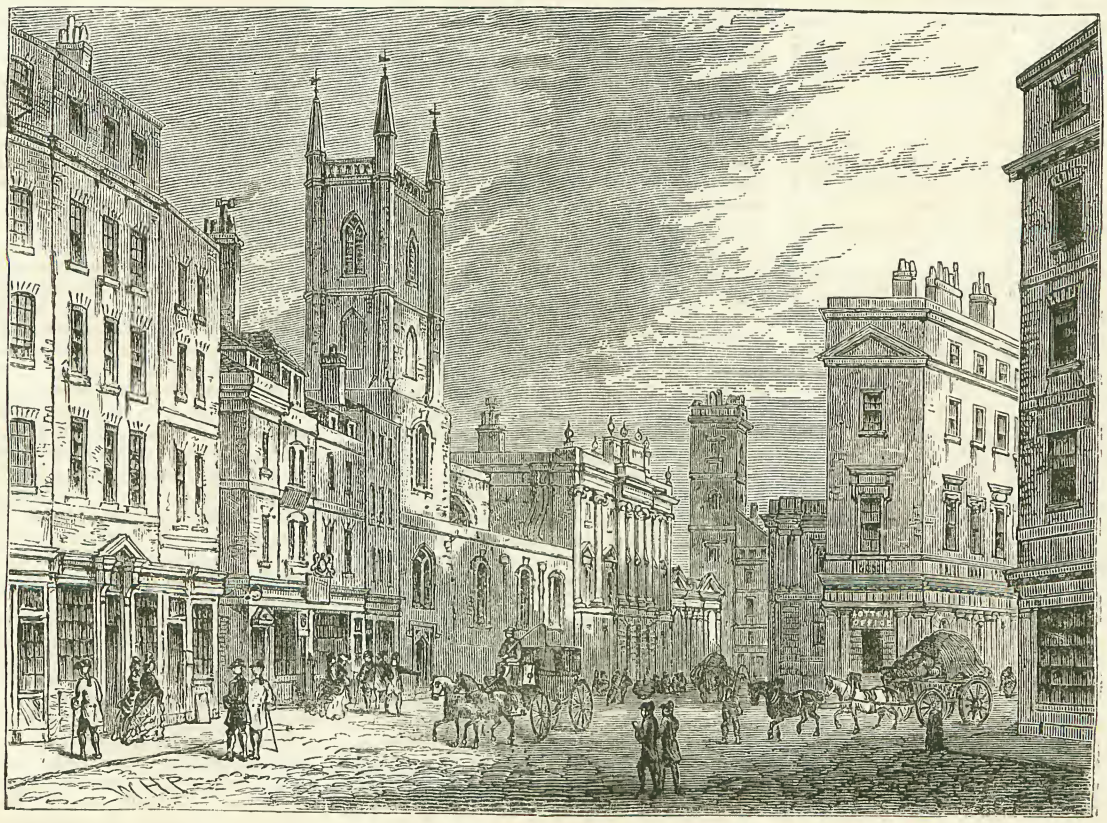
It was almost enclosed by the Church of St. Christopher-le-Stocks, three taverns, and about twenty houses.

This house was at first sufficiently large for me to carry on my business comfortably; but as the work became more complicated we found it necessary to add to it, and in 1770 built the eastern wing. Thirty years later the western wing, together with the Lothbury front, was built. From time to time there have been additions and alterations, which account for the variety in the style of architecture.

I ought to have mentioned that part of my residence stands on marshy soil, in the course of the ancient stream of Walbrook, and, that I might suffer no ill effect from this, the foundation was strengthened by means of piles and counter-arches. And here, being settled in my new home, I will pause to put all things in order before going on with my story.

(*To be continued.*)

* Thomas Guy was the son of a lighterman in Horselydown, Southwark. He was born in 1643, and died in 1724. He was apprenticed to a bookseller, and afterwards began the world with £200, which, by good business habits and extreme parsimony, became an immense fortune.



THE OLD BANK.

GIRLS' FRIENDSHIPS.

By the Author of "Flowering Thorns."

CHAPTER III.

HOW THEY ARE BROKEN.

IN all friendships which ultimately cease to exist there comes the point of departure as in the capital letter Y; the point where the two before united friends separate and continue their lives in different directions.

At first the division between them is a very narrow one, but it widens and stretches out till the two wholly lose sight of each other. Of this I have already spoken as the drifting apart of friends; the gradual cooling of once warm friendship.

But it has another kind of conclusion as abrupt and final as the termination of the capital letter I, of which no continuance is possible.

It was difficult in the first instance to say just where the separation between the friends began, but here there can be no mistake, and very often not only the girls themselves but their relations and acquaintances know that there has been a quarrel.

The letters and meetings do not become shorter and fewer, they cease; or if circumstances do not allow of this—for their respective families do not necessarily quarrel too—they become noticeably forced and frigid, and, if possible, avoided. There is a sore feeling on both sides which those who tranquilly drifted apart never experienced. The friendship has broken off short, as it were, there has been no period of preparation for this sudden issue, and both girls are wounded; though whether it be in their affection, dignity, or self-love, the cause of estrangement and character of each must determine.

It is impossible to sever all at once the many links which bind friend and friend; and the consciousness that it is so, and that for many a day after their quarrel they must stand connected, often adds to the pain and bitterness they feel.

Now, what are the causes of these complete separations, or, to put it more correctly, complete alienations?

Death is, of course, a final interruption to friendship, but does not mean alienation. Our dear dead friend is ours still, in a sense. We know that the dead in Christ have a conscious existence, and feel convinced they do not forget, but continue to love us; and looking forward to a reunion some day, we cannot feel that our friendship is broken. A friendship interrupted by death seems to me to be only purified and elevated, and when the thought arises, as it often will: "What would she say to this? how would she advise on that?" the certainty that her opinions must now be always ranged on the side of what conscience tells us is right must tend to draw us upward and onward.

Yes, the severance of death is not complete, but what are we to say of the severance of pride or jealousy?

It is, unfortunately, true that many a girl, as well as her elders, cannot bear to feel herself second, and because her friend is prettier, cleverer, or it may be more fortunate, then she manages to quarrel with her.

She does not acknowledge that such is the reason, of course; even if she be conscious that it is so, she does not give it the true name, but, "I am not always going to dance attendance on Louisa"—"Louisa comes to me when she can get no one else, and I won't put up with it"—"I don't see why Louisa should expect me always to go to her, and never come to me," and so on, until an irritated feeling against Louisa is produced; and the two come to an open rupture.

If Louisa is indeed the superior of the two she has probably taken the first place unconsciously, and a slight to her friend is the last thing she dreams of. She feels the reproaches are unmerited, replies hotly, or contemptuously, and the breach is made.

The friendship was, of course, a very imperfect one, or it could not have been so easily broken. I don't think the girl who felt herself slighted and aggrieved could have given her friend much help or sympathy for some time before the quarrel began.

"Ah, but," someone exclaims, "perhaps she could not help and sympathise with such a superior creature as Louisa."

"Then," I reply, "the friendship was too unequal to last long." Not that I mean for a moment to insist that two friends ought to be on a level in every particular, but each should be superior in turn. It won't do for one always to be able to look down. If the other is meek and submissive it creates a one-sided friendship; if she happens to be high-spirited or mean-spirited, a quarrel. So that if your friend either is, or considers herself, your superior in everything, or if you will not allow that she is superior to you in anything, look out for the breach that is sure to come.

And these breaches are not such as can be healed. The one most in fault is sure to be the one who thinks herself injured, so that the necessary first step is never taken. The friendship may indeed be patched up for awhile, but it is never reliable again, for the simple reason that girls who can quarrel once for such causes are quite certain to do so again.

Friends are alienated, too, by a misunderstanding, and the beginnings of these are often so far in the past that it is almost impossible to find them. What very slight things occasion a misunderstanding which in course of time may kill a friendship! A trifling neglect, an explanation given too late, a carelessly worded speech or letter, and, above all, perhaps, conversation incorrectly repeated.

Probably the remarks made are not of sufficient importance to deserve that we ask an explanation of them, and in nine cases out of ten we don't stop to inquire whether it is not likely they have been inaccurately reported—often by mistake—or, even if the words be right, what a difference do look and tone make!

"You wretch," is quite a term of endearment from some people, for example; and "how mean of her to tell you," does not sound very severe from laughing lips.

"Clara said it was very mean of you to say anything to Maria about the way she spoilt that dress of hers," says the tale-bearer (and tale-bearers do not generally understand a joke, but take all they hear *au grand sérieux*). Harriet is vexed, for she thought Clara considered the spoilt dress quite a laughing matter, and would not betray her friend's confidence for the world; still, it is not worth while to make a fuss about it, but she can't forget it, and the next time she and Clara have a "difference" it comes out.

"You told Maria that I was mean and didn't keep your secrets," says Harriet.

"I did not do any such thing," cries Clara, who has forgotten all about her careless speech, and to whom the spoilt dress had never seemed a secret.

"Well, somebody heard you."

"Nobody could have heard what I did not say."

"You must have said it, or it would not have been heard," etc., etc.

And even if the two make it up now there remains a feeling of distrust of each other which is almost sure to ripen into alienation.

Misunderstandings may also be occasioned by a letter so heedlessly worded that it makes a misrepresentation.

If such a statement as that the body of the late Prince Leopold was to be "burned" at Frogmore can pass the proof-readers and appear, as it did, in a public paper, it is not much wonder if girls, in their hasty, thoughtless letters to one another, often say things quite as untrue without the smallest intention of misleading. Girls do not always write their meaning very clearly (nor other people either, for that matter), and even the omission of a comma, to say nothing of a "not" or a "sometimes," may make all the difference in the world to a sentence.

Separations caused by misunderstandings are hard to bridge, because it is so impossible to trace them to their beginnings. We have forgotten ourselves what it was that first aroused the feeling of *distrust*, and because we cannot give a reason for the feeling it is probably the stronger. "I feel because I feel" is, after all, a position of great strength. But we have lost each other as in a maze whose complications are too numerous to permit of return or even exit, and here there is no man in the middle to point out the way backwards or forwards.

Interference from without, tale-bearing, and meddling generally are such obvious modes of dividing friends that I need hardly allude to them except to say that outsiders rather overlook the fact that the "third body" is nearly as much in the way between friends as between lovers. Both resent having their quarrels made up from without; the would-be healing hand is in most cases changed into that thumb about which we so often hear, and which makes a small breach a large one.

I will only now speak of one more way in which friends part utterly, and that is the parting of determined purpose for some clearly-defined reason. This is not to be done lightly, and will only—can only—be done by girls of decided character.

The reasons for such partings must lie deep, and in light, unthinking characters there is no depth to contain them. Earnest differences will often spring up on religious questions, and if their convictions or fanaticism lead them to believe such differences vital, girls will sometimes mutually agree, either tacitly or in words, to bring their friendship to a close and be in future mere acquaintances.

When two friends disagree in matters of religion, the subject is generally altogether dropped between them; and can there be a

true friendship, do you think, when what is of vital interest and importance to both is entirely left out of conversation?

Minor religious differences are of no consequence; but let there be agreement in what an old woman aptly called "the fundamentals," and this Christians of different sects can certainly manage to do.

Again, if one of the two friends pursues a line of conduct of which the other strongly disapproves, either on religious or moral grounds (not upon some strained question of ceremonial or class etiquette, remember), a total estrangement is likely to take place. I have a case of this sort in my mind at the present moment, the cause of disagreement being certain books, the reading of which one considered would injure her moral purity. A hot dispute ensued, and the girls parted. It was best they should part; they could never have been lasting friends.

Let me add but one word to this chapter of broken friendships.

Girls must remember that even a dead friendship is a sacred thing, and that its death does not loose them from the responsibility laid on them by that friendship while still alive. The secrets your friend confided in you while your friend are secrets still. You have no right to make them common property because she is no longer your friend. All she told you must be as if it were under the seal of confession. There is nothing I think more contemptible than a girl who makes use of the knowledge she acquired of another while they were friends to show her up to ridicule or scorn. It somehow reminds me of a decoy-duck. It is some satisfaction, however, to feel that such a creature gets more than all the contempt and disgust she intended for her sometime friend.

I am afraid girls lose sight of these responsibilities of friendship, and think when the last handclasp is loosened they are freed from the burden of the other's confidence. But this is emphatically not the case. A dead friendship is a sacred thing.

(*To be concluded.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

NURSE and HOUSEMAID should apply to the secretary, St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, W., stating full particulars.

L. MARTIN will obtain information on schools, etc., by getting "The Englishwoman's Year Book" from Messrs. Hatchards and Co., Piccadilly, W. Her question is too vague.

ONE OF THE GIRLS (Belfast).—The openings in India at present are generally in connection with medical missions, and good governess situations are not easy to get. You are far too young to think of it yet.

A CORNISH LASSIE.—We recommend you to study Dr. Angus's "Handbook of the English Tongue" (Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.). You must not end any sentence with a preposition such as *with*, *for*, *by*, *to*, *in*, or *of*. Transpose the phrase so as to avoid it or alter it. "What did he do it for?" is incorrect. You should say, "Why did he do it?" or "For what reason did he do it?"

SCHOOLGIRL (Toronto).—Backboards and stocks were both used. The former are to be seen now in many schoolrooms in England, and when one sees the rounded shoulders and poor carriage of so many of the present generation of girls, one wishes that the backboard *régime* could be restored.

E. M. H.—The name Abram meant "a high father." This was afterwards changed to Abraham, which means the "father of a great multitude." See the promises of God to him in the Book of Genesis.

H. Y. M.—We must request you to read all that we have recently said to other correspondents desiring to become governesses, and reckoning on salaries in accordance with the amount of their certificated acquirements, but overlooking the circumstances of youth and inexperience. In your own case, your hand is not formed, and you are incapable of teaching that essential branch of education—writing; nor do you express yourself properly—*i.e.*, you should not say "for teaching same as above." This is a very commercial style of abbreviating a sentence. Also, you should not say "over seventeen," but "upwards of." We point out such little inelegancies only in kindness, because your style of letter-writing might obtain or lose you a good situation, and we wish you well. A visiting governess is generally better paid than a resident one.

A CONSTANT READER.—We recommend you to procure a small "Directory of Girls' Clubs," published by Griffith and Farran, corner of St. Paul's-churchyard, E.C.

MISS A. S.—We are glad to bring the Parkinson Society of Lovers of Hardy Flowers into the notice of our readers, and regret that, although not specially designed for our girls, it was not until too late for publication brought before the compiler of the shilling manual of girls' clubs above-named. It was founded by the late Juliana H. Ewing, and had its origin in her story of "Mary's Meadow,' in reference to the cultivation, study, and preservation of hardy wild flowers. The name was given in commemoration of the old herbalist, John Parkinson. Members of this society receive a parcel of MSS. and books on gardening every month, from April 1st to November 30th. For rules and other particulars, apply to the hon. secretary, Miss A. Sargant, 7, Belsize-grove, London, N.W.

ART.

MIMICA.—The remains of Turner, the painter, are buried in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral, close to those of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

COTAGHALEURIN.—We do not usually give addresses. You may procure cheap unmounted photos in all London bazaars and at many art shops, and the prices range from fourpence to half-a-crown. Your handwriting is good. We are obliged for your kind offer of a fern, which we are unable to accept.

CELANDINE.—1. We consider milk and water a good preparation for setting pencil drawings. 2. Probably you have forgotten to dip your mould in cold water, and so wet it before pouring in your lemon sponge.

K. A.—For setting a smoked picture, see answer on page 399, vol. iii., to "Charing Cross."

TWO SCHOOLBERRIES.—To preserve holly berries, dip them in a solution of sealing-wax and spirits of wine, such as you employ for colouring soiled baskets.

AN INTERESTED READER.—An annual exhibition of china paintings is held by Messrs. Howell and James, and they will take any articles for it if fairly well executed. The price is attached to each piece, for which if sold a small commission is charged.

ELISE.—To remove the gloss on the surface of a photo, apply the tongue to the paper, for no preparation is as safe as this natural one.

VIOLENT.—We cannot make promises as to competitions. Read our replies on this subject to other inquirers. They can only be of rare occurrence, and are so planned as to suit the majority of our girls.

DAPHNE.—It is difficult to paint without a few lessons at the commencement. Bad habits are formed, which have to be abandoned. Green's three shilling volumes on painting from nature, sold by Messrs. Rowney, might assist you. Study them carefully, and copy the examples given after having enlarged them.

SAG.—A "cold shadow" in painting is one that runs from a blue-grey to black, and a "warm shadow" is a grey tint inclining to crimson or purple. The shadows are effected by the amount of sunlight at the time the picture is taken. Megilp is mixed with oil colours and other mediums, but not to any great extent. Make your capital letters more distinct. We cannot tell whether you call yourself Sag, Say, Tag, Lag, or Lay.

HOWELL and EMMELINE (Barbadoes).—For an article on waxwork, see vol. i., page 355. It is sufficient for a beginner. We are surprised that you should select such a field of art in so warm a climate. Surely it would be very unsuitable? To model in clay or carve in wood or ivory would, we should fancy, be much more practicable.

WORK.

JUDY.—The cashmere skirt with the beaded bodice would be quite suitable for a quiet evening at home.

GERTRUDE.—The only way is to procure orders for the things you make by going round with a collection of them to the shops, and showing what you can do; but it would be a very precarious way of living.

GRANNIE must send the cloth to a good French cleaner. We fear the crimson spot is a dye, not a stain.

DAISY RANDOLPH.—Alas! so many of our correspondents write to us about "a little work they could do at home to add to their incomes." Such work is the most difficult to get; but dressmakers are always in request. Why cannot "Daisy" try dressmaking or millinery, and make a small home business?

E. GEMMELL writes in behalf of the Decorative Needlework Society, 45, Baker-street, W., to say that scientific or other dressmaking is not taught at their institution. The art of decorative needlework, including church embroidery, is taught, and all desiring such instruction should address the hon. secretary, Miss Mary Haworth. The promoters of this society were formerly engaged in that of the Royal School of Art Needlework.

SEVENTEEN, MINUS THE SWEETNESS.—Nun's-cloth, cashmere, or fine alpaca, are all suitable for inexpensive evening gowns for young girls. We should think that a crimson or ruby-coloured material would suit you, though as a rule youth looks best in white. Black lace over a red foundation is also used by young girls at present, and is not expensive.

THERMOMETER.—Steam the plush on the wrong side and shake it well. Curl the feather with a blunt penknife, drawing each filament separately and gently between your thumb and the blade.

MISS RENDELL.—Inquiries being perpetually made by our correspondents as to any method of disposing of their needlework, we are glad to have found one at last in a society for the aid of girls and young women. To those who live by their work, the yearly subscription is 2s. 6d., and Miss Rendell's depôt is at 12, Shawfield-street, King's-road, Chelsea, S.W. The names of all lady workers are kept quite private. The depôt is open from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m., Saturdays excepted. A commission of 2d. in the shilling is charged on all work sold, the rent of the house, etc., having to be met.

MISS E. RADCLIFFE.—The Pinafore Society is one conducted by this lady, to which each member subscribes one shilling annually, and must contribute, as we understand, two pinafores a year likewise. For further particulars write to the hon. secretary, Balmore, Caversham, Oxon.

AMY W.—To make a handsome sermon-case, embroider an ecclesiastical design upon strong linen with floss silk and gold threads. Transfer this to good dark velvet, and hide the linen edges by couching a gold cord round them, lining the velvet with rep silk of same shade of colour.

F. L. C. W. (Leicester).—A verse of four lines suitable to embroider on a needlebook is not easy to find, especially as you give no particulars as to the receiver of your gift.

MISCELLANEOUS.

EDITH C. JARVIS.—Your little poem gives promise of better to come. There is considerable freedom, but no original ideas. Had the writer been younger, we might have tried to find space for it.

DAISY should read our series of articles on good breeding and etiquette under every circumstance of life. Possibly these may be published in separate form, and if so, it may be shortly; but, in any case, we advise you to read them in their present form.

DORIS.—See our articles on the meaning of "Girls' Christian Names," in vol. iv., pages 39, 134, 235, and 381.

ROTHSAY BAY.—Of course, you should say grace before breakfast and dinner. A very usual form is, "For these, and all Thy mercies, we give Thee thanks, O Lord!" or, "O Lord! relieve the wants of others, and make us truly thankful." It is certainly to be regretted that people who recognise the duty of returning thanks to God for the "daily bread" for which they pray, should mutter them hurriedly over, as if ashamed of them!

BESSIE.—1. Cousins of any degree of nearness may be legally married. 2. May 27th, 1868, was a Wednesday.

HORSESHOE inquires "why some people have different coloured eyes." We will tell her if she can inform us why some people's noses turn up and some turn down. Such peculiarities may be hereditary, but what the ancient origin of the distinctive features of various races may be we do not propose to investigate for our correspondents.

HELIOTROPE and MARY'S LAMB.—The word "marmalade" is of Greek origin, composed of two words, "apple" and "honey." From the same source the French derive their kindred word *marmelade*, the Spaniards their *mermelada*, and the Portuguese their *marmelo*. The term is not merely applied to an orange confection, but likewise to one of apples and of quinces.

AN OLD FRIEND AT AACHEN.—We read your letter with much interest. We are not certain whether you intend to say you are earning £30 in English money and have also £30 income. If so, and you are now in a situation, you should dress on £20 and save the rest.

VANITY.—We have pleasure in directing attention to the opening of a home for destitute children of the upper classes at Tunbridge Wells. So much is done for the lower orders, and so very little for poor gentry, that we sincerely wish this little institution will meet with abundant support. Address Mrs. Ladds, hon. secretary, 11, South-grove, Tunbridge Wells. The objects are twofold—to provide a home for the children till able to earn a livelihood, and to offer temporary change of air to those whose parents (military, naval, or professional) can only make a small payment for it.

JO.—1. We recommend you to go or write to the New Zealand Emigration Office in Victoria-street, Westminster, S.W., where you will obtain all the information you need. 2. The 14th of September, 1864, was a Wednesday.

FAUVETTE.—To fasten small shells on boxes, strong glue is used, or cement such as you buy at a chemist's for mending china. We are much pleased that you value our paper. Of course, you are one of "our girls."

VENTURE.—The poem is prose badly rhymed. How can you make a "thankoffering of a friend"? Your thoughts are confused, and your metaphors nonsense.

ALICE CANN.—Your duty is to serve the Lord faithfully, relying on His grace and aid in whatever situation His Providence has placed you; but if one of special temptation, you may seek a less trying one when able. On no account, however, neglect your obedience to His command, and give up your attendance on His divine ordinances, especially that of Holy Communion. It would be the first step in a downward direction. We have a battle to fight, the "fight of faith," and must "overcome evil with good." You write a very pretty hand. Accept our best wishes.

MABELLE.—There is no sequel to either book, nor has the "Mystery of Edwin Drood" been finished by anyone bearing authority from the Dickens family.

JUST EIGHTEEN.—The mutual opening of each other's letters should be made from the beginning a matter of distinct agreement between a husband and wife. However great the mutual confidence may be, expediency may often render the indiscriminate opening of letters undesirable as a regular rule. In fact, it would be better, in our opinion, that each should open their own and respect those of the other, thereby showing the greater confidence in that respect. Voluntarily to read aloud the ordinary letters to each other is certainly desirable.

TROUBLESOME FLO.—We do not think the lines original enough to get into print, but they show a very sweet and tender-hearted disposition, and no doubt it gave you pleasure to write them, and relieved your heart at the time; so be satisfied with that, and cherish the good and loving thoughts, and seek ever what is best.

TULLIALLAN.—Christmas Day, 1860, was a Tuesday.

BOBTAIL.—January 4th, 1874, was a Sunday.

JEANETTE.—You would be both rash and imprudent in marrying so unreliable a man. His saying that he "could do so much with you" is mere talk, when every act has contradicted the assertion. Besides, he has no right to reckon upon leaning on you. You have a right to expect to lean upon him. He is a broken reed to depend upon, and would drag you down to poverty, and then, when failures and want have tried his weak nature, who knows the result? Drink might follow. It is unmanly and dishonourable in a man who has no home nor money to ask any woman to marry him, and you are fully justified in withdrawing from the engagement without asking his permission, having already excused his failures so often. Ask your parents to dismiss him if troublesome.

MARGARET.—What is called house-leek, or, vulgarly, "hen and chickens," is a very good plant for bordering a garden bed.

A YOUNG MOTHER (New Zealand).—Your very gratifying letter has been long unanswered, but we greatly appreciate the opinion you express respecting this paper, and thank you for it sincerely, the more so as your sole object in writing is to encourage us in our work by a few gracious words. Accept our best wishes for you and yours.

ROGATOR.—We read in *Notes and Queries* that whenever the German knights headed an infamous Jew hunt in the Middle Ages they shouted "Hip-hip!" "Hip" is said to be a *notarica* of the letters *Hierosolima est perdita*. The authority given is Henri van Laun. The word "hurrah!" is taken from the word *Huraj*, "to Paradise," and the two words thus connected would seem to mean "Jerusalem is lost to the Infidel" (or unbelieving Jew or Saracen), "and we are on the way to Paradise."

MUMBLES.—"There is a tide in the affairs of men," is taken from Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar*, act iv., scene 3.



"FREEZE, FREEZE, THOU BITTER SKY,
THOU DOST NOT BITE SO NIGH
AS BENEFITS FORGOT."

A CONSTANT READER tells us that she became so deaf from a severe cold, that she could not hear the clock strike when close to it. For this deafness she tried the following prescription, for which, she says, a lady paid a physician three guineas. She moistened a little wool with the fat of uncooked bacon, and put it in her ears, changing it every second day. The weather being cold, she tied a lace lappet over her ears, and when out of doors covered them with her bonnet strings. In less than a fortnight her hearing was restored, and she has had no return of deafness. Another lady recovered her hearing by means of taking a strong tonic, taking also nourishing food, and so strengthening the entire system, and with equally satisfactory results.

S. MEARER.—We do not recommend the profession you name. It is one of such great temptation, and such a hindrance to spiritual life and progress. It is also exceedingly trying to the health.

HELEN ADA.—All games of ball are of very remote origin. The Greeks played them assiduously, and gave a statue to Aristonicus for his wonderful play. Tennis is thought, from the terms used in the game, to have originated in France prior to the fifteenth century. There is a book called "Annals of Tennis," by Julian Marshall, which would interest you.

AWKWARD SIXTEEN.—Ask a surgeon. We could not give an opinion without seeing them. It is always a risky thing to carry bottles full of any liquid in a trunk; it is better to put them in the handbag, if there be room.

NOTE OF INTERROGATION.—A widow can claim a third of her husband's property, and the remaining two-thirds are divided in equal shares between his children, by whichever wife. The marriage settlements, if any exist, are apart from this. You may have money from this source.

A. B. C.—Always consult your rector as to the decorations of his church. Your writing is fairly good and legible.

PERSIS.—It would be better to consult your doctor about your fits of sneezing, as there are several causes, and, independently of outward irritation of the air passages, some affections of the stomach are said to produce them.

SARA AMELIA.—The Mishna of the Jews was the oral law, and the Gemara was the commentary upon it, and these two united form the Talmud. The Masora is the true reading of the Scriptures, while the before-named Mishna and Gemara combined gave the true interpretation. The commencement of the Masoretic Notes is dated by some as far back as the time of Ezra, the inspired writer of the book bearing his name in the Old Testament.

VIOLET and SUNFLOWER.—The St. Bernard puppies could be disposed of by advertising them. Of course, a pedigree would make them more valuable. We should think that the fowls wanted a much warmer fowl-house.

ELLA must put her name on her mother's card. Young ladies of twenty-one do not have separate cards.

ARIEL.—Leave the steel brooch in oil for a day or two, and then rub it well with chamois leather. Should that prove ineffectual in removing the rust, send it to a silversmith to be cleaned.

E. M. H. must let her friends know that she has returned, and the best way to do that is to call and see them.

ERNESTINE.—The name De Lesseps is pronounced as in English, excepting that the final "s" is mute. The name Sodor is derived from *Sodor Eys*, or South Isles—*i.e.*, the Hebrides, the Orkneys being known as the North Isles. These Southern or Western Isles were made an Episcopal diocese by Magnus, King of Norway, in 1098, and were united as one diocese to the Isle of Man in 1113.

JOHN'S KITTEN.—May 6th, 1853, was a Friday, and July 21st, 1867, was a Sunday. We are glad to hear that our answers have helped you.

JANIE SHAW.—Miss Ellman, The Rectory, Berwich, Sussex, is secretary of an early rising society, as well as of other societies.

F. E. S.—There is always a table for finding dates in every "Whitaker's Almanack."

MISS MOORE SMITH wishes it to be known that her Home Workers' Missionary Union passed from her hands into those of Miss Chute, 25, Longford-terrace, Monkstown, co. Dublin, and thence again into other management. Perhaps Miss Chute might give any information desired.

DAISY A. (Moor-street).—The "Old Maid's Story" is not without merit. The language flows very easily, and, with more experience and plenty of perseverance, we think the writer might do something worth reading later on.

FORGET-ME-NOT, MAGGIE DAVIES, and LITTLE DOT.—Write to our publisher about the index, "Crown of Flowers," etc. The 13th November, 1833, was a Wednesday, and the 12th October, 1833, a Saturday. It is pleasant to hear of your appreciation of the G. O. P.



VOL. VIII.—NO. 367. JANUARY 8, 1887. PRICE ONE PENNY.

MERLE'S CRUSADE.

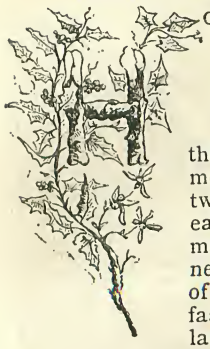
By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Aunt Diana," "For Lilias," etc.

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"IN A MOMENT THERE WAS A FLUTTERING OF WINGS IN THE AIR."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE LITTLE WORKERS IN BROWN.



HOW delicious it is when one is young to wake up in a fresh place on a summer's morning. It was my belief that the birds woke me, there was such a twittering under the eaves where the house-martins had built their nests, such a warbling of thrushes breakfasting on the dewy lawn, such a cawing of rooks under the elm trees; such a joyous bird-symphony altogether, while I lay in my old-fashioned blue bed, looking round the quaint old room and trying to decipher the meaning of the curious prints in their black frames. When I was tired of this I rose and went to the window. The kitchen garden, with its row of beehives, was just under the window, and beyond were Cherrytree-lane and Squire Hawtry's cornfield, and then a vague blue line, and a brown sail shimmering in the sunlight. The sweet peacefulness of the scene seemed to sink into my heart, and I could have sung my *Te Deum* with the birds.

When the children were dressed and we had finished our early breakfast, I went to the window with Reggie while Hannah was clearing the table. Joyce had already climbed up on the window seat; she was wild to go into the garden and see auntie's pets, and I thought it would be no harm to humour her fancy and defer our walk to the shore.

As we stood there Miss Cheriton came out on the terrace. She wore a broad brimmed hat, and long gardening gloves, and carried a basket. She gave a low, peculiar call, and in a moment there was a fluttering of wings in the air, and a crowd of pigeons came round her feet to pick up the grain she had scattered; the pheasants and peacocks joined them.

I thought what a pretty picture it would have made; the old red brick house with its ivy-covered gables in the background; the terrace with its sundial and antique vases; the girl in her white gown with her beautiful pets round her, her favourite blue pigeons eating out of her hand.

"Oh, auntie, may we come?" pleaded Joyce; and Miss Cheriton looked up at us and smiled and nodded, and Joyce snatched her sun-bonnet and in a few minutes we had joined her on the terrace.

She greeted us with evident pleasure, and playfully held up her finger to silence Joyce.

"Don't make a noise, my pet, or Rolf will hear you and want to come out; he is having his breakfast with Aunt Adelaide; and he is so rough and tiresome that I do not care to have him with me just now; you shall go with me into the poultry yard and feed the little yellow chicks yourself."

Joyce was highly delighted at this prospect, and trotted along in her big white sun-bonnet, chattering as fast as her tongue would go. When we arrived at the poultry yard, Miss Cheriton filled her pinafore with grain and showed her where to throw it, and then picked up one of the downy yellow chicks for Reggie to kiss and hug; but he was so unwilling to part with it that we had some trouble to rescue the warm struggling thing; only the speckled hen was in such a fuss, clacking loudly in the midst of her brood. When we had exhausted the grain and had fed some grey rabbits, and had peeped in at the stables, and had bestowed a passing attention on the big St. Bernard in his kennel—Miss Cheriton's chief favourite next to her brown mare, Bonnie—we sat down on a bench in the orchard, at some little distance from the beehives, while the children gathered daisies and buttercups.

"I am so fond of this old orchard," observed Miss Cheriton, as she threw down her empty basket and removed her gloves, showing a pair of small brown hands that looked very strong and capable; "when I have nothing else to do, I and my pets come here and enjoy the quiet. Do you know, the peacocks and pheasants will follow me all over the place as closely as a dog? They don't mind Lion a bit; and he is as gentle as a lamb. On Sunday afternoon I have all the creatures round me. Adelaide declares I waste my time dreadfully with the beasties."

"They must give you plenty of occupation, Miss Cheriton," for I have come to the conclusion that this girl was far from idle. The care of that extensive poultry-yard could be no sinecure's office, besides which the beehives were her exclusive charge, though I heard afterwards the gardener's son, Jim, was her under helper. All the live things about the place looked to her for food and comfort. She had a cage full of canaries in the conservatory, and a large grey parrot as well.

"Oh, I am always with my pets and flowers until luncheon-time," she remarked, carelessly; "Jim is a very handy boy, and helps me with the rough work. I was up at six this morning, and we had moved half the pots in the conservatory before breakfast. I am always up early, except in the winter; the world is not half awake at that time of the year, and certainly not well lighted."

"Those beehives must be a very profitable investment," I observed, for I had heard before now that people had added largely to their incomes by keeping bees.

"You would be surprised how much I make by my hives," she returned. "I have only a limited interest in the poultry yard, and have to find chickens and eggs for the household, but the beehives are my own. I succeeded so well with them last year, and I believe I shall do just as well this autumn. I am very proud of my bees."

"It would not be a bad plan——" I began, and then I stopped, for I had spoken hastily, and how could I know if my words would be well received?

"Well," she said, with a pretty air of impatience, "why do you stop? You have got something dreadfully sensible in your head, and I should like to hear it."

"I am rather too quick with my words," I answered, somewhat hesitating. "I was only thinking of what you said last night; you were condemning yourself very needlessly, as I think, and comparing your means of usefulness with Mrs. Morton's."

"With Violet's many-sided duties. Well, I do not retract my words. I said I was always amusing myself; so I am; my bees are my playthings."

"You could make them work for you if you chose," I returned, quickly; "if one of these hives, for example, were devoted to some good purpose, if the money you got for the honey were given to one of those institutions in which your sister takes such interest."

"Oh, what a nice idea," she exclaimed, with a bright look. "I wonder what put that into your head. I was rather uncomfortable having all that money to spend on myself; I thought of giving some to Adelaide for Rolf, only I cannot get up an interest in that boy. I have more than I want, for one does not need so many dresses in the country, and nothing will induce me to go through a London season again. I tried it once," with a merry laugh, "just to please Violet, but it nearly killed me, so I wrote to father to take me away. I should have liked the balls very well, only I got so dreadfully sleepy before they were over, and the rides in the Row were nice, if only they would have let me gallop, but I was nearly taken up for furious riding once when I could not get Bonnie to stop, and after that Alick lectured me, and I got sick of it."

"You would not like your sister's life, then?"

Gay shrugged her shoulders with a gesture of disgust.

"It is not life at all; it is a daily round of harassing duties. Look what it has done for Violet—robbed her of spirits and bloom; she will be an old woman before her time. The fun is very well, but there is too much of it. I pined for fresh air, for the garden, and the bees, and my other pets. I am afraid my partners thought me dreadfully rustic; I seemed to amuse them. I do not care for the young men in ball-rooms, they are so vapid, and, for all their politeness, they seemed to be laughing at one."

I could not help smiling at this; it was very odd she should be so frank with me. She must have forgotten that I had no experience of ball-rooms, and had never danced except at school-parties, when the girls were allowed to bring their brothers.

"You are looking satirical, Miss Fenton. Oh, of course, I see what you mean; but never mind, there are better things than balls in life. For my part, I prefer a solitary gallop on Bonnie to Strauss's best waltz, though I do love dancing too, but, you see, neither Violet nor I have been trained to a fashionable life. We have lived in the country, have risen early, and been in the open air from morning to night, and now poor

Violet never goes to bed in time to get a beauty sleep, and she drives instead of taking a good walk, so no wonder her cheeks get pale and thin."

"It is a grievous pity," I began, but Gay interrupted me.

"Oh, it is no use talking about Violet, I have given her up long ago; Alick has robbed me of her entirely. Now about your benevolent project; I mean to carry it out. Do you know the Children's Incurable Hospital, Maida Vale? Violet is always working for that. There is to be a 'Muriel Cot,' in memory of the dear little baby she lost. Now why should I not have a 'Children's Hive,' and make those special bees gather honey for those little incurable children. I call that a lovely idea. Look, that end hive under the apple tree shall be the one. Miss Fenton, you have emancipated me; I feel a philanthropist already; the world will be the better for me and my workers."

I looked at her admiringly; such a lovely colour had come to her face, and her eyes looked so bright and happy. I felt I understood Gay Cheriton from that moment. She was one of those guileless, innocent natures that are long in throwing off childhood. She was full of generous impulses, frank and outspoken to a fault; the yoke of life pressed lightly on her; she was like an unbridled colt, that had never felt the curb or the spur; gentle guidance, a word from those she loved, was sufficient to restrain her. I knew now why Joyce had called her the little auntie; there was an air of extreme youth about her; she was so very lovable that diminutiveness suited her, and I thought her father's pet name of humming bird suited her exactly; she was so quick and bright and restless, her vitality and energy demanded constant movement.

"How I am chattering!" she said at last, "and I have all the vases to fill before luncheon, but, as I told you last night, I am fond of talking if I can get anyone to listen to me. Adelaide never will listen to me patiently; she says I am such a chatterbox. Good-bye for the present, Miss Fenton." And she tripped away, singing in such a fresh young voice as she went down the orchard that I did not wonder when a little brown linnet perched on a rose-bush answered her. I think the birds must have loved to hear her.

I sat for some time contemplating the low white gate and the row of beehives. I was rather pleased with the idea I had started; a word in season sometimes brings a rich harvest. I thought some time of the tiny workers in their brown livery bringing in their rich stores for the afflicted children; and it seemed to me that the offering would be a sweet savour to the Master who loved children.

I fell into a reverie over it; I thought how much might be done for others with little cost if people would only think; it is want of thought that clogs usefulness. Great sacrifices are so seldom demanded from us; we are not now called upon to forsake all that we hold dear and follow the Christ—little daily duties, small hourly renunciations, pleasures given up for some cheerful loving service: these are the free-will offerings that all may yield, only the people must "give willingly."

The morning passed pleasantly in the sunny orchard; when the children tired of their play we went back to the house that they might have their noonday sleep. I was sitting alone in the nursery, mending Reggie's pinafore, when I heard the clatter of noisy footsteps in the corridor, and a moment after the nursery latch was lifted without ceremony, and Rolf peeped in. He had a droll, half-ashamed expression on his face, but it bore no trace of yesterday's ill-humour.

"May I come in, if you please, Mrs. New Nurse?"

"My name is Miss Fenton, as I told you yesterday; or, you may call me Nurse if you choose. Yes; you may come in and talk to me if you like, Master Rolf; but you must be very quiet, as your little cousins are asleep."

"What precious babies they must be to sleep in the day!" he observed, disdainfully, as he planted himself without ceremony on the window seat. "I sit up until ten o'clock every night; sometimes I will not go to bed until mother goes."

"'Early to bed and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise,'
Master Rolf."

"Wealthy means rich, doesn't it? Well, Juddy said I shall be a rich man some day. I have got father's watch and sword now, only mother locks them up until I am bigger. You are not rich, eh, Miss Fenton?" peeping into my face rather maliciously.

"No, Master Rolf," I returned, quietly.

"Oh, I knew that you are only a nurse; I heard mother and Aunt Gay talking about you last night. Mother said you were a poor sort, and she wondered at Violet's infatuation. She thought you stuck up and disagreeable, and not much to look at; a plain young woman, and very disrespectful. There, now!"

"Master Rolf," I observed, calmly, and suppressing my inward wrath, "you call yourself a gentleman, but I assure you a savage shows more gentlemanly feeling than you. Don't you know your mother's words should be sacred, and you are bound in honour not to repeat them?" And then, as he seemed rather impressed at this, I told him how, even among savages and wild and uncultured nations, the sense of hospitality and gratitude was so strong that, when a man had partaken of bread and salt, broken the bread of fellowship, he was bound in honour not to betray or injure his host in any way; and I related to him an anecdote of an Armenian servant, who had long been faithful to his master, and had defended him in many dangers in his travels through a lawless country.

"The master," I continued, "had vast treasures under his care, and he was greatly troubled when his servant said he must leave him. Judge what his feelings must have been when the man coolly told him that he had entered into a league with some banditti to rob him of his money; that it would be mean to remain in his service under these circumstances, and that he had given him warning of his intention, that he might defend himself, and that now they were equal.

"Even this lawless robber had some notions of honour, Master Rolf; while he ate his master's bread and salt he was bound by his service not to injure him. Now you are only a little boy, but you ought to understand that you also are bound not to betray your mother or repeat her words, as long as you eat her bread and salt; that is the way people do so much mischief in the world, repeating things they know are not meant to be heard."

Rolf's eyes sparkled.

"I like that story awfully. Yes," and looking at me critically, "I like you too, though you are a plain young woman. No, I did not mean to say that," interrupting himself in a hurry; "bread and salt, you know; I shall always think of that when I am going to tell Juddy things that mother says. She is an old stupid, you know, and she never has time to make a tail to my kite, and mother says she has no patience with her, she is such an——Oh, oh, Miss Fenton, bread and salt! How ever shall I remember when I want to put Juddy in a rage?"

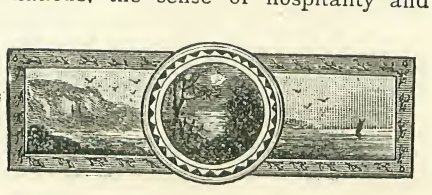
"I daresay I shall be able to help you with your kite," I returned, changing the subject, "but we shall want plenty of string and paper."

"Oh, you nice old thing," replied Rolf, ecstatically. "You are not a bit plain, not a bit; I shall tell mother I think you lovely, and that I mean to marry you when I grow up. Won't she stare at that? May I bring my kite here this afternoon?"

"No, no, my dear, not this afternoon; we are going to the shore."

"Oh, then I will come with you. Mother," as Mrs. Markham appeared at the door, and looked at us with unfeigned surprise, "I can't drive with you this afternoon; I am going on the beach with Miss Fenton and the children."

(*To be continued.*)



THE HISTORY OF HOME
OR
DOMESTIC WAYS SINCE THE TIMES OF HENRY VIII.

By NANETTE MASON.

PART I.

THE REIGNS OF HENRY VIII., EDWARD VI., AND MARY I.



In the following articles we propose to treat of home life in bygone days. That being the case, our net will be spread wide enough to catch a very miscellaneous collection of facts. Nothing will come amiss to us that in any way illustrates the domestic existence of our ancestors, and every reader, whatever her turn of mind, will be sure to find something worth taking note of.

It will be a different sort of narrative from the history of great men, or a tale of battles, sieges, and such-like imposing circumstances. We shall speak of houses and furniture, food and clothing, etiquette and good manners, wages and prices, education and superstition, household industries and household amusements, old recipes and domestic medicines, the ways of the poor and the ways of the rich. We shall make as much of needles and pins as ordinary history-books do of swords and guns, and a girl singing an old song will have more attention than they give to an ambassador negotiating a foreign treaty.

The worst of it is that the subject is long, whilst our space is of necessity short. We shall try, however, to change that disadvantage into an advantage, by giving only those facts that appear most interesting. There is a pleasure, too, when reading about a subject, to know that the half has not been told, and that to all who care to pursue it on their own account a rich harvest remains yet unreaped.

We are not going to begin with the time "when wild in woods the noble savage ran," and homes were in caves and under the shade of green trees; our starting-point is to be the reign of Henry VIII., and our first article will embrace that reign and the reigns of Edward VI. and Queen Mary—in other words, from 1509 to 1558.

In those far-back days many things were different from what they are now. There has been a great advance in material comfort. Our forefathers, no doubt, had just as much wit and wisdom as we have; but we can boast an advantage over them in possessing more of the conveniences of life. In that respect, at least, we are lucky to have been born so late.

Let us not imagine, however, that they had a bad time of it, or were discontented or miserable because they had not everything just like us. People do not sigh after what they have never either seen or heard of. We really find happiness in our affections — not in our material surroundings, which are of secondary importance; and it is not unreasonable to conclude that, as human nature is always the same, these ancestors of ours enjoyed life in their way quite as much as we do.

We start with the subject of houses and furniture. When Henry VIII. began to reign, well-to-do people in towns lived, as a rule, in houses built principally of timber, the fronts being often ornamented with rich carvings of fanciful and grotesque objects. The upper storeys projected; so much so, indeed, that in a street people in the attics on either side could almost shake hands. There was a reason for building in this way. As the houses were of perishable material, each storey gave protection from the weather to the storey beneath it.

Such a quantity of timber being used, there was a great danger of fire, and the warning of the bellmen who proclaimed the hours of the night in London was certainly needed, when, to their instructions to "be charitable to the poor, and pray for the dead," they added, "Take care of your fire and candle."

The labouring people in the country lived in houses constructed of the first things that came to hand—often nothing but wattle and mud or clay. When the mud or clay cracked, under the influence of summer's heat or winter's frost, it was a simple matter with the same material to "stop a hole to keep the wind away." Ventilation was very defective, and Erasmus attributes the frequent sicknesses with which England was then visited in a great measure to the want of fresh air in the dwelling-houses.

The ideas that regulated the furnishing and decoration of the houses of the upper classes form a marked contrast to those prevailing nowadays. The furniture was more massive, and there was less of it. The bedchamber of Henry VIII. contained only a couple of joint cupboards, a joint stool, two hand-irons, a fire-fork, a pair of tongs, a fire-pan, and a steel mirror covered with yellow velvet.

Carpets came into use before the reign of Henry VIII. was far advanced, though in the reign of Queen Mary rushes still strewed the floor of the presence-chamber. Feather beds were used in Henry VIII.'s reign by the upper classes. When they went travelling, they were no longer content with the floor or a hard bench at halting-places, but generally carried portable beds (packed in leather cases) with them on horseback. In the lower ranks of life straw pallets, or rough mats with a round log for a pillow, formed the ordinary provision for sleeping.

Ladies' dresses amongst the nobility in Henry VIII.'s reign had a certain formality, but in many points were elegant and becoming. Early in the sixteenth century they were made low and cut square about the neck: the sleeves were tight at the shoulder, but suddenly became very large and open, showing the puffed sleeves of the under-dress. The long skirts were worn open in front to the waist, showing the kirtle or petticoat. Sometimes, however, dresses were worn high, with short waists and a small falling collar.

At a little later date the sleeves of dresses were puffed at the shoulders, and when the dress was made open above the girdle, what was called a "partlet"—a kind of habit-shirt—was worn beneath it, and carried up to the throat.

Sleeves were one of the strong points of the ladies of those times. They were independent articles of clothing, and were attached at pleasure to the rest of the costume. "Much splendour," says Mr. J. R. Planché, "was lavished on this part of the dress, and its various fashions were singularly quaint and elegant. Amongst the inventories of Henry VIII.'s reign we find "three pair of purple satin sleeves for women; one pair of linen sleeves, paned with gold over the arm, quilted with black silk, and wrought with flowers between the panes and at the hands; one pair of sleeves of purple gold tissue damask wire, each sleeve tied with aglets of gold; one pair of crimson satin sleeves, four buttons of gold being set on each sleeve, and in every button nine pearls."

Necklaces and other ornaments of jewellery were much worn. No dress was complete without a girdle, and from the girdle was suspended by means of chains such articles as tablets, knives and purses. Sometimes, in place of the chains, the girdles themselves had a long pendant, which was elaborately decorated.

We get a glimpse of the style of dress amongst commoner folk, in the history of a famous clothier known as "Jack of Newbury." When Jack was married, the bride, in her wedding costume, must have cut quite a picturesque figure. "The bride," we read, "being dressed in a gown of sheep's russet and a kirtle of fine worsted, her head attired in a *billiment* (habiliment) of gold, and her hair, as yellow as gold, hanging down behind her, which was curiously combed and plaited, according to the manner of those days, was led to church by two boys with bride laces, and rosemary tied about their silken sleeves."

Mrs. Jack became a widow, and after she had laid aside her weeds she is described as coming one day out of the kitchen "in a fair train gown stuck full of silver pins, having a white cap on her head, with cuts of curious needlework under the same, and an apron before her as white as driven snow."

The ordinary costume for men of the upper ranks in the time of Henry VIII. was a full-skirted jacket or doublet, with large sleeves to the wrists, over which was hung a short cloak or coat, with loose hanging sleeves and a broad, rolling collar of fur. To these articles of dress was added a brimmed cap, jewelled and bordered with ostrich feathers; stockings and square-toed shoes.

A sumptuary law was passed in 1533, limiting the use of certain expensive stuffs and valuable personal ornaments to certain classes. Common people and serving men, for example, were confined to the use of cloth of a fixed price, and lamb's fur only, and they were forbidden to wear any ornaments or even buttons of gold, silver, or gilt work, excepting the badge of their lord or master.

The apprentices of London wore blue cloaks in summer, and in winter gowns of the same colour. Blue cloaks or gowns were a mark of servitude.

Fourteen years before the beginning of Henry VIII.'s reign wages were settled by Act of Parliament. A free mason, master carpenter, rough mason, bricklayer, master tiler, plumber, glazier, carver or joiner, was allowed from Easter to Michaelmas to take 6d. a day, without meat or drink. Suppose he had meat and drink, he could only charge 4d. A master having under him six men was allowed a penny a day extra. From

Michaelmas to Easter a penny a day was taken off these prices. Wages, however, gradually rose all through the sixteenth century.

In 1511, in the household of the Earl of Northumberland, the principal priest of the chapel had £5 a year; a chaplain graduate £3 6s. 8d.; a chaplain not a graduate, £2; a minstrel, £4; a serving boy, 13s. 4d. These payments were over and above food and lodging.

When wages and salaries were so low, compared with those of our own day, we must expect to find a corresponding difference in prices. In 1541 a hundred eggs sold for 1s. 2d., a dozen pigeons cost 10d., a good fat goose cost 8d., and you could buy a fat sheep for from 2s. 4d. to 4s., and an ox for about £2. In 1533 an Act was passed by which the price of beef and pork was fixed at ½d. a pound, and veal at ¾d.

Of the state of learning, in the houses at any rate of the upper classes, much is to be said that reflects credit on our ancestors. The royal court of Henry VIII., whatever might be its faults, did not neglect study. In the case of Prince Edward, afterwards Edward VI., devotion to his books no doubt had an injurious effect on his health, and there is no saying what might have been the result to England had he had less learning and more exercise. Bishop Burnet tells us that he was so forward in his education that "before he was eight years old he wrote Latin letters to his father, who was a prince of that stern severity that one can hardly think that those about his son durst cheat him by making letters for him."

Mary had a good knowledge of classic authors, and wrote good Latin letters. Elizabeth began every day with an hour's reading in the Greek Testament, the tragedies of Sophocles, and the orations of Isocrates and Demosthenes. She also was a good Latin scholar, spoke French and Italian as fluently as English, had a smattering of Dutch and German, and was a devourer of works on history.

These two princesses were the highest in station of the accomplished women of the time, but there were many who equalled, and some who surpassed, them in learning. The most remarkable of all for accomplishments was certainly Lady Jane Grey, afterwards the unfortunate queen of a ten-days' reign. Lady Jane took so kindly to study that she became the marvel of the age for her acquirements. She excelled in needlework and in music, and, aided by her tutor, Dr. Elmer, or Aylmer, afterwards Bishop of London, had thoroughly mastered Latin, Greek, French, and Italian, and knew something of at least three Oriental tongues—Hebrew, Chaldee, and Arabic.

One of the most interesting passages—and a touching one it is, too—in the writings of Roger Ascham is that in "The Schoolmaster," in which he describes a visit he paid to the home of Lady Jane's parents in Leicestershire in 1550. She was then little over thirteen years old. It gives us a glimpse of the girl-life of the period in a high rank of society, and deserves to be quoted in full.

"Before I went into Germany," says Ascham, "I came to Broadgate, in Leicestershire, to take my leave of that noble Lady Jane Grey, to whom I was exceeding much beholden. Her parents, the Duke and Duchess, with all the household, gentlemen and gentlewomen, were hunting in the park. I found her in her chamber, reading Phædon Platonis, in Greek, and that with as much delight as some gentlemen would read a merry tale in Boccaccio.

"After salutation and duty done with some other talk, I asked her why she would leave such pastime in the park?

"Smiling, she answered me, 'I wis all their sport in the park is but a shadow to that pleasure that I find in Plato. Alas, good folk! they never felt what true pleasure meant.'

"'And how came you, madam,' quoth I, 'to this deep knowledge of pleasure, and what did chiefly allure you unto it, seeing not many women but very few men have attained thereunto?'

"'I will tell you,' quoth she, 'and tell you a truth which perchance you will marvel at. One of the greatest benefits that God ever gave me is that He sent me so sharp and severe parents, and so gentle a schoolmaster. For when I am in presence either of father or mother, whether I speak, keep silence, sit, stand or go, eat, drink, be merry or sad, be sewing, playing, dancing, or doing anything else, I must do it as it were in such weight, measure, and number—even so perfectly as God made the world—or else I am so sharply taunted, so cruelly threatened, yea, presently, sometimes, with pinches, nips, and bobs, and other ways which I will not name for the honour I bear them; so without measure misordered that I think myself in hell, till time come that I must go to Mr. Elmer, who teacheth me so gently, so pleasantly, with such fair allurements to learning, that I think all the time nothing whiles I am with him. And when I am called from him I fall on weeping, because whatsoever I do else but learning is full of grief, trouble, fear, and whole misliking unto me. And thus my book hath been so much my pleasure, and bringeth daily to me more pleasure and more, that in respect of it all other pleasures in very deed be but trifles and troubles unto me.'

"I remember this talk gladly," Ascham adds, "both because it is so worthy of memory, and because, also, it was the last talk that ever I had and the last time that ever I saw that noble and worthy lady."

However learning might flourish in the upper circles of society, it seems to have languished in the schools and among the people. But efforts were made in the direction of popular education, and more grammar schools it is said were founded in the latter part of Henry VIII.'s reign than in the three hundred years preceding.

Music was practised by all classes. Erasmus, who saw much of England in the beginning of the sixteenth century, speaks of the English as the most accomplished in the skill of music of any people. "It is certain," says Mr. Chappell, "that the beginning of the sixteenth century produced in England a race of musicians equal to the best in foreign countries, and in point of secular music decidedly in advance of them."

Henry VIII. was a great patron of music, and, more than that, he was himself a composer and performer. He played well on both the virginals and the lute, and could sing at sight. But to sing at sight was a common accomplishment amongst gentlemen; so common, indeed, that inability to do so was looked on as a serious drawback to success in life. Homes were rendered cheerful by the singing of madrigals and other part music. The first collection of songs in parts that was printed in England belongs to the year 1530.

Besides music, many other recreations were indulged in. These were the days of archery, casting of the bar, wrestling, and such martial sports as fighting with swords and battle-axes. For rural pastimes there were hunting and hawking—and in these the ladies were often as enthusiastic as the gentlemen. Card-playing was highly popular, and in the reign of Henry VIII. a prohibitory statute was found necessary to prevent apprentices from using cards, except in the Christmas holidays, and then only in their masters' houses. The same statute forbade any householder to permit card-playing in his house, under the penalty of six shillings and eightpence for every offence.

May Day was a general holiday, and Maypoles were set up in every town and village. The observance of May Day differed no doubt in minor particulars in different places, but in general it consisted in people of all ranks going out early in the morning into the "sweet meadows and green woods," where they broke down branches from the trees, and adorned them with nosegays and crowns of flowers. "This done, they returned homewards with their booty, and made their doors and windows triumph in the flowery spoil." The Maypole was set up, and the rest of the day was spent in dancing round it, and in sports of different kinds. When evening came, bonfires were lighted in the streets. Even the reigning sovereign joined in these amusements. On May Day, 1515, Henry VIII. and Queen Katherine, his wife, rode a-Maying from Greenwich to the high ground of Shooter's-hill, accompanied by many lords and ladies.

There was a famous London Maypole in Cornhill before the parish church of St. Andrew, which thus got the name of St. Andrew Undershaft. The pole or shaft, Stow tells us, was set up by the citizens "every year, on May Day, in the morning, in the midst of the street, before the south door of the said church; which shaft, when it was set on end and fixed in the ground, was higher than the church steeple." When its annual day of usefulness was over, the pole was taken down again and hung on iron hooks above the doors of the neighbouring houses.

This pole was destroyed in 1550, the fourth year of Edward VI.'s reign, in an outburst of Puritanism, after a sermon preached at St. Paul's Cross against May games. The inhabitants of the houses against whose wall the pole had found shelter sawed it in pieces, and every man took a bit and made use of it to light his fire.

Mingled with the festivities of May Day there was a distinct set of sports, very popular in the early part of the sixteenth century, intended to represent the adventures of the renowned woodland hero, Robin Hood. The enthusiasm with which the common people entered into these sports may be seen from the reception Bishop Latimer met with when he once proposed to preach in a town on the 1st of May. He tells the incident himself in a sermon he preached in 1549 before Edward VI.

"I came once myself," he says, "to a place, riding on a journey homeward from London, and I sent word overnight into the town that I would preach there in the morning because it was holy day, and methought it was an holy day's work." (It was the Feast of the Apostles Philip and James.) "The church stood in my way, and I took my horse and my company and went thither. I thought I should have found a great company in the church, and when I came there the church door was fast locked.

"I tarried there half an hour and more. At last the key was found, and one of the parish comes to me and says, 'Sir, this is a busy day with us. We cannot hear you. It is Robin Hood's Day. The parish are gone abroad to gather for Robin Hood. I pray you forbid them not.'

"I was fain there to give place to Robin Hood. I thought my rochet"—or bishop's surplice—"should have been regarded, though I were not; but it would not serve; it was fain to give place to Robin Hood."

How did stay-at-home people amuse themthemselves then in the long winter evenings? No doubt they either made time seem short by going to sleep, or they sat by the fireside singing songs or telling oft-told stories, or exercising their wits by asking each other riddles or conundrums. Some of their fireside riddles are preserved in a little book called "Demands Joyous"—in modern English

Merry Questions—which was printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1511.

The following are a few of the conundrums contained in this work, and at some of them the reader, who is well acquainted with the conundrums of the present day, will be tempted to exclaim with Solomon, that there is nothing new under the sun.

"What is it that never freezeth?—Boiling water.

"What is it that never was and never will be?—A mouse's nest in a cat's ear.

"How many straws go to a goose's nest?—Not one, for straws, not having feet, cannot go anywhere.

"How many calves' tails would it take to reach from the earth to the sky?—No more than one, if it be long enough.

"What man getteth his living backwards?—A ropemaker.

"Why doth a dog turn round three times before he lieth down?—Because he knoweth not his bed's head from the foot thereof.

"Why do men make an oven in a town? Because they cannot make a town in an oven.

"How may a man discern a cow in a flock of sheep?—By his eyesight.

"What is the worst bestowed charity that one can give?—Alms to a blind man; for he would be glad to see the person hanged that gave it to him."

An industry of considerable interest from a domestic point of view came to the front in 1542; this was the manufacture of pins. These useful articles were originally made abroad, but the English pinners took to making them, and on their engaging to keep the public well supplied at reasonable prices, an Act of Parliament was passed in the year just named, forbidding the sale of any sort of pins excepting "only such as shall be double-headed, and have the heads soldered fast to the shank of the pin, well smoothed, the shank well shaven, the point well and round filed, canted and sharped."

The English pinmakers, however, either proved unable or unwilling to keep their part of the bargain, and complaints were so loudly made that the pins were not what they should be, that in 1545 the Act was declared "frustrate and annihilated, and to be repealed for ever." Pins of good quality were of brass, but unscrupulous makers made pins of iron wire, blanched, and passed them off as brass ones.

People who went from home then had no choice—they must either ride or walk. Kings, queens, and gentlefolk all mounted to the saddle, the ladies being accustomed to ride on pillions fixed on the horse, and generally behind some relative or serving-man. Rude carriages, however, made their appearance in England in 1555.

Before the Reformation there were no poor's rates. The poor had their wants supplied by charitable doles given at religious houses, and by contributions placed in the poor man's box which stood in every church. In all parishes there was a church house supplied with dishes and cooking utensils. "Here," says John Aubrey, "the housekeepers met, and were merry and gave their charity."

Begging, under certain conditions, was regulated by an Act of Parliament passed in 1530. By this Act justices of the peace were required to give licences under their seals to such poor, aged, and impotent persons to beg within a certain precinct as they thought had most need. If anyone begged out of the district assigned to him he was to be set in the stocks two days and two nights; and if anyone begged without first obtaining a licence he was to be put in the stocks three days and three nights, and be fed with bread and water only.

Vagrants were very sternly dealt with; but in this Act, and in subsequent legislation on the same subject, we see that our sixteenth-century forefathers had an honest desire to do their duty in relieving such as were in "unfeigned misery." In an Act passed in the first year of Edward VI.'s reign we find the curate of every parish required, "on every Sunday and holiday, after reading the Gospel of the day, to make (according to such talent as God hath given him) a godly and brief exhortation to his parishioners, moving and exciting them to remember the poor people, and the duty of Christian charity in relieving of them which be their brethren in Christ, born in the same parish and needing their help."

One of the interesting households of the period was that of Sir Thomas More, the famous Lord Chancellor who was executed in 1535. More lived at Chelsea, and of his happy home there Erasmus, who knew him well, has given the following charming account:—"More," he says, "has built, near London, upon the Thames, a modest yet commodious mansion. There he lives, surrounded by his numerous family, including his wife, his son, and his son's wife, his three daughters and their husbands, with eleven grandchildren. There is not any man living so affectionate to his children as he, and he loveth his old wife as if she were a girl of fifteen. Such is the excellence of his disposition, that whatsoever happeneth that could not be helped, he is as cheerful and as well pleased as though the best thing possible had been done.

"In More's house you would say that Plato's Academy was revived again, only whereas in the Academy the discussion turned upon geometry and the power of numbers, the house at Chelsea is a veritable school of Christian religion. In it is none, man or woman, but readeth or studieth the liberal arts; yet is their chief care of piety. There is never any seen idle. The head of the house governs it, not by a lofty carriage and oft rebukes, but by gentleness and amiable manners. Every member is busy in his place, performing his duty with alacrity; nor is sober mirth wanting."

Speaking of More's home life in his "Short History of the English People," Mr. J. R. Green says:—"The reserve which the age exacted from parents was thrown to the winds in More's intercourse with his children. He loved teaching them, and lured them to their deeper studies by the coins and curiosities he had gathered in his cabinet. He was as fond of their pets and their games as the children themselves, and would take grave scholars and statesmen into the garden to see his girls' rabbit-hutches or to watch the gambols of their favourite monkey."

(To be continued.)

THE SHEPHERD'S FAIRY.

A PASTORALE.

By DARLEY DALE, Author of "Fair Katherine," etc.

CHAPTER XIV.

When Jack was gone, Mrs. Shelley insisted on Fairy's going to bed, for the child was worn out with fatigue and excitement, and she and John watched by Charlie's couch in turns through the short summer night, which, short as it was, seemed all too long when spent in anxiously watching for a change which did not come. Once, and once only during the night, did Charlie open his eyes and murmur, "Where am I?" but before the shepherd, who was sitting by him, had time to answer, he had again relapsed into unconsciousness.

From the first John Shelley had taken a hopeful view, and even this momentary return to consciousness filled him with hope; the next interval might be longer perhaps; at any rate, it was a favourable sign in the shepherd's opinion. At four o'clock Mrs. Shelley came to take her husband's place, and then, to her surprise, he told her he was going to walk to the nearest point where the London coach passed and give Jack the latest bulletin before he started.

And so, to Jack's joy and amazement, the first time the coach paused to take up the Lewes letters, there stood his father by the inn door, waiting to speak to him. In a moment Jack, who, with Mr. Leslie, was occupying the boxseat, was down on the ground grasping his father's hand and eagerly asking what news.

"No worse, Jack; if anything, a trifle better; he was conscious for a few moments last night; just opened his eyes and said 'Where am I?' but I knew you would like to hear the latest news, as you can't have a letter till you get to New York, and I don't know how long that will be after you arrive there."

"Oh, I'll let you know all about the mails, shepherd, when I come back. Come, Jack," called out Mr. Leslie, from the box.

"God bless you, my boy, and grant we may meet again some day." said the shepherd, wringing Jack's hand, and then the lad, with tears in his eyes, jumped back to his place, the coachman

cracked his whip, and in a few minutes nothing remained but a cloud of dust, through which John Shelley was straining his eyes to catch a last glimpse of his eldest son.

The next day or two were passed in such a whirl of excitement, what with the exhilarating feeling of travelling on the top of a coach for the first time in his life, and being whirled up to London by four horses in a few hours, and then the wonderful things which, even in his brief visit, he saw there, and then the long journey to Liverpool, and the sight of the docks and the ship he was to sail in, for in those early days of the nineteenth century no steamer had as yet crossed the Atlantic. All this so occupied Jack's time and thoughts that though that vision of Charlie stretched pale and insensible at home haunted him from time to time, still he had no leisure to dwell on it. But when on Monday Mr. Leslie, having seen him on board, took leave of him, and Jack was left alone among a crowd of strangers, with nothing to do for five or six weeks but watch the sea and sky, then the thought of Charlie would not be banished, and his anxiety to know how he was became intense. Luckily Jack turned out at first a bad sailor, and the physical tortures of sea-sickness counteracted the mental suffering he was enduring, which, with so little to divert his mind, might have ended in an attack of brain fever. When he was well enough to leave his berth, he made friends with the captain and one or two of the passengers, who took a fancy to this fine, good-looking young man, who certainly looked exceedingly unlike a shepherd in the suit Mr. Leslie had bought him at a London tailor's. His new friends lent him books, and he derived both pleasure and benefit from conversing with them, but yet, though he read and studied hard during the voyage, it was a terrible time to him, and no landsman ever rejoiced more at the sight of land than Jack did when they sighted the American coast. He always looked back on that voyage as a dreadful nightmare, for all through he had been haunted by the terrible fear, almost too terrible to put into words, lest he should be guilty of the sin of Cain.

His first act on landing was to inquire when he could have a letter from England, and finding three weeks hence was the earliest time he could hope to receive one, for the ship he had come by had just brought a mail, he made up his mind to dismiss the subject as much as possible, and wait as patiently as he could for the letter which would colour his whole life.

His new occupation, upon which he entered at once, was far more congenial than sheep-washing or shearing, and the entirely new life he led and the new country he was living in, with its strange customs and foreign people, all helped to give a fresh stimulus to Jack's mind, and if it had not been for the shadow cast over his life by the memory of the events which had been the immediate cause of his coming hither, his first few weeks in New York would have ranked among some of the happiest in his life. As it was, they slipped by far more quickly than he had thought possible, and at last he heard the news that the English mail had arrived, and he bent his steps to the post-office to ask if there were any letters for him.

How Jack's heart thumped as he stood watching the clerk diving into some pigeon-holes in search of his letters; he fancied the people in the office must have heard its wild beatings.

Yes, there were two letters; the first Jack saw at a glance was from Mr. Leslie, the other was directed by Fairy. The paper on which the letter was written—there were no envelopes in those days—was not black-edged, and that, though he dare not lay much stress upon it, was, perhaps, a hopeful sign, but yet, as he broke the wafer, he was still in such fear and trembling lest its contents should be unfavourable, that he dared not open it until he was safe in his own lodgings, where no curious eyes could watch his behaviour as he read his fate.

It was indeed well no curious eyes were able to pry into Jack's humble room, his castle as he liked to call it, for, poor as it was, it was his own, paid for out of his earnings, for when he came to the end of the long crossed sheet he buried his face in his hands, and his great strong frame shook with his sobs.

The letter, though directed by Fairy, was from Mrs. Shelley, and ran as follows:—

"My dearest Jack,—Thank God, I have good news for you. Charlie is quite well again, and is following the sheep to-day for the first time, or he would have written to you himself, but since he went off this morning, Mr. Leslie has been to tell me this letter must be posted to-day.

"It is a month since you went away; it seems years to me, Jack, but if you are happy in your new life I shall not complain. Charlie began to get better very soon after you started; he recovered consciousness that very morning, and though he was very ill for a week or more, he was not in danger after the Sunday. How I wished I could have let you know, but there was no means of getting a letter to you before this one, and I am afraid you must have suffered terribly from suspense, fearing the worst, and not daring to hope for good news. Strange to say, Charlie remembers nothing whatever about his accident; all he knows is he wanted Fairy to dance with him, and that you were angry; all the rest is a blank; he had not the least idea of what really happened.

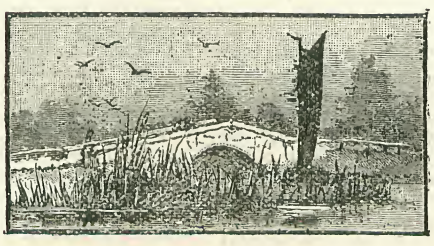
"Your father had to get an under-shepherd for a month, but he has left to-day, and Charlie is to take your place, and is very proud of his position. No one will ever take your place at home, though, so if you hear people say no one is missed in this world, their place is soon filled up, don't believe it, my son; your place in your mother's heart will never be filled except by yourself, and I miss you at every turn. Fairy misses you too; she is more at the rectory now than ever, for there is no one to help her with her lessons here. She sends her love to you, and will write next month. And now, my boy, I must say good-bye, for your father has come in on purpose to add a few lines to this. God ever bless and keep you is the constant prayer of your loving mother,

"Polly Shelley."

And then followed a few lines in the shepherd's handwriting, written with elaborate pains and much effort, as Jack knew, for John Shelley was much more accustomed to wield his crook than his pen, which was certainly not that of a ready writer. His preparations were as elaborate as the writing itself. First he rolled up the sleeves of his smock; then he ran his hands through his hair, and rubbed the back of his head; then he wetted his fingers; finally he fixed the pen in his right hand, after a fashion of his own; and Jack, as he read the post-script of his mother's letter, pictured to himself his father's attitude as he wrote it, leaning half across the kitchen table, and moving his whole body, as if every stroke was the greatest exertion, as it was to him. But if the manner of his writing was eccentric, the matter was excellent, in spite of the spelling, which was original, and Jack treasured up his father's words carefully, and vowed never to forget how gently and kindly the shepherd had dealt with him in his trouble.

So the tears Jack shed over his letter were tears of joy and gratitude.

(*To be continued.*)





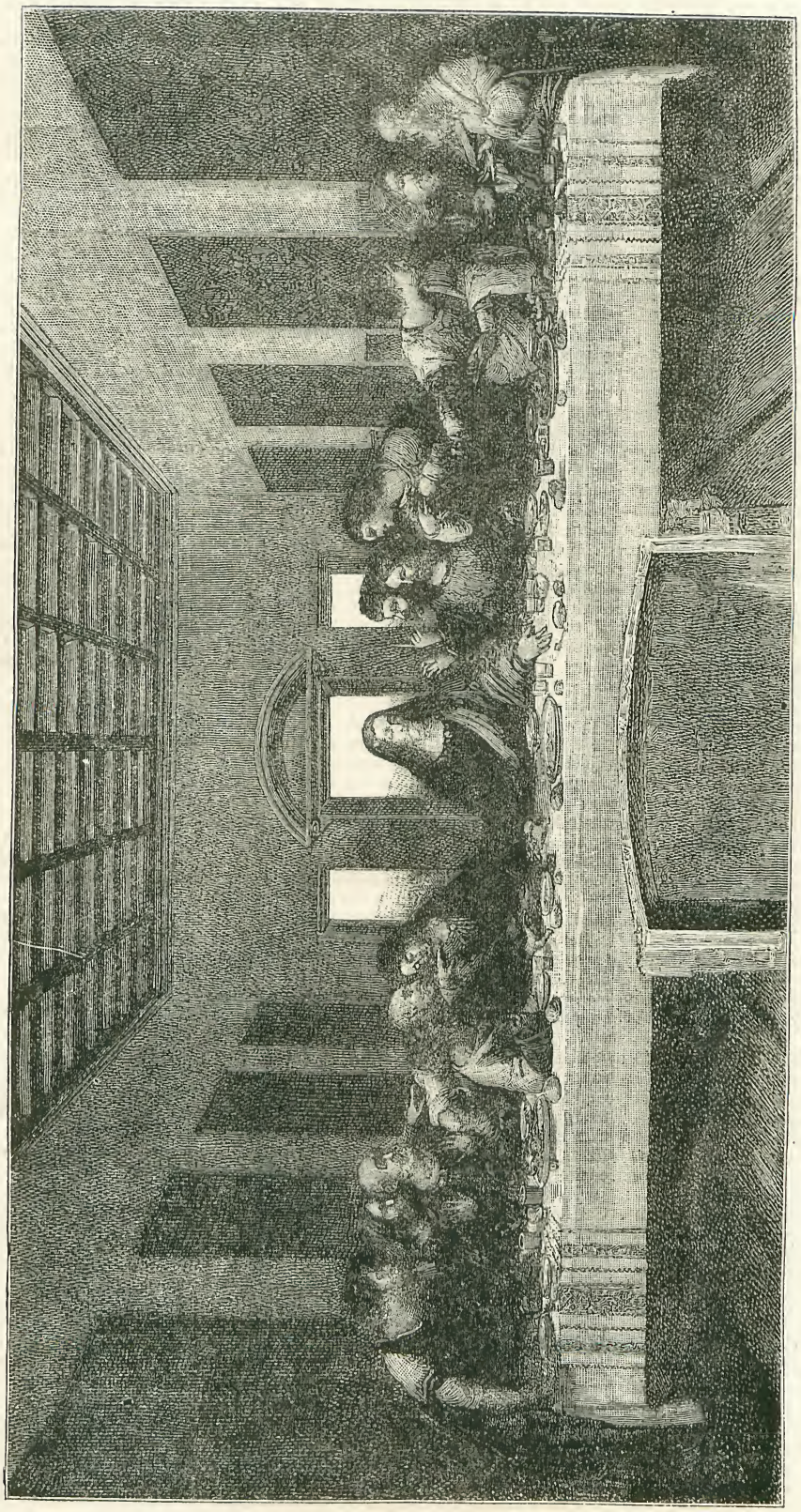
THE CERTOSA.

OUR TOUR IN NORTH ITALY.

By TWO LONDON BACHELORS.

On the Monday afternoon, while No. 1 was resting, the elder bachelor sallied out by himself to see one or two of the important old churches. By the aid of a map of the town, he found his way to the dirty old church of St. Maurizio, where he saw some strangely beautiful paintings of Aurelio and Bernardino Luini. He greatly wondered if the abject poor, at their silent devotions—for there was no service at the time—were as greatly influenced by art as were their predecessors in the less enlightened days. But without wasting his time further in worthless dreamings, which could better be done at another time, he passed out of the stuffy and ugly little church into the glorious sunlight, and proceeded to the more famous church of Santa Maria della Grazie, to see the most popular picture ever painted—namely, "The Last Supper," by Leonardo da Vinci.

The church was entered first; and here again were groups of the poorest at their private devotions. Rapture sublime seemed now and then to illumine the face of a dirty beggar as he or she glanced at a crucifix or a relic which was exposed to view over the altar of the Lady Chapel. Could such worship be wrong if it softened, and so greatly softened, hearts like these, in bodies ill-fed and ill-clothed, making a repulsive exterior glorified by a countenance of secret joy? But disappointment came by means of a surly sacristan, a veritable Judas with a bag, who roughly attended the worshippers, and pocketed pence in return for wiping their pocket handkerchiefs (for such we perforce call their dirty rags) on the glass case on the altar containing the relic before mentioned. To see the emotion of the deluded creatures, who kissed their rags with ecstatic bliss on receiving them again, was a strange sight, and struck us as widely different from that of the woman who kissed the blue fringe on Christ's garment as He



THE LAST SUPPER.

From the painting at Milan, showing its present condition.

passed her—for what "virtue" could come out of the operation in the Church of Santa Maria della Grazie? The act of devotion and lowly love in the Gospel story was not done from force of habit, nor was the privilege given in return for money—and, oh! how different the Object and the intention!

The greatest painting in the world ("The Last Supper") is to be seen in an old outhouse which was used by the reverend monks as a refectory before the dissolution of the monastery, and which has since been used as a stable by French dragoons.

The painting is in a sad state of dilapidation, caused by damp and attempted restorations in 1770, and also by the bad treatment it has had at the hands of tourists. But much of the genius of the painting is still seen, and we bow in lowly reverence before a work which surely has been productive of much religious elevation in many generations and nations.

The Dominicans, in dining in this old refectory, must have been wonderfully impressed at seeing Christ at the other end of the room taking His Last Supper with them; for the accessories of table-cloth, glasses, etc., in the painting resemble the identical articles used by the monks, and all helped the great illusion. But again a disillusion! for, as will be seen on a reference to the picture, the reverend fathers committed the sacrilege of forming a doorway in a part of the picture—actually cutting off the legs of the chief Figure—in their desire to have their dinner warm!

The illness of the younger bachelor, which had threatened to ruin our holiday, was not nearly so serious as the doctor had led us to expect. On the second day the fever much abated, and we determined to resume our journey after the third day. The doctor, however, advised us not to go to either Cremona or Mantua, as these cities, especially the former, are unhealthy, and might bring on a renewal of the fever. This was a disappointment, as we were anxious to see Cremona, which, apart from its cathedral and other buildings, has always been renowned for the manufacture of violins and other stringed instruments. To see fiddles of every shape and size hung out in the open air to dry like so many clothes after washing, was too novel a sight to miss without a bitter pang.

We determined to make up for our disappointment in not seeing Cremona and Mantua, by visiting the town of Pavia and the magnificent monastery or Certosa close to it.

So we arranged to make the excursion to the Certosa and Pavia, to return to Milan for a visit to the Brera Gallery, to dine, and to get our trunks, and finally depart for Verona, if possible, on the same day. This was rather an extensive programme, especially as one of us had just recovered from an illness; but we determined if possible to abide by it.

The great Lombard plain is relieved from monotony by being cut-up with canals and ditches, running between avenues of willows and poplars, reminding one of the scenery in Dutch pictures.

Of course the Certosa is in many respects an exquisite building. The magnificence of the materials of its altars, screens, pavements, &c., and the enormous wealth of sculpture lavished over every portion of it, render this church one of the most remarkable structures in the world. But when one comes to study it and to think it well over, the question arises whether this immense amount of costly material, this vast amount of labour and skill, ought not to have produced something far more "striking" in general effect. In fact, it rather reminds one of the so-called French dinners, which English people are in the habit of giving, from which one comes away thoroughly unsatisfied, with only a confused recollection of a great number of costly dishes. It almost appears as if in the Certosa the sculptors had been set to do the architecture and the painters to execute the sculpture; each has so attempted to overdo and over-elaborate his portion of the work that he has "strained" his art, until it has lost those wholesome restrictions which the æsthetic principles, both of classic and mediæval times, had placed upon it. Thus we find the architectural outlines broken up and lost in a forest of detail, and the sculptured panels have elaborated backgrounds more suited for pictorial works than for carving.

The façade, which our girls perfectly know by photograph, was designed by Borgognone, far better known as a painter, and was commenced about 1473.

One really sees nothing of the church until entering the large gate, covered on the outside with damaged frescoes; the wonderful façade presents itself on the other side of the quadrangle.

As can well be imagined, the first sight of this wonderful front nearly took our breath away, so vast is the amount of sculpture and so elaborate the designs. The upper portion is far less elaborate than the lower; indeed, we thought that they were by different architects.

The most richly decorated portion of the façade is that on the level of the portico, the two windows on either side of the latter being completely enclosed by a vast amount of sculpturesque ornament. This elaboration is carried out to such an extent that the mullions of the windows, instead of being simply moulded, are carved into imitations of candelabra, with foliage, lizards, and little cupids in the act of climbing, and ornamenting every portion.

The subjects which pleased us the most were the pictures of sculpture, a little above the level of a man's head, representing scenes in religious history. These are very beautiful and perfect, though some of the heads and attitudes of the figures are, to say the least, grotesque.

We may mention that a great number of the most eminent Italian masters for nearly two centuries had a hand in the elaboration of the façade, including the great Donatello.

Before entering the church, we visited the two cloisters, which are very picturesque. The arches of the first one are full of terra-cotta ornamentation. It is approached from the church by a magnificent white marble doorway.

The great cloister is very large, and is surrounded by cells, which remind one that the Certosa was once a monastery, and belonged to the Carthusians. This curious order of men never see one another, except in church. Each man has four rooms and a little garden entirely to himself. He has his bedroom, his study, his workshop, and his toolroom. These Carthusians were extremely fond of gardening, and we have received many benefits from their knowledge of horticulture. They also invented the well-known liqueur, Chartreuse. Hence their name. This was invented as a medicine, and is most wholesome and beneficial for certain illnesses; but it is now, of course, more used for its gastronomic than its medicinal qualities.

The church was commenced in the latter part of the fourteenth century; it is in form a Latin cross, and in style a mixture of Romanesque and Gothic. The whole of the interior is very richly decorated, all kinds of material being used, and the altars are beautifully inlaid and studded with precious stones, gold, etc. There are, however, scarcely any fine pictures, the few good ones having been removed, and the great number remaining scarcely add to the beauty of the interior.

There are seven chapels on either side of the nave, which are railed off from the latter. These were shown to us by a guide, not by a monk, as the guide-books say.

The Certosa is magnificently kept, and in order to make it even more "smart," the old pavement has been replaced by a very bright mosaic one, which reflects the church like glass. But of all, the choir is the most magnificent, the tabernacle and altar-screen being sumptuous sixteenth century Renaissance work, and on either side of the altar the walls are decorated with rich sculpture.

In the transepts are two monuments, viz., those of Gian-Galleazzo Visconti, the founder of the church, and of Ludovico Moro and his wife, Beatrice d'Este.

Gian-Galeazzo Visconti was the most celebrated of the great Lombard family of Visconti, who practically ruled Milan for over a century and a half. So great was the power of this family, that they at times subjected nearly the whole of Northern Italy, and Gian-Galeazzo, after completely defeating an army sent against him by the Emperor of Germany, and after having captured by degrees the whole of Lombardy, was about to declare himself King of Italy, when death put an end to his ambition in the year 1402.

Gian-Galeazzo Visconti was the founder of Milan Cathedral and the Certosa of Pavia, and, as before mentioned, a superb monument has been erected to his memory in the latter church; but this monument was more than half a century in construction, by which time the people had forgotten where the prince had been buried; and thus the body of this great man, who had defeated numberless armies and caused to be erected two of the most sumptuous buildings in Europe, lies no one knows where.

The son of Gian-Galeazzo ruled in Milan upon his father's death, after which the Sforza family succeeded, and held power until the middle of the sixteenth century, when the emperor, Charles V., who was practical master of Italy, handed over the duchy of Milan to his son Philip.

After leaving the Certosa, the two bachelors hired one of the light one-horse carriages, of which there are always a number outside the church, and drove to Pavia. That drive was most pleasant. It was a lovely spring day, with a brilliant sun, though not too hot, and the country was all aglow with bright colour.

Pavia is a very curious old place. Of all the old garlic-smelling, dirty, and badly-drained cities of North Italy, it is the most garlic-smelling, the dirtiest, and the worst drained; but it is very quaint withal. The old market-places, the projecting roofs, and the curious outdoor shops give it a wonderfully "old-world" appearance, and we enjoyed this ramble through the old city greatly, notwithstanding the horrible smells and the difficulty we had to find our way about the place. After wandering for some little time, we came to the Piazza del Duomo, which is most picturesque, and the effect was much enhanced when we were there, as it was market time. The vast quantity of old women, dressed in the most quaint manner, selling the oddest of wares, added no little to a scene which must always be paintable to a degree. The cathedral, rising on one side of the piazza, with its huge campanile, though picturesque, can scarcely be called beautiful. It has never been finished, and when we were there it was in a terrible state of dilapidation. Of the interior we could see nothing except a heap of scaffold-poles, as it was in course of restoration, and even the shrine of the great St. Augustine was concealed from view.

The most interesting church in Pavia is San Michele, and, though we were rather pressed for time, we determined to see it.

San Michele is an early Romanesque church

of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, and is very beautiful, both externally and internally. The façade is richly ornamented with bands of carving and small open galleries, and the chancel internally is on a much higher level than the nave, and is approached by a great flight of steps, giving it a most dignified appearance.

After leaving San Michele we tried to find our way to the station; no easy matter, as we found to our cost. We think we must have made the circumference of the city three times before an Italian boy, rather more intelligent than his fellows, at last pointed us out a place which proved to be the station, from whence we returned to Milan.

The Brera Gallery contains a magnificent collection of pictures. In an article like this it is impossible to give a detailed description of these paintings, and a mere list of works of art is both uninteresting and uninstructive; besides which no description of pictures is of any value unless it is prefaced by an account of the various schools to which the artists belong—a task which has been admirably done already by Miss Emily Macirone in the pages of this magazine. However, we may mention that the gallery is a complete history of Italian art.

To commence with, we find a good example of Giotto, who (as our girls will see from the excellent chart of the chief painters of the various schools of art, page 629 of our Annual for 1886) flourished in the commencement of the fourteenth century. As on a future occasion we shall have to speak of this painter, when describing the Arena Chapel at Padua, all we shall say at present is that one should not attempt to criticise him or the works of this early Italian school by mere isolated pictures found in galleries. Of course in the days of Giotto Italian art was more or less in its infancy, and the mechanical knowledge possessed by these fourteenth century painters was meagre, therefore we must not expect to find grand effects of chiaroscuro, neither is the rich colour of the later school to be discovered.

Of the more perfected early Italian school we find works by Luca Signorelli, Giovanni Bellini, whom we shall find far better represented in Venice, and the excellent Francia, whose lovely picture of "Mater Dolorosa" in our National Gallery is so well known to our girls. We find, also, works of Raffaelle, Leonardo da Vinci and his pupil, Luini. But the best represented painters in the Brera are the later Venetian school, especially Titian, Tintoretto, and Paul Veronese. The great glory of the collection is Raffaelle's picture of the marriage of the Virgin. The arrangement of this picture at first struck us as being extremely formal. We find in the background a twelve-sided temple crowned with a dome, standing directly in the middle of the picture. The architecture of this temple has been severely criticised; but it by no means follows that because Raffaelle thought the structure suitable for his picture he would ever have built anything like it. In front of the temple is a very formal pavement divided into large squares. All the figures are grouped together immediately in the foreground. The High Priest stands in the centre, holding the hands of Mary and Joseph. Behind Joseph are many youths, and behind Mary are a number of women—five in each group, thus keeping up the symmetrical arrangement which runs throughout the whole picture. There is a charming grace about the head of Mary and the two women standing immediately behind her. May we call them the bridesmaids?

Joseph and the youths who accompany him are represented with rods, but it will be noticed that Joseph's rod is crowned with five blossoms, probably of the almond. Several explanations have been given of this. The most poetical supposes it refers to an ancient legend that Mary had several suitors, as would be almost certain to be the case of a maiden of the house of David, possessed, moreover, of great personal beauty. The legend records that the various suitors each cut a rod, which they laid in the temple, and that after a time Joseph's rod was discovered to have blossomed. Some writers suppose that the youths breaking the rods refer to an ancient custom practised in Jewish marriages.

The picture is extremely beautiful in colour, brilliant and well preserved. We venture to suggest that the very symmetrical and formal arrangement of the picture may have resulted from its having been intended as the centre portion of a group of compositions.

Titian is best represented by the frequently engraved picture of St. Jerome—a work full of grand power and magnificent chiaroscuro. Leonardo da Vinci's work in the gallery is one of very great interest, as it is a study for the head of the Saviour for his mighty work of the Last Supper.

As the evening approaches, we dine at one of the perfect *ristoranti* of Milan and proceed by rail to Verona. On our way we were captivated by the charming manners of the peasantry; for we travelled third class, and thus had a capital opportunity of judging. It was a *fête* day at some of the towns our train called at, and there were fireworks, and every evidence of village festivity. But although there was great demand for seats in the train, we saw nothing of drunkenness nor heard coarse language, or anything resembling a vulgar cockney crowd — or, for the matter of that, the vulgar, well-dressed competitors for best seats who visit such civilising entertainments as the Monday or Saturday Popular and other London concerts! No, the Italian peasantry could teach wonderful lessons in kindness and self-respect to their betters of England! We reached Verona at midnight, and put up at a delightfully old world hotel and slept the sleep of—well, the tired, until the sun next morning reminded us of another happy day in store for us.

And now there arises before us a scene which will never be absent from the recollection of either bachelor. A broad and rapidly-flowing river, spanned by a lofty bridge, pierced by a great circle between the centre-most arches, like the eye of some vast Cyclops. Banks covered with ancient tiled-roofed houses, above which rise an indescribable mass of domes, towers, spires, pinnacles, and lofty walls, crowned by forked battlements; the whole backed up by undulating hills, clad with the deep green of the cypress groves, amongst which arise the round towers of a strange-looking castle. Is this the recollection of some picture we have seen, some place we have dreamt of, or is it a reality?

The question seems further from being solved as we wander through the streets and squares of the poetical city. Every step brings us in the presence of some wondrous recollection of the past, and there is nothing to fasten down our ideas to the present time. Fresh dreams arise in every street. What is this vast oval structure, with its countless arches, reminding one of the great Colosseum at Rome? Ruinous, it is true; but as we enter it, strange to say, it seems to have suddenly awakened from its dream of sixteen centuries. Alas! it awakens us also, for what do we see but in the centre of this great arena the hanky-panky tricks of modern horsemanship and hear the stale jokes of a modern English clown! Let us, however, leave this singular scene of anachronism and again wander and dream.

This time there rises before us a series of lofty sculptured tombs, each crowned by a spire, surmounted by the figure of a man on horseback, separated from the roadway by some delicate metal work, wrought by the hand of a thirteenth-century blacksmith into a bewildering combination of quatrefoils, and supported by graceful marble columns, each bearing the image of a saint or angel. To complete the picture, the whole is backed up by a venerable-looking church, with a low, tile-covered steeple and roof, plain enough but for a beautiful marble monument placed above the doorway. It is difficult to imagine anything more enchanting in the way of architecture than this extraordinary cemetery, filling up the centre of one of the small squares of the city.

We wander on again, and find ourselves in front of a noble Gothic church, with a façade shaded by two mighty arches, one over the other, and beneath the lowermost a richly-carved doorway. We enter, and a superb picture is presented to our view. A Gothic church of exquisite proportion and rich detail, gleaming with coloured decoration, to which the softening touch of time has lent harmony and mellow tints. A pavement of variegated marble is beneath our feet. Two queer little statues, supporting holy water basins, attract our attention, and a voice seems to whisper in our ear, "I Gobbi." Need we say that this is the Church of St. Anastasia in Verona.

It would be impossible to give our girls anything like a description of the very interesting objects in this beautiful city, or adequately to express the feelings with which one wanders about its streets. It is said that "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast," and the man must indeed be a savage who would not feel the same soothing influence in looking at Verona.

Everything, from its sweet-sounding name, seems to breathe poetry and music into the mind.

One seems to exist in a realm of fancy, and little imagination is required to people it again with Montagues and Capulets.

How strange it is that our great poet should have managed to have so thoroughly embodied the ideas which Verona impresses upon the mind in *Romeo and Juliet*, without having seen the place! When one reads the play who has seen Verona, it seems almost impossible to believe that Shakespeare did not draw his picture from the place itself.

(*To be continued.*)



LITTLE KARIN.*

Translated from the Swedish by the Rev. LEWIS BORRETT WHITE, D.D.

AMONG the serving maidens
In the young king's royal Hall,
None shone like little Karin,
A star among them all.

Just like a star she shone forth,
Among the serving folk,
And thus the young king, smiling,
To little Karin spoke.

"Oh, hear thou, little Karin,
Oh, say thou wilt be mine;
Grey horse and golden saddle
Shall surely then be thine."

"Grey horse and golden saddle,
They are not meet for me;
To thy young queen oh, give them,
Leave me with honour free."

"Oh, hear thou, little Karin,
Oh, say thou wilt be mine,
My crown all bright and golden
Shall surely then be thine."

"Thy crown so bright and golden,
It is not meet for me;
To thy young queen oh, give it,
Leave me with honour free."

"Oh, hear thou, little Karin,
Oh, say thou wilt be mine;
The half my royal kingdom
Shall surely then be thine."

"The half thy royal kingdom,
It is not meet for me;
On thy young queen bestow it,
Leave me with honour free."

"Oh, hear thou, little Karin,
If thou wilt not be mine,
There is a spikéd barrel
I'll have thee placed within."

"Though there's a spikéd barrel,
And I am placed within,
God's angels will behold me,
That I am free from sin."

So placed they little Karin,
In spikéd barrel bound,
And the king's cruel horseboys,
They rolled it round and round.

Then two white doves from Heaven
Came down so peacefully,
They took up little Karin,
And then the doves were three.

* Translation of an old and very popular Swedish ballad supposed to date from the days of the first introduction of Christianity, and to record the constancy of a Christian girl—proof against both the allurements and the threats of her heathen master.

THE INHERITANCE OF A GOOD NAME.

By LOUISA MENZIES.

CHAPTER I.

THAT this world is only a very small part of the universe, and that the life of man upon this globe is but a very small part of that eternity to which he is heir, is indicated by a thousand circumstances in the life of every day, and by none more strikingly than by the failures, the disappointments, the total eclipses which sweep from our sight into the undiscovered country many a soul resplendent in promise, leaving no record of them but in the faithful memories of the few who knew and loved them.

"He whom God loveth, dieth early," said the thoughtful heathen, and it must be confessed that we are all disposed to hang garlands on our tombstones and to make heroes of our dead. Flaws of temper and other foibles which marred the perfection of those who were most familiar to us while they were tossed to and fro on the billows of this troublesome world, are forgotten for ever when the lines of care and thought are smoothed from the brow on which Death has laid his finger.

No young soldier left the Crimea with greater distinction or greater promise than Michael Fenner, the son of a house which traced back its ancestors to the reign of Elizabeth, and to which honour and piety had always been dearer than riches. He had entered the army with the true chivalrous desire to fight for the right, to help the weak, and confound the tyrant, and, a Christian in heart and soul, he had maintained the simplicity and purity of his life alike in the battle-field, in weary marches, and in seasons of sickness and depression.

Self-denying, gracious, and cheery, he was welcome as the sun in springtime, and many a groan was stifled and many a muttered curse was turned into a blessing at the sight of his kindly blue eyes, at the sound of his brotherly voice, so that no one grumbled when he was gazetted captain in his eight and twentieth year.

Captain Michael Fenner in active service, and with the modest fortune which he had inherited from his parents, thought it no indiscretion to marry the lady of his love, Margaret Echlin, the daughter of the Rector of Oldborough, a village in Warwickshire, which his family had lived in for many years, and people called her a lucky woman; for what distinction was impossible to a man who had already done so much and done it so well? Nor was the promise of happiness altogether belied. Eight years of happy wedded life followed the happy marriage; two healthy children, Mark and Eveline, brightened their home; and as those were years of peace, Michael was seldom long absent from his family.

The Fenners were not rich; but as they neither of them desired riches, and both had the happy knack of enjoying what they had without pining for what they had not, they took their lives as the gift of the Good Father, and so all was good to them.

But there came a day of sore trial, of bitter sorrow to Margaret, of trial and sorrow which Michael could not share. It was a day of a great review, and Michael and his regiment were to take part in it. His children will remember to their dying day the bright face that kissed them, the gay plumes, the flash of gold and steel, and all the brilliant show that rode forth from the barrack yard.

Half an hour, and the accident had happened which made them orphans and their mother a widow. Captain Fenner was riding a young horse unaccustomed to the London streets; he had ridden it in the country for some months, and being a perfect horseman, mounted without apprehension, but, unhappily, the nervous creature took fright, and, after a wild rush of some two or three hun-

dred yards, flung his rider heavily on the pavement. To the amazement and horror of everyone he was taken up lifeless. Without a word, without a look, he was gone for ever from among men.

The event was too solemn to be mourned in the ordinary way. Men gazed at each other with white, awestruck faces, and spoke beneath their breath, as he was borne back to the home which he had just quitted in full health and strength. How many weak-hearted, weak-willed men, who lived for their own pleasure, with scarce a consciousness of the higher life, might have been taken and the world not palpably the worse; but this strong-hearted, strongwilled man, on the very threshold of a noble career, lay slain by what seemed the merest accident in the heart of his native country, almost within sound of his children's voices. "Truly the Lord's ways are not our ways, and they are wonderful in our eyes."

Margaret sat stunned in her sorrow. Deep in her smitten heart lay the consciousness that with him all was well; softly in the sleepless night she whispered his name, softly her cold hands lingered on the heads and hair of her children; but her eyes were dry, her voice dead within her, until her friends, in a mistaken hope of helping her, consulted together in her hearing about taking away the children. Then the strong chill gave way, the blood rushed into her pale cheeks, she stood up, and, holding each child by the shoulder, she looked into the faces of her amazed friends.

"Bear with me," she said; and her voice was dry and hard, but it became more natural as she proceeded. "Bear with me for awhile; I am weak, but I shall be strong in time. These are Michael's children; you must not take them from me." Then bending down to her children she kissed them, praying them also to be patient with her, and said they would help each other, and, from that day forward she was first in their thoughts, they in hers. With patient care she devoted herself to all the duties of that sad time, and when Michael Fenner was laid to rest in the country churchyard, where many of his forefathers slept, she set herself to master all the circumstances of her position, and to ascertain the means at her disposal for her own maintenance and the maintenance and education of her children. Friends shook their heads and pitied "those poor Fenners," but there was not one with whom Margaret would have changed lots; for had she not the memory of her love and the care of those little children who were his as well as hers?

A careful consideration of her circumstances convinced Mrs. Fenner that it would not be desirable for her to inhabit the house at Oldborough, for though it was a modest house enough for a family to live in, she felt herself unequal to manage the farm which belonged to it, and she knew that her pension would not enable her to keep it up comfortably, besides, before long it would be necessary for Mark at least to go to school, and the nearest town was ten miles from Oldborough. So Oldborough Lodge was let to an Indian family who were in search of just such a home, and the farm was retained by the farmer, who had held it ever since Michael's father had died, some fifteen years before; while Mrs. Fenner and her children moved to a pretty little cottage, which was fortunately to let, near the ancient city of Sunbridge, in the parish adjacent to which her brother was rector, because she was deeply attached to her brother, and because both he and his wife were of opinion that it would be a great advantage to Mark to study with their son Gilbert, until the boys should be old enough to go to school.

The Rev. James Echlin, Rector of Rosenhurst, near Sunbridge, was one of those amiable and accomplished men, to whom, in their curate period, everything seems possible, everything probable; and when it was announced that Lady Elgitha Manners, aunt to the young Earl of Seven Beeches, had determined to bestow her inestimable self and all the weight of her aristocratic connections upon him, it was accepted as an event quite within the range of the proprieties, and the favoured few among his congregation to whom the great news was first communicated, assured each other that it was no wonder, and that they should see him a bishop before many years were over their heads. The Reverend James, who, like his sister, was disposed to think rather too humbly of himself, was amazed at his own good fortune, and meekly submitted himself to it; but his wise father shook his head, and his mother, though rather dazzled by the brilliancy of the connection, felt that it would have been more comfortable if James had married a woman more in their own rank. Indeed, the man who marries a wife, who condescends to his alliance, is seldom to be envied, and, though James Echlin's sweet nature prevented his chafing under it, it was by no means good for him or for his children that the Lady Elgitha, in right of her superior knowledge of the world, and of her family connections, exercised the *summum imperium* in all household arrangements.

Of their eight children only two, Gilbert Manners, the eldest, and Elgitha Manners, the youngest, lived past infancy. Gilbert was a handsome boy, well grown and vigorous enough, but Elgitha was long a frail, little maid, who seemed likely to be added to the row of tiny mounds under the chancel window, which were all that remained to tell of the six infant Manners Echlins who had spread their wings and joined the innumerable throng of infant angels.

Like most ruling ladies, the Lady Elgitha had her favourite, and this favourite was—as was but natural—her son: for had he not paid her the initiatory compliment of inheriting her aquiline features? and as he grew up were not his tastes and feelings in charming harmony with her own? While a child in the nursery he eschewed fairy tales "as rubbish," and when he became a boy, and went to school, learning as learning was a bore; and he early adopted it as a maxim to give his attention to nothing that "didn't pay"—an expression which charmed his mother by its shrewdness, but strangely chilled his father, who, in all his life, had never taken such a consideration into account.

With a sense of the vital importance of modern languages which is impressed on the brain of our female aristocracy, Lady Elgitha had imported to Sunbridge first a Parisian *bonne*, then a German; and Gilbert, Mark, and Eveline had the opportunity of acquiring a *patois* which familiarised them with the names of ordinary things, and, it may be, facilitated their subsequent studies in both languages; but little Elgitha was too delicate in the early years of her life to be trusted either to *bonne* or *fräulein*, and she was permitted to repose on the ample bosom of a comfortable Englishwoman, who was as sweet as a clover-field and about as intelligent; and while she nursed and tended the frail little body, had not the remotest notion of in any way disturbing the little brain, but was more than satisfied to see repeated in his little daughter the features and the sweetness of her father.

When Gilbert had attained his seventh year, Lady Elgitha decreed that an erudite curate should be sought out, who, in addition to his clerical duties, should instruct both boys in the mysteries of the Latin grammar, and should prepare Gilbert for Eton, and Mark for the local grammar school, which had a very good reputation; and so, for three years, the boys worked together under the guidance of the Rev. Theophilus Wilkins, who, having rather overtaxed his brain by taking a "double first" at Oxford, was not sorry to rest a little by going back to first principles with the cousins, the elder of whom was interesting as the grandson of an earl, while the orphanage of the younger could hardly fail to awaken his sympathy.

As was natural, Gilbert took the lead, and was always the person most considered, but Mark had an innate love of learning, which made him accept with eagerness whatever was offered to him. From the day when a six years' child he spelt out the mysteries of "haec musa" to that when he gave proof of accomplished scholarship by carrying off the first honours of his school, it never occurred to Mark to clip his studies by a careful selection of what would carry him through an examination, too much engrossed by learning to count personal profit or want of profit in the matter; while Gilbert from his tenderest years showed a precocious esteem for "what would pay" and a profound unwillingness to learn anything for its own sake; so that when he was ten years old, it being found that Mark was in all respects in advance of his cousin, Lady Elgitha decreed that it was waste of time for Mark to study at home any longer, and that Gilbert had better be sent to one of those feeders of Eton where the subjects of study are strictly narrowed to suit the demands of that seat of learning; and in due course Gilbert Manners Echlin, having passed through the congenial mill of the Rev. Edward Thornborough, at Staines, took a good place on his entrance, and was fairly launched into the sea of public school life. His grandfather and his uncle being earls, and his father a parson, he was not particularly badgered on his first coming; he was sufficiently aristocratic in countenance and bearing to pass muster with the boys, and sufficiently ready with his lessons to escape the censure of masters.

Mark Fenner, meanwhile, diligently attended the Grammar School at Sunbridge, walking to and fro summer and winter, wet and dry, and, with his bright, cheery face and steady ways, won the love of masters and of boys, and worked his way with quiet perseverance to the top of the school. It never occurred to him to envy Gilbert his fine clothes or the guineas he jingled in his pockets when he came to the cottage to say good-bye; and he submitted with an easy grace to the airs of patronage which his cousin assumed. It was natural, he thought, that his Aunt Elgitha's son should go to Eton, and it was equally natural and right that he himself should work out his lessons without other aid than that of dictionary and grammar by the light of his mother's lamp in the cottage parlour, occasionally refreshing himself by a half-unconscious glance at the enlarged photograph over the mantelpiece, which was the only portrait they had of their father, and which, dull and poor as it was in comparison with the bright presence which had passed away, was yet an outward visible sign of it very dear to the three who called the cottage home.

In countenance Mark was not at all like his father, resembling his mother in feature and complexion; but many a time and oft the widow's heart beat and tears rose in her eyes as she recognised in her boy traits which assured her of that higher affinity of heart and mind which is infinitely deeper than any trick of feature or complexion. It is a mistake to suppose that because boys are often rough in speech and careless in manner there is any reason for it in their boyhood, and though the braggart and the bully naturally attract most attention, and do what they can to spoil the beauty of the little republics in which they live, we confidently believe that there are hundreds of boys who have no taste for bullying and coarse talking any more than for lying and thieving, and who pass through their school career pure in speech and gentle in

nature. Certainly Mark Fenner never need have blushed if his mother had heard all he said any more than if she had read the thoughts of his heart; yet Mark was almost as good in the cricket-field as in the school-room, he was an adroit swimmer, a stout wrestler, and, better than all, an excellent walker.

Eveline, who was just two years younger than her brother, was a bright, healthy damsel, not specially clever, but one of those girls who have a truly feminine and harmonising influence in families, modest and happy in temper, always more occupied by care for others than for herself. She had acquired most of her knowledge from her mother, and would have been pronounced by many a young lady of the nineteenth century "frightfully ignorant." I am afraid it would have cost her some thought to define what is meant by physical, political, and commercial geography; physiology as a science was unknown to her, but she had been an apt pupil in those graces which no board of examiners can gauge, but without which English homes would never have been the desire and the admiration of foreigners, the safety and the comfort of her sons.

Eveline was sufficiently well-read to take an interest in wholesome books and understand political questions, when they were discussed; and for this she was much indebted to her uncle, with whom she was a great favourite, and whom she often accompanied on his parish rambles, when he beguiled the way and relieved his own heart by gently philosophising after a fashion too ideal to find favour with Lady Elgitha, but which sounded very sweetly in the ears of the young Eveline.

And so the years sped on. Gilbert had left Eton with fair credit, but without having attained any distinction, and was making up his mind what he should do next—a process that occupied him some months, and which, but for the pressure of circumstances, which his mother regarded as cruel, he might never have achieved; but she was well aware that his father could not live for ever, that her fortune would be too small to support him, when divided, as by her father's will it must be, between her children. The church, the army, the bar, which was it to be? The church was perhaps the easiest; it would not cost Gilbert much trouble to take a respectable degree, and there was a good living in the family; but the living was in Northamptonshire, in a part of the country which Gilbert knew and did not admire; besides, a country life, even with all the amenities of Sunbridge within easy reach, did not suit him. He would have preferred the army if he could have been guaranteed against heavy campaigning, and if the examinations for the higher branches of the service had not been so stiff. As to law, it was horrid all round, absolutely nothing to be got without burning the midnight oil, a process to which, in its classic sense, Gilbert had a special objection, though he testified no aversion to midnight gas. So the months passed, until the time came for Mark to leave school, which he did after having been captain for a couple of years, with a long row of charmingly-bound prize books and a very good scholarship to Trinity College, Cambridge.

Then Lady Elgitha, finding her son no nearer to a conclusion, decreed that he also should go to Cambridge; all her family who were not in the army had gone to Cambridge; but as Gilbert had not the gift of plodding, a smaller college, his father's, Corpus, was chosen for him. Boys of his age seldom cared for the church; he would probably come round in a year or two, and then he would be in the right road for it.

Mark was sure to do well. He had had nothing to do at Sunbridge but work, whereas poor Gilbert had been so distracted at Eton by games, society, etc, etc. Mark would distinguish himself. He could hardly help doing so, and no doubt would be glad of the opportunity to do his cousin a service in return for the many benefits he and his mother and sister had received from his uncle.

The seven years which the boys had spent apart, except during holidays, had widened the natural gulf between them; and when Mark, in obedience to his aunt's wish, offered to read with Gilbert, he found the task no easy one. Gilbert professed an abomination for mathematics, and by his ignorance of the first principles, seemed to justify the opinion generally entertained of the perfection in which the study is ignored in the old schools.

"It's just horrid, old man!" he exclaimed one morning, after half-an-hour's study, thrusting his long fingers through his fair hair. "I'm awfully sorry for you having to grind away at it."

"But I like it!" said Mark, mind and eyes deep in his geometry. "Just listen, Gilbert. I do think I see another solution."

"Another solution!" cried Gilbert, in despair. "Just as if one was not enough."

"But it's so interesting," persisted Mark. "If you'd only give your mind to it, I'm sure you'd like it; it is so pretty."

"Where's the good? I'm not going in for a don. I shall scrape through when the time comes, never fear. Hullo! There's St. Maur and Tullietudlem in a tandem. Splendid, isn't it? How will Tullie ever get that wild filly of his round the corner? There! I knew it. Down goes the old woman—wagon, Tullie, and St. Maur on the top of her. There'll be a row!"

"They'll have something to pay, at all events," said Mark, looking up, but still deep in his problem.

"Never a bit. A sovereign to the old woman. She's used to it. Nothing will ever teach Tullie to handle the ribbons. Never could at Eton; and his sister's such a splendid whip. I wonder where they were going to! Newmarket, perhaps. St. Maur's uncle is running a two-year-old. O, bother, Mark! I can't be worried now. The very look of those figures makes me sick! I shall get up enough to scrape through, never fear. I'm strong in classics."

"All right, old fellow," said Mark, shutting up his book. "Then you won't want me. Tell me if you do, you know. I'll come in any day."

"Thanks, a thousand times. It is no good working against the grain, is it? My head is all in a whirl with that stupid geometry."

Internally wondering at the stupefying effect of the geometry he had not done on his cousin's brain, but too happy to escape to his own quiet room, Mark Fenner ran with the speed of a lover across the familiar flags, and buried himself until lunch time in his favourite study.

At half-past one his friend, John Mildmay, came in for lunch and for a chat; and the lads ate their bread-and-butter and pressed beef, flanked with a jug of college ale, with a keen appetite and much pleasant talk about men and things. The meal ended, they started for their afternoon walk along the banks of the Cam, interchanging many a cheery greeting with friends on land and river, invigorating mind and body by sufficient and temperate exercise, and taking care to be back in time for "chapel," which they attended in the loveliest of chapels—aëry and exquisite King's.

So to Mark Fenner Cambridge was what it should be—a home of intellectual effort, of happy and reposeful thought, sweetened by the companionship of chosen friends, mostly men of very moderate means like himself, to whom the Alma Mater was holding out her protecting arms. Some men of his cousin's set made overtures to him—men whose fathers remembered his father; but Mark had the courage to decline their invitations, and to keep to the work he had set himself to do; and when the term was ended, and the lads went home, Mark's cheeks were round and rosy, while Gilbert looked so thin and pale that his mother was alarmed lest he had been doing too much.

"Very possibly, my dear," said the rector, to whom she imparted her fears, with his sweet sad smile, "but not too much work; Gilbert is innocent of that, I am sure."

"I do not think you ever have understood the poor boy, James. He is not a book-worm, like Mark, of course, no Manners ever was; it is unfortunate for him that he does take so much after my family."

"You are the best judge of that, Elgitha; he certainly does not appear to me much to resemble any of my people. Perhaps, as far as this world is concerned, it is all the better for him."

"I don't know why you should say that, James," said Lady Elgitha, rather reproachfully; "surely your lot has fallen in pleasant places."

"I did not mean to complain, my dear; my fortune is much above my deserts. If I should like to see Gilbert more studious, it is perhaps from a selfish wish to have him more in sympathy with myself—not that I am much of a student, I am but an idle fellow, God help me, enjoying my pleasant, easy life here with you, Margaret, and the girls."

"Everybody must be happy in his own way," said Lady Elgitha. "Gilbert would never be happy as a parson; it is my belief that he wants an active life. I must write to the Earl about him—something in the Treasury now."

"My dear, your nephew cannot nominate as your father and grandfather did. Gilbert must stand the test of an examination; if he cannot satisfy the examiners, no amount of blue blood will avail him."

"According to that, Mark will have the best chance in the world."

"And everywhere else," said the rector. "I only wish our Gilbert had half the chances of Margaret's fatherless boy. Michael Fenner, though dead, has done more for his son than I for mine. Gilbert is selfish, idle, almost illiterate, and I look with shame on the virtues of my nephew who has had so much less done for him."

"Why, Rector, what has given you such a fit of the blues this afternoon?" exclaimed Lady Elgitha, regarding him with amazed alarm.

The rector attempted some jest, and calling his little daughter, set out on his usual afternoon peregrination, while Lady Elgitha, seriously disturbed, reflected whether it would be advisable to calm his troubled mind by a course of globules, or to divert his thoughts by a dinner party or a tennis tournament.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

OTHER PEOPLE'S VANITY.—What renders the vanity of others insupportable is that it wounds our own.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

BUSY WITH TRIFLES.—Those who bestow too much application on trifling things become generally incapable of great ones.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

HEADS AND HEARTS.—A man with a bad heart has been sometimes saved by a strong head, but a corrupt woman is lost for ever.—*Coleridge.*

LOVE-LETTERS.—To write a good love-letter, you ought to begin without knowing what you mean to say and to finish without knowing what you have written.—*Rousseau.*

LOVERS' TALK.—The reason why lovers are never weary of being together is because they are always talking of themselves.

A TALE OF A YORKSHIRE WIFE.

THE Yorkshire people of the West Riding, according to Mrs. Gaskell, are "sleuth hounds" after money, and in illustration of this characteristic we may take the following anecdote:—

Not far from Bradford an old couple lived on their farm. The good man had been ill for some time, when the practitioner who attended him advised that a physician should be summoned from Bradford for a consultation.

The doctor came, looked into the case, gave his opinion, and, descending from the sick-room to the kitchen, was there accosted by the old woman with "Well, doctor, what is your charge?"

"My fee is a guinea."

"A guinea, doctor! a guinea! And if you come again will it be another guinea?"

"Yes."

"A guinea, doctor! Hech!"

The old woman rose and went upstairs to her husband's bedroom, and the doctor, who waited below, heard her say—

"He charges a guinea, and if he comes again it'll be another guinea. Now, what do you say? If I were ye I'd say no, like a Britoner; and I'd die first."

PLEASANT SURPRISES.—Human nature is pliable, and perhaps the pleasantest surprises of life are found in discovering the things we can do when forced.

AN OBSTACLE TO HAPPINESS.—There is in all of us an impediment to perfect happiness—namely, weariness of the things which we possess and a desire for the things which we have not.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

MISS BEALE, ADA CROSSLEY, DELECTUS, ADMIRER OF THE G. O. P., CONSTANCE SUTHERLAND, GERTRUDE and RONVAD, MARDI, TADMAN and CROSSLEY.—We thank Miss Beale for sending us the prospectus of the Guild of the Cheltenham Ladies' College, the object of which is to give information to its old pupils and others, of essay, reading, and other societies, so as to help in their own self-improvement and in work for others; general secretary, Mrs. Ashley Smith, Ivy House, Bilston, Staffordshire. Miss Tadman is thanked for her prospectus of the Kingston Reading Club, of which she is hon. secretary; her address is 100, Coltman-street, Hull, Yorkshire. Mardi is also thanked for that of the Glamorgan Reading Society, of which Miss C. Lewis is the hon. secretary; address, 49, Richmond-road, Cardiff, Wales. She wishes it to be understood that it is not confined to Glamorganshire. Our other correspondents above-named we may refer to the shilling "Directory of Girls' Clubs" (Griffith and Farran, St. Paul's-churchyard, E.C), where they will find what they require. Machiavelli's works are translated into French by Periés, 1823 6, in twelve volumes, and Macaulay wrote an essay upon them. March 24th, 1869, was a Wednesday. Eleven early-rising societies are named in the directory, including Miss Kempe's.

ART.

DIE JUNGE MAUS.—Although you have attained to the patriarchal age of twenty-one, and your bones have only just become hard, we see no objection to your learning to paint. There are works on the subject you name in French as well as English. Write to the publisher, Mr. Tarn. Ours is the editorial department.

EMILY KAIGHIN.—A milking-stool is round in the seat, about ten inches in diameter, and has three wooden legs sloping outwards. People use it more as a means for the practice of their artistic ideas than as a restful appliance.

MAY.—To remove a photo from a dirty mount, cut away all the margin of the latter and put it to float in a plate of clean tepid water. Should it fail to become detached, hold it with the back near the fire, and you will then peel it off. Sometimes a solution of indiarubber is used in mounting (improperly so, we think), and this is the best plan to adopt in such a case.

PHOTO.—The medium mentioned in "Photographine" is sold with the apparatus for the art.

A. M. B.—To acquire the art of painting on glass or china, you might be taken as an apprentice at various firms, such as that of Mr. Cameron, 69, Wigmore-street, Cavendish-square. W.; or the Messrs. Powell, of the Whitefriars Glass Company, Whitefriars-street, E.C. This company receives ladies, who work in a separate room for six hours daily, and four on Saturdays. The Messrs. Simpson and Messrs. Mortlock likewise employ ladies. The average earnings are from £60 to £70 per annum for the lower branches of art, and as much as £100 for the higher.

BULL FINCH.—We must refer you to the answer above given to "A. M. B." You will find plenty of designs for tile and china painting in the volumes of the G. O. P. You need not look further.

WOULD-BE PROFESSIONAL.—Certainly, a livelihood could be made out of wood engraving, but then you should have more than one qualification for it. Practical skill, persevering industry, good sight, a firm, steady, yet delicate touch, and natural artistic taste. The work has the advantage of being home work, and needs little outlay—a good set of tools, and the boxwood blocks purchased as required. A skilled engraver can earn from £3 upwards a week. If you study at the South London Technical Art School, 122 and 124, Kennington Park-road, you will have £3 to pay per annum for fees, half-yearly and in advance. When you have acquired the art, illustrate some popular work or picture initial letters for articles, and little end sketches for the same, and take them to publishers as specimens. You might obtain advice at the central office of the City and Guilds of London Institute, Gresham College, London, E.C. The director and secretary is Philip Magnus, Esq.

MISCELLANEOUS.

YOUNG INQUIRER.—1. Yes, there is such a thing as a "singing flame," and it is not like a singing kettle nor a windy gaspipe, and is as great a wonder as the fabulous "singing tree," had that been real. A very delicate jet of flame, introduced through a small pipe into a narrow glass tube of a foot long, will respond to the singing of any one note, if set in tune to it. Professor Tyndall says, "With a little practice, one is able to command a flame to sing and to stop singing, while it strictly obeys the injunction. When the proper pitch has been ascertained the experiment is sure to succeed; and, from a distance of twenty or thirty feet, the flame when sung to is caused to sing responsively. If it do not respond, it is because it has not been spoken to in the proper tone; but a note of somewhat higher pitch causes it to stretch its tongue and sing vigorously." 2. The 1st of April, 1869, was a Thursday.

FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.—See "Practical Hints About the Growth of the Hair," in our part for July, 1885. The name Thames is derived from the Attic word *Tamh*, signifying "quiet," the Saxon *Temese*, the Latin *Tamesis*. Possibly the latter may contain the origin of the name Isis, as given to the river at Oxford.

EILEEN.—Yes, Ireland was anciently called Insula Sacra, so Festus Airenus affirmed; but it must be noted that this author wrote in the fourth century, and this was before St. Patrick established Christianity there. Also, the name given to Ireland was not exclusively a distinctive one, for the Isle of Samothrace was also entitled the Sacred Isle. Another name for Ireland was Muic Innis, or Isle of Muc, Muc being the name applied to the divinity as worshipped by them, and signified "sacred." Beautiful as much of the country is, any visitor would be struck with the appropriate selection of the latter name (according to its English sound and meaning) after seeing the filthy surroundings and habits of the natives, the pigs, poultry, and human kind wallowing together within the same mud walls, and by preference!

ZEARN.—A butler has the care of the wine cellar, decants the wine, and serves it at table. He places the chief dish on the table, or carves it at the side table, and his place is behind his master's chair, while the footman (if one) stands behind his mistress. The butler also stands behind the footman when the latter opens the hall door to visitors. The servant, improperly called a butler, who holds a single-handed place combines the duties of both butler and footman, with the exception of the care of the wine cellar, unless in exceptional cases of special trust.

A READER.—The initials R.S.V.P. are those of the French phrase *Répondez, s'il vous plaît*, "Answer, if you please." Painting in oils is much easier than in water-colours, as mistakes can be rectified and improvements made.

HONOLULU.—The quotation you give—

> "Alas! how easily things go wrong;
> A sigh too deep, or a kiss too long,
> And then comes a mist and a weeping rain,
> And life is never the same again,"

is taken from "Planlastes," a fairy story, by George McDonald.

MARANDANA.—Introduce the inferior to the superior, the young to the older, and, in due courtesy, the man to the woman. Read our series of articles on good breeding, especially that entitled "The Habits of Polite Society."

G. N. OETZMANN.—You might arrange your meals thus:—A cup of tea, coffee, or cocoa, and a slice of bread and butter before starting, and put a captain's biscuit or two in your pocket for 11 a.m.; dine at 1 p.m.; take a cup of chocolate or tea at 4 p.m., and a substantial tea at 7 p.m. No supper is needed after that.

BATTENBERG.—Your handwriting is clear, but not pretty, and you must beware of flourishes.

A SCOTCH SUNBEAM.—We are sorry to hear that you suffer so much. Accept our thanks for so kind and grateful a letter, and sincere wishes for your speedy restoration. Your handwriting shows a good foundation for a nice running hand by-and-by.

ENGLISH CHURCHMAN.—The Orders as now existing in the Established Church are derived from St. Augustine of Canterbury. Although St. Joseph of Arimathea brought the Christian faith to Britain in the first century, the reception of it was very partial, and the mission of St. Eleutherius in the second century established a line of sixteen archbishops, the last of whom, Theanus, was driven from his see into Wales about 587. Here a Primitive church of Eastern origin was already in existence, and when the second Roman mission was sent over by Gregory, through Augustine, and established Christianity in the south-eastern part of Britain, the little mission church in North Wales was still existing, and protested against any usurpation of authority by the newly-planted Church of Canterbury. At the same time we cannot trace any Orders in the Established Church derived from them, although we have historic evidence of a primacy in the reign of King Arthur being removed from Caerleon to Llandaff, and thence to St. David's.

DAISY.—We think if you belong to the Young Women's Christian Association you should apply to Miss A. Gough, 17, Old Cavendish-street, W., for information. Most of the homes of rest are open on payment of 10s. a week. There is one at about that price at Cobham, Surrey; Church-stile House. Apply to Miss Blunt, 3, Portman-square, W. You might also apply to the sister in charge of St. Gabriel's Home of Rest, Lennard-road, Folkestone.

MISS GOUDGE.—The phrase you give appears to be made up of certain passages of Holy Writ. See 1st Tim. vi. 4, 5, 20, and 2nd Tim. ii. 23.

where the terms are moderate; or St. Mary's Home, near Uckfield, Fletching. Apply to the lady superintendent. Designed for ladies requiring rest or change, 10s. a week.

E. A. L.—We think you had better look out the word "supernatural" in the dictionary.

Bishop.—Canons are residentiary members of a cathedral chapter, of which the dean is the chief, The office was instituted in the eighth century. and their duty is to act as the advisers of the bishop. They do receive salaries, varying in amount. Archdeacons take precedence of them. They act as the representatives and delegates of the bishops, especially in the duty of parochial visitation. Their office dates from the fifth century. Their salary is very trifling, supposed only to cover the cost of their journeys. A prebendary has a right to a stall in the choir of a cathedral church and vote in the chapter, and to the receipt of certain revenues for the performance of certain duties in that or a collegiate church. The office was instituted in the eleventh century, and may be held by a layman, although such cases are rare, if actually existing. A rural dean is a beneficed clergyman charged with the inspection of a deanery, or sub-division of an archdeaconry, under the supervision of his bishop. The original duties of the office are for the most part practically transferred to the archdeacon.

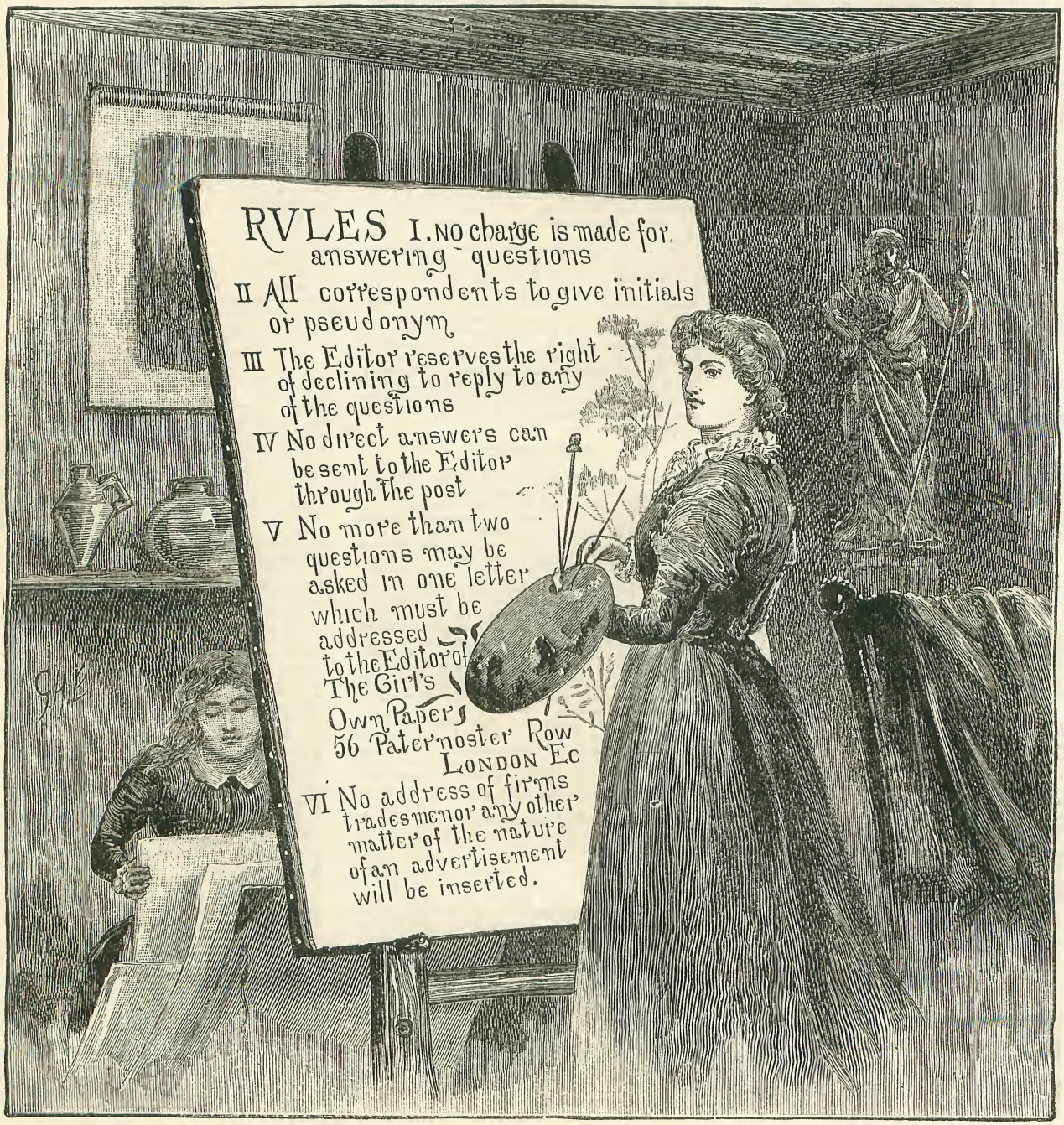
W. L.—The first voyage made all round the world was by a Portuguese commander, who sailed from San Lucas on September 20th, 1519, in the ship *Vittoria*. The name of this pioneer navigator was Ferdinand Magellan, giving the straits through which he passed their name. He was killed on the Philippine Islands the following year, and Sebastian del Cano brought the ship round the Cape of Good Hope, and arrived at San Lucas six days within the three years' expedition, September 6th, 1522. Five ships formed the fleet; three lived to go through the straits with Magellan and his crew; the *Vittoria* was the only one that reached home.

An Italian Girl.—The 30th April, 1866, was a Monday. The letters *i.e.* represent the Latin words *id est*, or, in English, "that is," or, more freely translated, "that means, in other words," when an explanation of the words employed is required. The Jesuits were banished from Portugal in 1759, suppressed in France 1764, in Spain 1767, and subsequently in Naples, Parma, and Modena, and in 1773 Pope Clement XIV. issued a bull, concluding with the words, "We do extirpate and abolish the Society of Jesus." In 1814 Pope Pius VII. re-established it. A large number of Jesuit priests were executed at the time you name on account of real or supposed political intrigues. You write a beautiful hand, and you have our best wishes.

Seeker of Light.—Our blessed Lord's atonement on the Cross was of infinite efficacy, and our sins—even the most heinous—are those of mere finite creatures. Thus, "He is able to save to the uttermost." The term "scarlet," as applied to sin, is a figure of speech. It is not only glaring and conspicuous, but, as produced in ancient times, it was exceedingly durable. The Phœnicians were famous for it, and the Tyrian purple and scarlet were produced from two little shellfish, the *Buccinum* and *Murex*, only found in perfection on the rocky coast of their country. The dye when exposed to a bright light became successively green, blue, red, and deep purple; and, by washing it in soap and water, of a bright and permanent crimson. Costly fabrics were twice dyed, and made so beautiful and so very durable that they brought fabulous prices. Thus, the allusion made to a scarlet dye is explained. However deeply dyed and stained with sin, the precious blood of Christ can wash the sinner as white as snow. There is no limit to its cleansing power.

S. A. Gray.—You would do well to advertise your autographs and take what you can get for them from the trade, or else dispose of them by arrangement with private friends. The *Exchange and Mart* would be a good advertising medium.

Three Ignorant Schoolgirls.—You cannot say you play by *hear*, but by ear.



Published at the "Leisure Hour" Office, 56, Paternoster Row, London, and Sold by all Booksellers and Newsagents



VOL. VIII.—No. 368.] JANUARY 15, 1887. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE SHEPHERD'S FAIRY.

A PASTORALE.

By DARLEY DALE, Author of "Fair Katherine," etc.

CHAPTER XV.

CONCERNING A HORSESHOE.

THE greater part of the majority of lives is passed in a groove. Sometimes a great crash comes, and all the machinery is put out of gear, but then the life is resumed, and all goes on quietly again—not as before, the change was too violent for that, but in another groove, in which it moves until another crisis comes. These crises come to all, even the most uneventful lives, but they come oftener to some than to others, and when they do come they invariably come suddenly and in the most unexpected way. Let the road of life be ever so long and straight and dull and monotonous, it is sure to lead to a turning some day, though, perhaps, the new road on which we enter with such hope and zest may be longer and duller and rougher than the first. And, after all, monotonous lives are often the happiest, though the young are very sceptical on this point,



All rights reserved.] "HE STOPPED AND WANTED TO KNOW WHERE SHE WAS GOING."

until their own lives have been upset by one or two of the great changes which come sooner or later to everyone.

Jack's sudden departure was such a crisis in his life, and, indeed, it affected the whole family, though after he was gone they settled down again into the old quiet daily routine. It was not the same as before; it never is. This is really the sad part of it; not that life is monotonous, as people often complain, but that after a great change, no matter how brief—a few minutes may be long enough to effect such a change—but after such a change the life can never go on again exactly the same as it was before; it may be happier or the reverse. One thing is certain, it will never be the same again. And the older we grow the more sad does it seem that the good old times are gone for ever—they can never come back any more.

Our children grow up and are both a blessing and a comfort to our fading lives, but the days are gone for ever when the curly-headed cherub, now a man of six feet high, awoke us at unearthly hours for a romp, before a sepulchral voice outside announced that his bath was ready, to our intense relief. He has cherubs of his own now, and can sympathise with our feelings, when the nurse's knock was heard, and the time will come when he too, like us, will wish in vain for those happy days to return.

The Shelleys' change had been so sudden; in a few hours it was all settled, and Jack gone to America, who, earlier in the day, had been shearing sheep, as though that was to be the only anxiety in his shepherd's life. After he was gone they were at first so occupied with nursing Charlie they had scarcely time to realise all that had happened on that June morning; but in a few weeks Charlie was quite well again, and then they resumed their former lives. But it was all different now; Charlie took Jack's place as under-shepherd, and went with his father to the downs every day instead of Jack. Fairy spent a great deal of her time at the rectory, for now Jack was gone she felt her anomalous position, for, fond as she was of the shepherd and his wife and of Charlie, she could not help feeling there was a gulf between them and her, which, in Jack's case, did not exist, for intellectually he was her superior.

As she grew older, Fairy began to realise that there was another difference between her and her foster parents, besides the difference of education, for she was a lady in thought and feeling as well as by birth, and, thanks to Mr. Leslie, by education. Not that there was anything to jar upon her feelings in John Shelley or his wife; for simple, honest folk as they were, there was nothing vulgar about them; and it is vulgarity which jars against a refined mind; but all the same there was a difference between them and her, a difference she had not felt as a child, but which, now she was growing into a woman, pressed upon her.

She felt this difference more with Charlie than the others, for John Shelley's piety made her look up to him with reverence; and Mrs. Shelley's sound common sense and true motherly kindness had won her respect and affection; but Charlie, fond as she was of him, was rather a trial to Fairy. His thick hobnailed shoes which he persisted in wearing in the house, his smock-frock, to which, on the shepherd, Fairy had no objection, for, as she often said, he looked like one of the old patriarchs in it, but Charlie's smock was by no means becoming; he looked what he was—a clodhopping youth in it; his dirty stained hands, which no amount of washing could ever make clean, his broad, Sussex brogue, and his habit of chucking at his forelock if he met Mr. Leslie, were thorns in the flesh to Fairy, as they had been to Jack; and certainly there was no danger of her ever feeling or evincing more than a sisterly affection for the bucolic Charlie. No wonder if Fairy, feeling lonely when Jack was gone, took to remaining oftener at the rectory, after her lesson hours were over, than she had done when he was at home, particularly as she was a great favourite there, not only with the young people, who could do nothing without Fairy, but with Mr. and Mrs. Leslie also, both of whom had come to be very fond of her. They pitied her, too, knowing well the difficulties of her position, though Fairy was much too loyal to the Shelleys to speak of them; and they were anxious to help her as far as lay in their power. At present all they were able to do was to give her the same advantages of education as they bestowed on their own four plain daughters. Unluckily, Fairy did not show any great fondness for study, though she readily learnt French and music, and any accomplishments, for she was very clever with her fingers, and both painted and played very well, for those days.

What was to become of Fairy in the future was a problem which often exercised Mr. and Mrs. Leslie's brains, and the only solution they could arrive at was that Jack must make his fortune in America, and come back and marry her, since it was quite clear she could not live for ever with the shepherd; neither was she fitted to be a governess; and there was no other way of well-educated women earning their living in those days, and there would be some insurmountable obstacles to marrying her to any one else. A gentleman would hesitate at marrying a girl brought up in a peasant's cottage, and it was quite certain Fairy would not marry anyone but a gentleman, unless, indeed, she took Jack; so, after due consideration, Mr. and Mrs. Leslie settled there was no other future open to her.

Meanwhile there was plenty of time before Fairy need want to fly away from the shepherd's sheltering roof, for if Jack came back at the end of two years she would only then be eighteen. And as time went on the accounts of Jack were very satisfactory. Not only did his own letters lead his friends to gather that he was making his way, but Mr. Leslie occasionally received glowing accounts from his friend the banker of the very promising young man he had sent out to him, and there seemed very little doubt that Jack would do uncommonly well for himself.

He wrote every mail, either to his mother or Fairy; indeed, his letters were the chief incidents in their lives, and were eagerly looked for, for little occurred to vary the monotony of the daily routine, except, in due course, the sheep-fairs, lambing-time, the sheep-washing and shearing, and the White Ram, until, in the spring of the second year after Jack went away, a disease broke out among the flocks, which gave John Shelley a great deal of anxiety, although hitherto his sheep had escaped. Indeed, he had been very fortunate since Jack left, and at the time of his third White Ram his flock was in a most prosperous condition. Charlie had developed into an excellent shepherd; his heart was as much in his work now as his father's; he knew and loved all his sheep, and he was by no means above going to the fairs with them; on the contrary, he was very proud of his position of under-shepherd, and then he had no scruples, like Jack, about snareing wheatears. He made quite a little fortune in this way during the summer months, and in winter he trapped moles and sold them for so much a dozen; in the autumn he gathered mushrooms and sold them—indeed, all was fish that came to Charlie's net; and in one way he was as observant as Jack, though while Jack pursued his observations from a pure love of natural history, Charlie always had an eye on the main chance.

He cared nothing for the beauty of the scenery—probably he saw none, although Ray, the naturalist, thought the South Downs equal to any scenery in Europe. All Charlie saw was an expanse of short crisp turf, excellent pasturage for his sheep. He never brought Fairy home a bunch of flowers, as Jack had been wont to do every day except in the depth of winter, and when she asked him to get her some bee orchises from Mount Caburn, Charlie either did not know where they grew or else had not time to gather them; and then Fairy would go to John Shelley, and beg him to get her some orchids before they were all over, and, busy as he might be, John never refused.

One hot July day when John Shelley's White Ram was already a thing of the past, he came home unexpectedly about ten in the morning, looking so very grave that Fairy, who was painting on the kitchen table, asked what was the matter. John often looked grave now; indeed, he had never been quite the same since Jack had struck that unlucky blow; the suspense and anxiety he endured then, and the narrow escape he felt they had had of a terrible tragedy being enacted in the midst of their happy home circle, and then the loss of his eldest son, which he felt exceedingly, for he was very proud of clever, handsome Jack; all had saddened him. Perhaps, too, the knowledge that he had attained the goal of his earthly ambition, to be captain of the Lewes shearing company, and had nothing more to hope for in this world, made him grave; at any rate, though he had always lived for the future—for the life

beyond the grave, he did so more than ever now; and though he was too good a man and too busy to indulge in any morbid thoughts, yet he set very little store on this life, and often longed for the time to come when he should lay his burden down and cross the dark river which leads to those fields of light where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

For Fairy the shepherd had ever a smile; she was the light of his home, the poetry of his life; one glance at her delicate, bright little face, crowned with its wealth of golden hair, was sufficient to chase all gloom from his brow; and now, though he looked unusually grave, he smiled at her.

"Where is mother, little one?"

"She is lying down with one of her bad headaches; she would clean up the house first, but at last I persuaded her to let me cook the dinner, so I am going to; surely, it is not time yet. Why have you come home so soon, John?"

"Mother ill! That is bad. 'It never rains but it pours,' as they say. What am I to do?"

"Why, John; what is the matter? Has anything happened to Charlie?"

"No, child, no, not that I know of; but my sheep have got it."

No need for Fairy to ask what the sheep had got, for this disease had been Charlie's sole topic of conversation ever since it had broken out, so, to tell the truth, she was rather weary of it; but for John's sheep to have it was a serious matter she knew; moreover, she always took special interest in "our sheep," as she called them.

"Oh, John, have our sheep got it? Oh, I am sorry! I thought you would be sure to escape. How many are ill?"

"Only ten at present; but though I have taken them away from the others, it is so infectious I am afraid they will all get it."

"Did you come home to tell mother?" asked Fairy.

"No, I came back to ask her to go to Lewes and tell Hobbs, the veterinary, to come and see them as soon as possible, while I take those who are all right to the downs, and go on to look at Charlie's flock; he may not have noticed the first symptoms. Perhaps I can find someone in the village to go, as mother is ill."

"Nonsense, John, I will go; I shall like the walk this lovely day. I don't mind the sun a bit; I love it; besides, I shall be back before the heat of the day. Tell me where I am to go, and what I am to say."

"But, my pretty one, mother does not like you to go to Lewes alone, does she?"

"In a case like this she would not mind; it is great nonsense at all, I think, for the Leslie girls go in alone, one or other of them, every day."

John smiled, partly at the way in which Fairy identified herself with the Leslie girls, as if they were in the same position as herself, and partly at her naivety in not seeing that it was one thing for a plain girl like Maud Leslie to walk about Lewes alone, and quite another for the shepherd's pretty dainty little foster daughter. However, he was very anxious about his sheep, and wanted the veterinary fetched as quickly as possible, and he knew he could trust Fairy to go far better than a boy in the village, so he accepted her offer, and gave her the necessary directions.

Fairy ran upstairs to tell Mrs. Shelley where she was going and to fetch her hat, and then set off in high glee, very much enjoying the novelty of going to Lewes alone, though Mrs. Shelley, as she first bent and kissed her before starting, grumbled at John's imprudence in allowing it. And certainly there was something to be said on Mrs. Shelley's side of the question, for Fairy was a girl who could not walk out without attracting attention; not that she was so exceedingly beautiful, but there was such a brilliancy in her beauty, which was of the pocket-Venus type, such a freshness and brightness about her, that everyone who saw her involuntarily turned to look after this little sunbeam who had just shed a ray of light across his path. She was dressed in a very simple white dress, with a large straw hat, with a piece of blue ribbon round it on her head. Fairy was very fond of white dresses, and very extravagant, for she never would wear a soiled one, and good Mrs. Shelley, who took a great pride in the girl's appearance, washed and starched and ironed them for her without complaining.

Fairy's way lay down the lane and across some fields, by a kind of drift, to the Winter-bourne, now a mere tiny brook, which you could easily step over, and then down a road with fields on one side and the Priory grounds on the other, to the town.

She met no one till she reached the bourne, and she tripped along quickly, resolutely denying herself the pleasure of gathering all the wild roses she came across, partly because, she told herself, she must make haste on her important errand, partly because it would soil her dress.

"I must gather all I can as I come back," said Fairy, with a longing glance at the fence, covered with the lovely wild roses, pink and white and cream-coloured, the loveliest of all our wild flowers—the "rose of all the roses."

But when she came back that golden head was too full of other thoughts to remember the roses.

At the bourne Fairy met Mr. Leslie on horseback. He stopped and wanted to know where she was going.

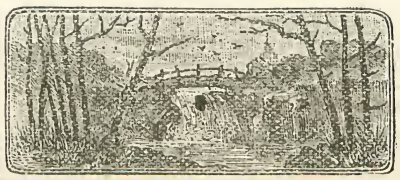
"To Lewes, on business, very important business, for John," said Fairy, grandly.

"Indeed! I wish my mare were not so tired, that I might come with you, but I am just back from Brighton, and I expect, as the poor people here say, the fairies got into my stable and rode her about all last night, for she is far from fresh this morning. But I must not keep you. Good-bye; don't let anyone pick you up and run off with you before Jack comes back. I heard from him this morning; he talks of coming home at the end of this year."

"So soon? Mother will be glad. Good-bye," said Fairy, her bright little face lighting up with pleasure, though she did not blush or look conscious; facts Mr. Leslie noticed, and went home to tell his wife Fairy was too much of a child to be in love, and he was sure she had no thought of Jack as a husband.

In this he was right; Fairy had no thought of Jack nor of anyone else as a husband just then; she was fancy-free as she disappeared down the road which led to the picturesque old town, lying before her in its amphitheatre of hills, whose white chalk patches looked strangely cold and repellent on this warm July morning. But those chalk hills often give one a chill at first. Fairy was too much accustomed to them to notice or feel it any more than she noticed or felt the cold, blunt, downright, and, at first, repelling manner of the Sussex peasant, who probably derives some of his characteristics from the country in which he is born and bred, and lives and moves and has his being, for it is certain that scenery influences character to a much greater extent than is commonly supposed. Fairy knew that this was only one phase of the Sussex downs; another time those hills—by the way, the word "down" is derived from an old Saxon word, meaning "hill"—another time those hills would look soft, and warm, and sweet, and attractive, just as the Sussex peasant, on better acquaintance, proves himself honest and true and kind-hearted, in spite of his uncouth manners.

(*To be continued.*)



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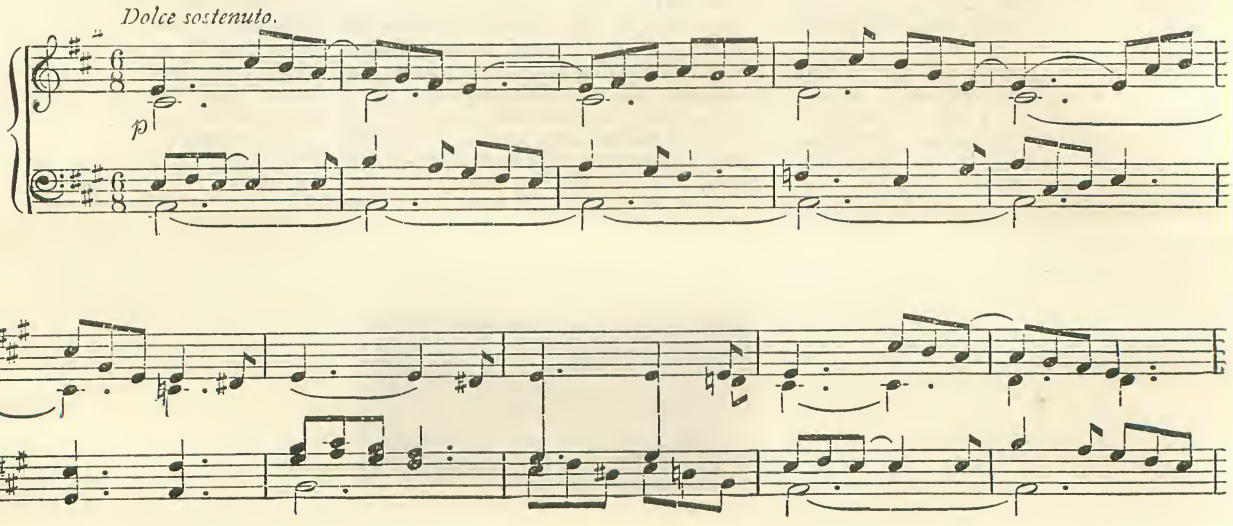
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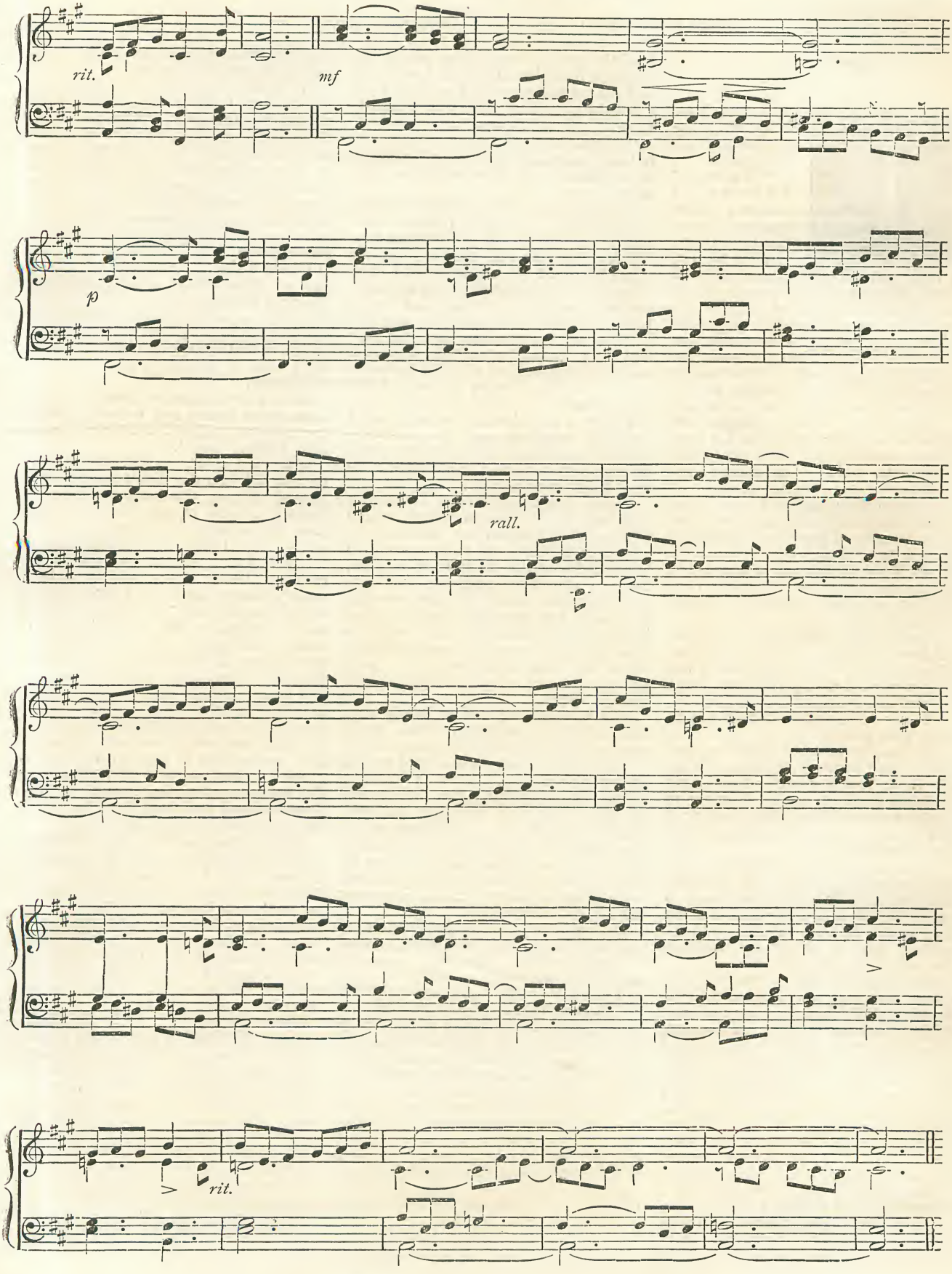
J. W. HINTON, M.A., Mus.D.



Dolce sostenuto.

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MERLE'S CRUSADE.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Aunt Diana," "For Lilias," etc.

CHAPTER XIV.

'BREAD AND SALT."



I THOUGHT Mrs. Markham looked somewhat displeased.

"We must ask your mother's permission, Master Rolf;" then, turning to her, "I hope you will allow him to go with us this afternoon," for, in spite of his rude ways, I felt full of pity for the lonely little boy; he seemed to have no playfellows except poor Judson, who was a low-spirited, overworked young woman. It must have been dreary for him to be in a household of grown-up people, who all voted him a plague and took no trouble to amuse him. Spoilt children are seldom happy ones; and it did not need a second look at Rolf's pale, sickly face to read the lines of discontent and peevishness.

"I am rather surprised that Miss Fenton should make such a request after her treatment of my boy yesterday," returned Mrs. Markham, ungraciously. I think if she had dared to contradict Rolf she would not have given her consent, but a sulky look was already clouding his face.

"Never mind about that," he said, impatiently; "Miss Fenton is going to make the tail for my kite; and I am going out with her this afternoon, and I shall and will go."

"Master Rolf, that is not the way to answer your mother."

"You may leave me to rebuke my own child," she observed, coldly. "Very well, Rolf; you may go, but you need not be so cross about it. I came to see about the children, Miss Fenton; I think it is too hot for them to go on the beach this afternoon."

"Joyce will wear her sun-bonnet; and there is a nice breeze," I returned, somewhat ruffled by this interference. I fancy she did it to aggravate me, for there was no fault to be found with the weather, and I knew my mistress always left these things to me...

She remained for a few minutes making little suggestions about the ventilation and the nursery arrangements, which I bore as patiently as I could, though the harsh, metallic voice irritated me dreadfully. I did not wish to be disrespectful to Mrs. Markham, but I did not feel bound to obey her orders, and I knew I should tell her so if any grave dispute arose between us. I was rather relieved when she left the room at last, taking Rolf with her; but a few minutes afterwards Judson glided in on tiptoe.

"Oh, Miss Fenton," she said, in a pathetic voice, "I am so grateful to you for promising to take charge of Master Rolf this afternoon; I thought there would be such a piece of work; Master Rolf thought he was going out in the carriage, and Mrs. Markham has friends and cannot find room for him; and what I should have done with him I hardly know, all the afternoon."

"If Rolf is good I have no objection to take charge of him; I am very fond of children, only they must be obedient."

"Obedience is an unknown word to Master Rolf," returned Judson, lugubriously; "times out of number that boy has got me into trouble, just because he would not mind a word I said. Why, he got the colonel's sword out of his mother's wardrobe one day and nearly killed himself, and another morning he fired off his grandfather's gun, that had been loaded by mistake, and shot poor old Pincher, not that he meant to do it; he was aiming at one of the pheasants."

This was not pleasant to hear, and I inwardly resolved not to trust the children out of my sight; for who could tell what unforeseen accident might arise from Rolf's recklessness?

"Mrs. Markham blames me for all that happens," went on Judson, "and Master Rolf knows that, and there is no checking him; he is not nearly so mischievous when his mother is near, because she loses patience, and has more than once boxed his ears soundly. She spoils him dreadfully, and he takes liberties with her as no child ought to take with a parent; but now and then, when he has aggravated her past bearing, I have known her punish him pretty sharply."

This was sad; injudicious indulgence, and injudicious severity. Who could wonder if the results were unsatisfactory?

"No one dares to say a word to him except his mother," went on Judson; "it is just her temper when she flies out at him; but she worships the very ground he walks on. If his finger aches she thinks he is going to die, and the house is in an uproar; and yet when he is ill he is as contrary as possible, and will not take a thing from her, for all her petting and coaxing."

It seemed a relief to Judson to pour out her woes, and I could hardly refuse to listen to her. She was evidently attached to her mistress, with whom she had lived since her marriage; but she was one of those helpless beings who are made the butt of other people's wills and passions; she had no dignity of mind to repel even childish impertinence; her nervous, vacillating ways would only increase Rolf's tyrannical nature.

I could understand how a high-spirited boy would resist any command enforced by that plaintive voice. A few quick concise words would influence him more than a torrent of feeble reproaches from Judson. He was not without generous impulses—what English boy is?—he had grasped at once my meaning when I rebuked him for his want of gentlemanly honour, but he was precocious and overbearing, and had lived too much in the society of grown-up people.

My knowledge of the world was not great, but I know how deficient in reticence many grown-up people are in the presence of children; the stream of talk that is poured into the little pitchers is often defiled with low conventional views of duty, and painfully uncharitable remarks; the pure mirror of a child's mind—and how pure that mind often is!—is frequently sullied by some unchristian observations from lips that to the child are half divine. "See how ye offend one of these little ones," was the Master's warning; and yet if we could look into one of these young minds, we should often see its placid serenity broken up and ruffled by some unthinking speech, flung like a pitiless pebble into its brightness.

After all, we spent a pleasant afternoon on the beach, and I do not believe the children enjoyed themselves more than Hannah and I.

It was not a long walk to the shore if we had followed the direct route; but I wanted to see the pretty village of Netherton more closely; so we walked past the church and down the main street, and turned off by the row of bungalows that skirted the cliff, and, crossing the cornfields, made our way down a narrow cutting to a little strip of shingly beach, with its border of yellow sands washed by the summer surf. I would willingly have sat under the breakwater all the afternoon, watching the baby waves lapping upon the sands, and laying driblets of brown and green seaweed on the shore, while Reggie brought me wet pebbles and little dried up crabs and empty mussel shells, but Rolf wanted me to help with his sand castle; indeed, we were all pressed into the service; even Reggie dug up tiny dabs of sand and flung it at us, under the belief that he was helping too.

What a pretty scene it was, when the castle was finished, and its ramparts adorned with long green festoons and pennants of brown ribbons; and Reggie sat at the top kicking his little bare legs with delight, while Rolf dug the trench down to the sea, which filled and bubbled over in a miniature lake, in which disported the luckless crabs and jelly fish which he had collected for his aquarium.

There is something sad in the transitoriness of children's play on the shore; they are so eager to build up their sand towers and mounds. When the feeble structure is finished the little workpeople give a cry of joy, as though some great task were accomplished. Then the waves creep up stealthily; there is a little cold lisping outside the outworks, as though the treacherous foes were lurking around; in a few seconds the toy castle is in ruins. The children look at the grey pool that has engulfed their treasure with wide, disappointed eyes.

"Oh, the greedy sea," they say, "it has destroyed our castle!" But to-morrow they will come again with beautiful childish faith and build another, and still another, until some new game is proposed, or they are weary of play.

It was quite late in the afternoon when we turned out faces homeward. Joyce was tired, so we put her in the perambulator, and I carried Reggie. Rolf hung behind rather sulkily; fatigue evidently made him cross; but he brightened up in an instant when the sound of horses' hoofs struck on our ears, and in another moment a little cavalcade came in sight—Miss Cheriton mounted on her pretty brown mare Brownie, and her father and Mr. Hawtry on each side of her.

She smiled and waved her hand to us, and Mr. Hawtry raised his hat slightly. They would have passed on, but Rolf exclaimed, "Oh, do take me up for a ride, Mr. Hawtry, I am so tired!" and Mr. Hawtry looked at Miss Cheriton, and pulled up at once.

"Put your foot on my boot, then, and I can reach you," he returned; and as Hannah lifted him up, not without difficulty, he threw his arm round him, and kept him steady. "Now, then, hold tight; we must overtake the others," I heard him say, and they were soon out of sight.

"It must be werry nice to be Rolf," sighed Joyce, enviously, as Hannah wheeled her up the dusty road.

I think we were all glad when we had reached the cool nursery, and found a plentiful tea spread on the round table. The children were so sleepy that we were obliged to put them to bed as soon as they had finished their tea.

Rolf did not make his appearance until later, and then he burst into the room with his arms full of paper and string, and we were very soon hard at work on the window-seat, constructing the tail for his kite.

He was in high spirits, and talked volubly all the time.

"I told mother about bread and salt," he began, "and she liked the idea very much. She made me repeat it again to grandpapa, and he patted me on the head, and gave me half-a-crown. When grandpapa is pleased about anything he always gives people half-a-crown. I think he ought to give you one, Fenny. Do you mind my calling you Fenny? it sounds so nice, rather like funny, and you are so funny sometimes."

"It sounds much more like Fanny," I returned.

"Oh, do you think so? I will ask Aunt Gay what she thinks. Aunt Gay is so fond of you, she told me so to-day, only she said it was a secret, so you must keep it. I told Mr. Hawtry the story about the robber servant this evening after dinner, and he said that he was a plucky fellow, in spite of his being a robber; and so I think. Do you like Mr. Hawtry, Fenny?"

"I do not know him, dear."

"Oh, no, of course, you are only a nurse, and so you don't come in the drawing-room like other people; you would not know how to behave, would you? Mr. Hawtry said something about you this evening. Mother was talking to him, you know how, only I can't tell you—bread and salt, you know," and here Rolf looked excessively solemn; "and Mr. Hawtry said—no, don't stop me, it is nothing bad, nothing like mother; oh, dear, it will come out, I know—he only said, 'She seems a very quiet, well-conducted young person, and not at all above her duties,' for you were carrying Reggie, you know."

"Oh, Rolf, do hold your tongue," I exclaimed, crossly, for this was too much for my forbearance. What business had Mrs. Markham to talk me over with strangers? I ought to have stopped Rolf, but my curiosity was too strong at that moment. "A quiet, well-conducted young person," indeed. I felt in a fever of indignation.

Rolf looked up from his kite with some surprise.

"Does talking disturb you? We are getting on beautifully. What a lovely tail my kite will have!" Then, as though a thought struck him, "Are you ever cross, Fenny; really cross, I mean?"

"Yes, very often, Rolf," for being a fairly conscientious person, I could not deny my faults of temper.

"Oh!" with a peculiar intonation, "I wonder if Aunt Gay knows that. Do you remember any anecdotes about crossness, Fenny?"

I am afraid of what my answer might have been, for I was considerably nettled at Rolf's malicious tone, but happily Judson came at that moment with a message from Mrs. Markham that even Rolf did not dare to disobey, for he ran off at once, without bidding me good-night, and leaving all his tackle strewn over the floor for Judson to clear.

As soon as I was left in solitude, I went to the open window. It was clear moonlight again. There were the tree-shadows, and the long, silvery path across the meadows; a warm radiance from the drawing-room was flung across the terrace. The same sweet bird-like voice that I had heard in the orchard that morning was singing an old-fashioned ballad—

"My mother bids me bind my hair."

Someone clapped their hands and said "Bravo!" when it was finished.

"What a lovely evening! Do come into the garden, Adelaide; it is quite warm and balmy." And then there was a rustle and movement underneath me, a sweep of dark drapery, followed by the whisk of a white gown, as Gay ran down the steps, pursued by Rolf. Two gentlemen sauntered down the terrace; one of them was Mr. Hawtry; I could hear his voice quite plainly.

"This is a capital cigarette, squire. When a man is not much of a smoker, he will not put up with an inferior article. I have some cigars by me now——" The remainder of the interesting sentence was lost in the distance.

Men are rather satirical on the subject of women's talk. They quiz us dreadfully, and insist that our main topic is bonnets, but I am not sure that we could not retaliate with equal force. Bonnets can be treated as works of art, but could anything be more trivial and worthless than a cigar?

They were still talking about the odious things when they returned, only I was too disgusted to listen any more. I was in a bad humour, that was certain—one of those moods when only a real tough piece of work can relieve one. I closed the window and drew down the blind, and then armed myself with my pocket dictionary. I would write a long letter to my mistress, and tell her about our afternoon on the beach, and I would pick out the hardest and most difficult words—those that I generally eschewed.

I heard afterwards I had written a beautiful letter, without a single mistake, and that my mistress read it over and over again—that is, that she considered it beautiful, because it was all about the children.

"Nonsense, Merle, it was a sweet letter, and I showed it to my husband

I was in a better humour when I had finished it, and called Hannah.

"Hannah, we shall go on the beach to-morrow morning, and so I shall be able to spare you in the afternoon; I shall not take the children farther than the garden. You can go and have tea with your sister, if you like, and you need not hurry home. I am growing far too idle, and I have not half enough to do," for I wanted to check any expression of gratitude on the girl's part, but a tap at the door silenced us both.

It was only Miss Cheriton come to wish me good-night. She had a basket of fruit and a dainty little bunch of roses in her hand.

"I saw the light in your window, and thought of the poor prisoner behind it, and I thought this would cheer you up," laying her pretty offerings on the table. "I am going to take you all for a drive to-morrow through Orton-on-Sea; the children will like to see the shops and jetty. Well, good-night; I am dreadfully sleepy; to-morrow we will have another long talk." And then she left me alone with the roses.

(*To be continued.*)





"SHE SAT ALONE BY THE FIRE ONE DAY."

FAITH AND UNFAITH.

By SARAH DOUDNEY.

"Faith and unfaith can ne'er be equal powers."—*Tennyson.*

SHE sat alone by the fire one day;
The winds were sobbing outside the pane,
And over the meadows and hillsides grey
The clouds hung heavy with rain.

But down in the garden-paths she knew
Last summer's leaves were lingering yet,
Leaves that had taken the sun and the dew
Of days she would fain forget.

She sat alone, and the firelight gleamed
On a little golden ring she wore,
And her tears fell fast for the hopes that beamed
In the years that come no more.

She drew the ring from her hand, and said,
"Why should I cling to the outward sign
Of a love that now in his heart lies dead,
Though it lives and burns in mine?"

But a voice said, "Silence is not death;
Wait on in patience and bear your pain;
You may dim the gold by a single breath,
But it shines out bright again!

"Love is not love if it cannot trust,
And faith should shine like the virgin gold,
A treasure unsullied by moth or rust,
That never is bought and sold."

THE INHERITANCE OF A GOOD NAME.

By LOUISA MENZIES.

CHAPTER II.

VENUS'S FLY-TRAP.

"MARK, will you come to Sunbridge Woods and look for Venus's fly-trap?" *

"With all my heart, Sorella; but what will mother do?"

"Oh, mother will be quite happy in the garden under your tent. She cannot walk in the heat, you know; but perhaps she'll come and meet us if she does not drive with auntie."

"Let us go and ask her," said Mark; and led the way to the cool little parlour, where their mother was engaged in some parish writing for her brother, her writing-table so placed that she could look up from time to time at her husband's portrait, which seemed to her, simple soul that she was! to look down on her with tender care and encouragement. Margaret never told her thoughts even to her daughter, but both Mark and Eva knew why their mother loved that place better than any other.

Mark propounded Eva's scheme, which met with no opposition from their mother, who was well content to know that they were happy and together.

"Will you not take Elgitha?" she asked. "She loves to get a walk in the woods."

Eva would rather have had her brother all to herself, but a suggestion from her mother was law to her; so Mark ran up to the rectory to see if Elgitha might come with them, while Eveline put on her walking dress and prepared her basket, scissors, etc.

Elgitha was now a big girl of thirteen. Small and delicate as she had been in her infancy, she was now developing a rather large frame, and was at that awkward age when a girl seems all angles, and does not know what to do with her hands and feet. Being an ugly likeness of her father, and in character more resembling the Echlins than the Manners, she in no way dimmed the lustre of Gilbert's glory in her mother's eyes, and was on all occasions extremely glad to escape to her aunt and cousins at the cottage.

The idea of a walk in the woods with Mark and Eveline was enchanting, a delightful relief to the tedium of a *tête-à-tête* drive with her mother in the phaeton, and Elgitha floundered into her walking gear with all possible speed. They met Eva at the garden gate, and, after she had put her cousin's dress to rights with a few judicious touches, the three set off across the fields in the direction of Sunbridge. They crossed cornfields just ripening into yellow, spotted here and there with nodding poppies and blue cornflowers, and Elgitha sought counsel, as to the weather from the shepherd's weather-glass, white or red, or, as to the time, from the seeding dandelion. The sun was high in the heavens, and blinding in his majesty, so that it was with a sense of exquisite relief that they gained the shelter of the woods, laden with full summer foliage, and whispering sweetly in the gentle wind. At Eva's wish they sat down to rest under a lime just bursting into blossom.

It was a day when to be alive was pleasure, and Mark lay on his back gazing up into the world of tender green, dreaming deliciously; but Elgitha had not reached the dreamy age, and, having sat for five minutes, pulling to pieces a bunch of poppies which she had gathered, and watching their tender leaves float in the wind, she suddenly started up at the sight of a horseman riding along the high road, where it skirted the wood some two hundred paces distant.

"Hullo!" she shouted. "Gilbert, I wonder where he is going. Hullo! stop; where are you going?" And plunging through moss and bracken, she managed to make a right angle, and, climbing a five-barred gate, stood in front of her brother, as he came riding slowly along the road.

Gilbert was startled, but the horse knew Elgitha, whinnied, and stopped.

"How on earth did you come here?" said Gilbert, not in the most amiable manner.

"Oh! Mark and Eva are here," explained Elgitha; "we have come out for a walk."

"Then why do you tear along like a lunatic Meg Merrilies?"

"What a good idea!" laughed Elgitha; "you are Mr. Bertram riding from Ellangowan, and I am Meg; but I ought to be standing on the top of the gate to tell you your doom."

"Nonsense, child; let the horse's head free," for Elgitha was fondling her father's old favourite.

"The horse! Just as if the dear old thing hadn't got a name! Poor darling old Dusty, who has carried you, man and boy, for these fifteen years. I'm ashamed of you, Gil."

"I'm ashamed of him!" replied Gilbert, "the stupid old beast; he hasn't a bit of spunk left in him, if he ever had any. A nice specimen, isn't he, Mark?" for Mark and Eveline had not joined them. "What would St. Maur or Tullietudlem say to him? They'd hardly think him fit for dogs' meat at Cambridge, would they?"

Mark patted the neck of the old horse, who had carried the rector for over twenty years.

"Dusty prefers Sunbridge to Cambridge; he's quick enough for the rector, and can get over a quantity of ground if need be."

"He and the rector suit each other, I've no doubt; but I wish the rector would keep something a little more up to the mark for his friends. It makes a fellow look such an owl to be astride of such a Rosinante. Mrs. Alderman Jacobson and those black-browed girls of hers passed me ten minutes ago in a splendid barouche with a couple of thoroughbreds—such beauties, Eva, that dark mottled grey that you love so, matched to an inch with silver-plated harness that positively dazzled me. It is scandalous; his grandfather, old Nat Jacobson, used to peregrinate the metropolis in search of cast-off wearing apparel with a black bag and a pyramid of old beavers on his patriarchal head."

"Oh, Gil, how can you?" remonstrated Elgitha; "it is a case of industry rewarded. If our grandfathers had toiled as Nat Jacobson toiled, and accepted as fish whatever came into their nets, they might have added barn to barn and acre to acre, and left us the wherewithal to skim through the world in barouches drawn by silver-harnessed dappled greys."

"True enough, most wise maid of Sunbridge, but I don't think I should ever acquire a taste for making money; people in our position are not fitted for making money; but if our pater

* Eveline would be botanically more correct if she called the beautiful English plant "sundew." It is of the same order as the foreign "*Venus's fly-trap*," and also attracts and kills small flies.

instead of being a model curate, had spent his energies on a good milk walk, you wouldn't have to plod about on foot all your days, and I shouldn't have had the confounded nuisance of choosing a profession."

"Pity him—only pity him!" exclaimed Eva, laughing; "the poor young man has to make up his mind within the next twelve months whether he will be a lawyer or a clergyman. There's yet a doctor, Gilbert. Why don't you try medicine?"

"Pah! nasty messy work! Do you think I'd be at the call of every hysterical girl or hypochondriac old bachelor, pottering about from one stuffy room to another, with nothing to relieve the tedium but an occasional dish of scandal?"

"Have a care!" cried Mark; "the day may come when you shall need the help of Æsculapius yourself. For my part, I think no one more admirable than the true doctor, who often in the exercise of his art can 'minister to the mind diseased,' and, when all other hope is gone, can point the way to hope in heaven."

"I believe, Mark," said Gilbert, in disgust, "that you would find something to say in favour of an undertaker."

"Perhaps I could; but as neither of us is called to weigh the pros and cons of that extremely useful calling, I confess I have not given it due consideration. You have the choice of the Church and the Bar, I of the Church or the Civil Service. I suppose, whichever we choose, we are neither of us to be pitied?"

"Bother your *optimism!* I believe it is your horrible contentedness that drives me into pessimism! I believe you would have me think that you enjoy dragging along through these woods at the heels of a couple of girls!"

"You can think what you please, Gilbert, it will not affect my comfort. I shouldn't enjoy dragging at the heels of St. Maur or Tullietudlem, so let us agree to differ and wish each other a good morning. The woods at least are cooler than the high road, and as Eva is bent on having a specimen of Dame Venus's fly-trap, we may have far to go."

"And, pray, what may Venus's fly-trap be?" said Gilbert, who never had any particular taste for his own company.

"I'll show you, if we are lucky enough to find one," cried Eva, following her brother into the wood. Elgitha stopped to give Dusty a farewell hug, then plunged after them, and Gilbert was left to his own devices. He slowly resumed his way, the sweetness of his temper not increased by the encounter, for though he affected to despise the company of girls, it was not pleasant to find them indifferent to him, and, sneer at Mark as he would, his frank, happy face filled him with envy.

Mark, of course, must decide on his calling before long. Whatever his decision, he must make his own way; his mother could give him no artificial support; it was very wise of him to make the best of it. Of course, if his pater had lived, things would have been very different, and Mark would have been—well, probably just like his present self, and would have found everything a "confounded bore." And so *post equitem sedet atra cura*, and the lad of nineteen is handicapped with a heavy heart, in spite of his good father, his high-born and doting mother—in spite of his most expensive education and a moderate fortune in prospect.

The botanisers meanwhile threaded the mazes of the leafy trees with many a gay laugh and many a simple joke, and with much admiration of the multiform beauties spread before their eyes, until they came to a damp hollow, carpetted with moss of an emerald green brightness, which Eveline immediately recognised as the favourite habitat of the dainty moss which they were seeking.

They separated, each taking a division, and many lovely things, insect and vegetable, were presented to their eyes—tiny beetles, scarcely the size of a pin's head, harnessed in green and gold, tiny flies with lustrous bodies floating on gauzy wings, mosses with dainty blossoms, scarce distinguishable in colour from the plant itself, often covering a treacherous ooze, and over all the whispering trees and the occasional coo of the woodpigeon—but the prize they sought still eluded them. Mark expressed it as his opinion that it only existed in Eveline's imagination, and Eveline was, sorrowfully, about to give up the search, when Elgitha raised a loud shout of triumph, and there was a great leap, a splash, and a tumble.

"What are you doing?" exclaimed Mark, hastening to the help of his floundering cousin.

"Don't mind me! don't mind me! Here it is! I've found it, Lina, I've found it!"

"Let me look!" cried Eva, almost equally excited.

"Come round this way," said Mark, guiding his sister on firm ground to the edge of the swamp. "If Elgitha had not been so impatient she might have won her prize with dry feet!"

"*Veni, vidi, vici!*" exclaimed the victorious Elgitha, holding aloft her prize; and, glancing at her soaking feet and stained dress, she continued, "When Julius Cæsar wrote that you don't suppose he looked spick and span as when he went to dine with Pompeius Magnus."

"Elgitha thinks the prize well worth the cost," said Eva, admiring the lovely growth; "look at its delicate fan-like leaves, pale green, with tiny rosy spikes—dangerous beauties, too; look at these poor bodies of slain flies, here, ensnared by this leaf—and these new ones just unfolding their spikes, how innocent they look!"

"Nature's coquettes!" laughed Mark. "Strange, is it not, to see the traps that are everywhere set for silly flies? But come, girls, we had best be getting home. We have accomplished the object of our expedition, taken our Pergama, as Elgitha would say, and the sooner we get our victorious maid home the better. It would be an ignominious catastrophe to have the discoverer of Venus's fly-trap in bed for a week with mustard poultices and water gruel."

Elgitha, elated with her success, protested, but in vain, for Eveline agreed with Mark, and observed that even if they had not been successful it was time that they should be getting home again.

The walk back was accomplished with sedater spirits, and as they neared home the brother and sister insensibly fell into grave discourse, while Elgitha, now rather tired, dragged a little behind.

The course of their future life was what they talked about, and Mark explained the reasons that made him hesitate to go into the Church, the course which his college successes seemed to indicate.

"It seems to me imperative," said Mark, "that I should be no burden on my mother's slender resources. I should dearly like to be able to make a home for you both."

"But if Gilbert decides against taking orders there's Bigglethwaite. I'm sure Aunt Elgitha would rather have you there than anyone else—better even than Gilbert, I think."

"We must not think of Bigglethwaite, Lina; might as well fix on Rosenhurst itself. Failing Gilbert, the earl has someone no doubt in view, but I believe that it will end in Gilbert's taking orders."

"But he will never be fit," remonstrated Eva.

"That is a hard thing to say. I don't suppose that he will find the Bar pay, but I would rather not hang about waiting for his determination. I will make up my mind before October."

"And you don't know whether to be a clergyman, a schoolmaster, or to try for the Civil Service."

"That is exactly how matters stand, Dilecta, so you see I am more perplexed than Gilbert; his choice lies between two; I am distracted by three."

"And in all probability an accident will decide at last."

"Probably, if, indeed, there be such a thing as accident."

"My mother would like you to be a clergyman, I think."

"I think she would, and what would my sister prefer?"

"I don't know; I don't think I very much care, for you will always be my own dear brother. Whichever will let me see most of you, I think."

"You don't ask me which I prefer," pouted Elgitha, coming up behind.

"I didn't know you were listening, goosie," said Mark, drawing her arm through his. "But, come now, favour us with your opinion."

"Well, Mark, my honest and true opinion is that you, if you don't get away from stupid old Rosenhurst as soon as ever you can, you will be a goose of the first feather."

"And wherefore, O most profound Sybilla?"

"Because there is nothing on earth to do; one day is just exactly like another, and as to being a parson, it just takes an angel like father to put up with it."

"You naughty girl; what do you mean?"

"Why, isn't he at everybody's beck and call from Sunday morning to Saturday night? If Farmer Baynes quarrels with his son, father has to hear both sides, and to try and make them hear reason; if Widow Marvel's ten babies are down with typhoid fever, because she will not keep the place decently clean, he has to supplement the work of the doctor, and go in and out of the filthy hole as if he liked it. Nobody is in any trouble, no one does any sin, but it all comes back upon father. Don't you know that that's what makes him look so white—that and Gilbert together?"

"Elgitha," said Mark, gravely, "your father is one of God's saints, and of such as he is the kingdom of heaven. Do not grudge him to the work; his reward is ready. But why would you have me leave Rosenhurst? Do you think sin and sorrow are not as frequent elsewhere?"

"Perhaps; but at any rate other places cannot be as stupid."

"And yet, child, if you go away, before a year is out you will be looking back to these stupid days with fond regret, and will remember nothing of Rosenhurst but its roses and lilies."

"I'd wager you something to the contrary, only I know you wouldn't bet; but here we are home again. Don't open the gate, please; I'm going round at the back. Mother'll be in an awful fume if she sees this frock; Mary'll get it cleaned for me. Here, Lina, take Aunt Margaret this trophy," holding out a dainty specimen of the flytrap, snugly packed in moss.

"Nay, dear, that is the prettiest piece of all; take it to Aunt Elgitha."

"Oh, she wouldn't care for it; she'd forget to put it in water, and so should I. Aunt Margaret will love it, and know just what it wants, and keep it alive for weeks, and paint it and learn it by heart. Good-bye for the present; I suppose you will be coming in for a little music by-and-by?"

"That is as the superior powers may have determined," said Mark, holding the gate for her to enter, and so the expedition ended.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

O NANNY, WILT THOU GANG WI' ME?

SOME time ago, in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, there appeared an interesting sketch of the "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," with some facts of the life of Bishop Percy. In the account given, no mention is made of the once popular ballad, "O Nanny, wilt thou gang wi' me?" or the event that gave rise to its production. The circumstances, however, were of such an unusual character, that they will certainly bear telling once more.

It was in 1771, about six years after the publication of the "Reliques," and at the very height of Percy's literary fame, that Mrs. Percy was summoned to the Court of George III. and appointed nurse to the infant Prince Edward, afterwards Duke of Kent, and ultimately the father of our present good and most gracious sovereign Queen Victoria. Mrs. Percy is said to have been a very amiable and excellent woman. Miss M. L. Hawkins, in writing of the occurrence, says: "His Royal Highness Prince Edward's temper, as a private gentleman, did not discredit his nurse, for his humanity was conspicuous."

It was when Mrs. Percy had fulfilled the duties of her high position as personal attendant to the young prince, and on her return to the quiet Northamptonshire vicarage of Easton Mandit, that Dr. Percy greeted his long absent wife with the following verses:—

"O Nanny, wilt thou gang with me,
Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town?
Can silent glens have charms for thee,
The lowly cot, and russet gown?
No longer dressed in silken sheen,
No longer decked with jewels rare;
Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

"O Nanny, when thou'rt far away,
Wilt thou not cast a wish behind?
Say, canst thou face the parching ray,
Nor shrink before the wintry wind?
Oh, can that soft and gentle mien
Extremes of hardship learn to bear,
Nor, sad, regret each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

"O Nanny, canst thou love so true,
Through perils keen with me to go?
Or, when thy swain mishap shall rue,
To share with him the pang of woe?
Say, should disease or pain befall,
Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,
Nor, wistful, those gay scenes recall
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

"And when at last thy love shall die,
Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
And cheer with smiles the bed of death?
And wilt thou o'er his breathless clay
Strew flowers and drop the tender tear,
Nor then regret those scenes so gay,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?"

When the ballad was first published it is said to have been exceedingly popular, and greatly enhanced the reputation of its author. The *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1780 speaks of it as being "not undeservedly" regarded as "the most beautiful song in the English language."

Mrs. Percy was a native of Northamptonshire, and the daughter of Barton Gutteridge, Esq., of Desborough. Her union with Dr. Percy proved to be a very happy one, though clouded over on several occasions with grief and sorrow at the loss of some of their children, particularly at the death of their only son Henry, a promising young man of twenty years of age. The greatest affection existed between husband and wife, and continued to the end of their days. A very pleasing illustration of this fact is given in Pickford's Life of Percy. The incident occurred in Ireland when Percy held the see of Dromore. On one occasion, when the bishop was from home, a violent storm came on in the evening, and was of such a character that the friends with whom he was staying earnestly entreated him to remain for the night, but the companionship of the "Nanny of his Muse" was a more powerful magnet than the pleading of kind friends or shelter from the tempest, so he ventured forth heedless of the howling winds and drenching rain. Subsequently he commemorated the event by writing the following lines, which were first published in 1867:—

"Deep howls the storm with chilling blast,
Fast falls the snow and rain,
Down rush the floods with headlong haste,
And deluge all the plain.

"Yet all in vain the tempests roar,
And whirls the drifted snow;
In vain the torrents scorn the shore,
To Delia I must go.

"In vain the shades of evening fall,
And horrid dangers threat;
What can the lover's heart appal,
Or check his eager feet?

"The darksome vale the fearless tries,
And winds its trackless wood,
High o'er the cliff's dread summit flies,
And rushes through the flood.

"Love bids achieve the hardy task
And act the wondrous part,
He wings the feet with eagle speed,
And lends the lion-heart.

"Then led by thee, all-powerful boy,
I'll dare the hideous night,
Thy dart shall guard me from annoy,
Thy torch my footsteps light.

"The cheerful blaze, the social hour,
The friends—all plead in vain;
Love calls—I brave each adverse power
Of peril and of pain."

Mrs. Percy died on the 31st December, 1806. Her remains were interred within the Cathedral of Dromore. Several poems were published on her decease in the *Gentleman's Magazine* at that time. One of them, descriptive of the graces of this excellent lady, reads thus:—

"Within the precincts of this silent cell
Distinguished Percy's sacred relicks dwell;
Whose youthful charms adorn'd the courtly scene,
And won the favour of a British Queen
Whose moral excellence, and virtues rare,
Shone as conspicuous as her face was fair.
By none throughout a long and happy life
Was she surpassed as mother, friend, or wife.
Alike from ostentation free, and pride,
Humanity her motive, sense her guide.
Her charity with constant current flowed,
And its best gifts so usefully bestowed,
That ere her spirit reached its native sphere,
Her goodness marked her as an angel here."

Dr. Percy lived on for five years longer, passing away on September 30th, 1811, revered and beloved for his piety, liberality, benevolence, and hospitality, by persons of every rank and religious denomination.

Leisure Hour.

A DOUBTFUL ADVANTAGE.—A young working man was being shown the advantages of having a home of his own instead of knocking about in lodgings. "I don't see," said he, "the good of giving some woman half my victuals to get t'other half cooked."

CONTENT.

Sweet are the thoughts that savour of content;
The quiet mind is richer than a crown.
Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent;
The poor estate scorns fortune's angry frown.
Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such bliss,
Beggars enjoy which princes often miss.

—*Greene.*

WOMAN'S SPHERE.

They talk about a woman's sphere
As though it had no limit.
There's not a place in earth or heaven,
There's not a task to mankind given,
There's not a blessing or a woe,
There's not a whispered yes or no,
There's not a life, or death, or birth
That has a feather's weight of worth,
Without a woman in it.

A MISERABLE YOUNG WOMAN.—To those who, without any real knowledge of music, make the air around them hideous by their everlasting strumming on a piano, the following passage in Carlyle's life may prove instructive:—"The miserable young woman in the next house to me spends all her young bright days, not in learning to darn stockings, sew shirts, bake pastry, or any art, mystery, or business that will profit herself or others; not even in amusing herself or skipping on the grass plots with laughter of her mates; but simply and solely in raging from dawn to dark, to night and midnight, on a hapless piano, which, it is evident, she will never in this world render more musical than a pair of barn clappers! The miserable young female!"

A SWEEPING ARGUMENT.—"That is a sweeping argument," remarked the husband, whose wife used a broom to convince him that he ought to have been home several hours previously.

THE GREAT ART OF LIFE.—It is the great art and philosophy of life to make the best of the present, whether it be good or bad; to bear the bad with resignation and patience, and to enjoy the good with thankfulness and moderation.

BEAUTIFUL HANDS.—A white hand is a very desirable ornament, and a hand can never be white unless it be kept clean; nor is this all, for if a young lady excels her companions in this respect, she must keep her hands in constant motion, which will cause the blood to circulate freely and have a wonderful effect. The motion recommended is working at her needle, brightening her house and making herself as useful as possible in the performance of all domestic duties.—*Mrs. Jamieson.*

MORE ABOUT Y.W.C.A.; "GIRL'S OWN PAPER" BRANCH.

By the Hon. GERTRUDE KINNAIRD.

About three years ago a paper appeared in the pages of this magazine entitled "Y.W.C.A." It will be interesting to trace the growth of the seed then sown, and to see whether it found any ground where it could take root and grow. That some soil was prepared to receive it appeared evident from the very first, for letters flowed in to the writer of that paper from many parts of the country.

Some of these letters were from girls living in the neighbourhoods where the Young Women's *Christian Association had* established branches, but about which they knew nothing, although its benefits were just what they needed. They had not even heard of the existence of an association in which provision is made for the social, intellectual, moral, and spiritual welfare of young women. These girls were at once put into communication with the local secretary, who received them with a hearty welcome, and it is pleasant to record the eagerness displayed by our new members in availing themselves of the opportunity afforded to them by our Association to become allied with the great band of young women now encircling the globe who desire to live godly, righteous, and sober lives in this present evil world.

On the other hand, a large number of letters came from those who lived at a greater or less distance from any existing branch, and it became necessary to find some link by which these young people could be joined together. They were therefore formed into the "Girl's Own Paper Branch," a name which has since been abbreviated to "Girl's Own Branch"; and a very efficient Secretary was found in Miss Violet Tweedy, who was somewhat unwilling to undertake this work, but now writes, "I love the work, and would not give up my girls for anything; it is one of my greatest pleasures writing and receiving letters from them."

It is extremely important to observe the words "Scattered Members' Branch," and we will pause to consider this striking feature of the work of the Y.W.C.A., enabling it to extend its influence into places where no Institute or Home has found its way, and among those who cannot avail themselves of their special advantages.

Of such branches some of the most prominent are, the "Art Students' Branch," with this aim—to bring together in Christian, social intercourse, those who are studying art in our great centres of population, and the Secretary of this branch will be glad to receive the names of any students likely to be in London; the "Hospital Nurses' Branch," started for the purpose of uniting in sympathy those who are labouring to alleviate pain and suffering; the "Restaurant Girls' Branch;" the "Rural Servants' Branches," etc., etc.

Let us now return to the history of our "Girl's Own Branch." The duty of the Secretary was to correspond with the members, supply them with the Monthly Letter, and induce them to take in one of the Association magazines. It was only about three years ago that our branch first saw the light, and during that period it has proved to have a healthy and vigorous life. In all 82 have joined, of whom a great many have been transferred to other branches, two have married, two have been removed by death, leaving 40 now in constant correspondence with the secretary.

That the individual members are alive may be judged from these facts:—

One member has a Saturday evening Bible class of twenty factory girls, whom she helps in many ways.

Another collected £1 for the Shaftesbury Memorial Fund, and a third collected for the Old Ford Institute; and all have helped in the special Christmas collections.

One of the members is an inmate of an incurable hospital, and is most helpful to the secretary by specially remembering in prayer any of her fellow-members who may desire to be thus aided.

We will now ask you to listen to the testimonies of the members by quoting a few passages from their letters, to which many more might be added:—

"I never thought seriously till I joined the Association," writes one, "and now I am a totally different girl—so happy. I was confirmed last week, and shall always look back to the day with joy."

"I think it seems so kind and good of ladies," writes another, "to take such an interest in us poor girls. You little know half the good you do us or what our lives really are. I sometimes feel ready to give up in despair, when everything seems to go wrong, and at those times your letters seem sent of God to cheer me up and help me to go on again. They are read and re-read again and again, and I thank you for them much."

A young member writes:—"Thank you very much for writing to me. I do enjoy your letters. I quite feel as though I knew you; but I should like to see you ever so much."

Yet another:—"You have granted me such a privilege by asking me to write to you, which I shall be pleased to do."

The last extract is from a girl of seventeen, who, after describing her life, adds:—"I have ordered, may I say, *our* Association papers. . . . I must now close, longing to have one of your ever welcome letters soon."

Surely there is no need to question the usefulness of the Association. These letters tell their own story by the simple, unaffected manner in which the writers assert that they have received positive benefits through linking themselves to it.

It will not be out of place to add a word or two as to the objects of the Y.W.C.A. for the benefit of those who have not seen the article referred to, besides other notices which have appeared from time to time.

The products of nature are not valued in proportion to their size or outward appearance, but more generally with reference to their use for the sustaining of life. The spreading cedar is far more magnificent and beautiful than the little potato-plant, and yet the cedar would be less missed than the potato.

The rosy-cheeked, shining apple makes more show than the little seed-corn, and yet there is no comparison as to which we could most easily spare. The apple we could dispense with; it would be difficult to dispense with what has been aptly termed "the staff of life."

So with the Y.W.C.A. It does not assume to itself a great place in the way of presenting you with a magnificent appearance; but nevertheless its work is sure, and it is steadily making its influence felt through the length and breadth of the land. If anyone should wish to feel this influence, they must join the Association, follow it in its work, watch its effects, and the verdict must be favourable.

The Association is writing its name ineffaceably in the changed lives, enlarged hopes, higher aims, and nobler motives of many of its members.

Another point sometimes forgotten is that the object of the Association is to build up character, remembering that "it depends upon what we are as to what the world is like."

"Dark is the world to thee;
Thyself the reason why."

Its aim is not to bring the members out of the spheres in which they have been placed, but to help them to do their duty better in that station of life where God has placed them.

Its aim is to lead them to see that it does make a vast difference how they fulfil those duties, and that if they are actuated by high Christian motives, they will find this the way to ennoble all work.

Its aim is to teach its members who have the talent, or leisure, or education, or artistic training, to use this for the common weal, and save them from the selfish narrowness of a useless life.

Thus the Y.W.C.A. does its quiet work day by day. Sometimes it offers its protection to a girl who sets foot in London or some other large town for the first time, the Stations Visitor sent out by the Travellers' Aid Department (Office, 16A, Old Cavendish-street, W.), meeting her at the Station or Wharf. Sometimes it saves a girl from falling into the snares, now so often laid for them in advertisements offering high wages and little work, which means ruin and degradation. Any girl may apply to the Employment Agency, 17, Old Cavendish-street, or to the Business Agency, 316, Regent-street, for a safe situation, or for information concerning registries and advertisements. Sometimes it gives occupation for the leisure hours when tired fingers and weary brain need relaxation and change. There are 40 institutes and homes in London alone, and 125 branches, and similar work is carried on all over the country.

The Association has thus proved itself indispensable to many a lonely, tempted girl. Thank God for the Young Women's Christian Association! The London Association has published four reasons *why every girl* should join.

Y.W.C.A.
Why Should I Join?

Because every young woman should identify herself with an Association which is pre-eminently her own, and thus support it by her influence and example.

Because if you yourself do not need the special advantages of our Association, remember the thousands of our sisters who do; therefore, enrol yourself as a member, and encourage every one whom you may come across to do the same.

Because, if you desire to work for God, here is a delightful sphere for all the time and talents you have to spare, as almost all our local branches are needing helpers.

Because, by joining, and also influencing others to join, you may be the means of bringing many in who will by-and-by say, "Thank God I ever came in here!"

Enough has been said to prove that the seed sown in The Girl's Own Paper three years ago has taken root and flourished, and we would ask every young reader to join their own branch at once. They may join as Associates or Prayer Union Members, paying 1s. a year, or as Working Members, 2s. 6d. a year, or as Honorary Associates, 5s. a year, by writing to Miss V. Tweedy, Widmore House, Bromley, Kent; or, if they prefer, to the Secretary, at the Central Office, 17, Old Cavendish-street, W. Subscriptions in aid of the work will be thankfully received by the Hon. Secretaries—Mrs. H. Arbuthnot, 15, Craven-hill-gardens, London, W., and the Hon. Emily Kinnaird, 2, Pall Mall East, S.W.

TINNED MEATS; THEIR VALUE TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

By A. G. PAYNE, Author of "Common-sense Cookery," "Choice Dishes at Small Cost," "The Housekeeper's Guide," &c.

PART II.

In my last article on tinned meats I described how to give a nice little dinner at a short notice, supposing the larder only contained a cold shoulder of mutton. I will now give a few hints on the general management of tinned meats. I will also fulfil my promise of describing how to make that most useful article in cooking, brown roux, which in my opinion is absolutely essential should we wish to make our tinned thick soups a success.

First let us consider the best way of managing tins, the contents of which are generally eaten cold, and do not require warming up.

Perhaps the two most common examples of tinned provisions are sardines and tinned lobster. For very many years sardines have been a popular breakfast dish, and the plan has been to open the tin of sardines, and leave the sardines in the tin till all are finished. Tinned lobster is a more modern invention, and inexperienced housekeepers, from habit, have treated the lobster exactly as they have the sardines, viz., they have opened the tin and left the lobster in the tin. I would warn you that this method of dealing with tinned lobster is not merely wrong, but absolutely dangerous. From time to time reports have arisen on the danger of eating tinned goods, and every now and then we hear of cases of persons being ill, who date the origin of their illness from eating some species of preserved provision. You would do well to bear in mind that the persons to blame are not the makers of the tinned goods, but the housekeeper who opens them and then fails to exercise her common sense. Probably every housekeeper is aware of the fact that if you make soup it is necessary to turn the soup out in a basin before going to bed. Every cookery book teaches us the fact that if we leave the soup in the saucepan all night long it spoils. Why? Why should soup get bad in a metallic vessel, where it would not get bad in a porcelain one? The answer is very simple—on account of the metal being acted on by the air. If you leave a moist knife in the kitchen, in two or three days it becomes rusty. Why, then, should we expect meat or fish or food of any kind whatever to keep good in a tin, when we know it would not keep good in a tin saucepan? The fact is, we have never thought about it at all. But I do not think I need enlarge upon the subject, as, if you have any common sense, a hint will be sufficient, and if you have no common sense, it is useless to attempt to reason with you. Therefore bear this one most important point in mind—whenever you open any kind of tinned provision, turn it out of the tin directly the tin is opened; otherwise it will instantly commence to undergo a chemical change, which becomes stronger the longer it is opened. Some persons, perhaps, will say, How is it that we have been in the habit for years, perhaps, of opening sardines, and have never experienced any inconvenience whatever? The simple reason is that the sardines are preserved in oil, and that the oil prevents the action of the air on the metal. To explain my meaning, you may try the following experiment:—Take two bright knives; dip one in water and the other in thick oil. Leave the two knives for three or four days. The one dipped in water will be covered with rust, owing to the action of the air on the metal (perhaps some of you are sufficiently acquainted with chemistry to know what I mean by saying that the metal oxidises); the knife that has been dipped in oil, on being wiped, will be found as bright as it was before, owing to the action of the air being prevented on the metal by the oil.

Space will not allow of my giving a list of all the nice little delicacies that are now preserved in tins, but I will mention a few—potted beef, ham, tongue, chicken, turkey, etc. Then there are pork patties in tins, savoury patties, Oxford brawn, while, if you wish to have what may be termed higher class delicacies, there is *paté de foie gras*, as well as truffled woodcock, lark, snipe, plover, partridges, quails, etc., all of which are sold in tins, the tins being rather more than half-a-crown a piece. If we take one of these tins and open it in the ordinary manner, leaving the tin half on as a lid, it is by no means an elegant-looking dish, whereas if we cut the tin entirely round the edge and take the top off then make a little hole the other side in order to let the air get in, we can turn the whole of the contents of the tin out in a shape exactly as we could turn jelly out of a copper mould. The tin of potted beef, if that is what we have, can be turned out on an ornamental piece of paper placed in the middle of a dish. The dish can then be ornamented with a little bright green parsley, and a little cut lemon, and can be made to look really appetising. In fact, there is no more excuse for sending potted meat to table in the tin than there would be for sending a mould of jelly to table in the mould. What would you say if you were asked out to a dinner were the man to hand round the mould of jelly in the mould, and you were to scoop it out with a spoon?



IN THE KITCHEN.

and yet this is what you have virtually done over and over again at breakfast.

I will now give you a list of the different kinds of soups that can be obtained in tins, and will explain how to make brown roux, which is used for improving every kind of thick soup, and also show how thin soups may be improved. The following soups may be obtained in tins: real turtle soup, game, grouse, oyster, hare, chicken broth, giblet, hotch potch, kidney, mulligatawny, mock turtle, ox cheek, ox tail (thick and clear), tomato, cressy, gravy, green pea, julienne, mutton broth, Palestine, bouilli, vegetable, venison, and vermicelli.

Brown roux is simply flour fried brown in butter. Probably most cooks have heard of the ordinary method of thickening soups with flour. The result is that the soup has a gruelly taste. If, however, the flour is fried a light brown before it is used for thickening the soup, it produces quite a different effect. In fact, in one case the flour is cooked, and in the other case it is raw, and the difference in the flavour is as great as that between a dish of pastry before it is put in the oven to be baked, and afterwards. You all know what a nice thing a rich piece of pie-crust is, especially if it be made from puff paste. Of course before it was put in the oven to be baked it would be absolutely uneatable. So with our brown roux. If you wish to make it properly proceed as follows: Take, if possible, an enamelled stewpan, and place in it half a pound of butter and melt it. When the butter has run to oil you will find that there is a sediment at the bottom, which looks something like milk, as, indeed, it is, as also a frothy scum at the top; skim this off, and then pour off the oiled butter into a basin and throw away the sediment. Now add to this clarified butter, which should have the appearance of good salad oil, half a pound of dry flour. Remember that you cannot fry anything properly unless it be first thoroughly dry. The flour and butter will form a sort of pudding, and you must stir this pudding over the fire with a spoon until the pudding begins to turn a light brown. As soon as it is turned a light brown colour, take the stewpan off the fire, but go on stirring. As the stewpan keeps hot a long time the flour will go on cooking for quite a quarter of an hour after it has been taken off the fire. You can if you like slacken the heat by throwing in a piece of onion. Of course, the onion will very soon turn brown itself. When the brown flour or roux has got comparatively cool, put it into a basin or small jar, and put it by for use. You will find it most convenient to make this in sufficient quantity to last, say, for a month. It will keep good for almost any length of time.

Every kind of thick soup sold in tins will be greatly improved by a good dessert-spoonful of this brown roux being added to each pint of soup after the tin has been opened and the contents poured into a small saucepan. In addition to brown roux you must add a good-sized teaspoonful of extract of meat. Recollect the brown roux should be crumbled into the soup, and the soup should be allowed to boil for a few minutes in order that it may get thick.

Of course we cannot use brown roux for clear soups. Now these clear soups are undoubtedly, as a rule, very poor. I would suggest the following means of improving them. Add first of all a brimming teaspoonful of extract of meat, then to every pint of clear soup take a teaspoonful of cornflour. Mix the cornflour with a little cold water in a cup, say a dessertspoonful of cold water, or a little more, and while the soup is boiling in the saucepan, add the cornflour to it. You do not wish to make the soup thick, as could be done by adding a large quantity of cornflour, but by adding a small quantity you give it what may be called a consistency. The soup, instead of being as thin as water, is more like milk, and although the soup is not in reality any richer, it conveys the idea of being exceedingly good. Another method of improving clear tinned soups in flavour is by the addition of celery. If you have a head of celery in the house, take a small stick, and with a knife cut it into very thin slices indeed. Boil this in the soup, and you will find that it will improve the flavour very considerably, that is, if the soup contains other kinds of vegetables. Another method is to boil a couple of beads of garlic in the clear soup, but then many persons object to the flavour of garlic. Still, if garlic is used with care it is not nearly so objectionable as many people think. There is a strong prejudice against the use of garlic in this country, but I believe this prejudice is brought about by the fact that English cooks as a rule do not understand how to use it. Garlic should be used to impart a slight flavour, and should rarely if ever be chopped up to be eaten.

I will now go on to another class of preserved provisions, viz., fish. Sardines and pilchards are preserved in oil, and are very nice eaten just as they are, only bear in mind that cut lemon and cayenne pepper is a very great improvement to them in their natural state.

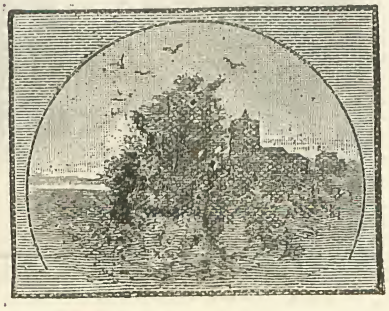
A very simple method of having a nice dish in a hurry for breakfast or for dinner can be made as follows:—Open a tin of sardines or a tin of pilchards, pour the oil of the tin into a frying-pan, and add to it a brimming teaspoonful or more of curry powder, moistened in a little water. Add a teaspoonful of cornflour, also moistened in a little water. Stir the whole for a time till you get a thick, oily gravy. Now add the fish, either sardines or pilchards, and gradually make them hot in this quickly-made curry sauce, and with a spoon keep pouring the sauce over the fish. You must be careful not to break the fish. As soon as the fish are thoroughly hot through, take them out of the frying pan with a slice similar to that you use for taking out fried eggs, place them on a hot dish, and scrape all the oily curry gravy over the top.

Some few years ago great things were expected from what was called the Australian meat in tins. Since the introduction of frozen meat, we have heard a great deal less about meat in tins. Still these tins are very useful to persons living in out-of-the-way places in the country, where frozen meat would be just as difficult to obtain as ordinary butchers' meat. Australian meat differs very much in quality. As a rule you will find that unless the meat is surrounded by a good deal of jelly it is not worth having at all. When the Australian meat has plenty of jelly with it, and you can turn it out in a solid lump, I am not sure but what the best method is to have it as it is—cold. It wants cutting with a very sharp knife indeed. It is very light of digestion. You can send it to table just as it is, surrounded with the white part of a lettuce, placed alternately with beetroot. Australian meat can, however, be sent to table hot, and there are several ways of doing it. One method is to make it into an Irish stew. Warm the tin just sufficiently to melt the jelly, pour off all the jelly into a saucepan, and slice up half-a-dozen good-sized onions and boil them in the jelly. Boil, say, an equal weight of potatoes to meat, also separately, in some water. Then place the hot cooked potatoes, the tender-boiled onions, and gravy with the meat in a saucepan, and as soon as the meat is hot through send it to table. The reason why we proceed this way is that the drawback to Australian meat is that it is already over-cooked; consequently, you must avoid cooking it more than can be helped.

Tinned meat can also be made into curry in a similar way—that is, after you have melted the jelly you pour it off and use it to make some strong, rich curry sauce. The meat should then be placed in the curry sauce and served as soon as it is hot through. The meat should be shredded with a couple of silver forks, so that the curry can be eaten with a fork.

Australian meat can also be used for making a meat pie. To make a good meat pie, you must melt the jelly, pour it into a saucepan, and boil with it six beads of garlic, and also add some gelatine to make the jelly when cold nice and firm. In fact, it should be quite as firm as an ordinary mould of jelly. Now place the Australian meat in a piedish, pour the gravy over it, and place a few very thin slices of bacon on the top. You can also mix with the pie a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, and be sure to add plenty of black pepper. Few cooks realise what a large amount of black pepper is required for a meat pie. You can also add to the pie half-a-dozen hard-boiled eggs cut in halves. Now cover the piedish over with the crust, and bake it in the oven. As soon as the pastry is done, the pie is done; the meat, as I have said before, is already over-cooked. Try and manage to keep by you a little of the gravy, and when the pie is cold, add the remainder. Pour this gravy into the pie through the top, and fill the gravy up so that it reaches the crust. Remember, this pie can only be eaten cold. If you use garlic in a meat pie, you cannot cut the pie while it is hot. The gravy should be poured in when it is nearly set.

(*To be continued.*)



A "PRINCESS OF THULE" IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

By Rev. THOMAS B. WILLSON, M.A.

Away in the far, far West of Ireland, the great Clew Bay indents the coast of the County of Mayo. At the northern entrance of this bay rise the mighty cliffs of Achill, against which the long Atlantic rollers dash themselves, in all weathers, with unceasing spray, and after a storm with terrific fury. On the south the promontory of Old Head, near Lewisburg, rises abruptly from the sea, but with less striking cliffs than on the northern side.

The bay is surrounded by hills and mountains, bare for the most part of trees, but clad in the richest purple by the heather in the summer-time. Conspicuous among the mountains is the wondrous cone-shaped Croagh Patrick, towering in an almost perpendicular mass on the southern shore, above the ruined abbey of Murrisk. From the top of it St. Patrick, according to popular legend, expelled the serpents for ever from Ireland, and it is regarded as a specially holy place by the people, who in great numbers make an annual pilgrimage to the top.

Many are the islands which dot the surface of the bay, some large, some very minute. There are said to be no less than three hundred and sixty-five of them, one for every day in the year, and if one looks upon the wondrous archipelago from a neighbouring height, they can well believe the number to be not much exaggerated. The little town of Westport is the only place of any importance on the bay, the terminus of the railway from Dublin, a spot which has seen better days, its large empty warehouses on the quay telling the sad tale of long-departed commerce.

Gorgeous are the sunsets to be seen in summer over this bay; and a conspicuous object, as the sun sinks into his "watery bed" in the Atlantic, bringing a new day to our brethren beyond the seas, is the great Clare Island, which forms a sort of natural breakwater at the entrance of the bay, restraining the full sweep of the great Atlantic rollers. Deep purple look the mountains and cliffs of the island as the sun sinks lower and lower, and the bare rugged cliffs and smaller adjacent islands seem transformed as if by magic, until they almost appear to be the Laureate's

"Summer isles of Eden lying in dark purple spheres of sea."

This rugged island in the sixteenth century was the home of a very remarkable woman, who may not unfitly be called a "Princess of Thule"—one very different indeed from Mr. Black's charming heroine, cast in a much sterner and rougher mould—but a princess, nevertheless, and one undoubtedly from "Ultima Thule."

Here lived and died the celebrated Grana Uaile, whose name in its Anglicised form we know as Grace O'Maley. She was the daughter of Breanhaun Crone O'Maille, or O'Maley, the Chief of Murrisk and of the Isles of O'Maley, of which Clare was the most important. The O'Maleys were a powerful clan, and had fought bravely in many of the local struggles. Breanhaun O'Maley died when his daughter had just grown to womanhood, leaving behind him a son, who was quite a child, and the one daughter, Grace. The laws of succession were not firmly established in those days and in that part of Ireland, and the strong-minded woman found little difficulty in setting aside the claim of the boy, and establishing herself as Chieftainess of the clan or sept of O'Maley. She soon gathered together a number of followers, who were ready to support this dauntless woman in those very unsettled days for Ireland, when the Virgin Queen sat upon the throne of England.

Quickly she became famous as the head of a powerful clan, and as a leader of rare courage and intrepidity. The Lord Deputy Sidney, writing of her in 1576, says, "O'Maley is powerful in galleys and seamen." It is not curious that the matrimonial affairs of this remarkable woman were somewhat peculiar. She was twice married. First, to one of the O'Flahertys of Connemara. They were a powerful clan in the county of Galway, and had a stronghold called Krishlane-na-Kirca, or the Hens' Castle, on the shores of Lough Corrib, the remains of which are still to be seen. The O'Flahertys were a wild and turbulent race in those days, the terror of the merchants of the then prosperous city of Galway, who commonly inserted in the prayers in their churches a petition to be delivered "from the ferocious O'Flahertys." On his death she married Sir William Burke, a man of English race, who, however, had cast off allegiance to the English Crown, and was better known as the MacWilliam Eighter. It was a curious union, as Grana Uaile would only agree to it "for a year certain." At the end of that period she disowned him, but did not attempt to contract any further alliance. She sided, however, with Sir Richard Bingham against these Bourkes, and they were defeated in a battle, a result largely achieved by the followers of Grana Uaile.

As a return for this timely aid, Queen Elizabeth invited this western princess to pay her a visit in London. The invitation was accepted by her, and she set sail from her castle in Clare Island for Chester, the usual port of arrival from Ireland in those days. Before reaching Chester she gave birth to a son, the only child of her curious second marriage, and named him Tobaduah-na-Lung, or Toby of the Ship. From Chester she proceeded to London, to her interview with Elizabeth. The Queen was at that time residing at Hampton Court, and thither Grace made her way. It must have been a curious scene, the meeting of these two women. The haughty Tudor Queen, and the wild, half-savage Chieftainess of the far West. The contrast in their dress, too, must have been very striking. We are all familiar with the pictures of the great Queen of England, adorned with her enormous ruff and elaborate dresses; it certainly must have looked curious beside Grace O'Maley, who, we are told, was attired in "thirty yards of yellow linen, and a mantle of red frieze"! Grana was little ready to fall into the subservient ways of courtiers. She shook hands with Elizabeth, and treated her in every way as an equal, regarding herself (and rightly enough, too) as an independent princess. The offer of a lap-dog the head of the sept of O'Maley rejected with scorn. Afterwards Elizabeth offered to create her a countess, but this honour she declined, on the ground that she was the head of her own people; but was willing that a dignity should be bestowed on her infant son.

Many have been the strange visitors received by English monarchs, but few more curious scenes have been witnessed than the reception of Grana Uaile by Queen Elizabeth at Hampton Court.

On the voyage home from England a very striking and romantic incident occurred, which gives some idea of the state of society in those days (it was 1575), and of the character of the Princess of Clare Island. On leaving the English coast severe weather was encountered, and instead of sailing at once north-west for her island home, Grana was driven across the Channel to the coast of the county Dublin. On the northern shore of the beautiful Dublin Bay the peninsula of Howth runs out into the sea, at the extremity of which was in ancient times a fortress often used by the Northmen, whose name for the promontory, Hoved, or head, has been corrupted into Howth. The Hill of Howth, as it is called, came into the possession of the family of St. Lawrence in the early times after the English conquest of Ireland; or rather its partial conquest, for it was not until after the reign of Elizabeth that the English authority was anything more than nominal, except along the eastern coast, in the part known as the English pale. The family of St. Lawrence were Barons (now Earls) of Howth, and had built their castle on the north-western slope of the hill, facing the mainland, and close to the isthmus which unites the hill to the main part of the county of Dublin. To the shelter afforded by the Hill of Howth, Grana Uaile and her ships were driven. She sought hospitality at the Castle, but on reaching it found the gates closed. The family were at dinner. Full of anger at this, she turned again to her ships, and on the way she chanced to find the heir of the St. Lawrences, then a little child, playing by the seashore. Here was a chance of revenge for the insult she had met with, and one which Grana would not be slow to avail herself of. The boy was captured by her retainers, placed on board her ship, and with this precious booty she made haste to reach her island home.

Great, we may well believe, was the anger and consternation of the family to find themselves robbed of their son and heir. There was not much use in appealing to the English Government, for the Queen's writ could hardly be said to "run" in Western Mayo in the days of Elizabeth, any more than it sometimes does now in Kerry or Galway, so recourse had to be had to negotiation. After a considerable delay, Grana consented to release her captive, and this curious condition was attached to a substantial sum of money paid as ransom:—Whenever the family went to dinner, the gates of the Castle were to be thrown wide open, and a place was to be laid for one more guest than was expected! In making this provision, she clearly intended that no subsequent wayfarer should go hungry or empty away from Howth Castle. This curious custom was, I believe, continued in the family down to quite recent times.

This was the last striking exploit of Grana Uaile. She lived on in her island home, and died there at last, and was buried on the island, in the ancient Carmelite Abbey founded in 1224, the ruins of which are still to be seen, as well as the island fortress of this remarkable woman. A good many years ago a skull, which local tradition represented as hers, used to be shown to the rare tourists who visited Clare Island, but it is said to have disappeared.

Those whose summer wanderings lead them to the remote parts of the West of Ireland, and who do not mind, if need be, a good tossing on an often rough sea, might well spend a pleasant day in visiting Clare Island, and seeing for themselves the ruins of the Castle where our "Princess of Thule" lived and died in the days of "Good Queen Bess."



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

WORK.

DAISY GREEN. —Your bridesmaids should wear white gloves, and so should you. The best man has nothing to do with the bride. He has to bring the bridegroom to the church, stand by him at the altar, and see that he does not run away; also, he has to attend to the accommodation of all the guests in their respective carriages, and to devote himself specially to the bridesmaids, for whom he has to return thanks, should their health be drunk. The bride drives to the church with her father, or whoever gives her away, and sits facing the horses. If you have but one carriage, send it back for your bridesmaids, as your parents must drive with you to the church. The men of your family can walk. If they can hire a cab, it would be the more economical plan in rainy weather.

DOTTY.—1. Send the macramé lace to a cleaner. Their appliances are better than private home ones, and the price of cleaning is low. 2. In the name Helen, of course the "h" is aspirated, otherwise the name would be *Ellen*. *It would be* acting like a Cockney to drop it and confound the two names. Pronounce Mozart "Mo-zart."

LOUISE.—We do not think there is any sale in England for cocoons; it costs so much to reel the silk off. If you have a large number you might perhaps do something with them in America, where the address of the Women's Silk Culture Association is 1,328, Chesnut-street, Philadelphia. Women are largely interested there in sericulture.

MARY E. M.—1. Your fawn-coloured gown will look well for winter wear if dyed a rich dark red. Before ordering the dyeing, go to the dyer and ascertain from him whether your material will take the colour you desire satisfactorily, because some pale colours will not do so, and should be seen by an experienced workman. 2. With reference to the training of your voice, the first thing to be done is to effect the cure of your deafness; then take a few lessons from a good teacher—an Italian, if possible. Bad tricks are formed by untaught singers, such as singing through closed teeth, taking notes in a wrong voice, or commencing with the letter "n." A gentleman we once knew used to distract us by saying, "'N,' as it fell upon a day," etc.

AN ELDEST DAUGHTER.—One of the best methods of making use of scraps of cloth is to cut them into pieces the size of a penny, taking a penny as a model, and sew them on, overlapping each other, on a piece of thick canvas for a foundation, for the hearthrug. If you mark out a pattern on this, such as a large diamond in the centre and a small diamond on either side, you can carry them out in colours, making the foundation black. Rub the ivory with whiting, slightly moistened.

NINA KASELTI may clean the zephyr woollen shawl with tinsel mixed in it in hot bran. She should rub very gently, just as if washing it in the bran. Flour would answer equally well.

A YOUNG MOTHER.—Shilling knitting books are to be obtained at nearly every fancy shop. You can also get the little combinations in Germany ready made without trouble. We have seen them.

A POOR COUNTRY LASSIE.—We should think you would be very wise to learn millinery, as it is a very nice, pleasant business, and you would not suffer from fatigue.

MISCELLANEOUS.

UNHAPPY CIS.—The subject of drunkenness seems a very hopeless one. Of course, people can cure themselves with God's help and their own determination. We should advise your mother to seek legal advice and get protection for herself and her children. Such a step might bring him to reason. In America we hear that drunkards who wish to cure themselves are put on a vegetable diet. You have our warmest sympathy.

KITTEN should use a drying wash for her hair. The best is composed of a quart of hot water, in which a piece of carbonate of soda is dissolved and a piece of lump ammonia, each the size of a large walnut. Use the water warm, and dry the hair well.

IOLANTHE.—The possession of a Queen Anne farthing is, alas! not equivalent to that of Miss Miggs's annual gold mine, nor will Iolanthe be "found in tea and sugar" by securing a purchaser for it! Perhaps some friend might be induced to give a halfpenny for it in exchange.

ANNIE LAURIE. —1. If the books be much stained they should be taken to pieces and placed in a decoction of alum and hot water. This may remove the discolourment; but the book should be passed again through a thin solution of size after such a bath to give body and firmness to the paper. Although telling you what should be done, we by no means advise you to attempt so delicate a process yourself, and recommend you to place the volume in the hands of an experienced binder. 2. The origin of women adopting their husbands' names is to be found amongst the ancient Romans. They were distinguished as "Julia of Pompey," and so forth. We omit the "of."

GERTRUDE TEMPERLY.—Your little suggestion for awakening a greater feeling of sympathy between our rough, uneducated, and even depraved fellow-creatures and the respectable classes, who would endeavour to raise their moral condition, is certainly well meaning; but, in reference to a young girl of those respectable classes, mothers would be very wrong to allow their young daughters to visit the fallen and depraved, and to elevate them by shaking hands with them, by the (magnetic?) influence of "the touch of their hands."

MARY B.—We could not take the responsibility of recommending a winter residence if there is any complication of disease; but we advise you to procure the *Leisure Hour* for October, 1886, and read the advice given at page 714, in the article entitled "Winter Migration."

PICKWICK CLUB.—You should tell us from what cause your headaches arise, and then we might suggest a palliative, if not a means of cure. Our correspondents forget that we are perfectly unacquainted with their respective constitutions, occupations, manner of living, description of residence, remedies already tried, and complications of complaints. Could we possibly do more than speak in very general terms in reply?

AUTUMN.—The style of address employed to old or young ladies depends on the position in life of the person who addresses them. A shop attendant should say "madam," a domestic servant or poor person should say "ma'am." Equals in position amongst the gentry of the upper classes never employ either word to each other. The Emperor Napoleon III. and his son, the young Prince Imperial, were buried at Chislehurst.

A BOOTLE GIRL.—We recommend you to apply to the Colonial Emigration Society, the Manchester branch of which is under the direction of Miss Emily Faithfull. The office is at 9, Albert-square Manchester. The office is open from 11 a.m. to 2 p.m., Saturdays excepted; also on Monday evenings from 7 till 8. Both free and assisted passages are given under certain circumstances, and the best advice given also.

SNOWDROP and IVYLEAF should first consult a doctor and next a dentist. 2. Old stamps are of no value whatever to anyone. 3. We think Handel or Haydn was the writer.

POLLY PERKINS.—1. Cold green tea is the best thing to use for the eyelids in case of styes; but you would do well to consult a doctor. 2. You must advertise for such a situation.

SEAWEED.—The duties of a stewardess are to wait on the lady passengers, help to dress them, and bring them the basin or their food if too ill to rise from their berths. The salary seems to vary with different lines of steamers.



VOL. VIII.—No. 369] JANUARY 22, 1887. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

CARMEN SYLVA, POETESS AND QUEEN.

BY THE REV. JOHN KELLY, Translator of "Hymns of the Present Century."

PART I.

CARMEN the song and Sylva the wood,
Join them together, the wood-song is heard;
If in the woods I had not been born,
Ne'er should I sing a song night or morn.
I've often learnt from the melody
Of birds, and woods have whispered to me,
While my heart beat time within my breast,
And wood and song have sung me to rest.

Such, roughly rendered, is the explanation that the gifted and distinguished authoress gives of the *nom de plume* which she has assumed. In the last line there is a reference to the woodland castle—Mon Repos, or My Rest—where she passed her youth.

Her father was Hermann, Prince of Wied, a cultivated and thoughtful man, fond of philosophical speculation, and a writer on topics connected with his favourite studies. Her mother was Princess Maria of Nassau, who is described as "a woman of great beauty and true elevation of soul, of strong will, keen understanding, self-sacrificing spirit and indefatigable activity, inexorably strict with reference to herself, but overflowing with kindness and consideration towards all with whom she is brought in contact."*

Elizabeth, the subject of our sketch, now the Queen of Roumania, was born on the 29th of December, 1843. As a child, she was impetuous in temper, reserved and resolute in disposition, and unbending in will. Her imagination was very lively. In her fourth year she was placed under the charge of a governess to receive regular instruction. Up to that time her mother had been her sole teacher. She was so lively that she suffered physical torture if she had to sit quite quiet. Once, when she was sitting for her portrait, along with her younger brother, Prince William, she resolved to keep still. Hardly had she done so for five minutes before she suddenly fell off her chair in a fainting fit. Her mother's former governess, Fraülein Lavater, who came to Mon Repos for some months every year, was the only one who could tranquilise her.

Very early Princess Elizabeth displayed a charitable and sympathetic disposition. She used to accompany her mother on visits to the poor, and thus she became acquainted with their needs. She would give away whatever she could dispense with; yet she was not destitute of sound practical sense. One day her mother gave her a large piece of woollen stuff. The little Princess was overjoyed, and exclaimed—

"Now I can give away all my clothes!"

"Had you not better give the woollen stuff to the poor children?" said her mother; "your white clothes would be of less use to them than the coarse stuff." It was a new thought to the child, and she at once perceived the reasonableness of the suggestion, and acted on it.



THE QUEEN OF ROUMANIA ("CARMEN SYLVA").

* Aus "Carmen Sylva's Leben,' von Natalie, Freiin von Stachelberg—(From "Carmen Sylva's Life," by Nathalie, Baroness of Stachelberg. Third revised edition. Heidelberg. 1886).

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In November, 1850, her youngest brother Otto was born. He was afflicted with an organic malady, and in order to procure the best professional advice, the family went to Bonn in the spring of 1851. Many distinguished men—artists and *savans*—gathered around the princely family. Among others the patriot-poet, Ernst Moritz Arndt, then eighty-two years old, was a daily visitor. He read his patriotic songs to them. The Princess Elizabeth sat upon his knees while he did so, and listened with rapt attention and flushed cheeks. Many a time the venerable poet placed his hands upon her head and explained to her the beautiful name which she bore. "Elizabeth," he said, "signifies 'God is rest.'"

The present Crown Prince of Germany, then a student of Bonn, was also a frequent visitor.

It was at this time that the future Queen first saw Roumanians. They were the brothers Stourdza, who were then studying at the University.

Princess Elizabeth for a long time cherished the wish to sit on the form in the school with the village children. One morning, bursting into the room where her mother was much occupied, she asked if she might go with some farm children to the school. The Princess Maria did not hear the question, but nodded kindly to the child. Princess Elizabeth, taking this sign for permission, rushed off to the neighbouring farmhouse. There she heard that the children had already gone to school. She followed them quickly, and entered the schoolroom while the singing lesson was going on. The teacher was highly flattered when he saw the Princess standing at a form, and quite happily joining with full voice in the singing. The farmers' little daughters, who had some notion of Court etiquette, regarded it as quite unseemly that the daughter of a Prince should join with such a very loud voice in singing with the village children! As soon as the Princess's voice was heard above the voices of the other children, the girl next her put her hand on her mouth, and sought to impress upon her Serene Highness the impropriety of her position.

Meanwhile the greatest consternation was felt at the Castle on account of the disappearance of the Princess Elizabeth. Servants were sent out in all directions. For a long time they searched the neighbouring beechwoods and surrounding villages in vain At last they found the little Princess, full of delight with her exploit, in the village school of Rodenbach. The missing child was carried back to the Castle, and confinement to her room for the rest of the day was the issue of the morning's exploit.

She was a born ruler of others. In playing with children of her own age, whether of her own or of peasant rank, her ascendancy was at once acknowledged and yielded to. She was the ringleader in the wildest games. The fantastic ideas which came into her head, and on which she acted, overmastered her for the time. They were realities to her.

Her literary genius was early developed. She composed occasional pieces when she was nine and ten years old. At twelve years of age she attempted to write a novel. At fourteen she had invented dramas and tragedies. The more terrible the scenes were, the better was she pleased. Morning and night she was devising stories. She was subject to alternations of high spirits and depression, and total lack of self-confidence. She would be tormented by the idea that she was disagreeable and insupportable to everyone. "I could not help it," she confesses; "I could not be gentle, I could only be impetuous. I was heartily thankful to all who had patience with me. I was better when the safety-valve of writing poetry was opened to me."

In order to moderate the exuberance of her feelings, her mother took her at every opportunity to scenes where she might be deeply impressed by the realities of life. She was present at many a sick and death bed. Her brother's case familiarised her with the sufferings that many have to endure. The first deathbed at which she was present was her grandmother's, the Duchess of Nassau's. It made an ineffaceable impression upon her. The sight of the body excited no terror in her mind. Her thoughts went beyond death. She hastened to the garden. The roses were in full bloom. She gathered the most beautiful, and returned with them to the chamber of death, and decorated the bed and the room with them. Her conception of death was poetical. Her mother had taught her to take a bright view of it.

Brought up by her mother in the fear of God, her first visit to church was a memorable occasion to her. Henceforward the Sundays and holydays were the bright spots in her life. With devout attention she followed the course of the service, and was deeply impressed by the exposition of Holy Scripture. She meditated on what she heard for days, and often wrote down the sermons.

At the end of six years her governess, Miss Jossé, who discharged her difficult duties with great fidelity and zeal, left Neuwied, and the Princess was placed under the care of a tutor, Mr. Sauerwein. On his arrival at the Castle the Princess Maria received him with the words: "You are getting a little spirit of contradiction for your pupil. She has no traditional faith. Her first questions always are, 'why?' and 'is it true?'"

Mr. Sauerwein was a distinguished linguist; had resided a long time in England, and was an enthusiast for that country, its history and institutions. He gave all his lessons in the English language. Latin and Italian were translated into English. The Princess read Ovid, Horace, and parts of Cicero with him, and wrote Latin, English, and Italian exercises. She also learnt arithmetic and geometry. Lessons in physical science she took along with a companion and most intimate friend, Maria von Bibra. She was taught French by a Parisian lady, and in the evening after tea read the old chroniclers, as well as the dramatists. Schiller and other German classics were studied. At fifteen she took a keen interest in politics, and was a diligent reader of newspapers. From a very early period she had a great fondness for legends and folklore. "I would throw away," she says, "the most beautiful history, or even comparative grammar, to the study of which I was passionately devoted, into a corner, for a little legend."

Romances were forbidden till she was nineteen years of age. Then she was permitted to read "Ivanhoe" and others. Everything that was likely to excite her too lively imagination was purposely withheld from her.

At the beautifully situated Castle of Mon Repos, with its fine view of the Rhine and its splendid beechwoods, the Princess Elizabeth was in her element. She delighted to roam in the woods in the stormiest weather, when it was raining in torrents or snowing heavily. The house was too strait for her, and she would go forth, accompanied by three dogs of St. Bernard, to enjoy the battle of the elements. In autumn, when the yellow leaves lay in heaps on the ground, she would wander for hours, listening to the rustling of the leaves. Every leaf, blade of grass, bird, and flower—every sunbeam that lighted upon the landscape, had a meaning for her. She would return home with her head full of poetical ideas, which she would write down. These poetical effusions tranquillised her mind. No one knew anything of them. She kept them a profound secret. Her mother wisely concluded that the best thing to do was to let her take her own way. The Prince used to say, when she was determined to have her own way, "We must not compel people for their own happiness; we must allow them to attain to insight."

At sixteen years of age the Princess began to write all her poems regularly in a book. She put all her thoughts and feelings into verse, which from henceforward formed her diary. Until she was thirty years of age she knew nothing of the technical part of the art of poetry. A time came, however, when she thought she ought to despise poetry, and when she threw herself with all her might into the study of music. She got into such a nervous condition, however, that her mother had to forbid her playing the piano for two years. Then she took to her pencil and painting. This failed to satisfy her, and she despaired of her abilities, and believed that she would never attain the ideal at which she aimed.

All who knew the Princess at this time retain a vivid impression of her vivacity and grace, of her slender figure, fresh complexion, her luxuriant dark brown hair, and large blue eyes, which looked as if they would penetrate and search the very soul. Without being exactly beautiful, the intellectual refinement of her features made her countenance very attractive. From her surroundings she was called Princess Wood-rose.

When governesses and tutor had left the Castle, Pastor Harder, the Mennonite Baptist preacher from Neuwied, came every day to teach the Princess logic, history, and church history. She profited much from her intercourse with him. She could open her heart freely to him on subjects on which she exercised the strictest reserve with everyone else. His preaching went to her heart. Her poetical diary contains many entries written after the services.

In 1860 she was confirmed, after being prepared for the rite by the Ecclesiastical Councillor Dilthey, in presence of all her sponsors, the nearest relatives of the houses of Wied and Nassau, and the present Empress of Germany, at that time Princess of Prussia.

Times of sore trial came to her. Her father was always ill. The sufferings of her little invalid brother increased, and her mother was absorbed by anxious duties. During her brother's illness, to whom her mother wholly devoted herself, the Princess was thrown much into the society of her father. She worked with him, copied for him, and read to him. He would discuss with her the questions on which he wrote. The intelligence and receptivity of his daughter delighted him. The house was, however, too quiet for the lively girl. It was therefore decided that the invitation of Queen Augusta should be accepted, and that Fraülein Lavater should accompany her to Berlin. She found it difficult to keep within the bounds of Court etiquette, and converse in a becoming manner. She felt most at home in the family of the Princess of Hohenzollern, who passed the winter in Berlin.

It was at this time she first met her future husband, then Prince Charles of Hohenzollern. The story is told that one day as she, according to her custom, was bounding quickly down the stairs in the Castle, she slipped on the last steps, and was prevented from falling by Prince Charles, who caught her in his arms.

Soon after her return home the cases of her brother and father were pronounced to be hopeless. Prince Otto's sufferings increased from month to month. His mother sought to prepare him for his end by pointing him to Christ and heaven. In January, 1862, Prince Hermann was unable to leave his bed. Princess Elizabeth nursed her father, while

her mother was incessant in her attendance on her beloved son. On the 16th of February, 1862, Prince Otto died. "Thank God! thank God for ever and ever!" was the exclamation of his bereaved mother, as she stood by his body. His father, family, friends and connections from far and near, all who loved and admired the boy, joined with his mother in her thanksgiving.

After the funeral the family paid a visit to Baden-Baden. On their return the young Princess threw herself with all the ardour of her nature into the work of teaching. In the Castle there was a lame boy, who had been received on account of his delicate health, and at a farm in the neighbourhood of Mon Repos the Baroness von Bibra resided for some time with two little nieces. With these three little children the Princess set up a school. Her mother observed with quiet satisfaction the patience, perseverance, and aptitude to teach displayed by her daughter. The boy, Rudolf Wackernagel, made such progress that he was able to enter the fifth class in the Gymnasium at Basle.

The winter of 1862-63 was passed with her parents at Baden-Baden on account of her father's health. Here she "came out." From entries in her diary it would appear that she had offers of marriage at this time. There are some lines in which she writes of the kind of love that alone brings happiness, and she adds that a maiden rejects anyone who does not really love her. "A maiden," she says, "is happy in her parents' house, from whence she casts modest looks into the world."

In the autumn of 1863 she went with her aunt, the Grand Duchess Helena of Russia, to Ouchy, on the Lake of Geneva, and for the winter to St. Petersburg. On the way to the latter place she saw her father for the last time at Wiesbaden. He did not expect ever to see his daughter again. Everybody was charmed with her at the Russian Court. She did not feel at ease, however, amid the grandeur which surrounded her. Her imagination was excited by all that she saw and heard, but her nerves suffered. The Grand Duchess sought to calm her mind by varied but regular occupation. The day was filled with music, reading, study of the Russian language, etc. Rubinstein first, and afterwards Clara Schumann, taught her music. When she expected Rubinstein to come, her excitement was so great that it almost took away her breath. She regarded him with such veneration that she lost all heart, from a sense of her own little talent. The climate and nervous excitement brought on gastric fever. For weeks she was confined to bed. It was her first illness. She had never tasted medicine before she was twenty. She could hardly believe, therefore, that she was really ill. As soon as she was able to do so, she buried herself in a philosophical work by her father, a copy of which he had sent her, and wrote to him telling him the pleasure it gave her. She enjoyed the seclusion from the gaieties that were going on. "It is very strange," she wrote to her father; "yesterday I read ninety pages of philosophy, and was so rested that everyone was astonished at my looking so well. But if only two or three ladies come, and tell me the gossip of the town, and of all the things that are going on, it makes me droop like a withered leaf." When she was well enough she resumed her social intercourse with the Grand Duchess, but had a sudden relapse. It was an anxious time for her mother: her husband dangerously ill, her daughter invalided at a distance, and she not there to nurse her! "I know she is in God's hands," she wrote, "and under the care of faithful and loving friends, but that does not take the pain, the load of sorrow, from my heart." The Princess Elizabeth was able to venture into the open air again at the beginning of March. It seemed as if her recovery would be rapid. A few days later, however, she received the tidings of her father's death. She loved her father with enthusiastic tenderness. She owed her intellectual development, for the most part, to him. Her grief was heightened by the thought that she had not been with him in his last days. But no murmur escaped her lips. She bore the blow with such composure and resignation that everyone about her was deeply impressed and touched. She sought to comfort and strengthen her mother. "We shall fill the desolate void with our love," she wrote, "and therein find our happiness." She regarded her father as a shining example, and sought to think and act according to his ideas. In the judgments she formed, she imitated his mildness and candour, which condemned nothing without fully proving it.

At Easter she left St. Petersburg with the Grand Duchess Helena, and visited Moscow, and in June returned to Germany. Her mother met her in Leipzig. The meeting, as may be imagined, was very affecting. After their return to Mon Repos a reaction from the recent excitement and agitation which she had experienced set in, and the Princess Elizabeth was overcome by apathy. Her mother, therefore, gladly consented to her accompanying the Grand Duchess Helena to Ouchy.

During the years 1866, 1867, 1868, she paid visits with her aunt or mother to Switzerland, Italy, France, and Sweden, meeting with much to interest her.

Little did she think at the end of this time of the career on which she was so soon to enter. She always wished to have "a calling" in life. She did not wish to live a life of pleasure, or the life of an intellectual *dilettante*, but one of real usefulness. She resolved to devote herself to the work of education, and be the teacher of a school. Her mother consented, on the condition that she should go through a regular course of preparatory training for the purpose, and pass an examination. But "man proposes and God disposes." During the spring of 1869, while she was with her mother in Bonn, they received an invitation from the Prince of Hohenzollern to pay a visit to Düsseldorf. The mother divined the purpose of the proposed visit, but the daughter had no suspicion of it. She was delighted only with the prospect of seeing the Princess of Hohenzollern and Princess Marie, whom she had met in Berlin, and with whom she had corresponded ever since.

(*To be concluded.*)

THE SHEPHERD'S FAIRY.

A PASTORALE.

By DARLEY DALE, Author of "Fair Katherine," etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

LEAVING the Priory on her right, Fairy went down the street in which stands the pretty old wooden house in which Anne of Cleves is said to have lived, and which goes by her name, from whence she turned up a lane into the High-street, and going to the bottom of the hill on which the High-street is built, she paused at a blacksmith's shop.

The blacksmith was the father of the veterinary whom Fairy was seeking, and both men were standing in the shed, the blacksmith in his apron, with his hammer in his hand, scratching his head, and looking exceedingly puzzled, the veterinary in his shirt-sleeves, which looked like a protest against the heat which streamed from his father's forge. He, too, looked equally puzzled.

In the centre of the shed stood a third figure, a gentleman, tall, thin, young, and dark—if not handsome, at least very good-looking—with an aristocratic air about him which at once caught Fairy's fancy. She saw at a glance he was unlike anyone she had ever met before, by the cut of his clothes and the dark moustache, in days when moustaches were rarely seen in England; she half suspected he was not English, and his first words, in a strong foreign accent, confirmed this idea.

"I want to take it wif me, a horse's iron, the iron of a horse."

Fairy's appearance in the shed caused the stranger to turn round, and seeing a lady he took off his hat and bowed so profoundly, at the same time stepping back, and gracefully hinting, by a wave of his hand, that his business would wait till hers was concluded, removed any lingering doubts in her mind as to his nationality. He was French, she was sure, and for the first time in her life, to her knowledge, Fairy found herself face to face with a Frenchman, as great a curiosity then as a Japanese or Chinaman is now.

Fairy returned his elaborate bow with a pretty inclination of her graceful head, and briefly stated her business to the veterinary, who, however, seemed to hesitate at first to come at once, and Fairy was obliged to resort to a little judicious flattery to induce him to comply with her request.

While she was speaking the stranger had an opportunity of indulging in a good look at her without her being aware of it. How pretty she was! fresher and brighter and prettier than ever among the dark, grimy surround-

ings of the blacksmith's shop, which formed a striking background for this brilliant little vision of youth and health and beauty, the red glow of the furnace sending a rosy reflection over her white dress, and kindling the soft golden lights in her hair into a burning auburn. How simply she was dressed too! the first of her countrywomen who understood the art of dressing herself who had yet crossed the stranger's path, he afterwards told her; and yet her boots and gloves, about which Fairy was very particular, fitted her tiny hands and feet to perfection.

Where did she come from, this blooming little creature, who looked as if a puff of wind might blow her away, so small and slight and dainty was she? And in default of wind the young Frenchman was by no means sure that she would not suddenly spread out a pair of wings from among the folds of her white drapery and fly away! At any rate he determined to speak to her first and satisfy himself that she was flesh and blood, and not a mere sprite or vision, so as she turned to leave, after having prevailed upon the veterinary to do her bidding at once, he stepped forward, and, with another grand bow and a smile, he said, in his native tongue—

"Mademoiselle peut-elle parler Français?"

"Mais oui, monsieur," answered Fairy.

"Pardon mille fois, mademoiselle est Française?" said the Frenchman, with true French politeness.

"Mais non, monsieur," laughed Fairy, in a half-reproachful, half-deprecating tone.

"Mademoiselle speaks like a native, but will she have the kindness to tell me what is the English for fer-de-cheval; I have forgotten?"

"A horseshoe," said Fairy.

"A horseshoe," lisped the Frenchman.

"A horseshoe, and he asked for a horse's iron; no wonder I didn't know what he meant," growled the blacksmith, proceeding to get the article in question.

"A horseshoe—a horse's iron," laughed the veterinary, in an undertone of scorn, as he went his way to look after John Shelley's sheep.

"Yes," said the Frenchman, in French, to Fairy, "I want a horseshoe. They tell me a horseshoe always brings good luck, so I am going to keep one in my room."

"Oh, but it is no use to buy a horseshoe; you must find it, pick it up on the road, and keep it for it to bring good luck," laughed Fairy, speaking French.

"Is that it? Well, never mind, this horseshoe has brought me some good luck at any rate already." And then, fearing he was presuming too much on his brief acquaintance to pay the compliment his last speech implied, he added, apologetically, "I have not often the good luck to meet a lady out of France who speaks French so fluently as mademoiselle."

"Monsieur is very kind to say so, but unless I can be of any further use I must say good morning," said Fairy, moving to the door.

The young Frenchman uttered a thousand thanks, bowed lower than ever, and stood uncovered at the door of the shed, watching till Fairy's little figure and fluttering white skirts disappeared from view.

"Rum ways! Is Mr. Parlez-vous, with his outlandish talk, going to stand there all day in the broiling sun? He'll have a sunstroke if he does. He is the queerest customer ever darkened my door," growled the blacksmith, as he hammered on his anvil to attract the stranger's attention.

The stranger had no intention of moving until Fairy had disappeared from view, and then he put on his hat and walked up to the anvil.

"Who is that lady?" he asked.

"Nobody knows," growled the surly old blacksmith.

"What is her name?"

"Can't say; nobody knows," answered the blacksmith, in a still surlier tone, though to do him justice he thought this fine gentleman's sudden interest in the shepherd's Fairy, as people called her, boded no good to Fairy.

"How much is the horse-iron—shoe, I mean?"

"Sixpence, sir."

The Frenchman laid down half-a-crown, and pushing it towards the blacksmith, gave him a meaning look as he repeated the question.

"What is that lady's name?"

The blacksmith understood well enough that if he gave a satisfactory answer no change would be required, and soothing his conscience with the thought that after all it was no business of his—he was only answering a civil question, he said, "They call her the shepherd's Fairy."

"But what is her real name?" and the Frenchman produced another half-crown, and held it temptingly in his finger and thumb.

"I never heard tell of any name but that; she is John Shelley's foster daughter," answered the man, glancing at the second half-crown, which was now lying by the side of the first.

"And where does John Shelley live?"

"At Bournemer, about a mile and a half from here."

"*Comment?* How do you call it, Bonnemère? How can I get there?"

"Can't say; it ain't easy to find," said the blacksmith, thinking the Frenchman had had his five shillings' worth, and, as was evident from his manner, resolved not to enlighten him any further.

"Easy or difficult, I shall find it, my civil friend," said the young Frenchman, in French, and then, raising his hat, he wished the blacksmith good-day, and left the forge, muttering to himself a criticism on the manners of these English not over flattering to our nation.

"Palavering jackanapes, talking a tongue that no one understands but himself! What has the shepherd's Fairy to do with him, I should like to know? But there don't appear to be any scarcity of half-crowns with him; seems made up of them. A queer customer—a mighty queer customer; I wonder where he hails from." And so saying, the blacksmith went to his door to look after the young Frenchman.

The stranger walked up the High-street to the Crown, where he had left his horse, and when it was brought to him, innocently asked the ostler if he could get back to Oafham, where he was staying, by Bournemer.

"Yes, sir; you can go across yonder meadows; there is a drift right through them which will bring you out close upon John Shelley, the shepherd's, house; go past that and turn sharp to your right, that will take you straight back to the park," said the ostler, giving the stranger all the information he required for nothing.

A few minutes later the blacksmith strolled casually up to the inn, and inquired of the ostler who that foreign gentleman was.

"Dunnow; reckon he is some relation of Lady Oafham up at Oafham Park; they say my lady's sister is married to a French gentleman; anyhow, he is staying there. I know the mare."

"He is a rum customer, wherever he is staying. He didn't happen to ask you where John Shelley lived, did he now?" said the blacksmith.

"No, but I happened to tell him," returned the ostler.

"More fool you, then. Ah! he is a queer customer." And muttering to himself all the way down the street, the blacksmith returned to his forge.

Meanwhile the French gentleman rode slowly off in the direction indicated by the ostler, keeping his horse to a walking pace for fear he should overtake Fairy, who, after a little while, he discerned as a little speck of white some way in front of him. He paid no heed to the ostler's directions now; where that speck of white led he would follow, but at a safe distance, lest he should frighten or annoy her if discovered. Keeping well in the rear, he saw Fairy finally turn into the field in which the shepherd's cottage stood, and as soon as she was out of sight he put his horse into a canter, and rode past, taking a good survey, as he passed, of the house of the shepherd's Fairy, whom he had traced to her home.

(*To be continued.*)

HINTS ON PRACTISING SINGING AND PRESERVING THE VOICE.

By AN EXPERIENCED TEACHER.



PART I.

WHAT TO AVOID.

It will most likely surprise my readers that I should begin this article by telling them when *not to practise*. I think this a very essential point, although not often spoken of by teachers.

I heard, a short time ago, of a young lady desirous of having singing lessons, whose instructor said it would be best for her to practise three times a day for ten minutes. The girl, being engaged in teaching most of the day, found it difficult to manage her time, but contrived, by having the first ten minutes before breakfast, to fit in the three intervals. No wonder her throat got bad and her health suffered!

If, among my readers, there should be one similarly occupied, believe me, it is not wise to take lessons during the term, as talking for so long a time is sufficient exercise for the throat and chest. Wait till the holidays, and then begin.

If you tire the vocal chords and the surrounding parts, you weaken instead of strengthening them, and injure the purity of tone.

We will suppose you have had your first lesson, say, of forty-five minutes; and on reaching home feel inclined to practise, to impress on your mind your teacher's corrections. Yet you must not do so; as you have already sung enough. By all means, look over the music you have used and mark anything you may be likely to forget; also start a note-book, and make memoranda of the hints received from time to time.

Say that your lesson takes place in the morning; probably in the afternoon you will be able to take a quarter of an hour in which to practise. In this way, you will have done far more good than if you sat straightway down to the piano when you were excited and heated after your first lesson, when you might have been tempted to try over your songs, to settle which to take the next time, and have gone from one thing to another, till, to your great surprise, it is lunch time, and, it may chance, instead of your usual good appetite you have none. An artistic temperament is often very excitable, and if this is your case you will perceive how much you would have taken out of yourself in that one morning.

Should you be out of health, do not practise; you may sing a little, going through one song or two (no more) will cheer you; but do not try exercises, for your voice will not be in its usual state, consequently you will be likely to force it.

Again, if it ever happens that you are cross, or vexed, do not choose that time either. Do not sing your exercises after a long walk, or after a hearty meal, nor after bending for any length of time over needlework, writing, or any occupations causing stooping.

On many of these occasions you could practise the pianoforte; singers should well study their accompaniments.

All these "dont's" are especially addressed to the zealous student, whose very enthusiasm may do much harm.

The dilatory one may say, "If I am to practise at none of these times, when, then, shall I do so?"

There are plenty of opportunities still, but it depends greatly on home duties how the time should be apportioned.

We will imagine the first thing after breakfast some domestic task calls your attention. When you are at liberty, go then to your piano (this should be scrupulously kept in tune), but first spend five minutes in practising breathing—of which I shall speak later on—then sing for five minutes sustained notes, *without crescendo*, the "mezza di voce" <> being a finishing study which must not be attempted till the voice is fully under control; then give five to slow scale passages, and five more to simple distances of thirds, or what particular exercise your teacher may have given. Before the mid-day meal you may be able to give a few minutes again to sustained notes; but mind, only use your middle ones. These should have the chief attention for quite a month or more before either the upper or lower ones are tried.

Another interval can well be given some time after noon; and in the evening practise your songs—as at that time you might annoy other persons with your exercises. They are not calculated to cheer the heart of the listener, especially when imperfectly done, as they will be at first.

PART II.

CHIEFLY ON RESPIRATION.

We will now turn our attention to the different ways of breathing.

In throat or collar-bone breathing (the wrong method) the region of the upper ribs is most strongly distended; the collar-bone, part of the breast-bone, the shoulders, the spine, and in laboured breathing even the head, take part in this mode.

It is fatiguing and injurious, yet it is very general, both in speaking and singing; and in time it would make the voice weak and tremulous. There is little doubt it produces a tendency to sore throat. Some authorities even say that imperfect respiration is one of the causes of consumption, and that practising deep breathing in the proper manner is a preventive.

Most likely if you were told to inhale deeply, you would open your mouth and try to expand the chest from above. This is quite wrong; it is styled collar-bone breathing.

It is a mistake to suppose the upper part of the chest is the chief reservoir of air required for the voice; that is brought into play by nature at times of exhaustion only.

Now for the proper mode: diaphragmatic or abdominal respiration. *The diaphragm* is a muscular membrane *stretching from the front* to the back, and in a state of rest is arched upwards towards the lungs, but on inhaling, its sides contract and the arch is flattened, causing the cavity of the chest to become enlarged, and the air rushes in by the windpipe and distends the lungs. When the muscles are relaxed, the elasticity of the lungs squeezes out the air, and the diaphragm is drawn up again to its original form.

A good position in which to acquire this mode of inspiration, is to lie down at full length on the back, the head as low as the body, and begin to inhale slowly (the clothes must be quite loose), then you will find the parts below the ribs *expand like a pair of* bellows. Another way. Sit on a chair—it must not be low and easy—with your hands folded behind it and breathe leisurely; or, stand perfectly upright, put your hands behind you, and draw in the air gently but deeply, retaining it for ten seconds or more, then let it go as slowly as possible.

Do not try to take too deep a breath at first, or you will find you cannot retain it. Your power will gradually increase.

Practise, without singing, sometimes in one of these positions, sometimes in another, twice or thrice a day, but not for many minutes at a time. It will strengthen the lungs and organs of digestion. You will now have found how important it is for the clothing to be loose, I hope.

It is well to close the mouth when one wishes to take breath. Especially at long rests the singer should do so, as it prevents the throat and vocal chords from getting dry. If they do become so the voice loses sweetness.

Remember a good tone does not depend on the great volume of air ejected: indeed, too much breath expended will make it uncertain. Flat singing is now and then the result of this forcing. The air must be given out gradually, not jerked out.

Avoid coughing; it is an injurious habit easily got into; if you feel an inclination to do so before beginning to sing, check it if possible, and instead quietly swallow.

Let me advise you not to eat nuts or similar dry things before singing, and here is another hint. Do not sit in a low chair with the feet perched up on a stool after meals, as the digestive faculties cannot act well in such a position. With an impaired digestion the voice may become affected.

Never talk in the open air if the weather is cold and damp, nor when travelling, nor at any time, if it can be avoided, where there is much noise.

Many persons wrap up the throat excessively. One of my pupils came once with no less than two silk handkerchiefs under a fur-lined cloak, besides wearing a boa. A silk scarf is enough even for the winter; fur is not healthy to wear unless it is in the form of a loose *mantle*.

It is a good plan on getting up each morning to bathe the neck with cold water, afterwards drying well, using plenty of friction, also to gargle the throat with cold water.

For the expansion of the chest, I strongly advise the use, night and morning, of an elastic chest expander. It must be strong enough to require a distinct effort to stretch it, and the exercise must be persevered with for ten minutes at a time, until the muscles begin to ache. By-and-by it can be used for a longer period.

The singer must observe the laws of health, remembering that the vocal organ is but an instrument, though played on by the soul.

A few more words before closing this article. Perchance one of my readers may be anxious to sing well, though unable to have the benefit of receiving lessons. In that case, I do not advise the study of exercises, unless some tuition has first been received from a competent person, as bad habits are so easily formed though not so easily got rid of.

Let the songs you choose lie well within your range of voice, without runs or shakes; nothing being more absurd than to hear ornaments badly executed.

When it is possible, try to hear a professional render a song that you know. There are many ballad concerts given, and the music that will be performed is generally advertised. Take your copy with you, and mark all places where breath is taken, where a *crescendo* is made, and where the time is slackened or accelerated. You will get a good lesson on a song in this way, and if you persevere your style will by degrees improve.

Before singing a new song, practise the accompaniment well, then study the words, making it a rule to recite them, that you may give proper effect to both music and poetry. Try always to bear in mind, what is worth doing at all is worth doing well.

MERLE'S CRUSADE.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Aunt Diana," "For Lilias," etc.

CHAPTER XV.

ANOTHER GUEST AT MARSHLANDS.

THE following two or three weeks passed rapidly and pleasantly; but for two serious drawbacks that hindered my thorough enjoyment, I should have owned myself perfectly happy, but Mrs. Markham and Rolf were perpetual thorns in my side.

A consciousness of being disliked by any human being, however uncongenial to us, is always a disagreeable discovery. The cause of the repellent action of one mind on another may be an interesting psychological study, but in practice it brings us to a sadder and lower level. I knew Mrs. Markham honestly disliked me; but the cause of such marked disfavour utterly baffled me.

Most people found her fascinating; she was intellectual and refined, and had many good qualities, but she was not essentially womanly. Troubles and the loss of her children had hardened her; embittered by disappointment, for her married life, short as it was, had been singularly unhappy, she had come back to her father's house a cold, resentful woman, who masked unhappiness under an air of languid indifference, and whose strong will and concealed love of power governed the whole household. "Adelaide manages us all," Miss Cheriton would say, laughing, and I used to wonder if she ever rebelled against her sister's dictates. I knew the squire was like wax in the hands of his eldest daughter; he was one of those indolent, peace-loving men who are always governed by their womankind; his wife had ruled him, and now his widowed daughter held the reins. I think Gay was like her father; she went on her own way and shut her eyes to anything disagreeable. It would never have done for me to quarrel openly with Mrs. Markham; common sense and respect for my mistress's sister kept me silent under great provocation. I controlled my words, and in some measure I controlled voice and outward manner, but my inward antagonism must have revealed itself now and then by an unguarded tone.

My chief difficulty was to prevent her spoiling Joyce. After the first, she had become very fond of the child, and was always sending for her to the drawing-room, and loading her with toys and sweetmeats. Mr. Morton's orders had been very stringent about sweetmeats, and again and again I was obliged to confiscate poor Joyce's goodies as she called them. I had extracted from her a promise that she should eat nothing out of the nursery, and nothing could induce the child to disobey me.

"Nurse says I mustn't, Aunt Adda," was her constant remark, and Mrs. Markham chose to consider herself aggrieved at this childish obstinacy. She spoke to me once about it with marked displeasure.

"I have had children of my own, and I suppose I know what is good for them," she said, with a touch of scorn in her voice; "you have no right to enforce such ridiculous rules on Joyce."

"I have Mrs. Morton's orders," I replied, curtly; "Dr. Myrtle told me to be very careful of Joyce's diet; I cannot allow her to eat things I know will hurt her," and I continued to confiscate the goodies.

But though I was firm in all that concerned the children's health, there were many occasions on which I was obliged to submit to Mrs. Markham's interference; very often my plans for the day were frustrated for no legitimate cause. I was disposed to think sometimes that she acted in this way just to vex me and make me lose my temper. If we were starting for the beach, Judson would bring us a message that her mistress would prefer my taking the children into the orchard, and sometimes on a hot afternoon, when we were comfortably ensconced on the bench under the apple trees, Judson would inform us that Mrs. Markham thought we had better go down to the sea. Sometimes I yielded to these demands, if I thought the children would not suffer by them, but at other times I would tell Judson that the sun was too hot or the children too tired, and that we had better remain as we were. If this was the case, Mrs. Markham would sometimes come out herself and argue the matter, but I always stood my ground boldly; though I was perfectly aware that the afternoon's post would convey a letter to Prince's Gate, complaining of my impertinence in disputing her orders.

My mistress's letters were my chief comfort, and they generally came on the morning after one of these disputes. She would write to me so affectionately, and tell me how she missed me as well as the children, and though she never alluded openly to what had occurred, there was always a little sentence of half-veiled meaning that set my mind at rest.

"My sister Gay tells me that the children are getting so brown and strong with the sea air," she wrote once, "and that dear little Joyce has quite a nice colour. Thank you so much for your ceaseless care of them; you know I trust you implicitly, Merle, and I have no fear that you will disappoint me; your good sense will carry you safely through any little difficulty that may arise. Write to me as often as you can; your letters are so nice. I am very busy and very tired, for this ball has entailed so much work and fuss, but your letters seem to rest me."

Rolf was also a serious impediment to my enjoyment. Ever since I had helped him with his kite, he had attached himself to me, and insisted on joining us in all our walks, and in spending the greater part of his day with us. I was tolerably certain in my own mind that this childish infatuation excited Mrs. Markham's jealousy. Until we had arrived she had been Rolf's sole companion; he had accompanied her in her drives, harassed her from morning to night with his ceaseless demands for amusements, and had been the secretly dreaded torment of all the visitors to Marshlands, except Mr. Hawtry, who was rather good to him.

His precocity, his love of practical jokes, and his rough impertinence, made him at feud with the whole household; the servants disliked him, and were always bringing complaints of Master Rolf. I believe Judson was fond of him in a way, but then she had had charge of him from a baby.

When Rolf began to desert the drawing-room for the nursery, Mrs. Markham used all her efforts to coax him back to her side, but she might as well have spoken to the wind. Rolf played with

Joyce on the beach; he raced her up and down the little hillocks in the orchard, or hunted with her for wild flowers in the lanes that surrounded Marshlands. When the children were asleep, he invaded my quiet with requests to mend his broken toys or join him in some game. I grew quite expert in rigging his new boat, and dressed toy soldiers and sailors by the dozen. Sometimes I was inclined to rebel at such waste of time, but I remembered that Rolf had no playfellows; it was better for him to be playing spillikins or go-bang with me in the nursery than lounging listlessly about the drawing-room, listening to grown-up people's talk; a natural child's life was better for his health. Miss Cheriton told me more than once that people who came to the house thought Rolf so much improved. Certainly he was not so pale and fretful after a long morning spent on the beach in wading knee-deep to sail his boat or digging sand wells which Joyce filled out of her bucket. When he grew too rough or boisterous I always called Joyce away, and with Hannah and myself to look after them no harm could come to the children.

I grew rather fond of Rolf, after a time, and his company would not have been irksome to me, but for his tiresome habit of repeating the speeches he had heard in the drawing-room. He always checked himself when he remembered, or when I held up my finger, but the half sentence would linger in my memory.

But this was not the worst. I soon found out that anything I told him found its way into the drawing-room; in fact, Rolf was an inveterate chatterbox. With all his good intentions, he could not hold his tongue, and mischief was often the result.

It was my habit to teach the children little lessons under the guise of a story, sometimes true, sometimes a mere invention. Rolf called them "Fenny's Anecdotes," but I had never discovered an anecdote about crossness.

One day I found myself being severely lectured by Mrs. Markham for teaching her son the doctrine of works. "As though we should be saved by our works, Miss Fenton!" she finished, virtuously.

I was too much puzzled to answer; I had no notion what she meant until I remembered that I had induced Rolf to part with some of his pocket-money to relieve a poor blind man that we found sitting by the wayside. Rolf had been sorry for the man, and still more for the gaunt, miserable-looking woman by his side; but when we had gone on our way, followed by voluble Irish blessings, Rolf had rather feelingly lamented his sixpence, and I had told him a little story inculcating the beauty of almsgiving, which had impressed him considerably, and he had retailed a garbled version of it to his mother—hence her rebuke to me. I forget what my defence was, only I remember I repudiated indignantly any such doctrine; but this sort of misunderstanding was constantly arising. If only Rolf would have held his tongue!

But these were mere surface troubles, and I often managed to forget that there was such a person as Mrs. Markham in the world; and, in spite of a few trifling drawbacks, I look back upon this summer as one of the happiest in my life.

I was young and healthy, and I perfectly revelled in the country sights and sounds with which I was surrounded. I hardly knew which I enjoyed most—the long delicious mornings on the beach, when I sat under the breakwater taking care of Reggie, or the afternoons in the orchard, with the brown bees humming round the hives and the children playing with Fidgets on the grass, while the old white pony looked over the fence at us, and the sheep nibbled at our side. I used to send Hannah home for an hour or two while I watched over the children; it was hard for her to be so near home and not enjoy Molly's company; and those summer afternoons were lazy times for all of us.

I think Miss Cheriton added largely to my happiness. I had never had a friend since my school-days, and it was refreshing to me to come in contact with this bright young creature. I was a little too grave for my age, and I felt she did me good.

I soon found she resembled my mistress in one thing: she was very unselfish, and thought more of other people's pleasures than her own. She used to say herself that it was only a sublime sort of selfishness that she liked to see everyone happy round her. "A gloomy face hinders all enjoyment," was her constant remark. But I never knew anyone who excelled more in little kindly acts. She would bring me fruit or flowers almost daily; and when she found I was fond of reading, she selected books for me she thought I should like.

When Mrs. Markham did not use the carriage—a very rare occasion, as she had almost a monopoly of it—she would take us for long country drives, and she would contrive all sorts of little surprises for us. Once when we returned from a saunter in the lanes, we found our tea table laid in the orchard, and Miss Cheriton presiding, in a gay little hat trimmed with cornflowers and poppies. There was a basket of flowers in the centre of the table, and a heap of red and yellow fruit. We had quite a little feast that evening, and all the time we were sitting there, there were broods of chickens running over the grass, that Gay had enticed into the orchard to please the children, and grey rabbits, and an old lame duck that was her pensioner, and went by the name of Cackles.

"Oh, auntie, do have another feast," Joyce would say to her, almost daily; but Miss Cheriton could not always be with us; visitors were very plentiful at Marshlands, and Gay's company was much courted by the young people of Netherton and Orton-upon-Sea.

I knew Mr. Hawtry was a constant visitor, for we often met him in our walks; and it seemed to me that his face was always set in the direction of Marshlands.

When Rolf was with us he was never allowed to pass without notice, and then he would stop and speak to the children, especially to Joyce, who soon got over her shyness with him.

"Mother says Mr. Hawtry comes to see Aunt Gay," Rolf remarked once, when he was out of hearing; "she told grandpapa so one day, and asked him if it would not be a good thing; and grandpapa laughed and nodded; you know his way. What did mother mean?"

"No doubt she meant that Mr. Hawtry was a kind friend," I returned, evasively. How is one to silence a precocious child? But of course it was easy to understand Mrs. Markham's hint.

I wondered sometimes if Mr. Hawtry were a favoured suitor. He and Miss Cheriton certainly seemed on the best of terms; she always seemed glad to see him, but her manner was very frank with him.

I took it into my head that Gay had more than one admirer. I deduced this inference from a slight occurrence that took place one day.

I was on the terrace with the children one morning, when a young clergyman in a soft felt hat came up the avenue. I knew him at once as the boyish-faced curate at Netherton Church, who had read the service the last two Sundays. I had liked his voice and manner, they were so reverent, but I remembered that I thought him very young. He was a tall, broad-shouldered young man, and though not exactly handsome, had a bright, pleasant-looking face.

Rolf hailed him at once as an old acquaintance. "Holloa, Mr. Rossiter; it is no use your going on to the house; mother is not well and cannot see you, and Aunt Gay is with the bees."

Mr. Rossiter seemed a little confused at this. He stopped and regarded Rolf with some perplexity.

"I am sorry Mrs. Markham is not well, but perhaps I can see Mr. Cheriton."

"Oh, grandpapa has gone to Orton; there is only me at home; you see, Miss Fenton does not count. If you want Aunt Gay I will show you the way to the kitchen garden." And as Mr. Rossiter accepted this offer with alacrity, they went off together.

We were going down to the beach that morning, and I was only waiting for Hannah to get the perambulator ready, but as a quarter of an hour elapsed and Rolf did not make his appearance, Joyce and I went in search of him.

I found him standing by the beehives, talking to Miss Cheriton and Mr. Rossiter. They all looked very happy, and Mr. Rossiter was laughing at something the boy had said; such a ringing, boyish laugh it was.

When I called Rolf they all looked round, and Miss Cheriton came forward to speak to me. I thought she looked a little uncomfortable, and I never saw her with such a colour.

"Are you going down to the beach? I wish I could come too, it is such a lovely morning, but Mr. Rossiter wants me to go to the schools; Miss Parsons, the schoolmistress, is ill, and they need

help. It is so tiresome," speaking with a pettish, spoilt-child air, turning to the young clergyman; "Miss Parsons always does get ill at inconvenient times."

"I know you would not fail us if it were ever so inconvenient," answered Mr. Rossiter, looking full at her—he had such nice clear eyes; "you are far too kind to desert us in such a strait."

But she made no answer to this, and went back to the beehive, and after a moment's irresolution Mr. Rossiter followed her.

"Do you like Mr. Rossiter?" asked Rolf, in his blunt way, as we walked down the avenue. "I do, awfully; he is such a brick. He plays cricket with me sometimes, and he has promised to teach me to swim, only mother won't let him, in spite of all grandpapa says about my being brought up like a girl. Grandpapa means me to learn to swim and ride, only mother is so frightened ever since the black pony threw me. I am to have a quieter one next year."

"Have you known Mr. Rossiter long?" I asked, carelessly.

"Oh, pretty long. Mother can't bear him coming so often to the house; she says he is so awkward, and then he is poor. Mother doesn't like poor people; she always says it is their own fault; that they might get on better. Do you know, Fenny, Mr. Rossiter has only two little rooms at Mrs. Saunders', you know that low house looking on the cornfields; quite poky little rooms they are, because mother and I went there. Mother asked him if he did not find it dreadfully dull at Netherton, and he laughed and said, 'Oh, dear no;' he had never been more comfortable; the people at Netherton were so kind and hospitable; and though mother does not like him, he comes just as often as though she did." And I soon verified Rolf's words; Mr. Rossiter came very often to Marshlands.

(*To be continued.*)

I ONLY WISH I HAD.

By MEDICUS.

THERE are five hundred of my lady readers, at the very least, who can easily guess the reason why Medicus did not appear before them so regularly last summer.

"Five hundred!" I think I hear some girls say; "why are these five hundred in the secret? And what about all the other thousands?"

Stay, and I will tell you. For four months this last season I was "on the road," travelling in my own chariot—I am surely not wrong in calling it a chariot, seeing it is twenty feet in length—throughout the length and breadth of Merrie England, and I put down the minimum of Girl's Own readers who visited this chariot and its owner at five hundred, though, seeing that schools with their teachers, numbering from twenty to seventy, sometimes paid a visit to me, all of whom were ardent admirers of the "beautifully and tastefully illustrated G. O. P."—the girls' own words—a thousand might be nearer the mark.

But what, it may be asked, has this to do with the non-appearance of Medicus before his readers? Why, everything; because I find it all but impossible to do literary work "on the road."

I might have done more, though.

"I only wish I had."

And these words form the text on which I desire this month to speak a few homely words to my girls, young or not young.

"I only wish I had." How often a medical man hears those same words; spoken, it may be, with blanched lips, by some poor mortal who is languishing on a bed of sickness and pain. "I only wish I had." Had what? Taken better care of health while it lasted.

I sat by the bedside of a poor girl some years ago, and heard her repeat those same words frequently. I had somewhat more time to spare then than I have now, or I could not have sat there for an hour or two at a time reading to her or to myself. She did not speak much, being in the final stage of consumption, but she assured me again and again it was "such company" to have me there, so what could I do?

"I wish I had." These words, it seemed to me, were too often on her lips. Sometimes it was only the first two words, "I wish," she breathed, as if the weakened lungs and voice refused to add the others. I think I see Esther D—— even now, a long, thin, pale hand on the coverlet, a white, thin face, with a flush on the high cheeks, little blue veins meandering over the temples, and sad blue eyes, with dark dilated and glistening pupils.

"I wish I had." Wish she had what? Taken a word or two of advice I gave her in a friendly way, just before she started for the seaside on a holiday trip.

She looked bright, strong, and beautiful that day, though I could tell, from her transparent skin, her too soft hair and drooping eyelashes, that in her veins were the seeds of our island illness, and that it would need but little to fan it into flame.

"I mean to enjoy myself thoroughly," she said, her eyes dancing with good humour.

"Yes," I said, as I bade her good-bye, "but not excitedly, Esther; and remember what I said about night air, damp feet, and warm clothing."

There was a little impatient toss of the head, and just about half a frown, and I smiled, expecting her to say, "Oh, bother!" but she did not.

Well, poor Esther died.

But I know of nothing more sad when one is ill than the thought that the illness might have been avoided.

"I wish I had been more careful."

If you let your thimble fall, it will drop to the ground, will it not? This is a law of Nature; and as sure and certain is every other law of Nature. Nature will forgive, but she never will forget. If you, for example, sit in wet clothes, evaporation takes place; in other words, the damp of your clothes passes off in steam, and, as water requires so much heat to convert it into steam, it takes this heat from the nearest source, and that is from your body. It absorbs animal heat. What is the consequence? Why, baby there could understand this simple lesson in physiology. The consequence is that the surface of the body becomes chilled. Well, then another law of Nature comes into force. The law is this: Cold contracts. Cold contracts everything, even iron. Witness the difference in the length of railway iron rails in summer and winter. Given a sun-heat of, say, one hundred and twenty degrees, and they are all close together at the ends. Given a winter temperature of thirty-two degrees, or under, and the rails do not touch, but gap.

And the cold on the surface of the body contracts the veins and arteries. With what result? With the result that the blood is to some extent squeezed—to use simple language—out of them, and, as it must flow somewhere, it rushes in upon the internal organs of the body.

Now, we all of us have some one organ weaker than the others, and it is this organ that suffers from a surfeit of blood in its veins, driven inwards by a chill. It may be Miss Ada's liver, and she has in consequence "a horrid bilious attack," as I have heard it called, or it may be worse, suppression of the bile entirely, followed naturally by blood poisoning and jaundice.

It may be Miss Ada's lungs. The blood is driven in upon the surface thereof; this surface becomes congested and red, though no one can see it. Nature tries to relieve the congestion by throwing off through the walls of the veins or arteries the watery portion of the blood. This tickles the lungs, and a cough is the result. But the very act of coughing increases the mischief tenfold, and what was at first water may become matter.

Nor may the mischief end here; for, if inclined to have consumption, the tubercle, as it is called, will now be deposited in the lung surface or tissue. Why? Because, the veins being congested and enlarged, the flow through them is more sluggish. I do hope I'm making myself understood! The flow, I say, is more sluggish, and deleterious matter, that otherwise would have been washed or carried away in the secretions, gets time and opportunity to settle.

Now do you understand how a chill from a draught or from damp clothing may cause mischief of even a fatal character?

Will you take my advice, and wear judicious clothing, or will you wait till the mischief is done, and then say, "I wish I had"?

Mind, I do not wish you to go about, even during the cold months of winter, swaddled with as much clothing as a mummy, but I do wish you to wear woollen clothing—next the skin, at all events.

Age has nothing at all to do with it. The young are even more apt to catch deadly colds than the older or middle-aged.

I often wish there was some woollen material manufactured in this country—thin, warm, and soft, with a smooth surface that would render it perfectly suitable for underclothing for the most delicate-skinned girl. Flannel, such as is sold in the shops, has its good points, but it really has many objection-



"I WISH I HAD BEEN MORE CAREFUL."

able ones. I hear new flannel extolled. I may be fastidious, but I really do not care for its perfume. Then there are your woollen jerseys, or whatever you call them, and merino ditto. Why, they are so rough, I, myself, would rather fall back upon silk.

In Germany, I believe, they have a material that is eminently suitable for the purpose I am advocating.

There is a chance for some manufacturer to come to the front. Meanwhile, our girls will go on wearing linen and catching colds; and I do assure my readers that they would be both astonished and shocked were I to tell them the average number of fatal illnesses brought on annually in England from neglect of proper precautions for the preservation of health.

But if winter hath its dangers from cold, and wet, and frost, neither is summer exempt.

Would I have girls wear wool in summer? Undoubtedly.

Wool is not only a protection against cold, but against intense heat as well. It is a go-between, so to speak.

We all know that thatched houses are warm in winter and cool in summer, but possibly the words of Stanley, the great African traveller, may be new to many, although the truth they contain rests upon the same natural basis as that about thatched houses. I cannot give the exact words of this truly great man, but they are to *this effect*:—

"The only way a European can withstand the intense heat of tropical Africa is by wearing garments of wool."

This is very easily understood. Wool is a non-conductor. In winter, therefore, it conserves or retains the internal or animal heat, and in summer it will defend the skin and the blood from becoming fevered by the scorching rays of the sun.

I do not expect my youngest readers to be interested in one-half of what I am now writing, but I most earnestly desire their mothers and guardians to lay my words to heart, and to act upon them, so that they may not hereafter have to say, with sighs of regret—

"I wish I had."

There is one other little matter I wish to point out to my thoughtful mamma-readers, with regard to clothing, and that is, the absurdity of not having dress, either for boys or girls, made the same thickness at the back as at the front.

It really is ridiculous to clothe the chest in front and leave it to starve between the shoulders. I have before now pointed out to you that people catch colds in the chest far more often from chills caught from behind. *Verbum sap.*

Well, now I shall change my tune, and go on to another subject which also has a bearing upon colds and coughs and ill-health of every kind engendered by wintry weather.

One-half of the people in this country are not breakfast-eaters.

Are you really a breakfast-eater? Do you get hungry as soon as you have had your bath? As soon as you have said your good-morning, do your eyes roam over the table-cloth with a wholesome desire to know what is on board? If you are healthy, and have discussed that matutinal meal, nothing can hurt you all day. You may walk through the most unwholesome streets and lanes in the City, and come forth intact.

On the other hand, do you feel languid when you get up? Do you cast a longing, lingering glance behind you as you commence to dress? Do you come downstairs caring little what is to eat? Are your fingers numb and cold? Do you require to slowly sip a cup of tea before getting an appetite even for toast and butter, and that new-laid egg you have to coax yourself to eat? If so you are not in health. Go not anywhere during the day where you are likely to breathe a tainted air, or be influenced by cold or damp. If you do not take my advice in this respect you may live to say—"I wish I had."

But have I no remedy to suggest for my breakfastless readers?

Oh, yes, I have! There is a cause for everything. Your want of appetite in the morning may depend on one or other of many things. To be sure, it may be constitutional. You may have a weak heart and be altogether delicate in consequence. But ten to one you have nothing of the sort. Besides, if your heart be only functionally weak, do not forget that it is a muscular organ, as much so as your forearm or biceps, and, like the biceps, can be strengthened by good food and plenty of pleasant exercise in the open air.

But there are other reasons why appetite absents itself at the breakfast hour. As my space is nearly filled, I can but name a few.

Late suppers are inimical to health in the morning. They create restless nights, or, if the nights be not restless quite, the sleep is not refreshing. The stomach ought to sleep as well as other organs; and if it does not, depend upon it that it will not be fit for its duties next morning.

Badly ventilated rooms. Sleeping in a room where there is not an abundance of fresh air is poisoning to the blood. The carbonic is not burned off therefrom, and dulness and lethargy are the result. You awake in the morning feeling your sleep has done you little good, feeling you would like just another hour. Believe me, if you slept as long thus as Rip Van Winkle, you would feel precisely the same when you opened your eyes.

Want of exercise and neglect of the bath also destroy the appetite for the morning meal.

And medicines will not make up for want of obedience to Nature's laws. But if you return to these with heart and soul, then a mixture of infusion of quassia, say a tablespoonful, with ten drops of dilute phosphoric acid, and twenty of the compound tincture of bark, may be taken with great benefit, a quarter of an hour before breakfast and dinner.

See, then, to your appetite as well as clothing, especially in cold, inclement weather, and may you never have those bitter, regretful words to utter—"I wish I had."

THE INHERITANCE OF A GOOD NAME.

By LOUISA MENZIES.

CHAPTER III.

THE CALLING IN LIFE CHOSEN.

As Eveline had said, what seemed an accident determined Mark's choice of an occupation. A cousin of his mother's came to spend a few days at the rectory. He had recently lost a very promising son, and was much softened and saddened by his trouble, and in his saddened mood his thoughts turned to his cousin James, whom he remembered a bright and cheery lad, very much his own junior. He knew that there were two lads at Rosenhurst, one the son of his cousin James, the other of his widowed cousin Margaret, and he thought with interest of him who bore his own name, and wondered whether he in any way resembled his lost Edward—whether he was a true Echlin, like his father, earnest, teachable, and faithful.

Miles Echlin was the head of a publishing house, holding a high position in London, and by the death of his son, not only he himself but the business had experienced an irreparable loss. He wanted comfort, he wanted help, and in this saddened mood he came down to Rosenhurst Rectory. Lady Elgitha, fully alive to the fact that many sons of noble houses were at the present time engaged in commerce, was at some trouble to be civil to him, and schooled her son to proper behaviour; but outward civility did not impose on the keen-sighted man of business, and before he had been twelve hours at the rectory he was convinced that Gilbert was indolent, opinionated, and selfish.

Margaret and her children came to dinner, and there was much pleasant chat among the elders about the days when they had been children, and when Miles had thought it a great treat to spend the holidays with his uncle at Westborough, but he had little opportunity then for making acquaintance with Mark and Eveline; but when next morning he walked over with the rector to the cottage, Miles felt at once the calm and restful sense of home, where all the members were in harmony, and where the grave, handsome face looking down from the wall seemed to his mind, saddened by recent sorrow, to promise him sympathy. He had known Michael Fenner very slightly, being at the time of Margaret's marriage already much immersed in business, but a glance at the picture of her husband, and at Margaret's own composed and gentle face, assured him that she would listen, not only with patience, but with true interest, to what he should tell her about his son, and so it came about that during his stay at Rosenhurst he spent most of his time at the cottage, and talked much with and of Mark.

At the end of four days he returned to town, and in less than a fortnight there came a letter from him inviting Mark to come and stay with him in town, and offering him a share in his business if he would devote himself to the study of it.

It was not without hesitation that Mark acceded to the proposal; either of the callings he had been meditating on would, he thought, have been more to his taste, but in either he would have been a comparatively poor man, unable to do much for his mother and sister, and he could not flatter himself that in either he was much wanted. Here there was a place left vacant which he might fill, a positive call from a weary heart which he might comfort.

His mother was slow to give her opinion in the matter; it was too easy, too pleasant for her to have her son occupied in work which would not take him very far away, which would not overtax his energies; she could hardly believe that it would be desirable for his highest interests; she feared lest James and Elgitha might be vexed that the offer had not been made first to Gilbert. Of course Miles was a sort of tradesman, and Elgitha could scarcely be supposed to admire

trade; still she might have liked Gilbert to have been first consulted.

She took the letter up to the rectory, and laid it before her brother. The rector read it carefully, and returned it to her with a sigh and a smile.

"I suppose Mark will go," he said.

"He has not made up his mind yet," said Margaret.

"Does he dislike the idea of desk work?"

"I don't think he ever thought of disliking it. If he were to be a teacher or a clergyman he would have a great deal of desk work, wouldn't he?"

"Certainly, and promotion is so slow; unless he happened to possess the gift of oratory, he might be a curate at forty."

"I fancy he thought rather of being a teacher."

"Very hard work; breaking stones on the road is play to it," said the gentle rector, who had no talent for teaching, though he had a very pretty talent for preaching. "It seems a pity that he should not close with Miles' offer; Mark would be a treasure to him."

"You think he would?"

"Can you doubt it? Don't you know what he is to you and to me? On all grounds I think he should accept it, if he has no personal dislike to the arrangement. At all events he should go and try."

So Mark went, and Gilbert, with many a shrug, pronounced him a lucky fellow, and promised to come and dine with him.

The rector took occasion, on Mark's departure, to speak to his son as to his own path in life.

"Mark has made his start in life, Gilbert. Don't you think it would be advisable for you to make up your mind as to what you will do?"

"Yes, sir, I suppose it would; but it is so hard to make up one's mind when one has no special vocation. Mark's a lucky fellow; his mind was made up for him."

"I have very good reason to think that if you had had Mark's aptitude, the offer would have been made to you."

"It is a pity I hadn't; but I don't suppose it's a man's fault not caring for things. It must be a great bore to you, sir, to have a son like me, who doesn't care for any of the things you care for. I don't suppose two men were ever more unlike."

"I don't ask you to consider what I should like you to do; that, perhaps, would be unfair; but only to see that, taking your own view, what you are doing will not pay. If I were to die, there would not be more than enough for your mother and sister."

"So you have told me before; so the mother has told me. It is unfortunate that I have no taste for anything. I don't find that I care about doing the same thing for two days together."

"Does it never occur to you that there is such a thing as duty?"

"A very useful dissyllable, no doubt, sir, and telling in a song; but it is very much gone out of fashion nowadays, with the Church Catechism, high pews, and church clerks. No one considers that he ought to be 'content with that state of life,' etc."

"Gilbert," said Mr. Echlin, more sternly than he had ever spoken to his son, "if you do not woo duty as a mistress, she will drive you as a taskmistress. The man who has no love of duty had better never have been born. He has no high aims, no ennobling thoughts. Do not, I beseech you, give me the misery of knowing that my only son is an idle man."

"Do not distress yourself, father. I suppose I shall drop into something before long. There can be no hurry. If you had ten children it would be another matter. There's Elgitha; she has energy enough, and cares about lots of things. If you would send her to Girton, sir, I feel sure she'd take a double first, and like it."

"She might do very much worse, I believe," said Mr. Echlin, turning away. He went into his study with a sore heart to write his Sunday sermon on the beauty of holiness, and Gilbert found half an hour's amusement in teasing his sister's canaries.

It was not long before Mark Fenner's start in life brought changes to Rosenhurst. The more Miles Echlin knew him, the better he liked him. Mark possessed one of those strong natures that rests in itself, never impatient to thrust itself forward, and never much occupied with a consideration of its own wants or pleasures. Accepting in the fullest and heartiest sense all the duties that were comprehended in the partnership offered him by his mother's cousin, and loving them because they were duties, he set himself with all his heart to master the technicalities of the business, and entered into the enthusiasms of the old publisher with all a young man's energy.

"It was a lucky thing, sir, that visit to Rosenhurst," said Evans, Mr. Echlin's head clerk and factotum, when Mark had been some six months in London. "Mr. Fenner is a born publisher. He takes to the printer's ink as a babe to its mother's milk. As things have turned out, it really seems quite providential."

"I am glad you think so, Evans; it is my own opinion exactly. I hope the lad is satisfied. How those dear ladies at the cottage must miss him!"

When Mr. Echlin left his office after this conversation, he took his leisurely way to Manchester-square. It had always been a principle with him to live within an easy walk of his business, having early imbibed a taste for that most healthy of all exercises, and having found that there was no better time for thinking over business. Indeed, for many years he had never embarked upon an undertaking until he had turned it over in his mind during two or three days' walk to and fro.

As he strolled home that evening it was June, and the whole earth was singing with gladness. The City's great heart was throbbing with welcome to the sweet summer, and stretching out eager hands for the fruits and flowers of the country. Roses and strawberries lay in tempting proximity in the shops, women's clothes fluttered airily in the breeze, and young men skimmed cheerily along, taking note of the luncheon-bars where American drinks were for sale, while elderly men looked fresh and rosy in light trousers, light hats, and light waistcoats.

As Mr. Echlin walked on, nodding to an acquaintance here, exchanging a word or two there, his mind was pursuing some such train of thought as this:—How fine the weather was; it was a pleasure to breathe. This time last year Edward had been by his side; it was on the 18th of June; he remembered it because he had made a little excuse for the extravagance, saying that we ought not to forget the anniversary of Waterloo; and they had stopped to buy the first basket of strawberries. How little had either of them thought that the course of their quiet life would so soon be broken! It was a dismal thing to think that he had let him go to Rome at that time of the year. But then he seemed so strong; nothing ever ailed him. Dr. Dickenson said, indeed, that he had no reserve force —weak vital energy, like his dear mother. To wish him "good-bye" for a six weeks' holiday, and never to see him alive again! Well, well, it was sad. Such a son, too, and with all his future so easy before him! Well, well, it wouldn't be so very long that he would have to survive him; he was almost sixty; it could not be so very long. And now he had Mark Fenner. Strange that all the time Edward was with him he had never thought of going down to Rosenhurst to see James and poor Margaret. And then his thoughts carried him to the little cottage at the rectory gate, where the two women lived who must miss their good son and brother so much, and who must be so much missed by him.

Thus meditating, he reached his own door, which he opened, according to his custom, with a latchkey, and passed down the cool passage into the large, cool, but rather sombre dining-room.

The table was laid for two, the silver and glass shining on the white damask, while the old butler stood with his smile of welcome by the shining mahogany sideboard, whereon was displayed the usual row of bottles—port, sherry, and claret, with a dessert of early strawberries and biscuits. It was all very comfortable, but just a trifle dreary; so, at least, Miles thought it must be to the young man who was now knocking at the door, who was to use the second knife and fork and be his companion all the evening.

At the cottage at Rosenhurst what would the young man's mother and sister be doing now? Perhaps sitting down to their modest meal, waited on by the little country damsel with round eyes and rosy cheeks; perhaps going through the more stately but rather dismal ceremonial of "dining at the rectory."

All the evening, while they dined, read the papers, and, later on, in deference to the beauty of the night, strolled through the quiet streets towards the Regent's Park, and saw the moon hanging like a silver disc in the sky—while Mark, following his lead, discoursed of the lovely woods of Sunbridge, of the hedges fragrant with wild roses and honeysuckle, of the sweet, pure air, of his mother and her garden, of his sister singing in the twilight to the old piano—there always lay the thought suggested to him by the words of Evans in the afternoon, "As things have turned out, it really seems quite providential." Mark Fenner was already much more to him than he could ever have hoped from one who was not his own son; he was doing his work with all his heart, with all his soul, and with all his strength, accepting it as the business of his life. But might not he for his part—he, Miles Echlin—do something on his side also to make the lad's life brighter—to make the house in Manchester-square, now for nearly thirty years his home, a little more cheery and a little more homelike to the boy who had grown up in the little cottage at the rectory gate at Rosenhurst?

If there is much cause of lamentation at the overcrowded dwellings of the poor, something might also be said plaintive and touching about the desolation of the houses of the wealthy—of the rich carpets so seldom trodden, the couches on which no limbs ever find repose, the mirrors reflecting nothing but each other, of the soft beds which are never pressed, and all the elaborate machinery of modern life gathered into chamber after chamber, and never used. Extremes meet, and the rich man in the desolation of his empty chambers may be as much in need of pity as the poor man crowded out of his one apartment by the superabundance of his domestic ties.

The house which Miles Echlin called home consisted of suites of reception-rooms furnished in the costliest taste of thirty years ago, when Mrs. Echlin was alive, and Edward, a bright boy of three, was making sunshine in the house, while there was a possibility of sons and daughters yet to come; but the cheery little wife, for whose sake and by whose direction the furnishing had been done, took a cold—a mere nothing, it seemed—and passed almost suddenly out of the life so full of hope and happiness for her, just as a bright flame

which makes the whole room glad is blown out by a puff of wind coming one knows not whence. Then Miles, saddened and sobered, went about his work, caring little for the large house, only seeing that it was properly cleaned and aired, walking methodically through the great rooms, and coming at last to live in two of them, his dining-room and a small sleeping room, which had been his dressing-room while his wife was alive. A few friends came to see him at intervals, and there were some to whom the silent house was a home whenever they came to town; but Miles had no heart for company. When Edward should be grown up would be time enough; the boy should marry, and then the house would once again echo with laughter and song; he should make his own choice—it would be sure to be a worthy one, and they would find a corner for the old man, and not think him in the way. Edward grew up, and was all that his father wished him to be; then came the second bitter disappointment, and the big house was more empty and silent than ever.

On that June evening, as he strolled with Mark through the quiet streets, and glanced up at the lighted windows in the houses of his neighbours, at the groups of people, old and young, on the high balconies, and caught the waves of laughter or song, the silence, the darkness of the house into which they introduced themselves by a latchkey, seemed almost unendurable. The gas was turned low in the dining-room; the portrait of Mrs. Echlin looked thin and spectral; the plate and glass on the sideboard suggested anything but good cheer, looking rather like mummies from which the life has long since departed. Mark turned up the gas, and they saw that it wanted five minutes to ten. What a long evening it had been. Mark was tired, and thought, if Mr. Echlin didn't mind, he would go to bed; he said something in apology about country habits; he did not say that he was up every morning before six practising certain technicalities which were necessary for the carrying on the business; nor did he complain of the heat and closeness of the office, though both were trying to a country lad.

Mr. Echlin wished him "good-night" kindly, but rather like one in a dream, and when the butler came in at eleven, according to custom, with his master's candle, and to carry up the plate, he still sat in the same chair, but he was leaning back with a satisfied look; the inkstand and blotting-pad were on the table, and a sealed letter lay before him.

"Are you ready for your candle, sir?" said Martin, taking all in at a glance.

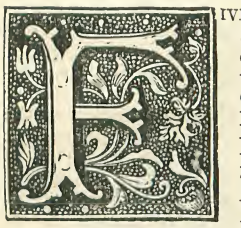
"Yes, quite," replied the master, rising briskly from his chair. "Good-night, Martin; fine weather for the country."

"Splendid for the crops, sir," said Martin, a cockney to the backbone, who was imbued with the idea that the more the sun blazed the better the corn grew; but as he turned out the gas the old man wondered to whom his master had been writing, a wonder which was not relieved in the morning, as was generally the case on the rare occasions when Mr. Echlin wrote a letter at home, by his being requested to post it, for his master brought the letter down with him, laid it on the mantelpiece with the direction downwards, and carried it out in his own hand when he went to business, all which unusual proceedings served to fix Martin's attention on the letter, and to impress him with the idea that it must be a document of much importance.

(*To be concluded.*)

AN APPEAL FOR AN OLD FRIEND.

By ANNE BEALE.



IVE years ago the first appeal for the Princess Louise Home was inserted in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. It appeared in the weekly number dated February 25, 1882. The response to it was hearty and immediate, and from all parts of the habitable globe arrived contributions in money and goods towards a bazaar for the benefit of this "National Society for the Protection of Young Girls." The bazaar was held in May, but the account of it was given in the number for July 22, 1882.

Every subscriber likes to know what becomes of his or her donations; therefore we purpose to look into results by paying another visit to our old friends at Woodhouse, Wanstead, before terrifying our readers by announcing another fancy fair.

"Old friends" is almost a misnomer, for new faces greet us everywhere as we enter the precincts of the grounds and ancient abode. Mrs. Talbot, the esteemed matron, has resigned, and Mrs. Macdonald reigns in her stead. Miss Tidd, the originator and untiring secretary of the bazaar, is happily married. So is the schoolmistress, who, it will be remembered, was also a pupil trained at the Home. The monatresses of to-day are the scholars of five years ago, and our own particular girls have diminished in number. Thanks to the bazaar and collateral causes, we have been privileged to gain admission for nearly a dozen, of whom the greater number are in service and doing well, and when we make urgent demands for our girls, four only respond to them; but they have not forgotten us. We find two in the kitchen and two in the laundry, and hear that a couple of these are going to service after Christmas. They all look rosy and happy, in spite of the fumes that surround them; for the young cooks are bending over two gigantic saucepans, whence issues a very savoury odour, and the juvenile laundresses are enveloped in the less appetising exhalations from damp linen; for this is folding, drying, and mangling day, and one of our particular girls is turning the mangle. This large and commodious laundry has been erected, opened, and utilised since our last visit to Woodhouse. There are different compartments for sorting, washing, drying, ironing, mangling, packing, and delivering, which all communicate with one another. We live and learn; for we had scarcely realised before all the processes of laundry work. And this is all done by manual toil; for there is no steam. Seven of the elder girls are at present in training under a special experienced matron and laundry-maid, and as customers increase, more will be drafted off to this particular work, and open the other parts of the establishment to an increased number of inmates. As laundries almost invariably pay, it is confidently hoped that the income of the Home will be greatly increased by this agency, and both friends and strangers are "cordially invited," as the phrase now is, to try it. The tariff of charges is the ordinary one laid down in London and the neighbourhood, and arrangements have been made with those ubiquitous carriers, Carter and Paterson, to fetch and return boxes and hampers of linen from and to any part of this vast metropolis free of charge; and customers may count on being supplied with the said boxes and hampers gratis and securely padlocked. What could they want more? "Good washing and ironing," is the reply; and we trust these will follow the demand. Over a thousand articles have to be washed weekly for the inmates of the Home alone; so under all circumstances the hand is kept in.

Our laundresses boast of a separate establishment, which they have called Primrose Cottage, probably after the Primrose League, of which they have heard. This is a long room with a long green-baize-covered table, communicating with the laundry. A short time ago it was a sort of outhouse; now it is a sitting and dining-room, adorned with texts. If funds only came in, many other tumble-down and ill-paved portions of this country seat might be vastly amended. But neither Rome nor Woodhouse was built or repaired in a day. Soon, however, we hope to see a splendid drying-ground replace the present one, for the asphalted roof of the laundries offers every facility for it. If we may be permitted to make a personal remark, we would venture to say that a rosier, healthier set of laundry-girls could nowhere be seen, and the roses extend from face to arms. As we descend from Primrose Cottage to the laundry, we are arrested by a remark made by the secretary, as he points upwards to an iron girder—

"This was a great encouragement to me. This iron came from Providence, and bears that name. I took it as a good sign, and worked on in faith," he says.

Assuredly there is the word "Providence" stamped on the iron, and we will not pause to inquire whence its origin, but hasten onwards to see what the Divine Providence is doing for His rescued children, and what He requires us to do.

Most of them are in the playground, and their ringing voices and laughter sound mirthful, and convey no impression of the depraved homes from which they have been taken. About a dozen of them, however, are gathered round a fire in what is called their playroom, which might be better paved and appointed, if only those—we dare not mention funds again in this place, seeing we are about to make an appeal vigorous enough to melt hearts harder than these very rough stones on which the children play. A bundle of picture text cards attracts the whole school into the playroom, and we are soon surrounded by about fifty girls of ages varying from eleven to fifteen and over, all thankful for very small mercies. We are thus enabled to declare them very well-mannered; for instead of pressing forward to seize on the coveted card, they stand back, each urging a companion to the front. Slight touches indicate character and training, and this reticence speaks for itself. In spite of many difficulties inseparable from the education of girls mostly born and bred in a doubtful atmosphere, it is possible to cultivate a certain delicacy and refinement amongst them.

"I am sorry to be obliged to leave you;

but I am going to take this girl to her place," interrupts the matron, as a respectable-looking, neatly-dressed maiden appears amongst her schoolfellows to bid them good-bye.

She has passed her term of years in the Home, and is about to make her start in life. A good outfit and a respectable place have been provided for her somewhere in Kent, and the kind matron will not lose sight of her until she places her in the care of her new mistress. Indeed, the girls are never lost sight of, as their touching letters and frequent returns home prove, as well as the communications made to the matron on each change of place.

"If you keep your situation and have a good character for one clear year, the committee will give you a guinea as a reward, together with a new dress," says the secretary, encouragingly.

How little we realise the feelings of the young servant as she leaves the best home she has known for a stranger one, and hurries off to the train about to whirl her away into a new world! When we inquire her previous history, we are told that she was "surrounded by immoral influences, and rescued just in time."

Let us hope that her mistress will be able to write of her as many mistresses have written this year of girls sent to service before her—in terms of high commendation. Here are one or two extracts:—"Mary has been in my service for three years, and I have much pleasure in testifying to her continued good behaviour. She works hard, is very trustworthy, and I should be very sorry to part with her." "Ellen is a very good girl, and during the two years she has been with me has given me great satisfaction. I hope she may remain with me many years," etc.

When we consider what may have been the fate of these young people had not friends of the Home intervened, we are thankful for what our readers have done to help them. We are attracted by one who sits rather apart, and is bigger than the others. She was rescued from a life of such awful terrorism that even now, when reproved, she hides under the beds, creeping from one to another like a wild animal. She has, it is said, lost half her wits from fear; but it is hoped that kindness may recall them from their "wool-gathering." She seems less perplexed than she was.

We should like to linger, and learn the story of all the girls; but we are summoned from the outworks to the keep, where lessons and housework alternate, just as they did when last we were here. As to the dormitories, they are literally ablaze with colour, for a generous, anonymous donor has sent seventy scarlet woollen coverlets, and each bed boasts of one. But there are at present only sixty-one inmates, and, accordingly, nine of the said coverlets are set aside. We are anxious to fill the home, which will hold one hundred. Therefore that last resource, a bazaar, is still in contemplation. Adverse circumstances prevented its taking place in 1886, the jubilee year of the Institution; so we hope that 1887, the jubilee year of our well-beloved Queen, may see it consummated. Will the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER continue their kind efforts, and send us work or money, as seems to them best? Some eight hundred pounds resulted from the last bazaar, which was mainly attributable to the start they gave it; and already numerous contributions have been received, the work of their willing fingers. Five years ago the office of the Princess Louise Home was crowded with packages containing their gifts. May it be so again, and may the writer once more be privileged to record them, and may another round dozen or more of girls be safely housed, taught, and placed in service, as the result of their labours.

Several distinguished and influential ladies have already promised their aid in various ways, and we are stirring ourselves up to hope for "a great success." H. R. H. the Princess Louise will open the bazaar, life and health being granted to her. We will pray that they may be extended and lengthened, and that she may see the Home that bears her name full to overflowing.

We are thankful that our readers have such good memories, and that they have not forgotten this, their first love, while contracting an attachment for another, equally worthy. Happily the philanthropic heart is large, and its hand ever open.

We have been so long the historian of the Home that we find nothing new to say about it, therefore we will wind up by a visit to the secretary's private abode, in order to see one of the girls, now in his service, who was a Woodhouse bird when last we looked into the nest. A drive across Wanstead Flats, through a portion of the Forest, and past the picturesque village, brings us to his hospitable domicile. Hence he walks almost daily to oversee the Home, so that he, at least, is not idle, since he must also supervise monetary matters in London diurnally. We congratulate him on having such a quiet halting-ground midway.

It would be out of place to describe it, or the excellent luncheon of which we partook, but it is quite allowable to say that the neatly dressed, rosy-faced parlour-maid waits uncommonly well, and that she is a good specimen of Woodhouse training. We are gratified by her recognising us, and if all the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER could have seen her bright smile of welcome and respectable appearance, they would have rejoiced with us. But she is only one of the many who have been aided. During the fifty years of the existence of the Institution, nearly three thousand have been rescued from danger of one kind and another, fifteen hundred of whom have been received since it has been known as "The Princess Louise Home." Forty-three of these were admitted only last year. Close upon eleven hundred have become domestic servants, and who can calculate the inestimable good done to them and society by rescuing them from indescribable evils?

As we stood upon the platform of the Snaresbrook Station awaiting the train, we moralised on this. Sunset with its heavenly glow overspread Epping Forest and Wanstead-park, beyond which lies the Home. We reflect on the Divine love which has inspired in the human heart the desire to devote all we see around us to the overworked citizens of the largest city in the world; and to open to some of her tempted children the gates of the rescue house in the distance. We recognize in the evening glow that *God's love never fails*. We will strive to obey His command, which says "Let brotherly love continue."

We perceive both degrees of love in the subjoined list, and feel assured that Christ's little ones will be still held in tender remembrance.

In addition to the seventy coverlets already mentioned, we are requested to state that 224 valuable articles have been received at the Home from a lady who desires her name not to be announced. These vary from scarlet blankets to children's hose.

Lady Greenall and Mrs. Edward Lloyd have also sent magnificent gifts of clothing, made and unmade; and "The Hampton Court Association of Ladies for the Care of Friendless Girls" has likewise contributed a valuable parcel of clothing, through the Dowager Lady Clifford.

In money, three guineas from Lady Martin and ten shillings from C. W. B. D. have been received.

Contributions sent to the Secretary, Mr. Gillham, at 32, Sackville-street, W., will be immediately acknowledged by him, and subsequently in this Magazine.

"SHE COULDN'T BOIL A POTATO;"

OR,

THE IGNORANT HOUSEKEEPER, AND HOW SHE ACQUIRED KNOWLEDGE.

By DORA HOPE.



LTHOUGH Mrs. Wilson was very much better, her improvement still greatly depended upon having perfect quiet and freedom from all excitement, and her nurses found that if she was in any way disturbed or agitated in the evening, she either lay awake the greater part of the night, or, when worn out for want of sleep, was compelled to take the soothing medicine, which always had a depressing effect upon her next day.

One evening, Ella had just left her aunt, who was drowsily watching nurse's final preparations for the night, when the whole house suddenly rang with piercing screams and cries for help from the kitchen.

Greatly annoyed and frightened, Ella ran downstairs to stop the noise, and, on reaching the kitchen, was horrified to find Annie, the housemaid, rushing about the room with her dress in flames, and shrieking wildly for someone to save her. The cook, meanwhile, was crouching in a corner with her apron over her head, so that, as she said afterwards, she "might not see Annie burnt to death before her eyes."

Ella quickly shut the kitchen-door, thereby stopping the draught of air, which was blowing the flames in all directions, and then, with more presence of mind, although not much better success, than the cook, she seized a jug of water, and flung it over the flames, and ran for more.

Unfortunately, it was burning oil that had caught fire, and was setting alight to the matting that covered the floor, and the water only spread the mischief further.

Happily, nurse now appeared in the doorway, and instantly perceiving what was the matter, tore up a heavy hearthrug, and wrapping it round Annie, soon succeeded in extinguishing the flames; while Ella, perceiving the good effect of her plan, promptly imitated her example, and pulling up doormats, and anything woollen she could reach, threw them on the burning oil on the floor, and she and nurse soon stamped out the flames.

Directly the fire was quite out, nurse urged Ella to return to her aunt, while she herself examined the extent of Annie's burns. Happily, the poor girl was wearing a dress of thick woollen material, which had taken a long time to ignite, so that, although her muslin apron had made a great blaze, she herself was hardly injured at all. It was, in reality, Mrs. Wilson who suffered the most, the excitement causing her a sleepless night, followed next day by a violent headache and feverish attack.

After breakfast the following day, Ella made up her mind to hold a solemn inquiry into the causes of the accident, the result of which filled her with amazement that the whole house had not been burnt down long ago.

There was no gas in the house, and, as a great deal of oil was required, a large tin vessel containing several gallons was kept (or was supposed to be) in an outhouse; while, in order to avoid the danger of taking a light near this supply of oil, Mrs. Wilson had given instructions that the lamps should always be cleaned and re-filled during the morning.

But the outhouse was cold, and the lamps were often forgotten until they were wanted in the evening; so the large can of oil had been surreptitiously brought into one of the pantries, where it could be more easily got at.

On this occasion, as on many others, Annie had forgotten to fill the hall lamp, and when it reminded her of the fact by smoking, making a choking smell, and finally going out, she took it down and filled it, using the naked flame of a benzolixe lamp to light the dark little pantry.

Even this foolhardy act did not, as it might have done, set the whole store of oil in flames, and she actually trimmed and re-lighted the lamp in safety, and was carrying it through the kitchen, when a sudden draught blew the flame of the benzoline lamp against her hand, on which some oil was spilled. This flamed up, and the frightened girl dropped both lamps. The larger one exploded in the fall, setting fire to the oil and to her own apron, and, but for nurse's quickness and presence of mind, she would probably have been burned to death.

All this information, very unwillingly given, added to cook's remark that there was not a lamp that would burn properly in the house, so frightened Ella that she felt inclined to give up the use of lamps altogether, and burn nothing but candles. On second thoughts, however, and after consulting Mrs. Mobberly, to whom she always referred in all her difficulties, she sent instead for the man who had supplied the lamps, and had them all reviewed.

He declared that all the mischief arose from the dirty state of the lamps, which, much to the indignation of the maids, he requested Ella to look at, to prove the truth of his words.

"If you have good lamps, and keep them perfectly clean, and burn good oil, you are quite safe," he said; "but if you neglect any of those three, they are the most dangerous things you can have about a house."

Ella honestly acknowledged that she knew nothing at all about lamps, and had never cleaned one in her life, but she was determined to understand the matter thoroughly now, and begged the man to explain exactly what cleansing was necessary to keep them in good order.

He advised that the lamp glasses and globes should be washed every week with warm water, soap, and soda, but they must be most carefully dried before using. The different parts of the burner should be brushed out, or rubbed clean with a cloth every day; and at least once in two months the whole brass fittings taken off and well washed.

In a well-made lamp all parts of the burner should take to pieces in order to be cleaned. The wick-tube and perforated plate through which the air has to pass to feed the flame should be most particularly seen to. Charred wick and paper, match heads and dust are often allowed to fill up the holes of the grid, causing a poor flame, a bad smell, and, not unfrequently, an explosion.

"Don't be afraid of plenty of warm water and soap and soda," the man repeated; "only you'd better look out pretty sharp, miss, and see that they get the whole thing perfectly dry before it is lighted again, or you'll be having another explosion, and perhaps you won't come off as well next time."

Ella thanked the man for his goodnatured advice, and determined henceforward to examine the lamps for herself every day, to make sure her directions were really carried out. Both she and the nurse made as light as possible of the affair to Mrs. Wilson, who, on seeing for herself that Annie was not much the worse, was quite contented that it had been a very trifling matter which had unnecessarily frightened them; and feeling herself worn out and irritable with sleeplessness, and the consequent feverishness, she indulged in some rather biting sarcasms on the "hysterical young ladies of the present day, who make a fuss about nothing at all," and begged Ella to remember that she liked the house kept quiet last thing at night.

These very undeserved reproaches were rather hard for poor Ella to bear, but she managed to keep silence, and as soon as she was released consoled herself by writing a doleful letter to her mother, with a full account of the whole affair, adding the oft-repeated remark that "she would never be able to manage a house—it was not in her."

As she expected, her letter brought a speedy reply.

"You must not be discouraged, my child," wrote her mother, "when you have to accept blame for the faults of others; that is the very essence of self-denial, to give up everything, even the credit you feel you have deserved, for the sake of others; and if it cost you no effort to do, it would be no denial of self. At any rate you have been successful, for the very fact that you are blamed proves that you have saved Aunt Mary the worry and annoyance of knowing her servants to be careless and incompetent, and thereby you have done much to help on her recovery.

"Now about the lamps. My own experience has taught me one or two other lessons, which I will pass on to you.

"The wick must fit the lamp, and be the right kind for that particular burner. If you are not sure about the kind to get, they will always advise you if you go to a good shop to buy the wick.

"Then, again, the oil is not (or should not be) all burnt out before the lamp is refilled, but fresh oil is added to what is already in. After this process has been continued some time, however, the oil becomes turbid, and gives a disagreeable smell when the lamp is lighted. To avoid this, the oil should occasionally be emptied out of the lamp, and the whole thing washed before being refilled with fresh oil.

"You cannot insist too strongly on proper care being used in filling the lamps; one brilliant housemaid we had when you were children was caught filling a lamp holding it over the kitchen fire, that the oil might run over on to the fire, and not make a mess on the floor. After that I filled them myself till I got a maid whom I could thoroughly trust.

"And do not try to be economical in buying the oil; I cannot advise you which kind to use, as I do not remember what the lamps are like, but go to a good shop, and get the best they recommend. I have generally used a very good kind, called 'water-white.' The poor oils throw off a most explosive gas at a low heat, and do not give so much light as better oils. If you are careful on all these points, you need not be in the least nervous about the lamps; we have always used them till the last year or two, and have never had an explosion or accident of any sort."

With all this information to guide her, coupled with her own observation of the construction of the lamps, Ella felt herself mistress of the situation, and determined that for once she would insist upon having her own way.

She had the oil removed to the little outhouse again, the door of which she locked, and kept the key herself, only giving it to Annie at the time she had appointed for filling the lamps.

The result of this decided measure was that Annie became sullen and disobliging, while the cook, taking her part, made rude remarks in a tone purposely loud enough for Ella to hear, about the discomfort of having two mistresses in the house; and nurse caught her, a short time afterwards, complaining to Mrs. Wilson of Ella's overbearing ways and unreasonable orders, and of the "nasty, stuck-up ways" of the nurse. She was very quickly and unceremoniously turned out of the room; but the mischief was already done, for Mrs. Wilson, with the natural irritableness of an invalid, insisted on having the servants admitted to the room whenever they wished to see her, and partly, too, in consequence of her weakness, which made her unwilling to have any kind of upset in the house, and partly that she believed the servants to be honest and trustworthy, while she knew Ella was ignorant and inexperienced, Mrs. Wilson made matters worse by always taking their part, and blaming Ella for actions which had existed only in the imaginations of the maids.

One complaint especially annoyed Ella. At home they had always been accustomed to arrange the work and the meals on Sundays so that not only the family, but the servants also, might attend a Bible class in the afternoon, in addition to the regular morning or evening service; and as she was very anxious that the servants at Hapsleigh should have the same liberty, Ella had done as much as she could of the necessary work for the sick room herself on that day, and had so managed that one or other of the maids had been able to go out every Sunday afternoon since her arrival.

It was, therefore, with considerable surprise and vexation that Mrs. Wilson one morning showed her a note she had just received from the teacher of the Bible class Annie was supposed to attend, asking if she could be spared to come once in the month, so that the lady should not lose sight of her altogether.

This was rather too much for Ella's patience, and after with some difficulty convincing Mrs. Wilson that the girl had not even once been hindered from attending the class, she went straight off to call on the teacher. It seemed that Annie had lamented to that lady that with sickness in the house and an unreasonable young mistress, she would be unable to attend the class until Mrs. Wilson was well again;

whereas in reality she had been going every Sunday to visit some friends whom she knew would be disapproved of both by her mistress and her teacher.

However, happily for all parties, matters were coming to a crisis.

Ella went, as usual, one morning to speak to the old gardener, whom she found digging in a secluded corner of the garden, with the ducks following closely at his heels, and poking with their flat bills into the freshly-turned earth, searching for worms or any other choice morsels that good fortune might bring in their way.

The old man evidently had something on his mind, and, after the usual greetings and inquiries after Mrs. Wilson, he stuck his spade into the earth and leaned his arms on the top of it, as if prepared for a long conversation; at which the old drake cocked his head on one side, and stared at him out of one eye with an air of virtuous indignation at having his own labours interrupted in this way.

The conversation did not seem easy to begin, however, and it was only after a good deal of hesitation that he said at last—

"I've lived along of the missus now these forty year."

"Yes, I know you have, Mallard. Why, I remember you all my life," replied Ella, wondering what was coming.

"Well, Miss Ella, I ain't told no tales, and I ain't goin' to tell no tales; but what I say I say; and that is as 'ow *there's things goes on* in this 'ouse as 'adn't ought to; and I ain't lived along o' the family, man and boy, these forty years without knowin' as when the doors is locked at night they ought to be locked, and not so many goin' in and out as what there is."

And having finished this enigmatical speech, accompanied by many mysterious nods and winks, the old man pulled up his spade, and, touching his hat to Ella, disappeared amongst the bushes, leaving Ella and the ducks gazing after him in mutual astonishment.

(To be continued.)

NOTES FOR FEBRUARY.

A PAPER in *Science Gossip* for August, 1886, gives a very interesting description of the sprouting of a sycamore seed.

These seeds have wings especially adapted for floating a heavy body. In November they are caught by the wind, and whirl round and round till they reach the earth. They always grow in pairs, although, if looked for now among the grass or on the wayside, many of them will be found single, having been separated from their companions. If a few of the double seeds are brought into the house, placed in a warm situation under a bell glass, and kept watered, their growth may be watched, and some marvels of nature learned.

Every process is wonderful; the separation of the double seed, showing their junction to the stalk, then the appearance of the rootlets which are the first signs of growth, and then the cotyledons, or "nursing leaves," whose function in life is to nourish and protect the pair of true leaves hidden within their embrace, till they are strong enough to defend themselves, when the cotyledons fall off and die.

The folding of the cotyledon is a study in itself. "They are folded so as to occupy the least space, *i.e.*, first fold in half, and then in half again, like a ribbon reduplicate, and not coiled round (circinate) like a fern frond, which, growing later in the season, requires less protection."

So the life goes on, showing fresh wonders and beauties at every stage of its growth, each step showing the wisdom and love of the great Creator and Designer.

Plants grown indoors need constant care; it is advisable only to keep as many as can be properly attended to. Very few can stand gas, and all thrive better if removed when it is lighted. The watering, too, needs careful attention; they should not be kept too wet during the cold weather, although they must never get quite dry. They need plenty of light, so it is important that the windows should be kept clean, to allow a full measure of sunshine. The pots must be kept clean, and when a green growth appears on the outside they should be well scrubbed. They must not stand in a draught, which causes a chill, and checks the growth of the plants.

Outdoor gardening this month depends greatly on the weather. If cold, all tender plants must still be protected, and even if warm they should not be encouraged to grow, as frosts may be expected for some time to come yet. Unless it is actually frosty, rose-trees needing it may be pruned, also raspberry, gooseberry, and currant trees. Turf may be re-laid, and, if necessary, grass-seed sown; the grass should be rolled after wet weather.

Pay attention to bulbs now; crocuses and snowdrops should be starting. As soon as tulips, hyacinths, and other bulbs show their foliage, they should be protected at night by a light covering, until the frosts are over.

In February, annuals may be sown indoors in boxes, and gradually hardened off for the garden, where everything should now be made tidy and ready for the spring, which will soon be coming.

In the warmer counties of England the wild daffodil will soon be flowering. The old-fashioned "daffy-down-dilly," though only of late years fashionable in town drawing-rooms, has always been a favourite with poets and artists, and all true lovers of the country. Wordsworth gives a beautiful description of "a host of golden daffodils."

"Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance."

And who does not remember Herrick's quaint but beautiful verses, beginning:

"Fair daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon."

Or Spenser's equally charming description of Cymoënt with her companions playing by a pond, and

"Gathering sweete daffadillyes, to have made
Gay girlonds from the sun their forheads fayr to shade."

The name sometimes given them of "Lent Lilies" is peculiar to places where they flower; in colder countries, where it would have no significance, the name is unknown.

Like every other growing thing, the daffodil has much about it worthy of notice. It deals in sixes; six lobes to the corolla, and six pollen stamens, but a three-lobed ovary, and only one seed-leaf.

The wild daffodil has little scent, but being, like the majority of spring flowers, of a bright yellow colour, it is easily seen by the day-flying insects, on whose visits it depends for fertilisation, while some of its near relatives, which are chiefly visited by night moths, are white and strongly scented, in order to be conspicuous even in the darkness.

At this time of year, when the more hardy birds are beginning to return to our shores, as well as in autumn when *they are migrating*, a great number of our songsters are killed annually by flying against telegraph wires.

Those that fly by night are the most frequent victims, but besides these many either fly or are blown against the wires, and killed or injured so severely that they die before long.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

MELISSA MATHESON.—The Braille System is the invention of M. Louis Braille, who was a blind professor at one of the national French institutions for the blind in Paris. The work of copying the cut-books is done by ladies, and the blind copy the embossed copy five times at least. You can obtain full particulars on applying to the secretary, British and Foreign Blind Association, 33, Cambridge-square, Hyde Park, London, W.

A LOVER OF HISTORY.—Sir William Wallace was defeated at Falkirk, July, 1298, by Edward I., brought to London, and hanged at Smithfield, 24th August, 1305, seven years afterwards. His public life extends over a period of fifteen months, and as to the history of his private life, there is an absolute blank. The whole of the fables about Sir William Wallace are the product of Blind Harry's imagination.

A MARTINITE.—You do not mention where you live, so our help will not be as effectual as it might be. You would obtain evening classes at the Birkbeck Institution, Bream's-buildings, Chancery-lane, E.C., in all the branches you name. Subscriptions, 4s. quarterly, 12s. annually.

S. A. U.—We should think you fully capable of taking a situation as governess with your certificates, which say so much for your general education, as well as attainments in music. Your handwriting is certainly not good, and looks uncultured. The only way you can improve it is to take some pretty handwriting and form yours on it.

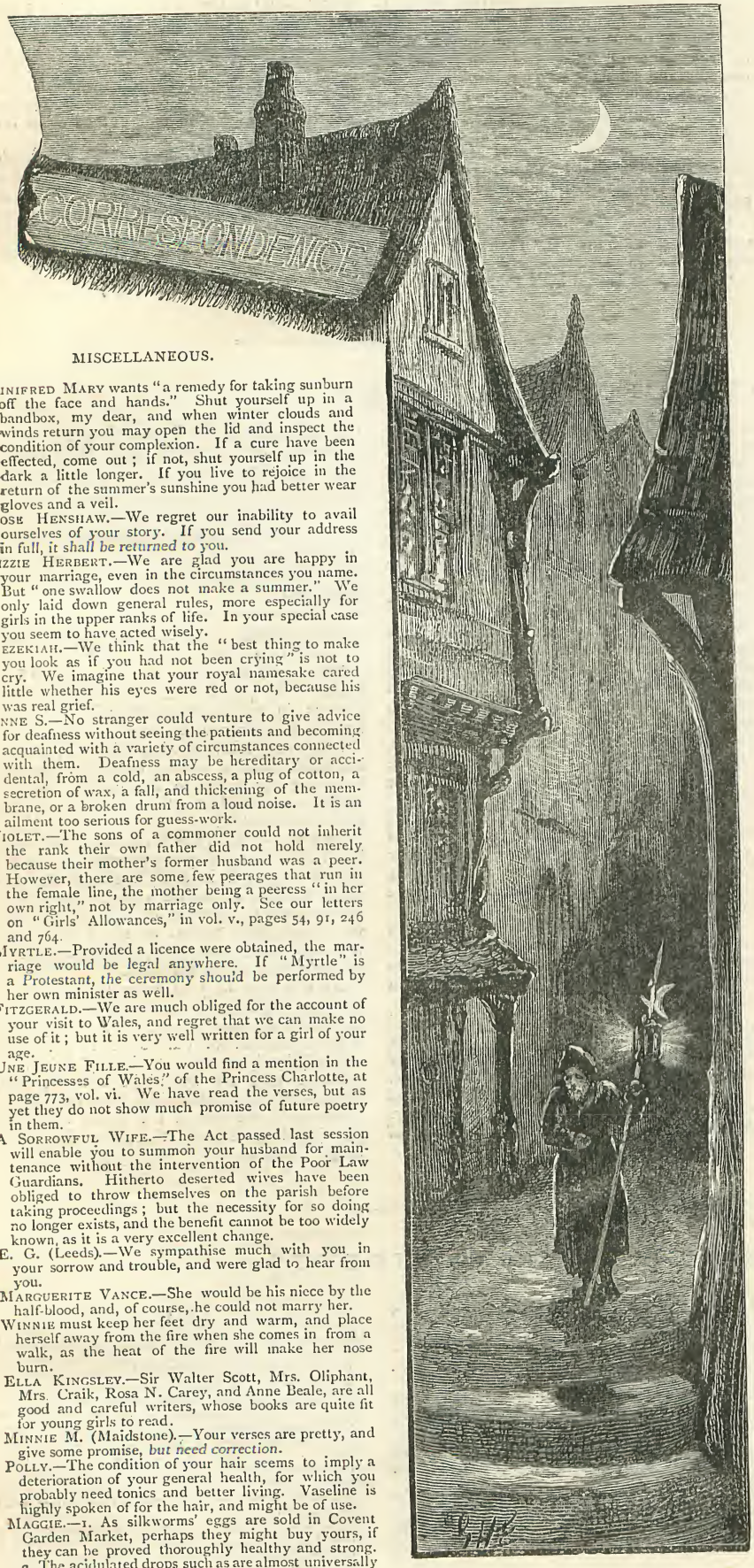
M. B. B.—You should write to the secretary of the College of Preceptors, 42, Queen-square, Bloomsbury, W.C., for their prospectus, and all information for the current year or coming term. It holds half-yearly pupils' examinations, the certificates given being recognised as guarantees of a good and general education. The fee is 10s.

ART.

MERMAID.—Seaweed taken from rocks should be placed in a basin of cold fresh water to spread itself out, and removed from thence on to a sheet of blotting-paper by sliding a card under it. See directions already given, and the article on how to preserve seaweed.

MEMORY.—The price mentioned in the article upon crystoleum for finished pictures was obtainable when the work was new, at which time the paper was written. Five years have elapsed since that time, and many people have learnt the art, so that the price it could fetch at first is no longer given, unless the work be very superior and the subject of large dimensions.

MARY.—Fan painting is decidedly remunerative, and has the advantage of being home-work; but a certain amount of originality is essential for it, as well as practical skill and experience and very great neatness.



MISCELLANEOUS.

WINIFRED MARY wants "a remedy for taking sunburn off the face and hands." Shut yourself up in a bandbox, my dear, and when winter clouds and winds return you may open the lid and inspect the condition of your complexion. If a cure have been effected, come out; if not, shut yourself up in the dark a little longer. If you live to rejoice in the return of the summer's sunshine you had better wear gloves and a veil.

ROSE HENSHAW.—We regret our inability to avail ourselves of your story. If you send your address in full, it shall be returned to you.

LIZZIE HERBERT.—We are glad you are happy in your marriage, even in the circumstances you name. But "one swallow does not make a summer." We only laid down general rules, more especially for girls in the upper ranks of life. In your special case you seem to have acted wisely.

HEZEKIAH.—We think that the "best thing to make you look as if you had not been crying" is not to cry. We imagine that your royal namesake cared little whether his eyes were red or not, because his was real grief.

ANNE S.—No stranger could venture to give advice for deafness without seeing the patients and becoming acquainted with a variety of circumstances connected with them. Deafness may be hereditary or accidental, from a cold, an abscess, a plug of cotton, a secretion of wax, a fall, and thickening of the membrane, or a broken drum from a loud noise. It is an ailment too serious for guess-work.

VIOLET.—The sons of a commoner could not inherit the rank their own father did not hold merely because their mother's former husband was a peer. However, there are some few peerages that run in the female line, the mother being a peeress "in her own right," not by marriage only. See our letters on "Girls' Allowances," in vol. v., pages 54, 91, 246 and 764.

MYRTLE.—Provided a licence were obtained, the marriage would be legal anywhere. If "Myrtle" is a Protestant, the ceremony should be performed by her own minister as well.

FITZGERALD.—We are much obliged for the account of your visit to Wales, and regret that we can make no use of it; but it is very well written for a girl of your age.

UNE JEUNE FILLE.—You would find a mention in the "Princesses of Wales" of the Princess Charlotte, at page 773, vol. vi. We have read the verses, but as yet they do not show much promise of future poetry in them.

A SORROWFUL WIFE.—The Act passed last session will enable you to summon your husband for maintenance without the intervention of the Poor Law Guardians. Hitherto deserted wives have been obliged to throw themselves on the parish before taking proceedings; but the necessity for so doing no longer exists, and the benefit cannot be too widely known, as it is a very excellent change.

E. G. (Leeds).—We sympathise much with you in your sorrow and trouble, and were glad to hear from you.

MARGUERITE VANCE.—She would be his niece by the half-blood, and, of course, he could not marry her.

WINNIE must keep her feet dry and warm, and place herself away from the fire when she comes in from a walk, as the heat of the fire will make her nose burn.

ELLA KINGSLEY.—Sir Walter Scott, Mrs. Oliphant, Mrs. Craik, Rosa N. Carey, and Anne Beale, are all good and careful writers, whose books are quite fit for young girls to read.

MINNIE M. (Maidstone).—Your verses are pretty, and give some promise, but need correction.

POLLY.—The condition of your hair seems to imply a deterioration of your general health, for which you probably need tonics and better living. Vaseline is highly spoken of for the hair, and might be of use.

MAGGIE.—1. As silkworms' eggs are sold in Covent Garden Market, perhaps they might buy yours, if they can be proved thoroughly healthy and strong. 2. The acidulated drops such as are almost universally sold are most injurious to the enamel of the teeth.

CECILIA.—Your lines on "Evangeline" give some promise for the future. The first sixteen lines are correct, the last sixteen are not so, neither in the number of feet nor fall of the beat, or emphasis.

MAY.—The fault lies with yourself if you "hold back," and be "unable to raise yourself from sin to a certain extent," because our Divine Lord has promised to "give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him." It most certainly is not our Father's will that we should not "attain grace for a little while." The evil will that keeps you back is that of your own heart and of the arch-tempter and deceiver. In reciting to uneducated people or children, select what they can comprehend, but what is good, though simple.

MISS DAYNS.—Persons requiring any publication issued by the Religious Tract Society, whether a number of this paper or otherwise, should apply to the publisher (as we are always telling our correspondents), as the Editor has nothing to do with that department. He regrets that he has no knowledge of what Miss Dayns's question was, nor in which number it may yet be answered. The number of answers inserted depends on the amount of space.

CHRISTABEL.—Ash Wednesday is the first day in Lent in the English and Roman Church. In the latter the priest makes the sign of the cross on the foreheads of the people, saying, "Remember thou art but dust and ashes, and to dust thou shalt return." Shrove Tuesday is the day preceding Lent, when in the latter church the people go to confess and be shriven.

UNA.—1. We think the process of hardening, as carried out by exposure to cold, is of questionable wisdom in most cases. 2. We have made no personal trial of the instrument you name, but heard a friend commend its utility.

VIVIAN KATE.—1. A young man who presumed to introduce himself to a girl could know nothing of common propriety nor of the respect due to an unprotected woman. Any knowledge of etiquette in such an individual is, of course, out of the question. In the circles of society where the rules of etiquette obtain, such impertinent intrusion on the part of a man would not be tolerated. 2. Wash the blue sateen in tepid water.

HOPEFULL.—The water takes up all the camphor requisite, and will last for some time in the wash. You can use it again when you make it fresh.

DORA (Aged 13) sends a poem, written when confined to the house by indisposition one Sunday, from which we can only quote one verse—

> "And one, though pale, yet *beautiful*,
> Lay in a darkened room,
> But the sweet texts she uttered
> Seemed to dispel the gloom."

Did she mean this description of an invalid to apply to herself?

MARY.—1. The town named by you, Altrincham, in Cheshire, is usually spelt "Altringham," and pronounced accordingly. 2. We say "crocuses," not "croci."

LONELY GIRL writes her *nom de plume* so illegibly that we cannot decipher it, so do not know what she wrote about on the first occasion that she addressed us; but she may feel happy in the assurance that we do not think, judging from her second letter, that she could have written anything needing the apology she now makes on the chance of having done so.

ANTI-ANT.—You may keep the ants from shelves by keeping the latter washed with a strong solution of alum and water. You should also sprinkle insecticide powder over the floor, only be careful if you have a cat. Should this prove insufficient, apply to a chemist. Without doubt, Sir John Lubbock would appreciate his pets' all-pervading presence as little as you do were he a guest in your house and found them, as you say, in his "meat, bacon, bread, cheese, pastry, sugar, plate, and cup" at all times and seasons!

GWENDOLINE R.—1. We could not condense into two or three lines all the rules of lawn tennis contained in the manuals of instruction respecting the game. You should buy one of these. 2. Eat no more sweetmeats if you wish to cure your complaints.

GERANIUM should write to our publisher. The editor's department is perfectly distinct from his.

FEATHERS.—Curl the ostrich feathers by gently drawing every filament between the edge of a blunt penknife and your thumb.

POLLY.—1. By "elective affinity" we suppose natural selection was meant. 2. Your handwriting is rather a poor one.

KATHERINE VAN HEMSKIRK.—We are sure that you could not do better than send the articles of clothing you name to the Home for Upper-class Children, 11, South-grove, Tunbridge Wells. Any of our readers who have school books or any suitable books for such a home would do a useful and charitable act in sending contributions of these kinds to this little institution.

BUCHAN and J. B.—The verses by these young people express good sentiments in feeble language. They ought to make themselves acquainted with the rules of metrical composition. This at least could be accomplished, though the gift of original ideas cannot be acquired by any amount of study.

ONE OF TWO.—For the meaning of girls' Christian names, see our articles in vol. iv. In Webster's large illustrated dictionary of the English language you will find those of most names, male as well as female.



VOL. VIII.—No. 370. JANUARY 29, 1887. PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE PRIZE COMPETITION.

NOTABLE WOMEN OF THE REIGN OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

THE SUBJECT OF OUR NEXT COMPETITION IS TO BE

The Notable Women of the reign of Queen Victoria.

Of these, each competitor will make out a list for herself, and regarding those whom she selects, she will be required to state, briefly and clearly, who they were, when and where they were born, and when and where they died—if they be dead—and to give such particulars about what they have done as will prove their right to the title of notable women.

ELEVEN PRIZES will be given, one to the most successful competitor of every age from thirteen to twenty-three, inclusive. Thus, a girl thirteen years old has a chance of obtaining the prize awarded to girls between thirteen and fourteen; a girl of fourteen may prove the winner of the prize given to those between fourteen and fifteen: and so on, up to the age of twenty-three.

EACH PRIZE will consist of

A Gold Medal-Brooch

To be especially struck by the Editor in honour of Her Majesty's Jubilee. These medals will be cast in the form of brooches, with a pin at the back for more convenient use. They have been specially designed for THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, and will bear on the reverse of the medal the name of the owner. The front side of the medal will bear the design, conventionally treated, of the heading to every weekly number of this magazine.

CERTIFICATES OF MERIT will also be given—first, second, and third class—and these will be awarded to girls of any age who gain the necessary number of marks.

A SPECIAL PRIZE of a Gold Medal-Brooch will be given—for the first time in our series of competitions—to

Foreign and Colonial Competitors of All Ages.

We have long recognised the fact that those who live abroad labour, as a rule, under con-



HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

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siderable disadvantages in competing with the majority of girls who stay at home, and we are glad to show, by the offer of this special prize, our appreciation of the painstaking efforts of many readers in distant places.

FOREIGN AND COLONIAL COMPETITORS will on this occasion have longer time allowed them for sending in their papers.

ALL READERS, EVERYWHERE, are invited to enter for this competition, which,

in view of the approaching Jubilee of Her Majesty,

has a special interest. The testimony of many who have taken part in previous competitions is that they proved sources not only of considerable enjoyment, but of great intellectual profit. The present one has features as valuable as any competition that has ever been started. To engage in it can hardly fail to widen our sympathies and increase our interest in the world around us and in the age in which we live.

EVEN THOSE WHO FAIL to obtain either a prize or a certificate will not have spent their time uselessly. Let them keep in mind that:

> "No endeavour is in vain,
> Its reward is in the doing;
> And the rapture of pursuing
> Is the prize the vanquished gain."

THE NOTABLE WOMEN DEALT WITH must all be British subjects: foreigners will not count. It is not necessary that they should have been born after Queen Victoria came to the throne. All may be included who have lived *any part of their lives* in the reign of Her Majesty.

THEY MUST BE DISTINGUISHED on account of some worthy quality. They may be famous for learning; noted as authors, musicians, or painters; remarkable as philanthropists and public benefactors—in fact, no one will come amiss who can be said to have in any considerable degree attracted attention by either her virtues or her abilities.

THE NUMBER TREATED OF may be what every competitor finds time and inclination for. The more comprehensive the paper, of course the better chance there will be of a prize or a certificate: in everything, as is well-known, "if little labour little are our gains." The most important thing, however, is quality, not quantity.

THE NOTICE OF EACH NOTABLE WOMAN is in no case to exceed one hundred and twenty words, exclusive of the name and the place and date of birth and death.

THE ARRANGEMENT OF THEIR PAPERS to be followed by competitors is the order of birth, not the order of death.

WHAT WE INTEND SHOULD BE SENT IN will be readily understood, perhaps, by the following examples, in which we have given two characters who, as they are purely imaginary, need not be looked for in any Biographical Dictionary.

ARABELLA G. CUNNINGHAM,

Born at Edinburgh, 20th May, 1812.

Died at Tunbridge Wells, 7th December, 1856.

Of an old Scotch family. First attracted attention in 1835 by the publication of her "Turns of Fortune," a tale of which seventy thousand copies were sold within three days. Encouraged by this success she gave herself up to the pursuit of literature. Her most popular works, besides that just named, are "At the Sign of the Spread Eagle," "The Court of Lions," "Hammer and Tongs," "Lady Bettina," and "The Hero of the White Shield." Inherited a large fortune from her father, and being herself the best paid authoress of her time, and of an exceedingly saving turn, she died worth an immense sum.

GERTRUDE WILLIAMS.

Born at Harlech (North Wales), 12th July, 1855.

Still living.

Began the study of the violin at the age of six. Appeared as a musical prodigy at Chester in 1864. Studied from 1865-1868 at the Conservatorium at Leipzig. Made her *début* in London in April, 1870, when the beauty of her playing at once ensured her a brilliant success. Has now for many years been recognised as the greatest of British violinists, and is much respected for her devotion to the higher forms of musical art. Exhibits a marked tendency towards a wandering life, and has visited professionally not only all the European capitals, but the chief towns of the American Continent. Is a small lively person with dark brown hair and extraordinarily bright eyes.

COMPETITORS MUST WRITE on one side of the paper only, and, before sending in their papers, they must number the leaves and stitch them together at the left-hand top corner.

ON THE BACK OF THE LAST LEAF each paper must bear the full name, age, and address of the competitor, and underneath the following must be written by father, mother, minister, or teacher:—

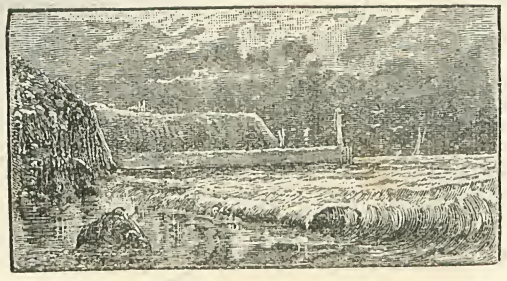
"I hereby certify that this paper is the sole work and in the handwriting of (*competitor's full name is again to be written*), and that her age and address are correctly stated." (*Signature and address of the parent, minister, or teacher.*)

THE LAST DAY FOR RECEIVING PAPERS connected with this competition will be Monday, April 25.

EXCEPT IN THE CASE OF COLONIAL COMPETITORS, who will be allowed till Saturday, June 25.

EACH PAPER MUST BE SENT by book post—and without a letter—addressed to the Editor, THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, Paternoster-row, London, E.C., and the words "Queen's Jubilee Competition" must be clearly written in the left-hand corner.

THE RESULT OF THE COMPETITION, so far as home readers are concerned, will be published in the Summer Number of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.



THE INHERITANCE OF A GOOD NAME.

By LOUISA MENZIES.

CHAPTER IV.

TOWN OR COUNTRY.



A LETTER with the London post mark, mamma," said Eveline, "and not from Mark."

"I hope Mark is well," said Mrs. Fenner, taking the letter with some trepidation. "It is Mr. Echlin's writing. What a long letter!"

As Mrs. Fenner's eyes ran along the lines traced by the firm hand of her cousin, her colour rose, a smile broke on her lips, and as she laid down the letter the tears stood in her eyes.

"Nothing is wrong with Mark, mamma?" said Eveline, inquiringly.

"Nothing, dear; quite the contrary. But you had better read the letter; it concerns you quite as much as me." And Mrs. Fenner held the letter to her daughter.

"Oh, mamma, how nice of him!" exclaimed Eveline, with sparkling eyes. "I knew he must love Mark. How could he help it? But to think of his wanting us to go and live in London with him and Mark—to make his house like home, he says! What will you do, mother? What will you do?"

"What do you say, Eveline? What do you wish?"

"I? Of course I like to do what you like."

"It is very kind of Miles."

"I should think it was. And he puts it so prettily; as if all the favour were on our side."

"But, dear, I don't know how you would like to live in a great city, you who have always been used to open air and country life; Manchester-square has no Sunbridge Woods within reach."

"But it has Mark, mother; and Mark is better than Sunbridge Woods—better than Blyfield Park. Why, mother, you know that we'd both of us rather be with him where he is, than in the Gardens of the Hesperides! I suppose we couldn't keep the cottage, and just run down to it now and then, could we?"

"I don't think we ought to propose such an arrangement; it would be a half-hearted acceptance of my cousin's offer; we must either go or stay. But I will take the letter up to the rectory; I must know what your aunt and uncle think of it. Don't say anything to Elga, just for a little."

"As you think best, mother," said Eveline, and went out, as one in a dream, to perform her morning household duties. No sooner did she appear in the yard with her apron full of grain, than the fowls came running, flying, flustering to her feet; the pigeons, who were on the watch on the low roof of the tool-house, spread their blue wings and dropped down among them; while Eveline's body-guardsman, the snow-white fox-terrier, Boz, stood gravely on the watch to preserve order, himself the very personification of cleanliness and decorum—his bushy tail curling over his back, every hair of his coat erect and in its proper place, glancing with his brown eyes from his mistress to her noisy pensioners, and keeping his little black nose well raised, with a slight suggestion of superiority.

"Ah, Boz," said Eveline, when the edge was a little taken off the appetite of her feathered guests, "you little think what is hanging over you! I wonder how you'll like it! Who will keep old Bulbo in order, if you go away, old dog?"

Old Bulbo was a rather aggressive Poland cock, who had been handsome, but whose digestion had become impaired, his top-knot floppy, and his tail-feathers ragged, while he was easily exasperated at the frivolous impertinence of the younger generations, who stole choice morsels under his very bill, and generally managed to escape his vengeance, when he, like an old bully as he was, would turn to vent his spite on the faithful partner of his roost; on which occasions Boz started into activity, and compelled the old tyrant to keep the peace.

Boz wagged his tail in answer to his mistress's tone rather than to her words, and waited attentively while she gathered the pretty brown or white eggs, swept the hen-house, making it sweet and fresh with sprinkled lime, and ended by filling the large brown pan with clear water which the fowls immediately muddied.

The poultry-yard settled, Boz conducted his mistress to the vegetable garden, where Eveline gathered a basket of peas for dinner, some currants and raspberries for dessert, quietly wondering who would gather the fruit from those bushes next year. As she stood among the raspberry bushes her mother came out and went down the garden to the rectory gate. A sharp pain shot through Eveline's heart.

"What will Uncle James say and Aunt Elgitha? Will they persuade mother not to go? I'm sure Uncle James will miss us, and poor Githa!" and the ready tears welled into Eveline's eyes. "But Mark—to live with Mark, to see him every day—to live in London, to hear beautiful music, to see beautiful pictures, to go to Westminster Abbey, to the Temple, to St. Paul's!"

Eveline sat down among the roses, fairly dazed with the thick-coming thoughts, while the bees hummed, the grasshoppers chirped, and the roses slowly swayed in the west wind that came to them charged with the fragrance of the mignonette.

The earth was so fair, the sky so blue, the wind so sweet, what need was there to think of anything but the beauty and the colour and the perfume?

Just then a chill wind blew from the north, the leaves shivered, the murmur of the grasshoppers died away under the grass as over the church a huge black cloud came sweeping, while another, jagged and angry, met it from the south, and there came a sound of rolling thunder. Eveline looked in wonder from her bower, the storm had burst so suddenly. Was it an answer to her thought, a warning not to trust in the perishable, not to make pleasure the law of life, but to aim at the imperishable, the eternal? It shot through Eveline's mind that she might at least take such teaching from it, that if she could grasp the blessings of family love and sisterhood it would be worse than folly to magnify the blessings she must give up for them; but she was glad that the burden of the choice did not lie with her, and making her way into the house, she occupied herself in her usual studies.

Mrs. Fenner meanwhile had laid Miles Echlin's letter before the rector and his wife, not without certain misgivings as to how the contents would strike them. Lady Elgitha at once saw the importance of the question, and quickly set herself to consider how it might affect her own household. She was personally attached to Margaret, as far at least as she could be attached to anyone unconnected with the great house of Manners, and she had always felt that it was respectable to have her husband's widowed sister living, as it were, under the shelter of the rectory, especially as she was the widow of a man who must have been a general and a K.C.B. at the very least, if he had lived. Mark, too, had by a certain natural joyousness of temper unconsciously maintained himself in her good graces, but Eveline was already rather a difficulty to Lady Elgitha. She was decidedly so much prettier than Elgitha that it had sometimes struck the rector's wife of late that it was unfortunate to have to introduce as her niece a girl who must be more attractive than her own daughter; it would be well at least that Eveline should be withdrawn before Elgitha came out. These thoughts shot through Lady Elgitha's brain while the rector was taking in the idea that a great piece of good fortune had befallen his sister, which must entail nothing but loss and bereavement on him.

"We shall miss you, Margaret," he said, while the tears rose to his eyes.

"We shall miss each other, James," replied his sister, softly. "But what do you and Elgitha think? It is very kind of Miles, and the prettiest compliment he could have paid dear Mark; but we need not accept it, you know, if you think——"

"Of course you must accept it, Margaret," said Lady Elgitha, and there was a touch of east wind in her voice which made the brother and sister shrink and feel ashamed; "it would be flying in the face of Providence not to accept such an offer. What is to become of Eveline if you die? You can't depend even on a pretty girl's marrying nowadays, if she has no fortune."

"Yes, I think it would certainly be good for Eveline, and it would be so nice for Mark. I am sure Miles deserves all we can do for him."

"Of course; and when you're tired of London, you can always run down here, and I daresay Eveline will be glad to have Elgitha up for a week or two in the season. It would be a good opportunity for her to have some lessons. I'm sure, Margaret, you have much to be thankful for—Mark so well provided for, and such an opening for you and Eveline."

And Lady Elgitha sighed, for she caught sight of her son coming up the path with his hat at the back of his head and his hands in the pocket of his loose shooting-coat, looking the picture of idleness.

The poor rector had much ado to congratulate his sister. Fortunately, he had a way of looking at events as they affected other people rather than himself; so that the pleasure he felt in the honour done to his sister's son, and in the advantages which would accrue to her and her daughter, occupied him more than the loss and desolation to himself.

When Elgitha heard the news, she was in blank despair. Rosenhurst would be unendurable without Aunt Margaret and Eveline. No one else should live in the cottage. She would go to school; she would be trained for a nurse, and go to a hospital; she must do omething, or she should die of dulness, with

only father and mother, and Gilbert always loafing about.

But the end of it was that Margaret wrote to Mr. Echlin, thanking him, and promising to spend the winter in Manchester-square, that they might see how they liked each other, and to come at the beginning of October. Mr. Echlin replied that he was perfectly satisfied with the arrangement, but begged as a favour that they would say nothing about the matter to Mark.

This was a hard condition to keep when Mark came down for his summer holiday, and led to some amusing complications. Mark was full of the goodness and generosity of his cousin. *He did not believe he had* a single fault; and though he had had great sorrows, he was so cheerful that you forgot he was old. "I suppose cheerfulness runs in the family," said the lad, with a loving look at his mother. "What paragons grandmamma and grandpapa must have been!"

"There is much to be thankful for in the inheritance of a cheerful temper, no doubt," said his mother; "and I think all the Echlins I have known have been disposed to look on the bright side of things."

"You yourself, mother," said Eveline, admiringly, "who have had trouble enough to break a woman's heart, Aunt Elgitha says."

"But it seemed God's own hand, Eva," replied Mrs. Fenner, softly; "and who was I that I should murmur? Did He not know best?"

"And very narrow means, mother."

"And two good children, who never fretted for what they could not have. Your cousin Miles has had more grievous sorrow than I; he has lost his wife and lost his son, who, everyone says, was all a father could wish, and he has no child left him."

"Do you know, mother," said Mark, very confidentially, "I have a notion that he has found someone whom he thinks of bringing home? You have no notion how the house is being brisked up. He has said nothing to me. Of course, I could not expect to be always in such comfortable quarters."

"Of course not, my dear. And you would be sorry to have to leave Manchester-square?"

"Naturally. Why, I am lodged like a prince. I suppose Mr. Echlin must be nearly sixty; but many men of fifty look older. There is no reason why he shouldn't—is there, mother?"

"Shouldn't what, Mark?"

"Marry again, mother. Of course second marriages are not like first marriages; but when a man has a big house, and is all alone. He hasn't said a word to me; but the best bedroom is to be done up—for he asked me to help him choose the paper—and one of the drawing-rooms, Mrs. Cotton said, is to be refurnished as a morning room."

"That looks suspicious, doesn't it, mother?" said Eveline, with saucy gravity.

"I hope," said Mark, following out the train of his own thoughts, "it will not be too young a lady. It doesn't look nice to see a man with a bald head with a girl who might be his daughter for a wife."

"It would be a pity," assented Mrs. Fenner. "I wonder why men always consider themselves so young when they marry. I remember John Brattlebury, a cousin of your father's, as nice a man as ever lived, to whom it never occurred to marry until he was well past forty. Your father innocently suggested to him the name of a lady of about five-and-thirty, who we knew liked him, and to whom the position he was able to offer her would have been a decided gain. You'd hardly believe it, but he was almost offended, went down into Cumberland, and came home with a wife of eighteen, who knew no more of his tastes and occupations than he of hers."

"But, mother," said Eveline, "what was the girl thinking of?"

"Of getting a change, my dear—being mistress in a house instead of number two or three in a string of daughters. Time is apt to seem long at eighteen, and a middle-aged bachelor, when he comes to woo, has many advantages. If she cannot admire the brightness of his eyes or the elegance of his figure, she may esteem him for his experience and intelligence, and diamonds and knicknacks are powerful persuasors to some natures."

"And really, mamma, if you think of it, it may not be so bad, after all. Shakespeare says—

'Let still woman take
An elder than herself, so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart.'

Don't you remember? we read it last night."

"I remember that Shakespeare makes Duke Orsino say so. Perhaps, as Shakespeare had married a woman older than himself, he might set value on the opposite qualification; but it is not fair to make him answerable for the opinions of his characters. But now, Eva, you must go and dress, or Aunt Elgitha will not be able to start her tennis."

And so the pleasant August days went by, and Mark visited his old friends, the farmers, enjoying the gathering-in of the harvest, the golden lights of the sun, the heavy whispering of the trees, and all the harmonies of country life, a thousand times the more for the contrast with the city life he had been leading for the last nine months. There was but one thing in which he was disappointed—he wanted to spend a large part of his handsome salary in the decoration of his mother's cottage; but both his mother and Eveline were unaccountably indifferent to it, and Mrs. Fenner at last put him past the idea by saying that if there should be changes in Manchester-square, it might be desirable, for Eveline's sake, that she should go to town for a few months, and then he could come and stay with them.

So Mark went back to town refreshed and happy. He was too much engrossed with his work to note all that was being done at Manchester-square, and too modest to ask questions; but the conviction of impending change grew on him.

So September passed, and October, with its bracing days and shortened evenings, was come. It was already the fifth, and Mark, after a rather hasty breakfast, was about to start for town, when Mr. Echlin said—

"Mark, you'll be sure to be home in time to dress for dinner. I expect some friends—ladies."

"Certainly, sir," said Mark, and went his way, thinking that now it was coming, and wondering that he had not heard from his mother for nearly a week.

Business, which had been slack in August and September, was very brisk again. Mark's work was increasing in interest and importance; he had several important proofs to read and a long journey to take in the afternoon. It was already a quarter to six as he let himself in at Manchester-square. He glanced into the dining-room; all looked bright and cosy, and a crisp fire sent out a rosy, joyous, frolicsome radiance, that was very pleasant to see. The table was laid for four. Mark was hungry enough to regard even the dinner rolls with satisfaction, and to eye the mats with a vague wonder as to what dishes were to be set on them—a warm odour of roasting meat rose from the culinary region.

"Is Mr. Echlin in, Martin?" he inquired of the butler, who was putting a finishing touch to his table.

"Yes, sir, dinner at six sharp. The ladies are dressing."

"Oh, indeed; they have come then?"

"Yes, sir, we druv to meet 'em at four o'clock; the train was five minutes late."

"Hullo! Mark, only just in," called Mr. Echlin over the banisters. "Make haste, lad, we're as hungry as hunters." And Mark ran up three stairs at a time and plunged into the work of the toilette, too busy to wonder who the ladies might be.

The clock struck six as he left his room. As he ran downstairs the unwonted sound of music struck his ear; someone was playing a *Lied ohne Worte*, one that Eveline often played in the twilight at home. Mark was glad that one of the ladies played, and played softly, but Martin's inexorable gong began to boom, and he must go in.

Miles Echlin had never used the drawing-room, and when Mark opened the door, and the great chandeliers were reflected from mirror to miror, he started back dazzled. Two ladies rose at his entrance and came towards him; both called him by his name. What did it mean? Were they in very truth his own mother and sister, the ladies dearest in the world to his loyal heart?

The wonder of it almost took away his breath, and he gave a great gasp as he uttered their names.

"Mother! Eveline!"

"Forgive me, Mark," said Mr. Echlin, taking his hand, "it was selfish of me to take you so by surprise, I ought to have told you."

"Oh, sir, are they come to stay?" asked Mark, looking from one to the other, still incredulous.

"To stay, to live with us if we can make the old house homelike enough for them, or rather if they will make it homelike for me and my adopted son."

"Oh, sir, how good you are to me."

"And are you not good to me? Ever since you came to me, have you not thought, worked, and cared for me? My own dear son was taken from me, he who must ever be first in my heart, but do not think that I cannot love and honour loyalty and worth, that I cannot thank God for cheering me with such a friend as you! But there is old Martin pounding away at his gong! You all know what I would say. Come, Margaret, Mark will bring his sister."

He led Mrs. Fenner down with old-fashioned courtesy, and placed her in the seat which his wife had once filled, then motioned to Eveline to sit at his right while Mark took his customary seat on his left. There were many larger parties in the square that night, but not one where there were more grateful hearts, and of the silent covenant made that night no one of the four ever repented.

With the presence of those good women, all that was happy and homelike came back to the big house. Music and soft laughter filled its chambers—Mr. Echlin loved to have it so. The portraits of his wife and of his son hang where they used to hang, and some beautiful landscapes now adorn the walls, and in Mrs. Echlin's pretty sitting-room the grave, sweet face of Michael Fenner looks down on the children to whom he bequeathed the best possession, THE INHERITANCE OF A GOOD NAME.

[THE END]



"HE STARTED BACK, DAZZLED."

HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF MUSICAL FORMS.

Sketch III.—Cantatas and Church Music.

By MYLES B. FOSTER, Organist of the Foundling Hospital.

Cantata.



FORM belonging equally to sacred and secular music, viz., the cantata, in all probability first emanated from desire to possess in chamber music the recitative, invented by Peri and others, and supposed by themselves and their admirers to be a revival of Greek art. You will best judge of the primitive nature of the earliest cantatas, and understand the difference between them and the compositions which have since appeared under the same title, when I tell you that they were short dramatic stories, declaimed or recited by one voice to the accompaniment of a single instrument. In the seventeenth century this simple form was extended, by the insertion, at various intervals, of an air, the repetition of which gave the cantata the appearance of a rondo. The Italian school of that period, already mentioned in connection with the opera, did much to perfect this style of composition. Foremost amongst these masters stands Carissimi, who is credited with first adapting the cantata to church purposes. Amongst his secular cantatas there is one written to commemorate the death of Mary Queen of Scots. About the same time, Marcello, Cesti, and Lotti wrote in this form, and Alessandro Scarlatti contributed very many specimens, in which the accompaniments were elaborate and difficult. Some of Marcello's are published for soprano and contralto, with clavecin accompaniment.

In the early part of the next century Domenico Scarlatti, the son of the Alessandro above named, considerably extended the form by making use of various movements in the one work. Pergolesi (1710-36) also wrote several cantatas, introducing important developments. A well-known one of his was *Orfeo ed Euridice*, written shortly before his death. Handel wrote several for the single voice, either with clavier or orchestral accompaniment, mostly for oboes and stringed instruments. In the life of Handel, published soon after his death (in 1760), the number is put down as two hundred; but this total will include his Church cantatas, a much more advanced form of composition, although composed when he was quite a young man.

The modern name for the primitive form of cantata is undoubtedly "Concert aria," or "Scena," into which it has merged. Under the latter titles we have splendid examples by Mozart, such as "Misero, O sogno?" "Bella mia fiamma," "Misera dove son!" and "Non temer," and single specimens by Beethoven, "Ah, perfido," and by Mendelssohn, "Infelice." The most important and valuable Church cantatas are those composed by John Sebastian Bach, consisting of five sets for every Sunday and holy day in the year, besides many single ones, such as "God's time is the best," and a sort of requiem ode for the Electress of Saxony. These Church cantatas are for four voices and full orchestra, and have from four to seven various movements. Bach wrote many secular cantatas as well, two of them being comic ones. His works abound in contrapuntal skill, and contain great beauties.

It remains to be said that in our times the word cantata is used as a title to choral works which, if sacred and written in oratorio style, are too short for that title or have no *dramatis personæ*; or, if secular, such as lyric dramas set to music, are not intended to be acted. Sir Sterndale Bennett's *May Queen* is a good specimen of the latter, which may be said to bear the same relationship to opera that the sacred cantata of the present day does to oratorio.

Motett and Anthem.

Winterfeld, a German writer on musical matters, derives the word motett from "mot," the French for "a word," referring to the verse of Holy Scripture which constitutes a motett; whilst other learned men connect it with the Latin verb "movere," indicative of the livelier motion and the briskness it possesses, when compared with the Cantus Fermus; and there is yet a third derivation from "mutare," to change—a reference to the changing sentiments and emotional characteristics of these musical settings, a noticeable feature in such stiff and formal times.

At one time the motett was made up of a theme and its treatment in different variations, after the manner of the Spanish "moto" in poetry. Motetts were also set to profane words in the early periods of their history, and they were forbidden to be used in church in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries.

Dr. Stainer, in his "Dictionary of Musical Terms," mentions the term "motett" as being synonymous with "pulpitre" in the fifteenth century, but for the last three hundred years the term has meant a piece of sacred music adapted to Latin words, and to be sung at high mass in the Roman Catholic Church, either instead of or as an addition to the offertory, which was to be set to the music of the plainsong. Motetts by Philip of Vitrisco date back as far as the year 1300. At the commencement of that century the motett became a much more living form, when represented by such composers as our English John Dunstable, the Flemish Du Fay, and others. Following these composers came the Netherlanders of Okenheim's school, in the latter half of the fifteenth century, and they more definitely separated their motetts from the style of the masses in vogue.

In the latter there is a painful striving apparent, consequent on the feeling, almost of duty, that severe contrapuntal exhibitions must be displayed, whereas in the former there is breadth of style and general fitness of things, untrammelled by this artificiality.

In the sixteenth century the Flemish writers, headed by Josquin des Prés, made great moves onward, and gained the leading position in musical Europe by earnest work and pure and noble endeavours. They chose passages from the Gospels and the Book of Canticles for their motetts, and imbued them with characteristic individuality. At the same period the Lamentations of Jeremiah were largely drawn upon for subjects. In this and the fifteenth centuries we find a large collection of funeral motetts, named nœniæ, very reverent and beautiful. One by Josquin des Prés, founded on plain chant, and written in memory of his friend Okenheim (who was also his master), is very fine.

Petrucci, the father of type music printing, gave most of the earliest nœniæ to the world, many of which may be seen in the British Museum. In the middle of the sixteenth century motetts were, perhaps, influenced for good by the wonderful progress of the madrigal, but each part was written with a different text, and this confusion became an abuse. However, towards the latter part of the century that bright genius, Palestrina, proved himself to be as great a writer of motetts as he was of masses. He composed over three hundred to our knowledge, and in all probability there are more than that which have been lost. Cotemporary with this great light we find, in Italy, Morales, Anesio, Luca Marenzio, and, above all, Vittoria, who was almost as great a motett composer as Palestrina himself; in the Netherlands, Orlando di Lasso; in Venice, Willaert, and, later, Croce and the two Gabrielis.

Our English writers, Tallis and Byrd, whom we shall refer to again immediately, wrote as fine motetts as any produced by the foreign schools, under the title, "Cantiones Sacræ." Dr. Tye, Dr. Fairfax, and others also added specimens to the English list. These motetts, as we shall see, became (after the Reformation) full anthems, which were in musical form motetts, but were set to English words. In some cases the English words are translations from the Latin. It is curious to find that Orlando Gibbons, in the seventeenth century, writing anthems for the church, christened his secular part-music "Madrigals and Motets," thereby reverting to the old use of the term in connection with secular words only.

In the seventeenth century the motett still flourished in the Roman Church, but not for long, according to its old form. Mr. Rockstro attributes the downfall of the old motett to the invention, by Monteverde, of dominant unprepared dissonances, which "sapped the foundation of the Polyphonic School."

Thus, after 1660 the motett was a composition in modern tonality and with orchestral accompaniments. Amongst composers in this style we find Scarlatti, Pergolesi, Durante, and others, followed later on by Keiser in Germany and Sebastian Bach, and then Graun, Hasse, and Hiller. Handel wrote motetts in his earlier years. In modern times, as I have had reason to point out to you in other forms, titles are appended to works which are, to say the least, inappropriate, and the only claim these have to the name motett is that they were originally intended to be sung at High Mass. Such are the "Insanæ et vanæ curæ" of Haydn, "Splendente te Deus" of Mozart, and the "O Salutaris" of Cherubini. The term "motetus," given in early times to the medius or middle voice part, is probably in no way connected with the derivation of the word motett.

The motett form appears in Church music of Queen Elizabeth's time, and although the anthem was gradually substituted, some of the earliest anthems after the Reformation were in motett style, especially those of Tallis and Byrd.

About the derivation of "anthem" there is as much dispute as there is over the word "motett." Some consider it to be derived from "ant-hymn," a kind of antiphony, though the very ancient custom of choir responding to choir, or choir to priest, has entirely disappeared in the modern form of anthem. This responsive or antiphonal singing may, in a highly-developed form, yet become the anthem of the future, at any rate in churches and cathedrals where the voices at disposal are good and in large numbers. By some writers "anthem" is derived from ανατιθημι, to set up (as an offering), and by

some from *ανθημα*, a flower, the anthem being considered the flower of the service. It is regrettable to find that the idea of attending service for the sake of the anthem alone is not yet extinct.

The anthem is thoroughly English ; it supplied the attraction to our Reformed Church, which the church cantatas and passion music did for the Lutheran Church. Nearly all our eminent musicians have written numbers of them, many examples containing the finest of English composition. From early in the sixteenth century the anthem was permitted as a part of Divine service, but it is not until the revision of the Prayer Book in 1662 that we find the rubric, "In choirs and places where they sing, here followeth the anthem," which retains its place to this day.

The first writers of note were Dr. Christopher Tye, who appears as a verse-writer also, having translated the Acts of the Apostles "into Englyshe meter" ; Thomas Tallis, to whom our Church owes so much ; and William Byrd, joint organist with Tallis of the Chapels Royal. By this period, that is, near the end of the sixteenth century, Church music was beginning to free itself from the fetters of vague tonality and old modes, and was gradually being clothed in clear and expressive harmonies, aud this improvement becomes most marked in the works of our "English Palestrina," as Orlando Gibbons has been appropriately named. He was born in Queen Elizabeth's reign, but most of his grand Church compositions date from the commencement of the next century and the reign of James I. Though some of his anthems are "verse" and have solos in them, we may well classify this early period as that of the "full anthem." Viols were used as accompaniments to the verse parts, and the organ was only added for the full choruses. I must remind you that the organ was a very different affair to our modern instrument. It had one advantage in its smallness, viz., that it could be carried about, being known as the *portative* organ, as opposed to the fixed or *positive*, and could therefore be placed close to wherever the singers were, to support their voices.

Passing to the latter half of the seventeenth century, we have come through the strongest period of the history of English music. The great madrigal school has flourished for nearly a century, and now we find Pelham Humphrey or Humfrey, born 1647, studying in Paris under Lulli, and under his influence helping to create a new era in anthem composition. He died very young. Then there was Michael Wise, and Dr. John Blow, private musician to King James II. ; Dr. William Croft, his pupil, whose anthems are so grand and solemn, and to whom, we may mention in passing, we owe the introduction of music engraving on pewter plates. We must also name Jeremiah Clarke, another pupil of Blow's, and Weldon. Anthems by all these men are still sung in our churches.

Towering above them all stands Henry Purcell, whose earnest, devotional Church music puts to shame much of the frivolous composition which is nowadays devoted to that high purpose. In this age which follows the period of the early "full anthem" writers, we have the "solo" and "verse" anthem brought to the front. Purcell's knowledge of the singer's requirements and his gift of beautiful melody enabled him to perfect the solo anthem.

Instrumental accompaniments became more important at the hands of these composers, and at the end of the seventeenth century the organ was becoming a more perfect instrument, through the workmanship of Father Schmidt and Renatus Harris, and others.

The anthems written by Handel, such as the Chandos Anthems, were scored for larger orchestras, and were more like a combination of the German church cantata and motett than the anthem strictly so called. But this increase in the size of the church orchestra led to a full band in Attwood's Anthem for the Coronation of George IV., who, as Prince of Wales, had been his warm-hearted patron.

In the latter half of the eighteenth century we have a few good anthem-writers, such as Dr. Greene, who wrote over forty anthems ; Dr. Boyce, his articled pupil, whose "Cathedral Music" is a most valuable collection of church compositions. There were also Jonathan Battishill, Dr. William Hayes, his son Dr. Philip Hayes, the two Walmisleys, and Attwood. Dr. T. F. Walmisley only died in 1866, and therefore some of these compositions almost belong to our own times.

This fragmentary sketch brings us to the present form of anthem ; but before we speak of this we must mention in passing the masterly double psalms and anthems by Mendelssohn, several of them being composed to English words.

The country that owns such anthem-writers as Dr. S. S. Wesley, Sir John Goss, Sir G. Elvey, Dr. Hopkins, Dr. Stainer, and Rev. Sir F. Gore Ouseley has just reason to be proud. Many other names could be added to this list, and the outlook seems to be most hopeful.

We are bound to notice an excrescence, going by the name of anthem, which has been largely introduced into our cathedral services. We allude to those arrangements of portions of masses, etc., coupled to words totally different in sentiment to those for which the music was originally composed, and which are strung together, like so many beads on a string, as Dr. Monk aptly says (in Sir George Grove's Dictionary), "for the sake of pretty phrases or showy passages."

Such adaptations would almost point to a scarceness of the genuine anthem ; and yet how opposite to this is the fact, and how few of the really fine anthems of the best period of our great English school receive the amount of hearing to which they are justly entitled ! To verify this, you have but to peruse Novello's Catalogue of Sacred Music with English words.

Mass. Cathedral Service.

The mass, or missa ("missa est," the congregation is dismissed), has been used, in part, at any rate, from the very earliest times, and has been sung to most impressive and solemn music. St. Ambrose and St. Gregory appear as the earliest compilators of the mass music. When counterpoint was invented, Church composers clothed the early plain-song tunes with its artistic embroideries, and polyphonic masses arose, gradually brought by the great schools of the sixteenth century to such a pitch of excellence that they have never since been equalled. The mass then consisted, as it does now, of six movements, viz., the Kyrie, Gloria, Credo, Sanctus, Benedictus, and Agnus Dei. The masses were named after the plain-song melody upon which they were developed ; but occasionally the melody used was a profane one, so that a mass would be named after its secular melody, as, for instance, "L'homme armée," an old French lovesong ! and the masses founded upon an original theme were rare, and known as "Missa *sine nomine*." The tenor Du Fay, already named in connection with the motett, wrote many of a very devotional but unmelodious character. At the end of the fifteenth century Josquin des Prés, also mentioned previously, wrote many masses, in which, strange to say, a great want of reverence is most evident from time to time. A purer style will be found later on in the masses of Goudimel, Morales, and notably in those of Festa. But about this period the abuse spoken of in treating of the motett had crept into the mass, and the device was to give different sets of words to each singer ! Even Morales is guilty of this, mixing up, as he does, the text of the Liturgy and an Ave Maria. Devotional feeling was sacrificed to a desire to puzzle, and masses were esteemed according to the difficulty of the solution of the canons employed in them.

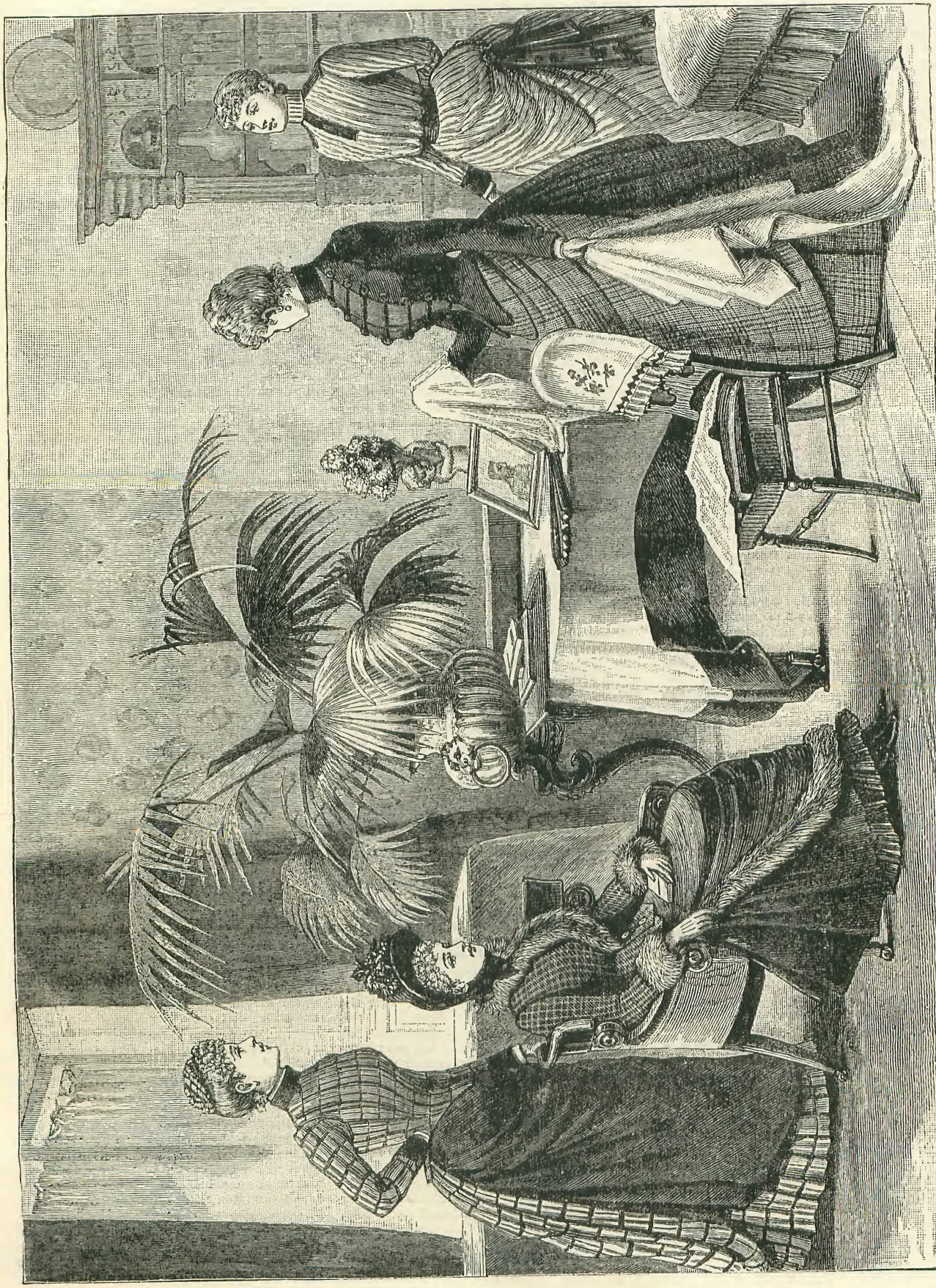
At the Council of Trent (1562) these abuses were condemned, and polyphonic music would have been forbidden a place in the Church, but for one great, earnest man, and that man was Palestrina. His now celebrated "Missa Papæ Marcelli" decided the fate and fixed the style of Church music. In it he demonstrated that these intricacies and learned forms might be well and devotionally used as a means to the highest end, but not as a substitute for that great end itself. He wrote nearly a hundred masses, and greatly influenced the future of Church music.

William Byrd wrote a mass for five voices of great interest. Vittoria, Orlando di Lasso, Gabrieli -- each represented their different schools and advanced their Church music on Palestrina's great model.

After Allegri, at the end of the seventeenth century, the old mediæval style died out, and Durante, Scarlatti, and others of that school appear as a link between the old and new. After them, with their strong tendencies towards elaboration of the instrumental accompaniment, comes Bach, whose mass in B minor, now familiar to us, thanks to Mr. Goldschmidt and the Bach Choir, stands alone. It is not only free from ancient ecclesiastical tradition, but it is actually prophetic in its marvellous harmonic changes and combinations. It is also in style almost an oratorio. Later on we have magnificent masses by Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, but more like sacred cantatas than masses. To quote Mr. Rockstro, he rightly says, "Their style has steadily kept pace, step by step, with the progress of modern music, borrowing elasticity from the freedom of its melodies, and richness from the variety of its instrumentation ; clothing itself in new and unexpected forms of beauty at every turn ; yet *never aiming at the expression of a higher kind of beauty than that pertaining to earthly things, or venturing to utter the language of devotion in preference to that of passion.*" The italics are my own, and I suppose that it is owing to the fact that this individuality and frequent dramatic realism of the composer usurped the abstract sense of the words used, and the devotional idealism of the old schools, that not one note of any of them has ever been heard within the Sistine Chapel at Rome.

The general distribution of the movements of the mass are, strange to say, the same to-day that it was in Palestrina's time. A mass for the dead, called Requiem, is composed of different numbers, viz, "Requiem æternam dona eis," "Kyrie," the grand hymn, "Dies iræ," "Domini Jesu Christo," Sanctus and Benedictus, Agnus, and "Lux æterna."

Of the more modern specimens, those of Cherubini and Mozart, and of the most modern, that by Verdi, are all fine examples, the work by Mozart standing high above all the others. It was, as you will remember, mostly written on his deathbed. At the Reformation the mass disappeared from the English Church, and from then until 1840 no choral communions were written. Since the latter date, however, the English versions of the Sanctus, Kyrie, Creed, and Gloria have been used and set to music by most of the writers of Church music already named in connection with the anthem.



A SERIOUS DISCUSSION.

DRESS: IN SEASON AND IN REASON.

By A LADY DRESSMAKER.

As a rule there are not many changes of dress or cut to be chronicled this month. Everyone is thinking of the sales, and the truly wise and economical (of which there are a great many in these days) are more occupied in making the fashions subservient to their purchases, to either inventing or thinking of new designs in dress. We were never so rich in the way of materials as we are this year, though the most popular of all effects in woollen is the serge-weaving, which is mixed with everything—crossbars, and lines of velvet, silk cording, fancy braids, and borders which resemble patchwork in monotone, or inlaid wood flooring, or parqueterie. The serge with velvet crossbars and lines on black serge are very effective and handsome. Indeed, serge seems to have taken the place of cashmere, and is infinitely more becoming in wear.

Ladies' cloth is also much worn in both dark and light colours. On these a selvedge of a different colour is left, which is sometimes pinked-out, or edged with a cord. These are trimmed with facings, cuffs, and collars of velvet, plush, and moiré, which is now much used for trimmings. Besides this, there are vicuna and camels' hair, and a large selection of Darlington serges, and others in plain and in stripes, which are at once cheap, ladylike, and extremely durable in wear.

Nun's cloth is still used with velvet trimmings, and a material called "wool *crépon*" is used as well for evening frocks for girls, and is trimmed profusely with woollen lace. Velveteen is not seen as composing entire dresses, though so largely mixed with woollens of all descriptions.

In colours worn by well-dressed people, heliotrope is still in great favour, and is really lovely in silks, satins, and the handsome cut velvets and *frisés*—dark sapphire blues, carbuncle, red brown, and a mossy green, with an earthy brown and a stone-colour, which are both useful, well-wearing colours.

Now that people are beginning to wear more colour than they formerly did, it is needful to consider harmony in colour more than we did. For young people this is everything. In wearing brown, for instance, it should be harmonised by a little yellow or a lighter shade of brown. In the same way dark-red must be harmonised with pink, and both shades must be seen together, so as to be quite sure that they will not "swear at each other," as the French funnily express it. With grey a little pale blue must be put in somewhere in the bonnet. Stone-colour will harmonise with a pink, and heliotrope with a paler shade of itself. With grey, blue, and slate silver ornaments look best; but with brown, red, and green shades gold ornaments give the required harmony in colouring.

All very bright hues should be kept away from the face, as only the best of complexions can stand them near the skin. A portrait-painter once told me that the colour of the



AN AFTERNOON VISIT.

hair or the hue of the eyes should always be repeated in some part of the dress. But I fancy it may answer for painting, but not to be exemplified in everyday life and habiliments.

Now that belts are coming in again, or rather have come in, it is well to remember that when the waist exceeds twenty-five inches round bands are not becoming, and pointed bodices should be resorted to, and if the front darts be cut very much bowed-in, an effect of slenderness is given to the waist which does not really belong to it. Frills at the neck and wrists are most becoming to thin people with long necks. Short-necked and stout people look best with plain bands of muslin or lace. High shoulders do not consort well with fur capes



NEW BLOUSE POLONAISE.

nor wide fur collars at the neck. The long paletôts or pelisses are very suitable to short people, as the straight lines add to their apparent height. But even in giving these few directions towards helping my readers to becoming and tasteful dress, I fully realise the fact that very few people take the trouble to ascertain what they look like, and perhaps would be grievously offended if they were to be told where the faults of their appearance really lay.

Mantles, as I have frequently said, are all short, none of them coming more than a few inches below the waist at the back, though all are long in front. They are, many of them, much trimmed, though not too much. There are braces to the shoulders, or a kind of yoke of beading, or flat bands of beaded *passementerie*, laid on. Plush seems to be the great material for these mantles, and will be worn not only in the winter, but late in the spring. Some of these plush mantles are coloured, but very few. Sapphire blue, carbuncle red, and a dark mossy green are the most popular colours. They are trimmed with black jet—not a very satisfactory trimming, nor very elegant.

Hoods are seen on jackets and pelisses more than on small mantles. The new shape of sling mantelette is called "Pelerine," and is nearly a cape in being all round of the same length; but the edges are turned under all round, and in front the linings show, which are of some pale, contrasting colour. The fronts are quite of the sling shape, and if a hood be worn with them it is lined to match. The newest hoods are square, and of the monk order—not gathered up in any way, to make them bunchy at the back. The newest shape of paletôt we now call a "pelisse," but it is really nothing but a long paletôt, or tight-fitting jacket lengthened to the edge of the skirt. The newest cloaks of this kind brought out this winter have hanging sleeves, and a hood or fur facing, which wraps across at the waist, one end of the fur crossing the other end. The side of the skirt is often opened and then laced together with thick cords, but it may be also edged with fur. Very long cloaks are worn as wraps for carriage use, but only in that way; and for travelling, small mantles are much more fashionable at present.

Jackets are worn as much as ever by young ladies, and are universally plain and rather severe in cut. They are of two kinds, the first with a fur trimming, wide round the neck and shoulders and on the chest, but pointed at the waist, and tight-fitting both at the back and front. The other jacket has a tight back and loose-fitting front, and is either simply stitched round with the machine or bound with galloon or leather—the last the newest and most *recherché* of bindings. Pilot cloth is used for jackets, as well as Cheviot homespuns, also corduroy, Melton of various kinds, and numbers of fancy cloths under different names. The Irish Claddagh cloth, introduced by Mrs. Ernest Hart, and to be obtained in all colours at the depôt of the Donegal Industrial Fund, is becoming more popular for large wrap-cloaks, little children's ulsters, and babies' pelisses. Plush has been adopted as a lining for thin mantles of silk and wool, instead of wadded silk. It is far less clumsy, and quite as warm. In this way many ladies have made use of their handsome summer mantles, and made them warm enough for winter. On mild days no jacket nor mantle is used, but the long boa, or Victorine, or else one of the new large handkerchiefs, knotted on the chest and spread out over the shoulders. These large handkerchiefs are even to be seen worn on the outside of the small tight-fitting jackets.

I have mentioned leather bindings on jackets. They are also used for trimming dresses by the first ladies' tailors. The colour of the bands or bindings is usually of the lightest shade of the cloth used. Polonaises are growing in popularity every day, and the spring will probably see them well established in favour. The idea of blouse-jackets has produced the blouse-polonaise, which I have selected for the paper pattern of the month. It is draped at the side, but some of the new polonaises are draped at both sides. The edges may be lined with a light harmonising colour which will show when the wearer moves about. Thus a pale grey vicuna would have pale rose-pink linings. Polonaises are becoming fashionable for evening and dinner dress, and have high Marie Stuart collars and long angel sleeves. The neck-bands of dresses are as wide and fit as tightly as ever. They are generally of velvet, and the cuffs also, the latter being only as wide as the collar.

The bodices of ordinary gowns show no change in shape. The favourite front-trimming which has taken the place of waistcoats is a long *revers* front, the point of the waist to the neck. In fur-trimmed dresses this *revers* is of fur; also the cuffs, neck band, and a band round the skirt. Many dresses for wear in the house have ruches round the hem; but they are not suitable for wear out of doors, as they are perfect traps for dust. A new style is to put a *dépassant* (the modern name for a *balayeuse* frill) round the edge of the dress. This is about an inch and a-half in width, and is pleated in small single box-pleats, and is generally of silk of the same colour as the dress.

The sketch, under the name of "An Afternoon Visit," shows one of the new polonaises, which buttons across the front. It is of grey cloth, over a petticoat of very dark crimson. The young lady in the hat wears a walking-gown, trimmed with fur, which is put on with plain bands; the material is "ladies' cloth." Of the two figures in indoor costume one shows the method of making-up striped materials, and also the new "catogan knot," with a puff of hair and a curled front. The other dress has a tucked bodice, with a draped front, which simulates a polonaise; the collar and cuffs being of velvet.

In "The Serious Discussion" we have several dresses, one for out-of-doors, trimmed with fur, and showing the method of trimming a short jacket which I have before described. The other dresses are plaids, and show the way in which plain materials are mixed with them. The bodice is of plain material, with a waistcoat-front, and cords and buttons. The figure at the back is an illustration of this month's paper pattern, the new "blouse polonaise," which is a very charming adaptation of the "Norfolk" or pleated blouse, now so much worn; it is both easily made and cut out, and is a very useful garment. It may be cut long enough to reach to the edge of the underskirt, and thus follows the fashions of the long lines now in vogue. In this way it is more graceful, but it may be cut shorter, and in this case the skirt must have the box-pleated frill at the edge, which is now called a *dépassant*. The material of which our illustration is made is one of the rough, hairy "vicuna serges," of a light grey tone, with a darker grey stripe. The bands of the shoulders, front, waist, and collar and cuffs are of this dark grey, in velvet or plush; the first being the most becoming. The ribbon-bow is of the same hue of silk and velvet reversible ribbon. The hem of the polonaise is quite plain, and is machine-hemmed. The paper pattern consists of nine pieces, *i.e.*, two sleeve pieces, back, front, cuffs, collar, shoulder-piece, and front-strap. The polonaise will require about ten yards of thirty inch material, and about half a yard of velvet and three yards of ribbon.

All paper patterns supplied by "The Lady Dressmaker" are of medium size—viz., 36 inches round the chest—and only one size is prepared for sale. No turnings are allowed in any of them. Each pattern may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate-hill, E.C., price 1s. each. It is requested that the addresses be clearly given, and that postal notes may be crossed "& Co.," to go through a bank, as so many losses have recently occurred. The patterns already issued are always kept in stock, as "The Lady Dressmaker" only issues patterns likely to be of constant use in home-dressmaking and altering; and she is particularly careful to give all the new patterns of hygienic underclothing, both for children and old and young ladies, so that no reader of the "G.O.P." may be ignorant of the best methods of dressing.

The following is a list of the patterns already issued, price 1s. each.

April, 1885, braided loose-fronted jacket; May, velvet bodice; June, Swiss belt and full bodice with plain sleeves; July, mantle; Aug., Norfolk or pleated jacket; September, housemaid's or plain skirt; October, combination-garment (under-linen), with long sleeves; November, double-breasted jacket; December, Zouave jacket and bodice; January, 1886, Princess under-dress (under-linen, under-

bodice and underskirt combined); February, polonaise, with waterfall back; March, new spring bodice; April, divided skirt and Bernhardt mantle, with sling sleeves; May, Early English bodice and yoke bodice for summer dress; June, dressing jacket and Princess frock, with Normandy bonnet for a child of four years old; July, Princess of Wales's jacket, bodice, and waistcoat, for tailor-made gown; August, bodice with guimpe; September, mantle with stole ends; October, Pyjama, or night-dress combination, with full back; November, new winter bodice; December, patterns of Norfolk blouses, one with a yoke, and one with pleats only; January, 1887, blouse-polonaise, with pleats at back and front.

THE BROOK AND ITS BANKS.

By the Rev. J. G. WOOD, M.A., Author of "The Handy Natural History."

CHAPTER IV.

Another enemy of the water-vole—The pike—Pike in brooks—The Oxford giant pike—A sad failure—An ignominious end—The pike and the eel—The pike and the duck—Links in Nature—Cousins of the water-vole—The campagnol, or short-tailed field mouse—Damage which it works—Its natural enemies—the kestrel and the owls—How to detect and catch a campagnol—The kestrel—Its peculiar mode of flight—Altering the focus of the eye—The nest of the campagnol—Beans and the mouse—The humble-bee and wasp—More connecting links—Store chambers of the campagnol—Its bird-purveyors—The blackbird, thrush, and campagnol—The winter and summer nests—A beautiful specimen and remarkable locality—Mode of eating.

WE have not yet completed the life-history of the water-vole, which, as I remarked on page 34, involves that of several other creatures.

One of its two worst foes has just been described, and we now come to the second—*i.e.*, the PIKE, OR JACK (*Esox lucius*). N.B.—The latter name may perhaps recall to the reader the ancient family of the Lucys, of Charlcote Hall, Warwickshire, so mercilessly satirised by Shakspeare. They bore upon their shield the "luce"—*i.e.*, the pike, the coat of arms being a good example of "canting" heraldry—*i.e.*, in which the blazonry of the shield contains a play upon the name of the bearer.

There is no more inveterate foe of the water-vole than the pike. In the stomach of a single pike were found the remains of three water-voles and some bird, which was probably a duck.

It might be imagined that a pike large enough to swallow a water-vole would not be likely to venture into a brook, and would restrict itself to the river where it would have plenty of room. But experience has shown that a very large pike will sometimes make its way into a very small brook, partly for the sake of food, but sometimes through sheer cunning, in the hope of evading its enemies.

By the time that a pike has attained the weight of twelve or fifteen pounds, he has had to face many and varied dangers, and escape from many foes.

While he is young and small his worst foes are those of his own species. Anglers know that there is scarcely any bait so attractive to an old pike as a small pike. All the earlier part of his life is spent in perpetual watchfulness, he having to be always on the look-out for prey by which he can still his insatiable hunger; while he has to be equally on guard lest a larger pike should satisfy its hunger with him.

No pike, therefore, can attain to a large size without developing a considerable amount of cunning, and anyone who sets himself the task of catching such a fish will find that he must employ all his resources of intellect, aided by experience, before he can delude the fish even into touching the bait. In spite of its large size, the fish manages to elude observation in a most puzzling manner, and it is no easy matter to make sure of its position. An old fox or old rat is scarcely more cunning and full of devices than an old pike.

The largest pike that I ever saw at liberty was in a small tributary streamlet of the Cherwell river, near Oxford.

A pike of enormous dimensions had for some time been reported as having been seen in various parts of the Cherwell, the general rumours giving its weight as at least thirty pounds. All the anglers of the neighbourhood had tried to capture this mighty prize, but had failed. Contrary to the habit of most large pike, it did not seem to have established itself in any particular spot, but roamed about from place to place.

Now, the Cherwell itself is but a very small river, so that the locality of a large fish might appear easily discoverable. But it is a very "weedy" river, and its banks are edged with willows, whose long, red, plume-shaped roots hang into the water from the banks, and form admirable hiding-places for the fish.

One day I was trying my fortune at trolling in the Cherwell, with a six-inch gudgeon for bait, and, on coming to a tributary stream, walked along the bank until I could find a spot narrow enough to be jumped.

Coming to a deep-looking pool, I dropped in the bait, by way of not wasting time, and almost immediately felt the bait taken by a pike. Following the golden rule then, and perhaps now, in force among anglers, I sat down on the bank, watch in hand, in order to wait through the weary ten minutes prescribed by custom, and which almost seem to drag themselves out into as many centuries.

Barely half the time had elapsed when a huge head rose to the surface, and the bait was blown out, as it seemed, into the water, the head sinking with a swirl of water where it disappeared. On examining the rejected bait, which had naturally been seized crosswise, I found that it was pierced from head to tail with the teeth of the pike.

I learned that the big fish was afterwards ignominiously taken with a net in one of these tributary brooks, so that its cunning was baffled at last. I also learned that the fish had repeatedly treated other anglers as it treated me, holding the bait for a short time in its mouth and then rejecting it.

So it is clear that the water-vole will by no means be safe from the pike when it is the inhabitant of the brook instead of the river.

Moreover, it does not need a very large pike to devour a full-grown water-vole. The pike can swallow an animal which seems quite disproportionate to its size. A young pike of barely five inches in length was seen swimming about with the tail of a gudgeon projecting from its mouth. The gudgeon was quite as long as its captor, and there is no doubt that if the fish had been let alone the pike would soon have digested the gudgeon sufficiently to swallow it entirely.

The late Frank Buckland mentions that a pike weighing eight pounds was caught in the River Itchen. After it was taken out of the water it disgorged a trout of a pound weight. This must have been a sore disappointment for the captor, who would think himself defrauded of a pound weight in his angling record.

The reader will remember that a heron and a cormorant lost their lives by capturing an eel which was too large for them, and it is a remarkable fact that a pike has been known to suffer a similar fate. It can easily be understood that an eel, twisting itself about convulsively in the struggle for life, should coil itself round a bird's neck long enough to cause its death by strangulation; but it seems almost impossible that a pike, being a fish, and therefore breathing by gills, should be suffocated while in the water by an eel.

Yet in the Fisheries Exhibition of 1883 there were two very remarkable stuffed groups, illustrating the voracity of the pike. In one of them a pike weighing ten pounds had attacked an eel weighing only one pound less. Now, an eel of nine pounds weight is a very large one, lithe, active, and muscular as a snake, and by no means a despicable antagonist. The pike had begun to swallow the eel, but the latter in its struggles forced its way out of the mouth through the gills, and thence into the water beneath the right gill-cover. But it could go no farther, the teeth of the pike having almost met through its body.

The result was fatal to both. The body of the eel having been forced beneath the gill-cover, the gills could not perform their office, and so the pike was as effectually suffocated for want of breath as were the heron and the cormorant. The dead bodies of the pike and eel were found on the bank of the River Bure in October, 1882.

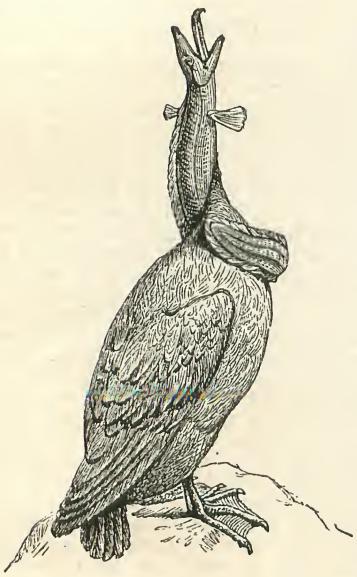
The second group consisted of a pike and a duck. The pike had attacked the duck as the bird was diving, and had tried to swallow it. It succeeded in getting the head, neck, and part of the breast down its throat; but the duck, in its struggles for life, had naturally spread its wings. These formed an insurmountable obstacle to the fish, and the result was that the duck was drowned and the pike suffocated, both having died for lack of respiration.

So the "plop" of the water-vole into the brook from the bank has not been to us the mere splash of a frightened animal into the stream. It has opened for us many trains of thought, and taken us into several sciences. It has shown us something of the links which connect it with man, birds, and fishes, and so has led us into ornithology and ichthyology. It has shown how the inventions of man have their prototypes in the animal kingdom. Comparative anatomy and physiology have also been shown to form portions of the life-history of the familiar animal, and have demonstrated the truth of the axiom enunciated on page 34, that no animal and no branch of science can stand alone.

LIKE other beings, the water-vole has its relatives, two of whom will come within the range of our subject. Being small creatures, they go by the popular name of mice, just as

their larger relative is popularly called a rat. These are the FIELD-VOLE and the BANK-VOLE, both of which we may expect to find on the banks of our brook, especially when the banks are clothed with shrubs. The former of these animals is a very old acquaintance of mine, and when I was a lad I could go into a field and make almost certain of catching a field-vole (*Arvicola agrestis*) within about ten minutes.

This little animal looks very much like a water-vole seen through the wrong end of an opera-glass, except that the fur is redder and the ears are longer in proportion to the size of



A CORMORANT STRANGLED BY AN EEL.

the head. The tail is only about one-third as long as the body—a peculiarity which has earned for it the popular name of "short-tailed field-mouse." A more appropriate name for it is "campagnol."

Even in this country the campagnol is apt to be one of the worst foes of the agriculturist, especially at harvest and seed time.

Not only does it devour the ripe corn in the field, but it makes its way into ricks and barns, and eats large quantities of the gathered corn. Moreover, just after the seed-corn has been sown it digs the grains out of the ground, thus doing mischief which is often attributed to the sparrow and other small birds. In France, however, where not a kestrel, or, indeed, any unprotected bird, can be seen, the campagnol can carry out his depredations without hindrance, and consequently increases until it becomes an actual plague. In the Department of Aisne alone a few years ago the fields were honeycombed with the burrows of the animal, and the farmers spent some seventy thousand pounds in ridding their fields of the nuisance. First poison was laid down; but so many hares and rabbits were killed that another plan had to be tried. Stacks of hay and straw were then made, containing quantities of poisoned carrots, turnips, and beetroot. The agriculturists, therefore, had to pay heavily for doing that which the kestrel would have done to a great degree, if they had suffered it to live and carry out its appointed work in preserving the balance of Nature.

The owls, again, are determined enemies of the campagnol, more than half the food on which they and their young live being composed of these mischievous little animals. Fortunately for the owls, their nocturnal habits save them from the destruction which would have befallen them had they sought their food in the light of day.

If we wish to see this pretty little creature, we have only to watch carefully the field through which our brook runs, and we shall be almost certain to find it. But we must know where to look and how to look.

The favourite locality of the campagnol has already been mentioned; but the detection of the little animal requires some practice. A novice in the art may traverse a low-lying field, and hunt along the banks of the brook from daybreak to dewy eve, and never catch a glimpse of a campagnol. Another will go into the same field, and in a quarter of an hour will produce several specimens.

Those who wish to catch it must know its ways. It is not of the least use to hunt up and down the field in chase of the campagnol, and those who wish to see it must reverse the old aphorism about Mahomet and the mountain. They cannot go to the campagnol, for it will keep out of their way; but if they will wait patiently, the campagnol will come to them.

The secret for catching the campagnol is as follows:—

Go into any field which is bounded by a brook, and lie down, taking care that the sun faces you; otherwise your shadow will be thrown on the grass, rendering the detection of the animal extremely difficult.

When you have arranged yourself in an easy posture, keep your eyes on the ground, and try to look between the green blades, so as to see the colour of the soil. On a first trial you may probably wait until your patience is exhausted, and yet see nothing. But do not be disheartened, and try again, as nothing but practice will give the needful skill.

Only a small portion of ground can come under your observation as you recline on your arm, and a few minutes ought to make you acquainted with the colour of every inch of the soil. Presently you will become aware that a little patch of soil is redder than it was a minute or two ago. Bring your free hand down smartly on the spot, and you will find a campagnol in your grasp.

Immediately afterwards you will find that the campagnol has teeth, and knows how to use them. But if you understand the animal's ways, you will seize it without danger of being bitten, just as if you know the nettle's ways you can grasp it without danger of being stung.

Like its larger relative, the campagnol, when suddenly startled, loses its presence of mind, and remains for a moment or two without motion. During that moment of consternation, shift your grasp so that the body of the animal rests in the palm of the hand, while the finger and thumb seize the sides of the head, so that the creature cannot turn its head to bite. The knack is soon learned, though perhaps at the expense of a bite or two, and the shifting of the grasp becomes instinctive.

Want of practice soon causes the eyes to become slow to detect the creature which steals so silently among the grass-blades, and the ready knack of the fingers is equally apt to fail just when it is wanted. However, a little practice soon restores the keenness of sight and deftness of touch, and in a short time the campagnol will be unable to pass under the observer's eyes without detection, or to escape the grasp of his fingers without capture.

So stealthily does the campagnol glide among the grass stems, that the field may be swarming with them, and yet their presence will not even be suspected by man. This fact brings us to another illustration of the assertion that the life-history of one animal always involves that of others.

The natural food of the KESTREL (*Tinnúnculus alaudárius*) largely consists of the campagnol, so that where the one is seen the other will probably be at no great distance. High in air the kestrel hovers with quivering wings, its bright eyes directed downwards, and scanning the field below. Suddenly it drops down to the ground, rises with something in its claws, and flies away. It has seen and caught a field-vole, and is carrying it home to its young. From its custom of balancing itself in the air with its head to the wind, it is often known by the name of "windhover."

With what astonishing sight must not the kestrel be gifted to perform such a feat! It is difficult enough for a human being to watch a square yard of ground so carefully that a field-vole shall be seen as it glides among the grass. How wonderful, therefore, must be the powers of vision which enable the bird to watch a large field, to detect from that height the little, dusky animal, and pounce down upon it with unerring swoop!

How astonishing must be the optical mechanism of those eyes which at so great a distance from the prey can act like telescopes, and yet can alter their range so rapidly that in the few seconds which are consumed in making the stoop, they have accommodated themselves to an entirely different focus.

In his "At Last," C. Kingsley mentions that in passing through a tropical forest the traveller is frequently checked by some creeper which hangs in the path, and which is not seen because the eye cannot focus itself with sufficient rapidity. Yet the traveller is only proceeding at a walking pace, whereas the stoop of the kestrel on its prey is swift as the fall of a stone through the air, and in a second or two the eye has to accommodate itself from a range of many yards to that of a few inches.

The value of the kestrel in keeping down the numbers of the field-vole, and so aiding in preserving the balance of Nature, can hardly be over-estimated.

There have been cases where the field-voles had increased to such a degree that pitfalls had to be dug for their capture, and they had to be destroyed artificially, because the kestrels and other predacious birds and animals had been almost extirpated.

Other enemies to agriculture are also destroyed by the kestrel. Mr. Johns mentions an instance where the stomach of a kestrel was opened, and was found to contain, beside a field-vole, nearly eighty caterpillars, twenty-four beetles, and a leech!

Now, we will return to our field-vole. Like the squirrel and several other rodents, it makes two nests, one for the winter and the other for the summer.

The winter nest is mostly made at some distance from water, is formed at the end of a burrow, and seldom reaches more than a few inches below the surface of the ground. It is to this winter nest that the poet Burns refers in his exquisite stanzas addressed to a mouse whose nest had been destroyed by his ploughshare, and beginning,

"Wee, sleekit, cow'rin', tim'rous beastie."

Such, indeed, is the fate of many a winter nest. Supposing, however, that the creature should be snapped up by the kestrel while out in search of food, the nest will be deserted, but it will not be wasted. There are always beings who are glad to find a ready-made burrow which will save them the trouble of excavating one for themselves. Among them are several species of wasp and humble-bee, most of whose nests are made in the deserted burrow of the campagnol.

Here, again, is an example of the manner in which the life-histories of dissimilar animals

are linked together. Few persons would think that there could be any connection between the wasp and the kestrel, and yet our walk along the banks of our brook has shown us that such is the case, and that the connecting link is the campagnol.

Like the water-vole, the campagnol lays up a store of winter provisions, not in its living-room, but in a chamber excavated for the purpose. The treasure-house sometimes contains a very miscellaneous store, the fruit of the hawthorn and wild rose being the staple.

Cherry-stones mostly form a large proportion of the stores, as many as three hundred having been found in a single chamber. The mode in which the campagnol obtains the cherry-stones would hardly be suspected except by those who are in the habit of watching the varied phases of animal life.

The chief purveyors of cherry-stones are the blackbird and thrush.

Both these birds are exceedingly destructive among the cherry crops, as I know from personal experience. My study overlooks a number of fine cherry-trees, one of them being so close to the house that by leaning out of the window I can touch the fruit with an ordinary walking-stick. As soon as the fruit ripens, the thrush and blackbird hold high festival, eating the cherries from the branches and feeding their young with the ripe fruit.

It is really amusing to watch the proceedings of the birds, especially the unmerciful manner in which the young birds peck their parents when they considered that they are not fed fast enough. Neither young nor parent is in the least afraid of me as I sit at the open window, so that I can see every movement.

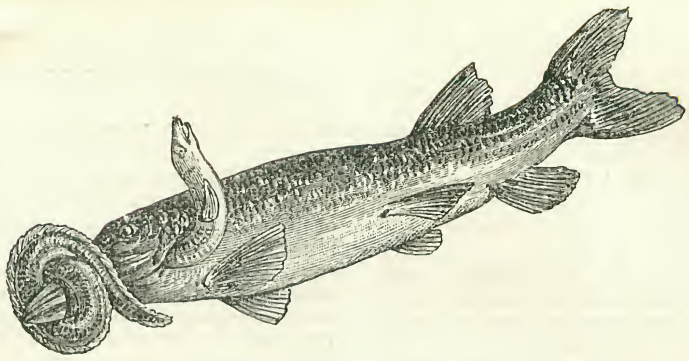
Sometimes the entire cherry is pulled off the branch, but when the fruit is very ripe the soft portion only is eaten, the stone still being attached to the stalk. In either case, the stone will be sure, sooner or later, to fall to the ground, whence it is picked up by the campagnol and added to its store for the coming winter.

Here, again, is a link connecting together the life-histories of the blackbird, thrush, and campagnol. Furthermore, it affords an example of the care that is taken that nothing on the earth shall be wasted.

Whenever a living being has no further use for anything which once was connected with its life-history, there is sure to be some other animal which wants it and is waiting for it.

We have already seen how the abandoned winter nest of the campagnol is utilised by the wasp or humble-bee, and we now see that when the blackbird and thrush have abandoned the cherry-stones as useless to them, there is the campagnol waiting for them and ready to carry them off to the store-chamber which it has previously prepared.

Beside the winter nest, there is the summer nest, which is primarily intended for the reception and nurture of the young. This, like the corresponding nest of the squirrel, is made of slight materials and loose structure, so that the air is freely admitted. It is generally composed of grass blades, which have been torn in strips by the campagnol. It is globular in shape, and is mostly placed on the ground, amid concealing grass or herbage.



A PIKE STRANGLED BY AN EEL.

There is, however, before me a photograph of the nest of a campagnol, which was discovered in a very remarkable position, and made of very unusual materials. It was found in a garden store-house at Castle Carey, by the Rev. W. Smith-Tomkins, Vicar of Durstow. He kindly sent me a copy of the photograph, together with the following description—

"Bedford Villa,
"The Shrubbery,
"Weston-super-Mare.

"August 8th, 1886.

"This nest of the short-tailed field-mouse was found by me a few years ago on a heap of barley straw, which was used to cover a small store of potatoes. Its chief interest to the finder, in addition to its beauty, consists in this. It was all manufactured out of one kind of raw material, namely, the leaves of the barley straw, which the maker shred up into thin threads according to her taste, so as to suit the different parts of the structure. There was no other material available for use.

"The mouse had found its way into the storehouse through a hole under the wall. I am sorry to say that she was killed when found, and before the nest had been used for its proper purpose. Two or three weeks before I had looked over the place, and she had not commenced operations.

"On referring to 'Homes without Hands,' I find it stated by Mr. J. J. Briggs that he could never find an entrance to the interior (the nests being closed up, as you say is the case with the nest of the harvest mouse). I infer from this, that it is due to its incompleteness that the entrance in this case is open and visible, and that its structure is therefore so open to inspection."

With the description and photograph Mr. Tomkins sent a few portions of the nest, some of the barley leaves being of their original width, and others split up into fibres as fine as ordinary sewing cotton. In a subsequent letter he states that the hole through which the campagnol made her entrance into the house opened into the stable yard of a neighbour.

Its mode of eating the provisions which it stores is rather remarkable. It would naturally be supposed that, as other beings (including man) do, it would eat the thick, soft, and sweet exterior of the "hip" or fruit of the wild rose, and reject the hard, small seeds, with their fluffy envelope. But it does just the contrary, eating the seeds and rejecting the exterior.

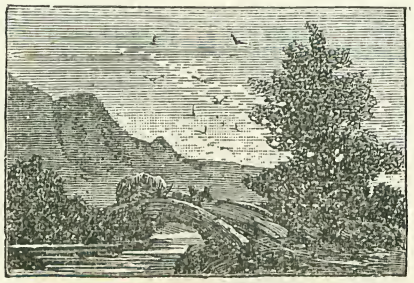
When in America in 1884, I saw a flock of pine grosbeaks busily feeding upon the berries of the mountain ash at Worcester. Very pretty they looked, the rosy plumage of the two or three males contrasting boldly with the dark, sombre green of the many females. I should not have noticed them but for their mode of feeding.

It was at the beginning of February—the very depth of a New England winter. I had to make my way up a rather steep hill, and over paths which, by reason of constant traffic over snow, were as slippery as ice. Many persons are in the habit of scattering sand or pulverised brick on the paths, and seeing, as I fondly thought, a few yards of the latter material, I gladly made my way towards it. To my disappointment—on that ground at least—I found that the red material was not brick, but the soft, external part of the mountain ash berry, the birds only eating the seeds, and allowing the rest of the fruit to fall to the ground.

Then, the campagnol has a remarkable way of eating the cherry stones.

When the squirrel eats a nut, it nibbles off a little piece of the sharp end, inserts the edges of its incisor teeth in wedge fashion, and splits the nut in two. The campagnol begins like the squirrel, but when it has bitten off the end of the cherry-stone, it does not split the shell asunder, but in some way of its own contrives to get the kernel out.

(*To be continued.*)



MERLE'S CRUSADE.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Aunt Diana," "For Lilias," etc.

CHAPTER XVI.
MOLLY.

ONE afternoon, much to Hannah's delight, I took the children to Wheeler's Farm. Rolf did not accompany us; Mrs. Markham had sent up word to the nursery that morning that he was to drive with her into Orton. He had complied with this order rather sulkily, after extracting from me a promise that I would play soldiers with him in the evening.

It was rather a hot July afternoon, but we put Joyce in the perambulator, and Hannah and I carried Reggie by turns, and in spite of the heat we all enjoyed the walk, for there was a lark singing so deliciously above the cornfields, and the hedgerows of Cherry-tree-lane were gay with wild flowers, and every few minutes we came to a peep of the sea.

I recognised Hannah's description when we came in sight of the old black-timbered house; there was the pear tree in the courtyard, and the mossy trough; a turkey cock Gobbler, of course, was strutting about in the sunny road, and from the farmyard came the cackling of ducks and the hissing of snow-white geese. Just then a little side gate opened, and a robust-looking woman in a sun-bonnet came out, balancing two pails of water with her strong bare arms. Hannah exclaimed, "Well, Molly!" and Molly set down her pails and came to meet us.

She kissed Hannah heartily with, "Glad to see thee, lass," and then shook hands with me.

"Come in, come in, and bring the children out of the sun," she said, in a kind, cheerful voice. "Father is smoking his pipe in the kitchen, and will be fine and glad to see you all. Eh, but I am pleased to have you at Wheeler's Farm, Miss Fenton. Hannah says she has a deal to be grateful to you for, and so have we all for being good to our girl."

I disclaimed this, and sang Hannah's praises all the time we were crossing the courtyard to the porch.

Molly shook her head, and said, "Nay, she is none too clever," but looked gratified all the same.

She was a plain, homely-looking woman, as Hannah said, with high cheek bones and reddish hair, but she looked kindly at the children and me, and I think we all liked her directly.

"Look whom I am bringing, father," she exclaimed, proudly, and Michael Sowerby put down his pipe and stared at us.

He was a blue-eyed, ruddy old man, with beautiful snow-white hair, much handsomer than his daughter, and I was not surprised to see Hannah, in her love and reverence, take the white head between her hands and kiss it.

"You will excuse our bad manners, I hope," he said, pushing Hannah gently away, and getting up from his elbow chair. "So these are Squire Cheriton's grandchildren. He is fine and proud of them, is the squire. Deary me, I remember as if it were yesterday the squire (he was a young man then) bringing in their mother, Miss Violet, to see me when she wasn't bigger than little miss there, and Molly (mother I mean) said she was as beautiful as an angel."

"Mother is beautifuller now," struck in Joyce, who had been listening to this.

The old farmer chuckled and rubbed his hands.

"Beautifuller, is she? Well, she was always like a picture to look at, was Miss Violet, a deal handsomer and sweeter than Madam, as we call her. Eh, what do you say, my woman?" for Molly was nudging him at this point. "Well, sit ye down, all of you, and Molly will brew us some tea."

"There is Luke crossing the farmyard," observed Molly, in a peculiar tone, and Hannah took the hint and vanished.

I sat quietly by the window with Reggie on my lap, talking to Michael Sowerby and glancing between the pots of fuchsias and geraniums at a brood of young turkeys that had found their way into the courtyard.

Joyce was making friends with a tabby cat and her kittens, while Molly, still in her white sun-bonnet and tucked up sleeves, set out the tea-table and opened the oven door, from which proceeded a delicious smell of hot bread. She buttered a pile of smoking cakes presently, talking to us by snatches, and then went off to the dairy, returning with a great yellow jug of milk thick with cream, and some new laid eggs for the children.

I did not wonder at Hannah's love for her home when I looked round the old kitchen. It was low, and the rafters were smoke-dried and discoloured, but it looked so bright and cheery this hot July afternoon, with its red tiles and well-scrubbed tables, and rocking chairs black with age and polish. The sunshine stole in at the open door, and the fire threw ruddy reflections on the brass utensils and bright-coloured china. A sick chicken in a straw basket occupied the hearth with the tabby cat; a large shaggy dog stretched himself across the doorway, and regarded us from between his paws.

"It is Luke's dog, Rover; he is as sensible as a human being," observed Molly, and before we commenced tea she fetched him a plate of broken meat from the larder, her hospitality extending even to the dumb creatures.

A wooden screen shut us off from the fire. From my place at the table I had a good view of the inner kitchen and a smaller courtyard with a well in it; a pleasant breeze came through the open door.

As soon as the children were helped, Hannah came back looking rather shamefaced but extremely happy, and followed by Luke Armstrong. He greeted us rather shyly, but seated himself at Molly's bidding. He was a short, sturdy-looking young fellow, with crisp, curling hair and an honest, good-tempered face. He seemed intelligent and well-mannered, and I was disposed to be pleased with Hannah's sweetheart.

I found afterwards from Molly when she took me into the dairy that Michael Sowerby had consented to recognise the engagement, and that it was looked upon as a settled thing in the household.

"Hannah is the youngest of us girls, and a bit spoiled," observed Molly, apologetically. "I told father it was all nonsense, and Hannah was only a chit, but it seemed he had no mind to cross her. The folks at Scroggin's Mill is not much to our taste, but Luke is the best of the bunch, and a good, steady lad with a head on his shoulders. He was for going to London to seek his fortune," continued Molly, "for Miller Armstrong is a poor sort of father to him, and Martin elbows him out of all chances of getting any of the money; but Squire Hawtry, of the Red Farm, where Lydia lives as dairymaid, has just lost his head man, and he offered Luke the place. That is what he has been telling Hannah this afternoon in the farmyard; so if Hannah is a good girl, as I tell her, and saves her bit of money, and Luke works his best, Squire Hawtry will be letting them have one of the new cottages he has built for the farm servants, and a year or two may see them settled in it to begin life together." And here Molly drew a hard work-roughened hand across her eyes as though her own words touched her.

"I am very glad for Hannah's sake," I returned. "She is a good girl, and deserves to be happy."

"Ah, they are all good girls," replied Molly. "Hannah is no better than the rest, though we have a bit spoiled her, being the youngest, and mother dead. There's Martin at Scroggin's Mill wants Lydia, but Lyddy is too sensible to be listening to the likes of him. 'No, no, Lyddy,' I say, 'whatever you do, never marry a man who makes an idol of his money; he will love his guineas more than his wife; better be doing work all your life and die single as I shall, than be mistress of Scroggin's Mill if Martin is to be master.'"

"You give your sisters very good advice," I returned.

"I have not much else to give them," was the abrupt answer; "but they are good girls, and know I mean well. The boys are rather a handful, especially Dan, who is always bird-catching on Sunday, and won't see the sin of it. But there, one must take boys as one finds them, and not put ourselves in the place of Providence. They want a deal

of patience, and patience is not in my nature, and if Dan comes to a bad end with his lame leg and bird-traps, nobody must blame me, who has always a scolding ready for him if he will take it."

I saw Dan presently under rather disadvantageous circumstances, for as we came out of the dairy who should come riding under the great pear tree but Mr. Hawtry, with a red-headed boy sitting behind him, with a pair of dirty hands grasping his coat. I never saw such a freckled face nor such red hair in my life, and he looked at Molly so roguishly from under Mr. Hawtry's shoulder, there was no mistaking that this was the family scapegrace.

"Good-evening, Molly," called out Mr. Hawtry, cheerfully; "I am carrying home Dan in pillion fashion, because the rogue has dropped his crutch into the mill dam, and he could not manage with the other. I found him in difficulties, sitting under the mill hedge, very tired and hungry. You will let him have his tea, Molly, as it was accident and not mischief. I forgot to say the other crutch is lying in the road broken; it broke itself—didn't it, Dan?—in its attempt to get him home?" and here Mr. Hawtry's eyes twinkled, but he could not be induced, neither could Dan, to explain the mystery of the broken crutch.

"You will come to a bad end, Dan," remarked Molly, severely, as she lifted down the boy, not over gently; but she forbore to shake him, as he was wholly in her power—a piece of magnanimity on Molly's part.

Mr. Hawtry dismounted, perhaps to see that Dan had merciful treatment; but he need not have been afraid, Molly had too large a heart to be hard on a crippled boy, and one who was her special torment and pet. Molly could not have starved a dog, and certainly not red-headed Dan.

He was soon established in his special chair, with a thick wedge of cold buttered cake in his hand. Scolding did not hurt as long as Molly saw to his comforts, and Dan looked as happy as a king in spite of his lost crutches.

Mr. Hawtry came into the kitchen, and when he saw us I thought he started a little as though he were surprised, and he came up to me at once.

"Good-evening, Miss Fenton; I did not expect to see you here, and my little friend, too," as Joyce as usual ran up to him. "What a lovely evening you have for your walk home! You did not bring Miss Cheriton with you?"

"No; she has visitors this afternoon; the children and I have had our tea here, and now it is Reggie's bed-time."

"Shall I call Hannah?" he returned, hastily, for I was putting Reggie in his perambulator. "I saw her walking down the orchard with Luke Armstrong and Matthew." And as I thanked him he bade Molly good-bye, and, putting his arm through his horse's bridle, in another moment we could hear a clear whistle.

Hannah came at once; she looked happy and rosy, and whispered to Molly as we went down the courtyard together. Mr. Hawtry was at the horse-block; as he mounted he called me by name, and asked if the little girl would like a ride.

I knew he would be careful, but all the same I longed to refuse, only Joyce looked disappointed and ready to cry.

"Oh, nurse, do let me," she implored, in such a coaxing voice.

"My horse is as quiet as a lamb. You may safely trust her, Miss Fenton," he said so persuasively I let myself be over-ruled. It was very pretty to see Joyce as he held her before him and rode down the lane. She had such a nice colour, and her eyes were bright and sparkling as she laughed back at me.

It was very kind of Mr. Hawtry. It seemed to me he never lost any opportunity of giving children pleasure. But I was glad when the ride ended, and I lifted Joyce to the ground.

She clasped me tightly in her glee. "It was so nice, so werry nice, nursey dear," she exclaimed.

As I looked up and thanked Mr. Hawtry, I found that he was watching us, smiling.

"I am afraid your faith was not equal to Joyce's," he said, rather mischievously. "I would not let Peter canter, out of pity for your fears."

"I beg your pardon," I stammered, rather distressed by this, "but I cannot help being afraid of everything. You see the children are entrusted to me."

"I was only joking," he returned, and he spoke so gently. "You are quite right, and one cannot be too careful over children; but I knew I could trust old Peter," and then he lifted his hat and cantered down the lane. He could not have spoken more courteously; his manner pleased me.

It caused me a little revulsion when Mrs. Markham met us at the gate with a displeased countenance. She motioned to Hannah to take the children on to the house, and detained me with a haughty gesture.

"Nurse," she said, harshly, "I am extremely surprised at the liberty you take in my sister's absence. I am quite sure she would be excessively angry at your taking the children to Wheeler's Farm without even informing me of your intention."

"I mentioned it to Miss Cheriton," I returned, somewhat nettled at this, for Gay had warmly approved of our little excursion.

"Miss Cheriton is not the mistress of the house," she replied, in the same galling tone. "If you had consulted me, I should certainly not have given my consent. I think a servant's relatives are not proper companions for my little niece, and, indeed, I rather wonder at your choosing to associate with them yourself," with a concealed sneer hidden under a polished manner.

"Mrs. Markham," I returned, speaking as quietly as I could, "I should certainly not have taken the children to Wheeler's Farm without my mistress's sanction. I had her free permission to do so; she knew the Sowerbys were highly respectable, and, for my own part, I wished to give pleasure to Hannah, as I take a great interest in her."

"I shall certainly write to my sister on the subject," was her answer to this. "You must have entirely mistaken her meaning, and I owe it to her to watch over her children."

My temper was decidedly rising.

"You need not trouble yourself," I replied, coldly, "my mistress knows everything I do. I should have written to her myself to-night; she has perfect confidence in me, and I have never acted against her wishes; my conscience is quite clear about this afternoon, but I should not have taken Rolf without your permission."

"I should hope not," still more haughtily, but I would not listen to any more; I was not her servant—I could not have served that hard mistress. I found nothing to reverence in her cold, self-absorbed nature, and without reverence, service would be bitter drudgery.

As I passed down the avenue a little sadly, I came upon a pretty scene; a tea-table had been set under one of the elms, and Gay had evidently been presiding over it, but the feast had been long over. She was standing by the table now, crumbling sweet cake for the peacock. Lion was sitting on his haunches watching her, and Fidgets was barking furiously, and a little behind her stood Mr. Rossiter.

Mrs. Markham swept up to them, and I could hear her say in a frosty voice that showed evident ill-temper, "Why has not Benson removed the things? It is nearly seven, and we must go in to dress for dinner; you know Mr. Hawtry is coming."

"I was not aware of it, Adelaide"—how well I knew that careless voice!—"but it is of no consequence, that I can see; Mr. Hawtry is always here."

"He cannot come too often," in a pointed manner. "We all think highly of Mr. Hawtry, I know."

"Oh, are you going, Mr. Rossiter? Well, perhaps it is rather late."

"What are you doing, Gay?" so sharply that though I had reached the house I heard her, and turned my head to look.

Benson and the under-footman were coming out of the side door, but Mrs. Markham stood alone under the trees. Gay was sauntering down the avenue with the young curate still at her side, and Lion was following them, and I wondered if Mrs. Markham saw her stop and pick that rose.

I went up to the nursery rather thoughtfully after that. I knew girls were odd and contrary sometimes. Mr. Rossiter was very nice; he was a good, earnest young man, and I liked his sermons; but was it possible that Gay could seriously prefer him to Mr. Hawtry, or was she just flirting with him *pour passer le temps*, after that odious custom of some girls? But I could not believe it somehow of Gay Cheriton; she was so simple, so unselfish, so free from vanity. It needed a coarser nature than hers to play this sort of unfeeling game. "We shall see," I said to myself, as I put Reggie into his cot, and then I sat down and wrote to Mrs. Morton.

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

DAUGHTER OF GENTLEMAN FARMER.—The book for which you inquire is "The Englishwoman's Year-Book," published by Hatchard, Piccadilly, London, W. We believe it may be had in parts. The yearly volume is about half-a-crown.

JOSIE.—We advise you to write to the London School of Medicine, 30, Henrietta-street, Brunswick-square, London, W.C., for all information you require on the subject of your letter. You should state the fact of your having passed the College of Preceptors, the senior local Cambridge and Oxford examinations, and the science subjects (elementary) set by the South Kensington authorities; also name your age, and address the dean of the school, Mrs. Elizabeth Garrett-Anderson, M.D. This school is in connection with the Royal Free Hospital, Gray's Inn-road, W.C.

SPOTTED CRASH.—We think you are mistaken as to the origin of the name Billingsgate. The name "Billing" belongs to an old Teutonic tribe or clan, whose traditions are old enough to be mythical. It is probable that some of its members may have been amongst those Low German adventurers who conquered Britain and made it England. This conjecture explains many names beginning with Billing in this country, besides Billingsgate.

HEATHER BELL.—We regret that we cannot help you in your quest in any way.

CINDERELLA.—It would depend upon what examination you went in for, of course. Girton College is at Cambridge. It is for women over eighteen years of age. The entrance examinations are in March and June. The address of the secretary is 22, Gloucester-place, Hyde Park, London, W.

MIZPAH.—We should advise you, as you are so young, to go in for teaching as a profession, and to study at a training college, or at the College of the Home and Colonial School Society, Gray's Inn-road, W.C., or else at the Teachers' Training Society, Training College, Fitzroy-street, W. Governesses' situations are yearly more and more difficult to obtain, and it is better to be trained so as to command school situations of a high class.

K. B.—1. The ancient name of Constantinople was Byzantium. The present city occupies its site, but was named after Constantine the Great, who built it. 2. Cardinal Wolsey erected Christ Church College, Oxford, Ipswich, and also Hampton Court. A Life of King Robert "the Bruce" was written by the Scottish poet, Barbour, in a poem called the "Brus."

ART.

A TOMATO.—See article in *Silver Sails* (Summer Number for 1881) on crystoleum painting. The 12th of April, 1873, was a Saturday.

JANE.—If you really wish to learn drawing and painting, buy a shilling manual on perspective and study from natural objects. Begin with some simple object, such as a village pump or wayside stile, but do not attempt such composite subjects as that sent for our opinion until you can accomplish the former subjects fairly well.

CLOE.—As a rule, if a girl shows any taste for using her pencil, in however trivial a way, she imagines that she could make money by it; but she forgets, like the swarms of verse-writers, that ideality to a very considerable degree is requisite for both the poet and painter. If you have a gift for designing, as well as the practical skill, you might find an opening amongst the lace manufacturers of Nottingham and other places, amongst the cotton printers at Manchester, or the silk manufactories at Macclesfield. It could be available for wall-paper printers, for carpet weaving, and for pottery. Turn your attention to one of these openings.

MISS FIENNES, of Castle-hill, Reading, Berkshire, conducts a girls' club, called the Daub Society, to which members (amateur beginners) send an original painting or drawing every month. The annual subscription is one shilling, and the members adopt fancy names.

MISCELLANEOUS.

J. W. must accept our best thanks for her kind letter and the assurance that the "girls' own mothers" take as much delight in our paper as the girls themselves.

KARTOFFEL.—"What is the best thing to do if anything is seen in a haunted house?" Shut your eyes, and don't see it.

SWETSCHE.—To invent "a cure for sleeplessness" would be to become a millionaire. If we were so fortunate we could not promise to take you into partnership, but would advertise our decoction widely.

COUSIN.—You have fallen into a careless and injurious mode of walking. You should plant your feet straight on the ground, and might also have a little brass or iron heel put on those of your shoes. If your blue serge dress be so soiled with dust, you had better get it re-dipped by a dyer. They can do so *without* your unpicking the dress.

FIREFLY.—You seem to have overtaxed your brain-power during these examinations, and you need rest; change of air, good diet, early retirement to bed at night, and late rising (say at 8 a.m.) might in time restore the powers of memory. At the same time, you should obtain the advice of an experienced physician.

MILLICENT THORNTON.—The quotation commencing—

"Absence of occupation is not rest,"

is taken from Cowper's poem "Retirement," line 623. You will probably find the other poem in some popular reciter. You write well for your age.

E. M. SEARLE.—The Latin words, *Nocturna versate manu, versate diurno*, mean, "Turn (them) over with nightly hand, turn (them) over by day." The words are from Horace. The word "them," which is understood, refers to examples of Grecian style.

POTTS.—Your brother's "eating dinner enough for two" does not thereby give evidence of a fine constitution. Some lean folks eat enormously, but, as the Scotch express it, "put their food into an ill skin;" they do not assimilate it, and it does them but little good, and so they are always craving for



TEMPTATION.

more. There are other reasons for voracious eating, for which a doctor's advice would be most desirable. It is a disgusting sight, in any case, to see anyone eating double what others do, and it should be checked, not gratified, in youth, if not attributable to disease, in which case recourse should be had to medicine.

MOSES.—The Psalms, as given in the Book of Common Prayer, were not *altered*, but only a different version from the translation used in our Bibles was employed, called the Vulgate or Latin version, attributed to St. Jerome, about 384. There was an older version of the Holy Scriptures called the Italic, said to have been made in the beginning of the second century, little more than one hundred years after Christ. Gutenburg and Fust were the first who printed the Vulgate translation, probably about 1455, and that by Fust and Schoefer in 1462.

MARY ELIZABETH T.—The evil thoughts that seem forced into your mind against your will, of which you are ashamed, over which you grieve, and against the recurrence of which you pray, are temptations of the devil and his wicked ministers. They are clearly not your own; they are, as it were, whispered in your ears. So long as you pray to be delivered from them, and heartily strive to drive them away, their guilt does not lie at your door. Ask for deliverance, and humbly claim it in the name of the Lord Jesus, and "He is faithful that promised." See St. John xiv. 12, 13, 14, and xvi. 23, 24.

A GARDENER.—Sow the hardy annual's seeds in February, and in March all the perennials and biennials, and the half hardy annuals in a hot-bed. There are several varieties of honeysuckle, and all of them may be propagated by cuttings.

BLANK had better write for the directory to the matron, London National Training School for Cookery, Exhibition-road, South Kensington, S.W. The fee for the training for the post of cookery instructor is twenty-one guineas for the full course of twenty weeks; plain cookery, eight guineas for fourteen weeks. The Edinburgh School of Cookery, 6, Sandwick-place; hon. secretary, Miss Guthrie Wright; also trains teachers in cookery for a fee of fifteen guineas the course, from November to April.

AN ANXIOUS ONE.—You do not give sufficient information for us to judge what you are fit for, and you had better read the series of articles in vol. v., entitled "Work for All."

TARENTELLE.—Twopenny-piece, 1797 (weighing 2 oz. av.), worth 1s. to 5s.; penny, same date (1 oz. av.), 1s. to 2s. 6d. The other coins are worth from 6d. to 2s.

POMPEY.—The "Heaven-sent Minister" was William Pitt, 1759-1806.

CATHERINE A. M.—We think the tale about the tramcar tickets, and the getting of a deaf and dumb child into an asylum or home by means of a collection of 10,000 of them, must be placed by the side of many other such figments of the imagination. The pity is that sensible people like yourself should be misled by them. Tramcar tickets can be made over, and there is a special machine for performing the nefarious work.

DUNEDIN.—Many thanks for your kind letter. There does not seem to be anything to answer in it, however, so we merely acknowledge its kindly expressions.

C. S. L.—The idea is a good one, but we fear we could not impose such a weight on our own over-burdened shoulders. As a rule, you may depend on the catalogues of the Religious Tract Society, the Christian Knowledge Society, and others of the kind. Would they not help you if you wrote for them?

RAY.—If she have asked to have you taken to see her, waive all ceremony and go. Mutual family interchanges of visiting will follow. It would be in better taste on your part to call yourself Mrs. John B——, rather than cause a jealous feeling or one of injury on the part of a mother-in-law. Do all things "that make for peace," "in honour preferring one another." You write fairly well.

GUILDA.—The second "h" is mute in the word "height," but not in the word "width." We congratulate you on gaining a certificate.

RUBY.—Sometimes old copies of bound magazines may be had at secondhand or reduced prices at booksellers' stalls. You should study the rules of metrical composition before you attempt to write verses.

A TROUBLED MOTHER.—It is a difficult matter upon which to advise you, and you do not say where you live. The first thing to do is to give the girl a good education, and also to include music and singing. As she grows older she may forget her youthful ideas. You might write for advice to Mr. C. E. Todd, Macready Mission House, Henrietta-street, Covent Garden; or, if in London, you might go and see him, perhaps.

A SUFFERER might try mustard oil to rub on for her rheumatism. It sometimes does wonders for it, and is to be got at any chemist's, and is sold by the ounce. Rub on with the palm of the hand, round and round.

DAISY.—Dandriff may be cured by using a wash of one pint of water and half an ounce of glycerine. Rub well into the skin of the head twice a day (this can be done with a sponge), without wetting the head too much. Another wash is composed of one pint of water and one ounce of borax, used in the same manner. Dandriff is considered to be caused by digestive troubles, especially when accompanied by watering of the eyes, nose, or mouth.

SWYGS.—We thank you for the kind feeling that prompted the giving of your advice for the benefit of sufferers. But for certain reasons, into which we cannot enter, we must decline to make our paper a means of advocating mesmerism. You write a good hand.

*** *The Editor regrets to say that the poem entitled "The Beggar's Christmas," which appeared in* Feathery Flakes, *was copied from* Little Folks *for January*, 1886, *and sent to him by J. H. A. Hicks, as his own original composition. The copyright belongs to Messrs. Cassell and Co., and to them apologies for this unwarrantable reproduction are due.*



"HE SEES THE PORTRAIT ON THE WALL
STILL HANGING IN THE SAME OLD PLACE."

[*See page* 358.



VOL. VIII.—No. 371.] FEBRUARY 5, 1887. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

MERLE'S CRUSADE.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Aunt Diana," "For Lilias," etc.

CHAPTER XVII.

A PLEASANT SURPRISE.

THE next day I had a delicious surprise.

We were sitting in the orchard before the children's dinner; they had taken their noonday sleep early, and I had brought them out again.

We were all huddled together on a little grass hillock, for I was telling Rolf and Joyce a story; Reggie was talking to the flowers he had gathered. He had quite a little language of his own to supplement his scanty stock of words. I heard "gurgle-doo" very

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"WHAT A PLEASANT TIME WE HAD!"

often, so I knew he was happy, my bonnie boy, whom I loved better every day. All at once I looked up, and there was my beloved mistress standing by the little white gate watching us, and she looked so pale and lovely, with the sun shining upon her brown hair, that a curious fear crossed me that she was too good and beautiful to live. Why do we always say that, as though things of beauty were rare upon earth?

"Run, darlings, there is mother!" I exclaimed, and Joyce gave quite a shout of joy as she raced down the orchard. It was pretty to see Reggie following her as fast as his fat legs could carry him. He fell down, but picked himself up, still holding his flowers, and then thrust them in his mother's face as she stooped to kiss him. I detained Rolf by me until Mrs. Morton had greeted her little ones, but she soon came up to us, holding out her hand to me with such a kind look.

"How are you, Merle? But I need not ask; you are almost as rosy as the children. How fat and well they look! Reggie is lovelier than ever, and as for Joyce"—and she could hardly turn her attention to Rolf, who was regarding her with great curiosity.

"Don't you wish you were rosy too, Aunt Violet?" he asked, as she kissed him.

I thought she smiled a little sadly as she answered.

"My rosy-cheeked days are over, Rolf, dear; I would rather the children had them. Oh, I am so pleased to see the improvement in my little Joyce, Merle; she looks a different creature. You told me so, of course, but I wanted to see her with my own eyes. You have been so good to them all this time; oh, I know that."

She sat down beside me on the hillock, and lifted Reggie on her lap, and Joyce nestled close to her.

"Is it not good of my husband, Merle, to bring me down here just for a few hours to see my children? I asked him last night if he could spare me, and he promised that we should come together. We are going to Scotland to-morrow by the night mail, and I could not have gone happily without seeing my darlings."

"I am glad you are going, Mrs. Morton; you are not looking well," for she had grown very thin during these five weeks, and there was an air of delicacy about her that I did not like to see. "It is quite time you should have some rest."

She looked a little amused at that.

"That is the last thing I shall get in Scotland. If we were going alone, my husband and I, there might be some probability of getting a little time to oneself, but we are to stay with the Egertons. They are very gay people, and have a large party for the shooting season. Lady Florence Egerton is one of the most incessant talkers I know."

I did not like to hear this. If only she could have stayed in this sweet place, among her own people, she would have been rested and refreshed.

She echoed my sigh merrily, for she seemed in excellent spirits.

"Don't be so anxious about me, my good Merle. I have the best husband in the world to take care of me, if I do fall ill, which is very unlikely."

Oh, the blindness of an affectionate woman when her husband is concerned!

"I think I am very fortunate to be able to leave my children so comfortably. You are a tower of strength to me, Merle. Now you will be quite happy to remain here for another month or six weeks until we come from Scotland," looking at me rather wistfully.

"Quite happy," I returned, frankly, "if only I could give Mrs. Markham satisfaction, which I always fail to do;" for Rolf, finding us dull company, had decoyed Joyce down the orchard to hunt for a grey rabbit they had lost, and I could speak without reservation.

"Tell me all about it," she said, gently. "I am going to talk to Adelaide, but I should like your version first."

Oh, the comfort of pouring out all my little grievances and worries into my mistress's attentive ear! She listened with such patience, and though she said little, one was so sure with whom lay her sympathy.

"We must be very careful, Merle. No, I am not blaming you, you have done nothing wrong; but Adelaide, as mistress of my father's house, needs a certain amount of consideration from us. If she wishes you to consult her about the children's walks and drives, I suppose we must give in, for the sake of peace; but do not permit any interference in the actual management of the children; use a little tact when you have to contest an order you feel is not judicious. Do not worry yourself if she blames you unjustly; whatever Adelaide thinks of you, you are right in my eyes. I will tell her myself that I have no objection to your taking the children to Wheeler's Farm. Molly is as good a creature as ever lived, and I remember how my father used to take me when the other Molly, Hannah's mother, was alive, and what a treat it was to my childish eyes to see her skim the cream in those great yellow pans in the dairy."

We sat talking in this way for some time, and then Mr. Morton and Mrs. Markham joined us. I thought she looked a little taken aback when he came up to me and frankly shook hands. He had never done so before, but I had noticed lately a growing interest and cordiality in his manner to me. He was a cautious man, who never let enthusiasm run away with him. He would sift a person thoroughly before he manifested any degree of liking; neither would he endorse his wife's opinion of me until I had proved myself worthy of his respect.

It was pleasant to hear him address me as Miss Fenton, and praise the children's looks. He stood talking to me apart for some minutes, much to Mrs. Markham's chagrin. No doubt she had armed herself with a list of grievances, and was highly displeased to find that I stood so high in my employer's favour. Prejudice is always hard to overcome, and Mrs. Markham was strongly prejudiced against my humble self; but when I remembered Uncle Keith, and my girlish distaste for him, I was ready to admit that I deserved some sort of punishment.

We had a delightful afternoon on the beach. My dear mistress accompanied us, and shortly afterwards Miss Cheriton and Mr. Morton made their appearance, accompanied by Mr. Hawtry. He had ridden up to Marshlands on business, and had been decoyed into an hour's idleness.

What a pleasant time we had!

Mrs. Morton and I sat under the breakwater, watching the children help their father as he built up a mighty sand fortress. To our great amusement, Mr. Hawtry worked too, while Gay assisted Reggie to fill his bucket with smooth white pebbles for the ramparts.

"Isn't Alick ridiculously busy?" laughed Gay, as she passed. "I do believe he is quite happy to find a spade in his hand again. And do look at Farmer Roger," for she sometimes naughtily called him by that name; "he is working as hard as though he were amongst his haymakers."

I wonder if Mr. Hawtry heard her, for he threw down his spade and came up to us with a droll, ashamed sort of look.

"I believe I am half a child still," he said, throwing himself down on the sand. "I have often envied the little rogues digging their trenches; they do seem to believe in their own work. You are laughing at me, Mrs. Morton, but your own husband is just as bad."

"If you knew how glad I am to see him with the children!" she returned, with a sort of misty smile. "I do not think grown up people's play half so sensible. I know Miss Fenton agrees with me, do you not, Merle?"

It was nice of her to draw me into the conversation.

I saw Mr. Hawtry looking at me inquiringly, and I said, quietly: "I think the best people are those who never outgrow their childhood. We are apt to laugh at children," I went on, for my mistress was near me, and I was talking to her more than to Mr. Hawtry, "and yet their perfect faith teaches us many lessons; they have to contend with so great a difficulty."

"What special difficulty do you mean, Miss Fenton?"

"The difficulty of expression; their language does not allow of full expression; their wonder bubbles over, but they find no word to convey their wonderment."

"Miss Fenton is a philosopher," observed my mistress, softly. "We often talk about these things, Roger" (she called him Roger quite as a matter of course); "thinking aloud is very pleasant in company sometimes."

"Miss Fenton seems to think to some purpose," interposed Mr. Hawtry. I thought he seemed a little amused. "It would be a good thing if she could teach other young ladies to be as unconventional and useful."

I found this speech a little embarrassing. He evidently knew all about my theory, and his words seemed to imply perfect approval of it, but I was not sufficiently at my ease to meet his mean-

ing half way; on the contrary, I was rather provoked at his breaking in on our conversation. I made an excuse, and went down to the margin of the water, where Miss Cheriton and Reggie were playing touch-last with the waves, and there we stayed until Mr. Morton looked at his watch and gave the signal for our return, and then we all went home together.

On our way Miss Cheriton took me by the arm, and said merrily, "We are all going to have a nursery tea this evening. Alick and Mr. Hawtry are both coming up. Don't you think you had better hurry home to prepare for us, Merle?" for she always called me Merle now.

I needed no second bidding, and leaving Joyce in her care, very quickly overtook Hannah, and with Susan's help we had soon arranged the tea-table.

I think everyone enjoyed themselves; they would insist on crowding round the tea-table, though it would hardly hold them, and Mr. Morton teased his wife about an incident in her childish days, when she had quarrelled with Adelaide about some strawberry jam at this very table.

"I do love this old nursery, Alick," she returned, plaintively. "It is a treat even to drink out of the old blue cups again. Nurse Parfitt used to be so proud of the old blue china." And after tea she took her husband to see the cot where she and Gay had slept when they were tiny children, and we could hear them laughing together over the prints in the little black frames. I had to fetch something for Reggie, and I found them standing hand-in-hand before the Five Senses. I think she was telling him something that touched him, for he was looking wonderfully interested, but there was a sort of pain in his face too.

Mr. Hawtry was on the window seat with Reggie, and his horse was at the door.

"Thank you for a very pleasant hour, Miss Fenton," he said, holding out his hand. "I think we are all the better for an afternoon with the children." And then he and Mr. Morton went away.

My dear mistress took leave of us soon after that, for they were going back to town that evening. I could see her heart was full as she bade the children good-bye, but she was very brave, and smiled at us to the last.

Gay came up to us by-and-by. She said her father and Adelaide were dining out, and she meant to spend the evening with us. I thought she looked just a trifle dull, as though something had gone wrong since tea. I wondered if she were sorry to have missed Mr. Rossiter, who we heard had called that afternoon.

She sat by me very quietly as I undressed Reggie, and listened to Joyce's prayers, but when the children were in bed, she asked me to come with her in the garden, as it was a sultry evening. Hannah and Rolf were cutting out pictures to paste in the scrap-book, and I knew I could safely trust them, and might indulge in an hour's enjoyment.

It was just after sunset, and Gay proposed that we should go down to our favourite seat in the orchard—"that is if you are not afraid of the dews, Merle," she added; "but there is such a pretty peep of the cornfields from there, and if the moon rises early the effect is beautiful." I was too young and strong to be afraid of anything; so we speedily found our way to the orchard, followed, as usual, by Lion and Fidgets.

The sky was warm with that pink afterglow that follows the setting sun, and the evening star was glittering near the edge of a tiny cloud. There was an indescribable hush and stillness over everything, as though nature were taking sweet rest, and her dreams were pleasant. All sorts of faint scents came to us from flowers and odoriferous shrubs and hedgerows; far off we could hear the hollow boom of the waves upon the shore.

Gay was very silent at first; she sat stroking Lion's head with an unusually abstracted air, and then suddenly roused up and began to talk.

"Merle, are you very much afraid of people's opinions? I mean do you let yourself be influenced by them?"

"I am afraid not," I returned, rather surprised at this beginning, "I should hardly be in my present position, Miss Gay, if I had minded very much what my little world said of me."

"I wish I were like you," she sighed. "You are so strong and brave; you carve your own way through life so cleverly. I never knew I was such a coward until now. I do mind Adelaide's sneers so dreadfully. Oh! she can say such bitter things; and then, I should hate to disappoint father."

This was very ambiguous, and I waited to hear more. She began again presently.

"Merle, should you not think I was a very unfit person to be a poor man's wife? How astonished you look! but one must talk of such things sometimes, and I never speak on these subjects to Adelaide. Suppose I am not a bit in earnest, and am only talking for the sake of argument, still, you might give me your opinion."

"I hardly know, Miss Gay," I replied, for this was quite a problem to me, and how are we short-sighted mortals to judge of any human being's possibilities; "you seem to me to fit your present life exactly; you wear your existence as lightly as a glove; your surroundings suit you as much as you suit them."

"You are quite right, Merle; no one could be happier."

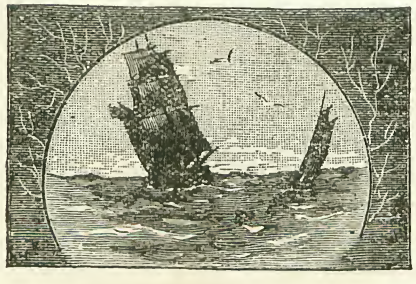
"I should think in any change of lot you must suffer loss," I continued, trying to puzzle it out—"unless," hesitating, "you became mistress of a house like Marshlands: a house where there would be plenty and comfort, horses to ride and dumb animals to pet, and a master who would let you do as you like." I did not dare to make my meaning more plain, but, of course, she guessed at once that I was alluding to the Red Farm and Mr. Hawtry, for she coloured very much.

"Oh, but I know of no such place where I could be happy, Merle," she said, lifting her head a little, and her face was full of delicate scorn. "There may be corn and oil, and plenty of fat kine in Egypt, but one may not want to go to Egypt after all;" and then I understood that Mr. Hawtry was not in her thoughts. "But all the same I should hate to be poor," she continued, petulantly. "Fancy saying good-bye to Bonny—my own dear Bonny—and having to live in a poky little house with a few feet of ground for a garden, and to trim one's own hats, with a new gown about once a year."

"I do not think you would care for your environments, Miss Gay;" and I added, wickedly, not meaning it in the least, "no man, however good, would be worth such a sacrifice."

"I don't know about that," she returned, abruptly. "I suppose if one loved a person one could be capable of sacrifice, but it must be the real thing, and no mistake about it; and how is one to be sure?" And then she gave herself a little shake and changed the subject; but all the same I could see there were tears in her eyes as she stooped to pat Lion.

(To be continued.)

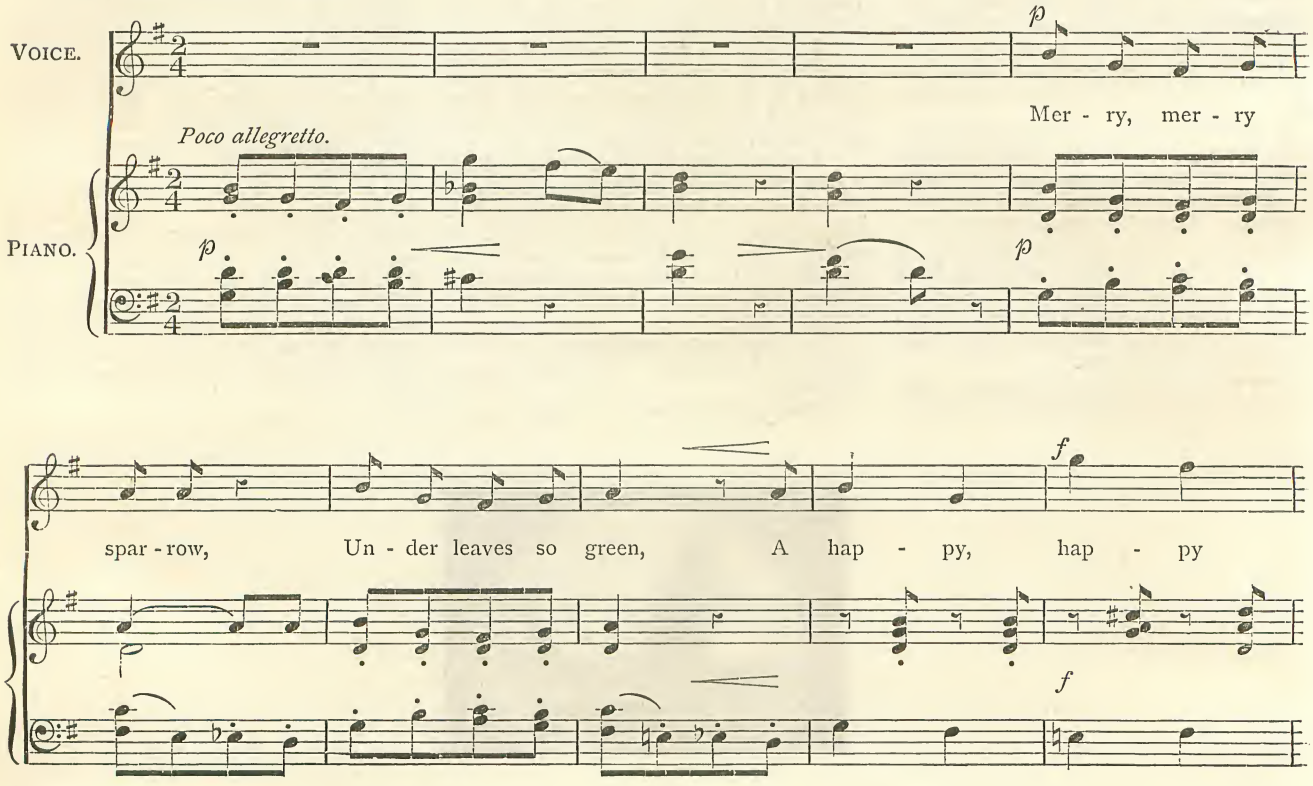


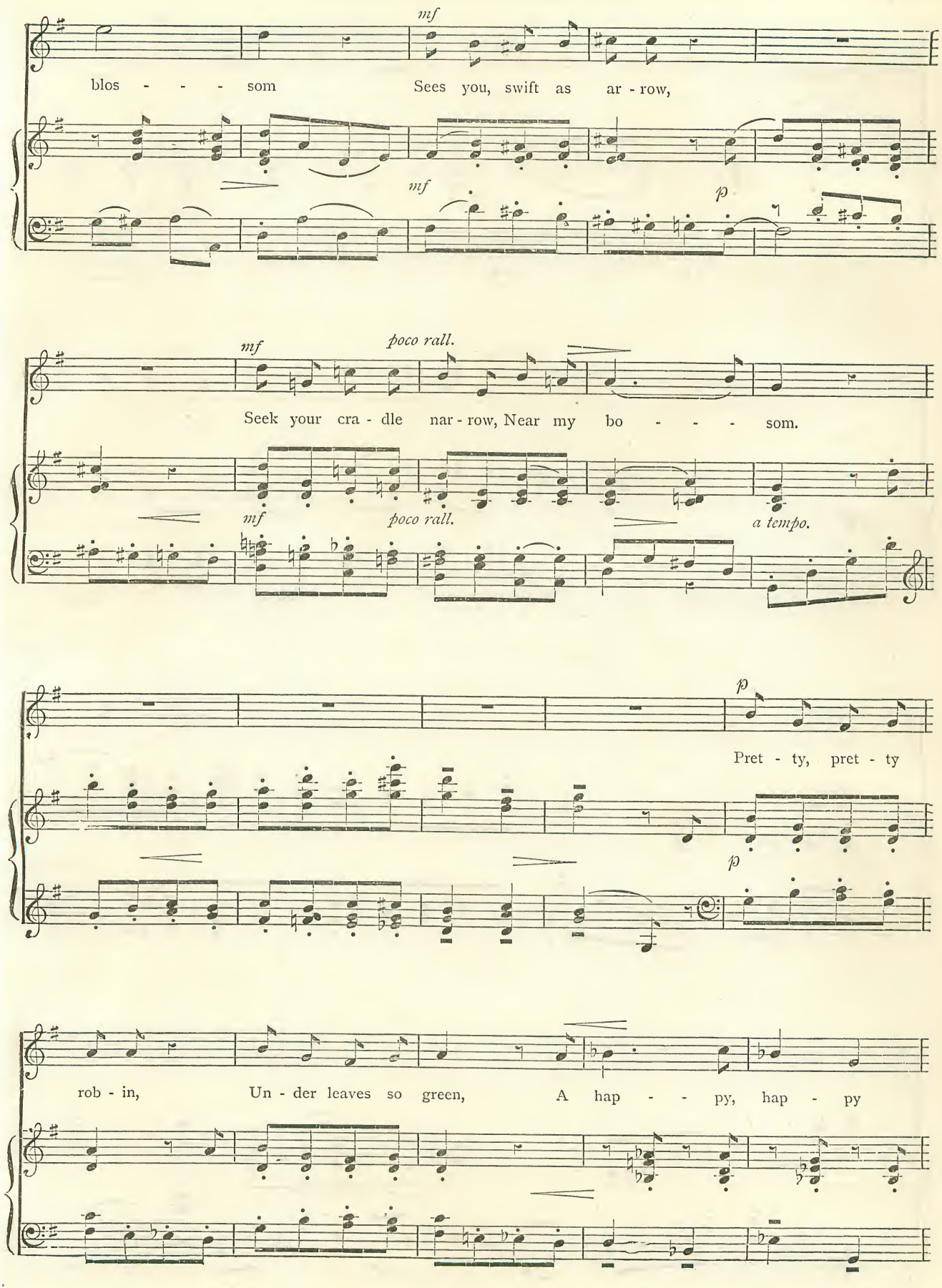


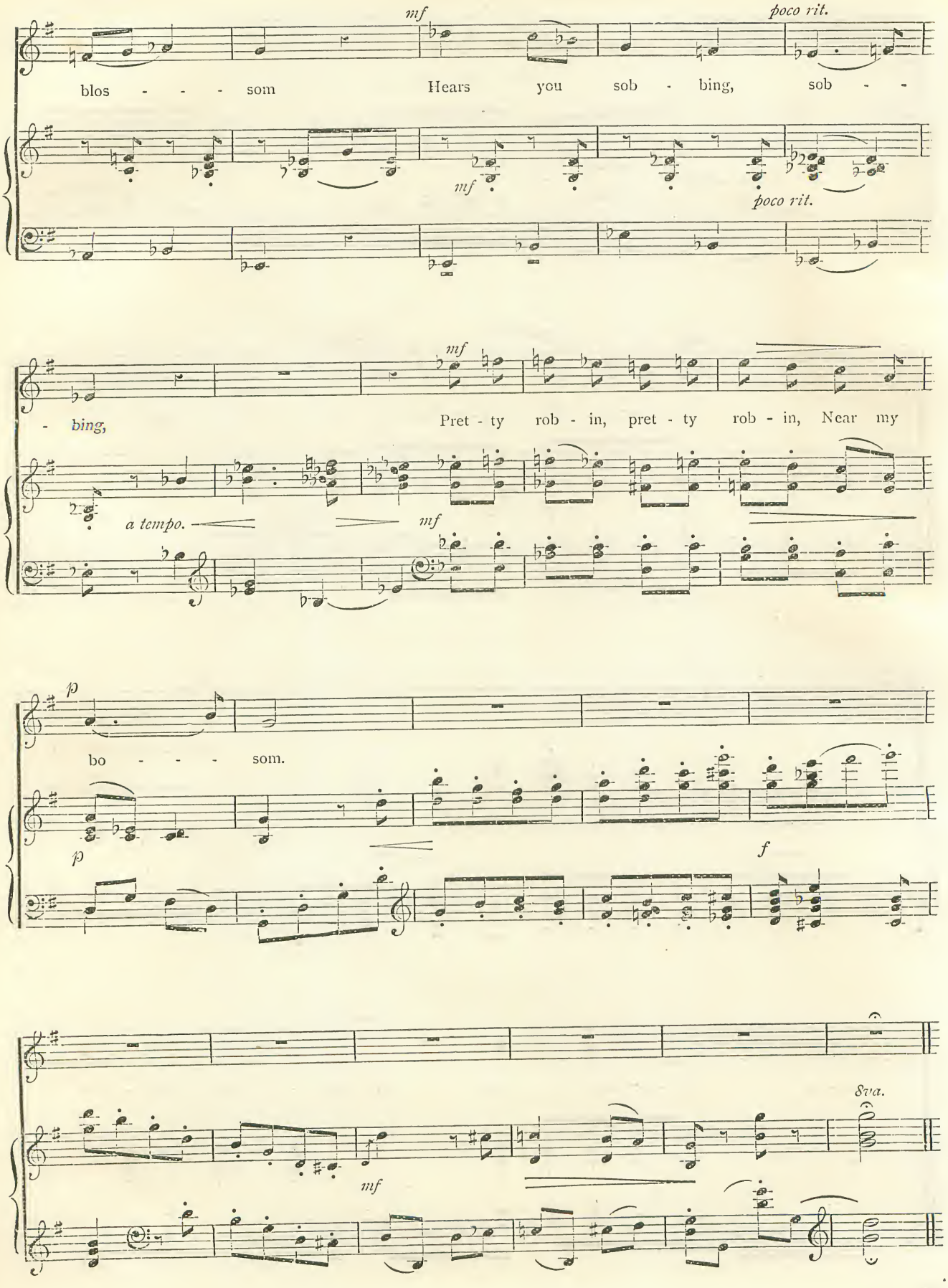
THE BLOSSOM.

MUSIC BY MARY CARMICHAEL.

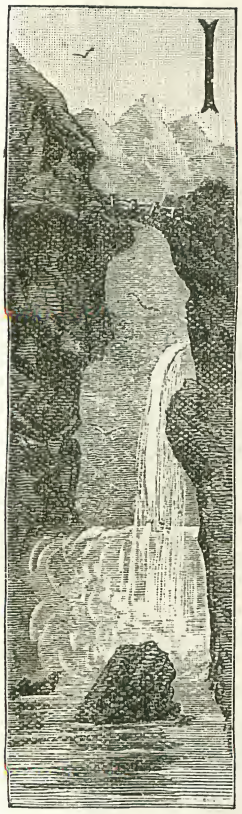
Words by WILLIAM BLAKE.




mf
blos - - - som
Sees you, swift as ar - row,
mf
p
mf
poco rall.
Seek your cra - dle nar - row, Near my bo - - - - som.
mf
poco rall.
a tempo.
p
Pret - ty, pret - ty
p
rob - in,
Un - der leaves so green,
A hap - - py, hap - py


mf
poco rit.
blos - - - som Hears you sob - bing, sob - -
mf
poco rit.
mf
- bing, Pret - ty rob - in, pret - ty rob - in, Near my
a tempo.
mf
p
bo - - - som.
p
f
8va.
mf

A FEW WORDS ON SCOTTISH COOKERY.



I AM afraid that the English have but a very poor opinion of Scotch cooks and cookery. This may arise partly from national prejudice, English people having a natural tendency to look down upon anything of Scotch origin, and perhaps even more from the difference between the tastes of the two nations; the exigencies of their climate, coupled with the vicissitudes of their national and commercial life, having for long compelled the people of Scotland to adopt a rigidly economical mode of living; whereas the English, having from comparatively early times enjoyed those privileges from which the Scotch as a nation were so long debarred, more rapidly developed luxurious habits.

Taken as a class, however, the working women of Scotland are very good cooks. They do not, it is true, often try their hand at fine bread, nor do they even bake their own loaf-bread, but the ordinary meals of the household are in general very well prepared. Loaf-bread is quite a recent institution, for, besides the difficulty they would have experienced in baking it with the limited means at their disposal, they had really no need for it, its place being well supplied by scones and oatmeal cakes or bannocks. The baking utensils of the Scotch were, until quite lately, a toaster and a girdle (a round, flat piece of iron, about half an inch thick, with a bow-handle by which to swing it above the fire), as the grates then in use had no oven.

About forty or fifty years ago the people of Scotland, old and young, almost without exception, began the day with a good plate or bowlful of oatmeal porridge with milk (a habit still kept up by the younger members of households), varied on Sunday by what they called a "tea breakfast," consisting of tea, bannocks, scones, home-cured pork, and eggs; and, in places near the coast, of fresh herring, haddocks, or cod. This "tea breakfast" was only partaken of by the older people, the bairns getting their porridge as usual. The only occasion on which this rule was broken being New Year's morning, when the youngsters were allowed to eat as much as they could of good things.

The dinner of the labouring classes generally consisted of some kind of broth, eaten with boiled potatoes, the very poorest making their midday meal of brose. At the tables of the middle classes the broth was followed by stewed mutton, sheep's head, haggis, braie mutton (the cured flesh of sheep smothered in the snow), or some such dish, according to the means of the diner. As for dessert, it was undreamt of in these days, by anyone except the gentry. The nearest approach made to it by any of the other classes was a few berries for the children when they were ripe. But even of them there were but few eaten in this way; for Nature, not being so prodigal of her gifts to the northern as to the southern sister, the often too scant supply of fruit had to be carefully husbanded in order to provide the household with jelly and jam—black-currant jelly being especially prized on account of its cough-curing properties. Nowadays, however, a plum-pudding or dish of stewed apples for dinner or supper is quite a common affair.

I remember some years ago of visiting the wife of a carter on a Forfarshire estate, when, after talking awhile, she said, "This is Pete's (Peter's) birthday, an' I aye mak' a puddin' for the supper on a' the laddies' birthnichts." Looking at the fire, I saw swung over it an enormous pot, remarkably like those used for boiling clothes in, and being told that the pudding was in it, I wondered what would be the size of the pudding itself, seeing it required such a pot to cook it in, and hoped that the family would enjoy the birthday feast.

The supper, which was generally partaken of at half-past six, in the case of labourers consisted of brose, or porridge and milk, with bannocks and cheese. Among the middle classes it was much the same as the dinner, with the addition of cheese, scones, and tea or table-beer. Now most working people have tea to their supper. Many of them, however, make tea a separate meal, and have supper about nine o'clock, thus entailing upon the gudewife much unnecessary trouble.

Perhaps the most striking point in Scotch as compared with English cookery, is the difference between the broth of the one nation and the soup of the other. While the English put the meat, bones, and vegetables into a stock-pot, simmer until most of the goodness is extracted, and then strain; the Scotch put all the ingredients into a broth-pot, simmer until thoroughly cooked, take out the meat, which is eaten with potatoes, and serve the broth just as it is, without any further preparation, thus producing a dish quite as nourishing and far more satisfying than that of their English neighbours.

Scotch broth is often prepared without any meat at all, dripping being used instead, the vegetables sliced, barley, pepper, and salt added, and, when nearly ready, a few potatoes are put in and boiled along with the broth until nicely, but not too much, cooked. Potatoes are oftenest added to what is called second-day's broth—that is, broth left over from the previous day's dinner and reheated—when the potatoes used may be either cooked or uncooked, although the latter are preferable, as their flavour is much finer.

I will now give the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER a few recipes for some really Scotch dishes, and let them judge for themselves whether or not they justify the designation of "tasty."

Oatmeal Brose.—Put a handful and a half of good coarse oatmeal into a bowl which has been previously heated, add two saltspoonfuls of salt, a little pepper, and a piece of dripping or butter about the size of a walnut. Pour over this one pint of boiling water; let stand a minute, and then break up with a fork. Eat while hot.

Oatmeal Porridge.—Put half a pound of fine or coarse oatmeal, according to taste, into a saucepan, with a dessertspoonful of salt; add one pint of cold water, and stir until thoroughly mixed and quite smooth; then add one and a half pint of boiling water, place on the fire, and stir constantly until they have boiled ten minutes; draw to the side, and stir occasionally until required.

Barley Broth.—Two pounds of the middle-cut of hough, two gallons of water, one teacupful of barley, one savoy, one Swede turnip, two carrots, pepper and salt to taste. Well wash the barley, put into a saucepan along with the water and hough, bring slowly to the boil, and skim well; chop the savoy very finely, grate the carrot and turnip (or, if preferred, half of the turnip and one carrot can be left whole), add to the broth and season. An onion is a great improvement when its flavour is liked. Simmer five hours. When the meat is half cooked, take it out; brown in a stewpan, add gravy and seasoning, simmer slowly until required, and serve with potatoes.

Cabbage Broth.—One and a half pound of flank, one gallon of water, one cabbage, one tablespoonful of rice, one carrot, one turnip, one small onion, salt and pepper. Bring the meat to the boil, skim; add the rice, after being well washed; slice the cabbage, carrot, turnip, and onion, and add with the pepper and salt. Boil for four hours.

Green Kale.—Put a knuckle of pork into one and a half gallon of water; when it boils, skim, and add half a teacupful of well-washed barley, three stocks of kale (shred small), four leeks (minced finely), half a carrot (grated), and pepper and salt. Simmer for five hours.

Sheep's Head Broth.—Get a good sheep's head, singe it, cut the eyes, and thoroughly rub the head with the liquid, and soak in salt and water for a night. In the morning thoroughly clean the head, and soak in salted water for an hour. Put the head into a saucepan with pepper, salt, and three gallons of water; skim well, and boil for three hours. Take out the head, and put half a teacupful of well-washed barley, a savoy, carrot, turnip, and four leeks, nicely sliced, into the stock; simmer for about three hours longer, and serve.

Sheep's Head Pie.—Take half of the head which was boiled for broth, cut into nice pieces, using all the skin; season nicely with ground cloves, Jamaica, black, and white pepper, salt, a little parsley, and a hard-boiled egg, if liked. Put into a pie-dish that will just hold it. Cut the tongue into neat slices, and arrange them on the top. Moisten the whole with a little stock; cover with a nice short crust, and bake about one hour.

Potted Head.—Take the other half of the head, chop it very small, and put into a saucepan with sufficient stock to just cover it; season with Jamaica, black, and white pepper, and salt; simmer slowly for three hours, and pour into a mould. When going to serve it, loosen the edges, reverse the mould on a dish, when it will slip out quite easily. Garnish, and serve.

Haggis.—Procure a bag from the butcher; soak in salt and water for a night; next morning scrape it well, and wash in boiling water; rub it over with salt, and soak in water until required. Boil a sheep's draught or pluck for two hours; when cold, grate the liver, and mince the heart and lights very finely, removing all pieces of vein and stringy parts; mix with this one pound of pork suet, minced very small, and two pounds of coarse oatmeal; season with salt and different kinds of pepper; mix well, using a little of the liquid that the pluck was boiled in to moisten it with; fill



THE LITTLE TRIANON.

the bag, secure the mouth with a skewer, and plunge into boiling water; prick the bag with a fork to prevent it bursting, and boil for four hours. Haggis may be made in a jar, and thus save the trouble of cleaning the bag.

White Skin Puddings.—Thoroughly clean the skins, scraping them, and soaking in salt and water; cut into lengths of about a foot, and turn them outside in. Take about twelve pounds of oatmeal (the coarse kind is best) and six pounds of finely-minced pork suet; season with plenty of Jamaica, black, and white pepper, a little cayenne and ground cloves, and salt to taste; mix thoroughly; fill the skins, turning them again as the mixture is put in; sew up both ends, and double them. Put into a pot of boiling water, prick with a fork to prevent bursting, and boil for two hours. They will keep for almost any length of time if packed in a barrel or jar of oatmeal. When wanted for the table, brown with a little dripping, add a little stock, and simmer for one hour.

Buttermilk Scones.—Take four pounds of flour, rub in two ounces of butter, add one small teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, one dessertspoonful of cream of tartar, and one of salt; mix well, add enough buttermilk to make a pretty stiff dough; knead lightly, roll out, shape, and bake on a girdle over a clear fire, allowing five minutes to each side. Delicious scones are made by using half wheaten and half barley flour.

Oatmeal Cakes or Bannocks.—Take for each cake two handfuls of coarse oatmeal, and a small piece of dripping, add a good pinch of salt, and moisten in a bowl with boiling water; turn out on a board sprinkled with oatmeal, and knead out with the knuckles of the hand, shaping at the same time. Bake on a girdle for about five minutes to harden, and then toast on a toaster before the fire until quite hard and nicely browned on both sides.

Scotch Shortbread.—Beat one pound of butter to a cream; mix together one pound of rice flour, one pound of wheaten flour, and a quarter of a pound of pounded sugar; dredge slowly into the butter, and when well mixed divide the paste into four pieces. Have four sheets of well-greased paper ready, and knead one cake on each sheet, making it one inch thick, and shaping with a flagon-lid. Crimp the edges with a fork, and prick the centre. Bake for half an hour. Should the oven be too hot, place a sheet of white paper over the cakes to prevent them becoming too brown.

MARY A. D. BRECHIN.

A DAUGHTER OF SORROWS.

SOME months ago the writer was permitted to sketch in these pages the pathetic story of an English princess. It is proposed now to draw from French history what may in some respects be called a companion portrait. The life of Marie Thérèse Charlotte de Bourbon exceeded, indeed, the short span allotted to Elizabeth Stuart by more than half a century; but while its earlier stages bear the greater resemblance to the life of our English princess, the full three score years and ten to which the daughter of France attained only give a wider scope for the display, under many varying circumstances, of courage, constancy, and devotion not less marked or less worthy of remembrance than those of her English sister.

CHAPTER I.

MADAME ROYALE.

MARIE THÉRÈSE CHARLOTTE, eldest child and only surviving daughter of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, was born at the Tuileries, December 19, 1778, and was baptised the same day by the Cardinal de Rohan, the King of Spain being her godfather and the Empress Maria Theresa her godmother. One gets a few glimpses of her early childhood from Marie Antoinette's letters to her mother, the Empress. The Queen had her daughter constantly with her, and thought she knew her from her nurses by May of the next year. In August she could "walk very well in her leading strings," could say "papa," and, though "her teeth have not yet come through, we can feel them all." Madame de Guiménée, who had held the post of governess to the child of the late Dauphin, was appointed governess to the princess; but being obliged in 1782 to resign, owing to the pecuniary difficulties in which her husband, through his boundless extravagance, had become involved, the Queen bestowed the office on her great favourite, Madame de Polignac. She herself, however, mainly superintended her daughter's training, and from a very early age took her with her on all her little missions of charity. Among other places, she took her sometimes to the Carmelite Convent of St. Denis, where she went to visit her husband's aunt, the Princess Louise, who had for many years lived here in retirement from the world. It was hinted that there might be imprudence in bringing the child's mind too much under the influence of the Carmelite sisters. The Queen, however, far from fearing that her daughter might eventually be led to follow Madame Louise's example, declared that if the child should show an inclination to such a life, she would feel rather flattered than otherwise.

From the stately galleries and formal terraces of Versailles, with their accompaniments of elaborate ceremony and stiff etiquette, Marie Antoinette loved to escape with her children and one or two chosen friends to the delightful seclusion of the Little Trianon. Here, forgetful of Court formalities, the Queen became for the time being shepherdess or dairymaid, and the days passed in simple pleasures. There is a charm about these happy days of Marie Antoinette, which is all the more marked and pathetic because of the darkness that was so soon to close round her, and to blot out sunshine and gladness from the lives of both mother and children.

Thus, though older heads might see the storm coming, the early years of Madame Royale's childhood passed brightly enough. Two deaths, indeed, clouded it—those of the Princess Sophie and the Dauphin, but though she was of an age to feel sorrow, particularly for the latter, a child's grief is shortlived, and another brother six years younger than herself remained to be her constant playfellow and companion.

It is strangely pathetic to read the future that Marie Antoinette in those early days marked out for her child. Madame Campan tells us how, when the princess was not quite nine years old, her aunt, the Queen of Naples, sent a private messenger to France to sound the Queen as to a marriage between Madame Royale and her son, the hereditary prince. Marie Antoinette gave the messenger no encouragement. "I had an opportunity on this occasion," says Madame Campan, "as, indeed, on many others, of judging to what extent the Queen valued and loved France and the dignity of our court. She then told me that Madame, in marrying her cousin, the Duc d'Angoulême, would not lose her rank as daughter of the Queen, and that her situation would be far more preferable to that of Queen of any other country; that there was nothing in Europe to be compared to the Court of France; and that it would be necessary, in order to avoid exposing a French princess to feelings of deep regret, in case she should be married to a foreign prince, to take her from the Palace of Versailles at seven years of age, and send her immediately to the court in which she was to dwell, and that at twelve it would be too late, for that recollections and comparisons would ruin the



THE FLIGHT TO VARENNES.

happiness of all the rest of her life." It will be seen that at this early date a marriage between the princess and the Duc d'Angoulême was already thought of. Twelve years later that marriage was to be solemnised, but between two exiles and in a foreign land.

When the storm burst in the autumn of 1789, and on the 5th of October, after a night and morning of agony, the King and Queen with their children were conducted by the populace from Versailles to Paris, Madame Royale was not quite eleven years old. That journey marks an epoch in her young life. The happy days of childhood were left behind for ever.

Settled at the Tuileries, the winter days passed in a dull routine, broken only by varying anxieties and alarms. Every morning the Queen superintended her children's lessons. Madame de Polignac, their governess, had fled from the impending storm in July, and had been succeeded in her post by the Marquise de Tourzel, a lady of high character, to whom Marie Antoinette, in committing her children to her care, said, "I entrust to virtue what I entrusted to friendship."

The palace was unprepared for a royal residence, not having been used as such for many years, and the furniture and fittings were faded and shabby. The Queen in leisure moments occupied herself in working tapestry to help in its adornment. A carpet, worked by her for one of the rooms, afterwards fell into the hands of the Empress Josephine, who, with characteristic kindliness, long preserved it, hoping some day to send it to Madame Royale as a precious relic of the past.

Madame de Tourzel, in her memoirs, which have been recently published, tells us how at this time, while the Dauphin's face still bore the impress of happiness and lightheartedness, his sister was already beginning to tread the path of sorrow. The King had a special fondness for her, which was constantly manifesting itself despite his usual undemonstrativeness. The Queen, though as fond of her daughter as the King, thought it needful to counteract his fondness by some degree of severity. She thought the princess proud and apt to be extravagant, and kept her somewhat secluded from companions of her own age in consequence, although her governess could see no reason for such an opinion. "It would have been better for her," adds Madame de Tourzel, "to have seen a little more of the world than to have been always alone in her apartment with her women and the young person whom the Queen allowed to share her studies and her play." *

At Easter of the year 1790, Madame Royale received her first communion. Before setting out for the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, where the ceremony was to take place, she fell on her knees before her parents to ask their blessing. "Pray, my child, for France and for us," said Louis XVI., raising and embracing her; "the prayers of innocence may soften the anger of heaven." The young girl burst into tears, and turned away without a word.

In June of the next year came the hapless flight to Varennes, of which Madame Royale has herself left a short account. Its issue is too well known to need detailing here. Another autumn, winter, and spring passed in the virtual imprisonment of the Tuileries, with increasing restrictions, added insults, hopes gradually lessening and dying away into darkness.

On the dreadful 20th of June, 1792, when the mob assaulted the Tuileries and paraded in triumph through the state apartments of the palace, the Queen, protected from the people only by the council table, held her daughter by the hand. "How old is your girl?" demanded one ruffian. "She is old enough," replied Marie Antoinette, "to feel deeply the horror of such scenes as these."

Six weeks later the final crash came, and the royal family left the Tuileries for ever, and took refuge in the Assembly. There, crowded together in the reporters' box, they remained all day. Late at night they were conveyed to the Convent des Feuillants, where four cells were allotted to them. It was in one of these that Madame Campan saw the Queen for the last time. "The Dauphin came in with Madame and the Marquise de Tourzel. On seeing them, the Queen said to me, 'Poor children! How heartrending it is, instead of handing down to them so fine an inheritance, to say it ends with us!"

Two days after, the royal family were removed to the Tower of the Temple—a place so little known that some of the King's attendants had never even heard of it before. It was a square building, with corner towers or *tourelles*, and lay behind and detached from the palace of the same name. They arrived there at seven o'clock in the evening, but it was one o'clock before they were finally conducted to the rooms they were to occupy.

These were of the most miserable description, and no preparations of any kind had been made for their reception.

The first days of this captivity were shared by the close attendants of the royal family. The Queen's bosom friend, the Princess de Lamballe, Madame de Tourzel and her daughter Pauline, besides minor attendants, were there. Madame Royale and her brother had implored Madame de Tourzel not to separate them from Pauline. "Madame added, also, with a perfect grace, 'Do not refuse us; she shall be our comfort, and I will treat her as a sister.'" But this poor comfort only lasted a week. At the end of that time all persons who were not of the royal family were removed from the Temple. The municipal officers told the princesses they should see their friends again after they had been examined, and though they passed the night without sleep, they hoped to see them return next day. They were then, however, informed that the ladies had been removed to La Force, and would not come back to the Temple.

(*To be continued.*)

* This was Ernestine Lambriquet, daughter of one of the King's cloak-bearers, who was adopted by Marie Antoinette, and brought up with Madame Royale.

A FORTNIGHT IN OUR PARIS ORPHANAGE.

By ANNE BEALE.

"YOU must come and stay with us at the Orphanage for holiday-rest and quiet," said Miss Leigh, one fine day this summer.

So we went, nothing loth, to 35, Boulevard Bineau, Neuilly, Paris. We had been there before, and had breathed the delightful air of the health-giving suburb, although we had never actually stayed in the house; therefore we anticipated a pleasant holiday, but of the "rest and quiet" we knew nothing experimentally.

Sleep was the happy finale of a long day's journey, and for the first night orphanage and orphans were forgotten. But what of the first and succeeding days? At six o'clock there rang a bell, loud enough to awaken the dead, which called us back from the Land of Dreams to Wonderland, for we rubbed our eyes and asked what it was all about. The voices of children soon told us, and we found that nearly forty of various ages were astir, some dressing themselves, others their youngers.

A succession of less excited bells summoned to breakfast and other duties, until a neat handmaiden in spectacles, and with "fair and shining hair," announced to us our *déjeûner*. Here a couple of juvenile parlour-maids were in attendance, and we began to realise what an orphanage meant. Here also a tiny dog, plaything of all the household, barked for his food.

To begin at the beginning. All the elder girls did the work of the house, cooking excepted; therefore that "early bell" was very needful to arouse those juvenile domestics to prepare breakfast, not only for the orphans, but for governess, nurse, lady housekeeper, and such other hungry individuals as might be under the hospitable roof of what was once an English hospital. Yes; formerly the walls echoed to the wails of many patients, for the house was maintained by the brothers Galignani for the benefit of the sick and suffering English; but M. Galignani transferred it by deed of gift to Miss Leigh, to enable her to form it into a permanent home for English children orphaned or deserted in Paris. Sir Richard Wallace's magnificent English hospital in the immediate neighbourhood now provides efficiently for the sick, so this abode is no longer needed as a hospital.

We could but reflect, as we went through the rooms after our first breakfast, on the changes of years. The tramp of many feet and the happy ring of children's voices sounded where not so very long ago little but groans and moans was heard. A procession of children marched through the old wards to the grand new schoolroom, where they defiled and began to sing a cheerful hymn; and all was animation where formerly depression brooded. The hymn was the precursor of the daily Bible reading and prayers, which were, in their turns, forerunners of the diurnal lessons, needlework and general instruction, which were to keep the children up to the "standards" of Board school education; and they manage to hold their own very respectably, thanks to an efficient certificated mistress.

The immense airy schoolroom has been added to the Orphanage by the Baroness Alphonse de Rothschild, who has completed the work begun by M. Galignani. Beneath this large room is a playroom, surrounded by seats, which are virtually boxes to hold toys or such other treasures as the children may choose to put in them, while without is a playground, containing a swing, which is the delight of the youngsters. As the days went on we became a youngster too, and ventured into this swing.

Who shall describe the amazement of the children, or the gradual progress from timidity to boldness of the elders who swung us? At last we were sent up so high that we cried *peccavi*, which meant, "My dear children, don't quite put an end to us."

Every morning they awaited us, and we had thus a capital opportunity of studying them and their ways. How kind the elders were to their youngers! There was one poor little two-year-old who had come but lately—a dark, defiant, irritable specimen of orphandom, who slunk away into corners, and would not be consoled. One parent had been French, the other English, but she understood only French.

All the other children did their best to amuse and nurse her, and she was rarely out of the arms of one or another, when she would condescend to get into them. So it was with all. And they seemed and were so happy. If they ever cried or were naughty, which, of course, was the case sometimes, we never found it out. Under the huge chestnut trees that surrounded the house there was nothing but laughter and snatches of hymns, and within its gigantic boughs no sound but birds chirping to their young.

One day we heard the children capping verses, which ended with "Like a lark, in de dark. Like an eagle, in de. . . ." No rhyme could be found. Which of our girls could supply one? Almost all of these children had a strong foreign accent, and the *th* was pain and grief to them. Some, though born of English parents, were yet bred in Paris; others had a parent of each nationality; most had been more in France than England. Many of those who were not actually orphans had been deserted by their French fathers, who, having married English-women in England, were not compelled to acknowledge them as wives in their own country. The French marriage law is very complicated, and unless all its provisions are fulfilled the union is not legal. Hence, the children are worse than orphans—their mother worse than widowed. Men calling themselves gentlemen have deserted some of these children, and left them, with their English mothers, to poverty and degradation, or to the tender mercy of strangers.

Here Miss Leigh and the Orphanage have come to the rescue, and, both in the past and present, have relieved those disavowed by their natural protector. Their stories are very sad, but there are few indexes of them on the bright faces of the children. It is the weary mothers who must bear the burden. However, the foreign accent does not interfere with the voices, which are sweet and well trained.

"Don't they sing nicely!" said an admiring critic, three years of age, to us, as she sat by our side, beating time.

This mite could speak the two languages. Her French father had, however, not deserted her, but had been removed by death. Her mother died in the English hospital, committing her to the care of one of the benevolent ladies of the Homes, who adopted her. Others have similarly adopted children.

"My mamma is in heaven," said she, pointing her tiny finger upwards with a strange solemnity, and then proceeding with infantine simplicity to tell all she knew of her previous life, which seemed to have been innocent as herself.

Her appreciation of the singing was not ill founded. Eight of the elder girls were in the church choir, and their training enabled them to lead the rest. They went every Friday evening to Christ Church for their practice, and the little excitement made a pleasant change in their routine life. Not that it was dull or monotonous. Every Saturday the whole house was astir, and all the children swarmed over it from morning till night, scrubbing, dusting, brushing, washing, till every corner was swept and cleansed, from dormitory to living-room. How busy they were, and how bright all looked against Sunday!

We went to Christ Church on Trinity Sunday, when thanksgivings were offered for our beloved Queen on the 50th anniversary of her reign, by all the English in Paris. It was very suggestive. Sunday, the "day of days," was religiously kept, both at church and at home prayer and praise ascending indoors, while the usual labour proceeded outside; but there was also one particular weekday during our visit that deserves chronicling. On this day the children donned their best frocks, hats, and blue cloaks, and marched, as on Sunday, in procession to Christ Church. This sacred building was at last completed, and the south aisle was to be consecrated by Bishop Titcomb. This really beautiful church is another result of Miss Leigh's indefatigable labours, she having obtained funds to build it near the Orphanage.

The final dedication of His house to Him was very interesting; not only because it was set apart to the service of the Triune God at the season of Trinity, but because the orphans were seated down the middle aisle and in the choir. They and the congregation formed a contingent of the 20,000 English estimated to be in Paris. The bishop's reverent manner and consecration address, together with the prayers, were very impressive, and it is a matter of thankfulness that in these our days "peoples of other tongues" and creeds can worship unmolested in countries not their own. On this occasion Miss Leigh, her voluntary helpers, some of the inmates of her Homes, and the children of her Orphanage united with other English to "praise the Lord for His goodness to the children of men." And this in the French capital!

Another marked day followed quickly upon this. If Saturday was memorable for its scrubbings, this was more so, for was not the baroness, who had built the schoolrooms as well as a new wing for the special habitation of our foundress, coming to give the prizes to the children?

"Rest and quiet!" we murmured, "where are they?" And the echo answered, "Where?" But we really enjoyed the bustle most.

When the house and its inmates were made as clean as soap and water, brushes and flannel could make them, we all breathlessly awaited our guests. The big schoolroom gradually filled with friends, and the children's copybooks and needlework were duly inspected and admired. Miss Leigh was everywhere, and when the baroness arrived, accompanied by Bishop Titcomb, took her place with them and a few others on the platform. The children marched in, two by two, singing a hymn, and took their seats opposite. Prize-giving is always a pleasant sight, and as the chaplain of Neuilly read the names of the winners and placed the books in the hands of the baroness, she must have been indeed gratified to present them to the orphaned children, of whom she was the benefactress. She performed her task simply and gracefully, and when it was over said a few kindly words to the children. "Isn't she nice? Isn't she pretty?" they whispered afterwards, and the answer was an emphatic "Yes."

The names of the Baroness Alphonse de Rothschild and that of Ada Leigh will henceforth be happily joined, and generations of children will, we hope, be taught to love them. Those present sang them their prettiest songs and hymns, and the eyes of many of the listeners glistened as they heard them. Short speeches from the bishop and Mr. Harrison concluded the little ceremony, after which the elder girls hastened to the sitting-room, where tea was prepared for the visitors. They waited well, and gave promise of soon becoming accomplished handmaidens, when they, like their predecessors, have to earn their living. Of course, they were delighted and flattered when they ministered to their own particular baroness.

But we must not linger over this scene, promising as it is, because we must draw "the moral from our tale." English girls should be warned not to contract marriages with foreigners, or to leave their own country unadvisedly. These children are the fruit of such alliances, or of a foolish desire to roam. Sad stories are daily heard of girls who come from all parts of Great Britain, Ireland, and America to Paris, sometimes to starve, at others to die. They are often attracted by advertisements, which may lead them to a fate even worse than starvation and death. To all we say emphatically, "*Stop at home*"; but to those who come, we would give the address of Miss Leigh's Homes for English Girls. At 77, Avenue Wagram, Paris, they will find protection and receive good counsel. There they can get board and lodging at a moderate charge, and may possibly obtain a situation by means of the free registry. But before leaving England a girl should write to the secretary for advice, and if she has been misled by some advertisement or doubtful situation, the ladies of the Home will make inquiries and set her right.

As in England, so in Paris and other foreign capitals, wicked people are ever at hand to deceive the unsuspecting, and many innocent but incautious girls have been lured by them to their destruction. Let the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER take this to heart, and in these days of restless wandering ask for Divine guidance first, and then for advice from people well informed in such matters before they leave their native land. Unhappily, some have come to Paris from America, as well as England, without the parental consent, and have come to the Home in a state of utter destitution, and even insanity, or, not knowing of the Home, have been found dead in their lodgings. These are not isolated cases, but, alas! too frequently occurring. We repeat, Miss Leigh, 77, Avenue Wagram, will at least, with God's help, avert such calamities.

Everyone sympathises with the struggles of the young and their desire to help their parents. But yesterday we had a conversation with a Scotch governess who had been many years in Paris, and who sent the best part of her earnings home to aid in the maintenance of an aged father; but all this time she had been unable to visit that father, and had it not been for our Home and Institute might have been herself destitute. Those orphans who have reached the age of seventeen are about to be placed in service, and are hoping, perhaps, to assist the one parent still left to some of them. They are well trained, and their start in life will be carefully guided. Two of them were confirmed last week, and every care had been taken previously to show them the way of salvation. May they walk in it!

They can as yet scarcely realise the extreme difficulty of supporting the establishment which has sheltered them, or all those other institutions connected with it. The food alone is a considerable item. "How well the children look," we remarked to one of the bigger girls. "We ought to be well; we eat enough," was her reply. And certainly they did seem to enjoy their meals when, with the untiring nurse at the head of one of the long tables, they partook of them in the large dining-room.

A difficulty has arisen in the transport of the said meals from the kitchen up a dark staircase to the refectories above ground. One of the girls was seriously injured, and Miss Leigh is appealing to the benevolent public for a lift, which, by conveying the heavy dishes, shall prevent similar accidents. She is, besides, asking for help in all sorts of ways. Money, of course; garments; lady workers who will not only labour gratuitously, but pay for their maintenance (they do all this cheerfully); and, finally, sympathy with a work that grows ever larger and larger. If instead of looking for rents in our neighbours' garments we helped to mend them, what a tidy world it would be! And if we all sympathised instead of finding fault with one another, what a peaceful family Mother Earth would have! She would soon become Eden again. Let us all help on this blessed consummation.

THE RHYME OF THE WALNUT-TREE.

By CATHERINE GRANT FURLEY.

"A woman, a dog, and a walnut-tree,
The more you beat them the better they be."

RUSTLING leaves of a walnut-tree,
Whose shade I sat in when I was young,
Have you never a message for me?
Has not your rustling a human tongue?
Many and many a time
Have I asked you this; but never a word,
In my hours of mirth, in my hours of pain,
From the roof of green have I ever heard,
Save a faint refrain
Of the silly old rhyme—
"A woman, a dog, and a walnut-tree,
The more you beat them the better they be."

Yet the gardener felleth the fruitless tree,
The wayward hound must be taught to obey.
Is this the message you bring to me?—
"Thou must be chastened, even as they.
Since thou so fain wouldst climb
The upward path to divine content,
Its peace and patience at length attain,
Thou must go as sad souls before thee went.
There's a true refrain
In the silly old rhyme—
'A woman, a dog, and a walnut-tree,
The more you beat them the better they be.'"

Easy to say, oh, walnut-tree!
Green leaves rustling in summer air;
But my heart is weary and aches in me.
Why have I sorrows so hard to bear?
Comes a sweet, faint chime—
"When the spring-time comes, and the sap 'gins swell,
Fruit grows on the boughs that have known the pain;
Thou, too, of grief's virtue one day wilt tell—
Find a sweet refrain
In the silly old rhyme—
'A woman, a dog, and a walnut-tree,
The more you beat them the better they be.'"

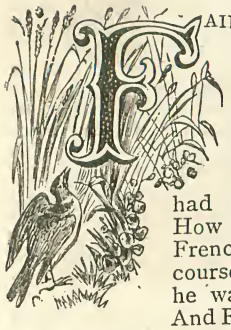
THE SHEPHERD'S FAIRY.

A PASTORALE.

By DARLEY DALE, Author of "Fair Katherine," etc.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE OLD STORY.



FAIRY walked slowly home, thinking of this strange gentleman with his courteous manners and his aristocratic bearing, so unlike anyone she had ever met before. How well he spoke French, too; but of course he did, seeing he was a Frenchman! And Fairy laughed aloud at her stupidity. He was certainly very good-looking—so tall and thin, and yet he was well made; and what nice eyes he had—such soft brown, almond-shaped eyes; and then Fairy decided she liked a moustache much better than a beard like John's, or whiskers like Mr. Leslie's. Who could this stranger be? Where did he come from? What was he doing in Lewes besides buying a horseshoe to bring him good luck? *And again* Fairy trilled out her merry laugh as she walked past the wild roses, too much absorbed in her own happy thoughts to have an eye for them now. Mrs. Shelley was downstairs when Fairy returned, but her head still ached too much for her to take much interest in this strange French gentleman; and when Fairy mentioned that Mr. Leslie had heard Jack was coming home in October or November, she was too much excited about him to pay the slightest attention to the stranger, so Fairy gave up talking of him, and sat down to dream of him over her painting.

And all that evening, when John and Charlie were discussing their sheep, and calculating what their losses were likely to be, and what the chances were that the greater part of the flock might escape the disease, Fairy was sitting idle in the garden, wondering what her hero of the blacksmith's forge was engaged in, and thinking how nice it would be if he were here to talk to her in his beautiful French. A few days later, when Fairy had made up her mind she would never see her new acquaintance again, and resolved firmly to forget him, she was out in the field in front of the house, feeding a large brood of young chickens about four o'clock in the afternoon, when she heard a horse's hoofs, and looking up saw the mysterious stranger riding past. He reined up his horse at the white gate, and, taking off his hat, begged a thousand pardons, but as he recognised the lady who had so kindly helped him out of his dilemma the other day, he really could not pass without stopping to thank her.

And then Fairy thought the stranger must be a poultry fancier, from the interest he took in her chickens, dismounting, and coming inside the field at her invitation, an invitation she was obliged to give, to examine them. How often did she feed them? Three times a day, and always at this time? What could it matter to him, she wondered; and then, having stayed as long as he dared presume to upon such a slight acquaintance, the stranger took an unwilling leave of Fairy, leaving her as wise as to who he was as before.

But the next day, when Fairy went to feed her chickens at the same time, somehow, quite accidentally, of course, though it really was a strange coincidence, the young Frenchman happened to ride past, just as she was scattering some corn to the old hen. He dismounted and came inside the gate without being asked this time, pleading, as his excuse, that it was such a treat to him to find anyone who spoke French, since the relations he was staying with did not know a word, and were apt to laugh at his English, although, for a Frenchman, he really spoke very well, as Fairy told him.

"My mother is English, though she rarely speaks anything but French now; indeed, except myself and my father, there is no one at home to understand her."

"Is your home in France then?"

"Yes, in Normandy; our place is called Parc de Courcy; it is near a village called Carolles, not a very great distance from Granville, which, I daresay, you have heard of; it is on the coast."

"Granville? Yes, I think I have. Parc de Courcy; what a pretty name!"

"Do you think so? I am glad you like it; De Courcy is my name—Reginald de Courcy; but my people always call me Rex."

"That means a king, doesn't it? They are both pretty names, Reginald and de Courcy; so is Rex."

"I should like to know what your name is very much; do you mind telling me?"

"Not at all; I am called Fairy. No one knows my real name; for I don't belong to the Shelleys; they found me on their doorstep, eighteen years ago, when I was a tiny baby, and they called me Fairy because people here all thought the fairies brought me. They are very simple, these country people, and believe in fairies. If a horse gets his tail plaited or knotted, they say the fairies did it by climbing upon his back at night, and they call it the fairies' bridle. Everything they don't understand they put down to the fairies; so as they don't know who I am or where I came from, they called me the fairies' child, or the Shepherd's Fairy." And a slight sigh escaped Fairy's pretty red lips as she told her story to this charming Frenchman.

"I am so sorry I asked you. Please forgive my curiosity; I would not have pained you for the world."

"It does not matter. I ought not to mind, for they are so kind to me here. If I were their own child they could not be fonder of me," said Fairy, wondering greatly that she should be telling this stranger all about herself as naturally as if she had known him for years, whereas it was the only topic upon which, as a rule, she was reserved even with people she knew well.

But when the next day, as four o'clock struck, and Fairy went to feed her chickens, Rex de Courcy appeared, walking this time, for his horse was not fond of standing, she began to think it could not be an accidental meeting, but that he had walked over from Oafham Park, where he had told her he was staying with his aunt, on purpose to talk to her. This did not seem to Fairy quite right, unless she told Mrs. Shelley, so she was rather stiff in her manner at first, which Mr. de Courcy noticed, and entreated so humbly to be told how he had been so unfortunate as to offend her, that at last Fairy told him if he called any more she must tell Mrs. Shelley.

"But why not tell her now? Let me come in and see her; I should like it very much," said Mr. de Courcy.

Accordingly, Fairy took him into the little sitting-room, and introduced him to Mrs. Shelley as the gentleman she had met in the blacksmith's shop. Mrs. Shelley was quite taken aback at the sight of such a grand gentleman as Mr. de Courcy evidently was, though he soon put her at her ease, and, ignoring her curtsey, offered her a chair as grandly as if she were a duchess, remaining standing till she and Fairy were seated. But though he was too well-bred to show it, Mr. de Courcy experienced rather a shock to his feelings in realising that this poor little room, which all Fairy's efforts could not make into anything more than a parlour, was her home, and this excellent, homely woman, who did not profess to be any thing but a peasant-woman, was her foster-mother. He contrasted her home and surroundings with Parc de Courcy, its stately battlements and terraced walks, its grand old trees and the still grander old servants; his lady mother and his proud, aristocratic father, eaten up with pride of birth, and secretly of opinion that the only created beings at all fit to rank with the De Courcys were the angels; and as Rex looked on this picture and on that, his heart sank within him, and he almost made up his mind this should be his last visit to the shepherd's house. To see Fairy out in the open air feeding her chickens was one thing; to see her here in her home-circle was quite another, and for the first time since he had met her Reginald de Courcy realised what a gulf yawned between them, and the more he thought of it the less chance he saw of finding a way to bridge it over.

And so, as he went back to dinner, he half resolved that this first visit to John Shelley's home should be his last, and



"'PLEASE FORGIVE MY CURIOSITY.'"

yet the next afternoon saw him wending his way thither, in spite of the scorching July sun and Lady Oafham's assurance that he would certainly get a sunstroke if he persisted in walking out in the heat of the day, instead of remaining quietly at home reading English poetry to his cousin to improve his accent.

July slipped into August, and still, every afternoon, Rex paid a visit to the shepherd's house. He was so intimate now that he walked in as a matter of course, without making any excuse for his visit, and by the bench outside where Fairy and Mrs. Shelley sat and worked, he remained talking and laughing till six o'clock struck and warned him to say good-bye, unless he wished to be late for dinner.

He and Fairy often lapsed into French almost unconsciously, so that a great part of their conversation was incomprehensible to Mrs. Shelley, who, however, very soon discovered that whether they spoke French or English they were learning to speak the universal language known to all nations, civilised or uncivilised—the language of love—fast enough. There was no mistake about Mr. de Courcy's feelings; indeed, he made no effort at concealing them, and Mrs. Shelley shrewdly suspected that dreamy look in Fairy's eyes which had of late made its appearance; those bright blushes when Rex's step was heard on the gravel; those shy glances she occasionally intercepted between the pair, all told the same old story. And yet, though her heart ached for Jack, she could not help seeing that Mr. de Courcy was a far more suitable husband for Fairy than Jack, whom even his own mother could not regard as Fairy's equal. And, like all women, Mrs. Shelley dearly liked a love affair, so, although she could not help thinking that neither the Oafhams nor the De Courcys would approve of Rex's visits if they were aware of them, she had not the courage to put a stop to them. Her usual common sense failed her in this matter; the prospect of such a brilliant marriage for Fairy blinded her eyes and warped her judgment, and, for the first time in her life, she had a secret from her husband.

All this while John Shelley's time had been very much absorbed with his sheep, for the greater part of the flock had, as he feared, taken the disease, and though, owing to his promptness in treating them and the constant care and attention he bestowed on the diseased sheep, he had only lost three or four, still both his time and his mind were so fully occupied that he had paid but little attention to the news that a strange French gentleman had been to call on Fairy once or twice lately, for Mrs. Shelley told him the first day Rex appeared of his visit, and once or twice since her conscience had obliged her to mention him.

(*To be continued.*)

GIRLS' FRIENDSHIPS.

By the Author of "Flowering Thorns."

CHAPTER IV.

THEIR INFLUENCE.



FROM the time of Rehoboam, and very likely long before him, who took counsel of the young men who had grown up with him, forsaking the counsel of the elders, young people have been influenced by the opinions of their companions. This is not more wonderful than that the average man has his opinions moulded a good deal by those of his contemporaries; the daily newspaper is their voice; a purely self-evolved idea is rare.

Girls are extremely sensitive as to what their companions say or think of them. It requires a very strong mind, or very strong principle, to be able to set their views at defiance, and on the whole this contemporary influence seems to me wholesome. If it mercilessly hews down originality under the name of eccentricity, it cuts down egotism as well. And if its tendency is to put all girls upon an average plain, yet we must remember that some must be raised to such level, as well as some pulled down to it.

A really original character will show itself in spite of such checks; it is only the spurious originality which cannot stand the test; and that we are much better without.

I cannot say that I think the average standard is high, but it can be raised, and that by earnest purposed, thoughtful girls who dare to lead more useful and more interesting lives than the rest.

But this is influence in the general, and I am going to speak of it in the particular—namely, the influence exercised by friend on friend.

Between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one the character usually takes the shape it will wear through life. A girl then receives the impressions of her surroundings as the soft wax receives the impression of a seal. Both harden in time.

Of course the supreme influence is that of character, "a reserved force which acts directly by presence," and she who has the stronger character of the pair of friends will have the more influence. This cannot be helped; it is natural. In all friendships one must lead, one follow to some extent, but equality lies in one leading at one time, and under certain circumstances, the other leading at another time, under different circumstances.

But probably it is not altogether her friend's character which affects the formation of a girl's character. The life her friend leads, her surroundings, the influences which sway her, act reflectively, and, as it were, at secondhand upon herself; and if these are in any essential point totally unlike her own, she learns by degrees to alter her own standards and try her own life by the test of her friend's. I will try and explain what I mean.

Helen leads a quiet life, with few pleasures or excitements; her friend Bertha is one of the "gay set," with plenty of amusement and excitement, of which Helen, of course, hears, and by-and-by she begins to gauge her own simple pleasures by the standard of those of her friend. A school treat or a little family picnic, which have been a real enjoyment to her, when measured by the balls and gay garden parties to which Bertha goes are found to be very flat and dull, and a subtle discontent creeps into the once happy life through this influence—not of her friend, but of her friend's life. Bertha in this case being the leader.

But in a reverse case, in which the quiet-lived Helen has the stronger character, we can imagine the thoughtless life of restless amusement looking very small and poor beside the calm pleasures of simplicity, which are attainable to all, but which only those of really fine mind can enjoy, and Bertha will find the influence of her friend's surroundings infusing a certain dissatisfaction into her own life. I have used this word "life" often, and it may perhaps sound vague in the ears of some of my readers, so I had better clearly define what I mean by it.

A girl's life, then, is the way in which she spends her days, her weeks, her years. The family of which she is a member, the society she frequents, the books she reads, the preachers she hears—all are tools which fashion that life, which make it develop in this direction or in that. Her tastes and character do not constitute her life. She may be a born student, but a delicate mother, large family, and many social claims, may make a life for her in which study is impossible.

In one sense, our lives are in our own hands. That is, we can make them, with God's help, noble and lovely, or allow them to sink to be low and mean; but we cannot alter the form of them. God gives them their mould and fashion. He shapes the image, but it rests with us whether we will have it an image of clay, or—with His help—of gold.

A girl's influence is sometimes unconsciously used to give undue balance to the tendencies of her friend's mind, bending it in a direction it would not naturally take, as we bend the branch of a young tree.

Girls are not equally interested in everything which for a time may claim their attention. Of a dozen girls in a drawing-class, perhaps only two or three will continue the work for love of it after their schooldays are over. There are those who have a positive dislike to music, and others who can find no personal enjoyment in a game of lawn tennis. Or in regard to more serious pursuits, different branches of work attract different minds. George Eliot and Florence Nightingale could not have changed places. People are naturally fitted for different kinds of work, but, under the influence of a friend, a girl is very likely to leave the work for which she is suited and take up that for which her friend is suited; and this is a mistake, I think, often made.

Ada, who is devoted to painting, thinks it would be delightful to get up a sketching club; and, of course, Charlotte must join it. Charlotte has no taste whatever for drawing, yet, for the sake of her friend, she consents, and for a considerable period wastes long hours over what she is never the least likely to succeed in—hours which she had much

better have devoted to music, for which she has real talent.

Ada also undertakes to help in parish work, and wants Charlotte's assistance in her particular branch of it, district visiting; and Charlotte agrees to try it, though she is totally unsuited to such work.

She is timid and reserved, has a constitutional horror of close rooms, and cannot hear of pain or disease without turning faint. Every visit is a real trial of nerve and resolution; but she is devoted to children and has a decided gift for teaching them. What a help she would be in the Sunday-school, if only the weight of Ada's influence could be removed.

I do not think, however, that such a bias will be permanent: the young branch will be too strong for the force employed to change its direction of growth, but there is a waste of energy and, perhaps, of experience acquired in one matter which is quite useless for another. Of what use is it to the musician, for example, that she can draw a house in perspective, or colour a sky naturally?

It may be objected that girls do not always know for what they are fitted until they try, and this is no doubt true. But still if a girl has an instinctive dislike to, or shrinking from, any proposed occupation or pursuit, it may be taken as a very correct sign that she is not fitted for it. No one can excel without enthusiasm—a genuine love for the thing attempted.

Are not our natural tastes, too, our likings and dislikings, our very constitutions in fact, given us to direct us in our choice of pursuits? St. Paul tells us of different gifts "by the same spirit," and he would not have selected the "teacher" for the post of "Evangelist," nor he who had the "gift of healing" for either.

This influence for direct good or evil is so clearly visible that it hardly needs to be even mentioned. Friendship is a channel for either good or evil influence. The stronger points out the way to the weaker, and draws her into it. It takes long to get over the influence of an early friendship, even if we know it has led us wrong, but if it has pointed right it is turned into a kind of conscience for us when we have parted with our friend.

The influence of a good friend is a power in life.

[THE END.]

VARIETIES.

A Tale of a Broken Vase.

A few days before last Christmas a young man of the period called at an old curiosity shop and found the proprietor in an agony of distraction. The poor fellow had broken into a thousand pieces a vase of great value.

"I'll buy the broken bits," said the young man.

"But the vase is past mending."

"Never mind. Put the fragments into a box securely fastened and send it to Miss G——," giving him an address in Kensington. Then, throwing down two half-crowns, the young man left the shop, saying to himself, "Not a bad idea! Miss G—— will think the vase got broken on the way!"

Two days afterwards, quite elated at his "happy thought," he called on Miss G——.

"I have received your singular present," said the lady.

"Singular?"

"Yes; look!"

And she showed her astonished visitor each broken piece of the vase carefully folded in tissue-paper. The old shopkeeper had exceeded his duty!

A Rapid Courtship.—One of the odd stories connected with the family of Kirkmann, the great harpsichord and subsequently pianoforte makers, relates to the marriage of Jacob Kirkmann, the founder of the family. He came to England early in the last century, and was apprenticed to a Flemish harpsichord maker in London. His master died, and the apprentice determined to court the widow with rapidity, and, by marrying her, secure the business and the stock-in-trade. He proposed at breakfast-time, and married her—the Marriage Act being then unknown—before twelve o'clock the same day, just a month after the decease of his master.

A Lady's Life.—Addressing a young lady, Sydney Smith says, "Do you ever reflect how you pass your life? If you live to seventy-two, which I hope you may, your life is passed in the following manner:—An hour a day is three years. This makes twenty-seven years sleeping, nine years dressing, nine years at table, six years playing with children, nine years walking, drawing, and visiting, six years shopping, and three years quarrelling."

Words in Use.—In our ordinary conversation we do not employ more than three or four thousand words; in the poems of the learned Milton not more than eight thousand are to be found; in the pages of Shakespeare about fifteen thousand.

A Dog Story.

It is related by Professor Bell that when a friend of his was travelling abroad, he one morning took out his purse to see if it contained sufficient change for a day's jaunt he proposed making. He departed from his lodgings, leaving a trusted dog behind. When he dined, he took out his purse to pay, and found that he had lost a gold coin from it.

On returning home in the evening, his servant informed him that the dog seemed to be very ill, as they could not induce it to eat anything. He went at once to look at his favourite, and as soon as he entered the room the faithful creature ran to him, deposited the missing gold coin at his feet, and then devoured the food placed for it with great eagerness.

The truth was that this gentleman had dropped the coin in the morning; the dog had picked it up, and kept it in his mouth, fearing even to eat, lest it should lose its master's property before an opportunity offered to restore it.

What Women think of Old Books.—Broadly speaking, women detest the books which the book collector desires and admires. First, they don't understand them; second, they are jealous of their mysterious charms; third, books cost money, and it really is a hard thing for a lady to see money expended on what seems a dingy old binding or yellow paper scored with crabbed characters. Thus ladies wage a skirmishing war against booksellers' catalogues, and history speaks of husbands who have had to practise the guile of smugglers when they conveyed a new purchase across their own frontier. Thus many married men are reduced to collecting Elzevirs, which go readily into the pocket; for you cannot smuggle a folio volume easily.—*Andrew Lang.*

Cleaning House.—A flame is in her glassy eye, a broom is in her hand; aloft she lifts a sudden cry that sounds like a new brass band. Her dress is reefed about her knees, as through the house she cuts a path, and in her every stranger sees a being of majestic wrath. Stepladders scale the papered heights, and tubs of water flood the floor: her voice is heard from morn till night, rising above the awful roar. Fly from her presence, dog and cat; fly from her presence, man and mouse: it is the vernal frenzy that possesses her—she's cleaning house.

Discretion.—Discreet women have neither eyes nor ears.

"Any excuse is better than none."

Few people when found fault with seem to forget the adage, "Any excuse is better than none." "Cabby, if you do not drive faster I shall give you no *pourboire*," said a French gentleman. "I have already run over two persons and monsieur is not yet satisfied," was the unexpected reply.

An equally ready excuse was made by another driver in Paris for not running over a foot-passenger. The horse was just about to knock down a lady, when the cabby by a superhuman effort reined in the animal, checking it so sharply that it reared up on its haunches.

"Bravo, coachee, nobly done!" exclaimed a spectator.

"I wouldn't have run over her for the world," replied the coachman. "She would have been my thirteenth this month, and thirteen is always an unlucky number."

"She was so Pleasant."—In a New Zealand cemetery on a gravestone is to be found, with the name and age of the dead, the words, "She was so pleasant!" Think, girls, what a delightful character she must have been to have an epitaph like that! It makes one think that a choir of nightingales is perched upon her grave, and singing melodious chants to her memory.

The Root of Mischief.—I have been assured that nine parts in ten, which is a large percentage, of all the mischief moving upon the earth has its root in some female caprice or suggestion; and, without heeding exotic information, I know by my own observation that whenever a wise man plays the fool we may expect that a woman is at the bottom of it.—*De Quincey.*

Views, Narrow and Broad.—Nothing more effectually weighs down the spirits, contracts the sources of pleasure, and darkens the countenance, than the exclusive thought of and reference to personal interest; and no one can hope to maintain a cheerful disposition or to exert an inspiring influence until she takes a genuine interest in other things and other people.

The Book of the World.—The world is the book of women. Whatever knowledge they may possess is more commonly acquired by observation than by reading.—*Rousseau.*

Slighted Opportunities.—Opportunities are very sensitive things; if you slight them on their first visit, you seldom see them again.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MUSIC.

G. C.—We think the name Grand is only a name, and implies nothing about the merits of the piece in the eyes of the public.

A Berkshire Lass.—If you know a girl who has taught herself to play the zither, you might consult her about it. We should have thought that some lessons were required. You had better inquire for a secondhand instrument at some London musical instrument shop.

Marion.—Write to the secretary, Trinity College, London, Mandeville-place, Manchester-square, W., for a prospectus.

Juno.—By no means indispensable; if you cannot acquire it, be contented as you are.

Maggie.—We should not advise you to attempt the mandoline; of course, you would need teaching if you know nothing of music.

I. F. D.—In copying music, you had better mark the bars as each set of notes which they are to contain is completed.

COOKERY.

Guitar ought to consult a doctor, and be careful not to play tennis, nor to stand too long, as she overfatigues herself too much. 2. A simple American recipe for buckwheat cakes is—to two quarts of warm milk or water, add one tea-cup of yeast and one spoonful of salt; stir in the buckwheat flour till it be a thick batter. Set it to rise the night before it is wanted in a warm place. When making your cakes, leave at least half a pint in the jar to serve as yeast for another mixture. Fry the cakes in lard or butter, *i.e.*, a large spoonful of butter to each cake.

ART.

Cynthia.—*Crystoleum painting* consists of affixing photographs to glass with such mediums as render them transparent. They are then finished by being painted in oil-colours; the colours being applied to the back of the photographs, and showing through the pictures. An article on this art-work appeared in the summer number called *Silver Sails*.

R. T.—Body-colours are used for painting lace. These are simply water-colours mixed with Chinese white, and are sold by all artists' colourmen. The fashion for this lace is not likely to be a lasting one, therefore the work cannot be very remunerative. The best sales would probably be made amongst your own private friends.

An Irish Girl.—We have very often said in these columns that, though there are many firms who buy painted cards, in the matter of disposing of them you must be your own saleswoman, and go to each firm with specimens of your work, until you find a purchaser.

MISCELLANEOUS.

E. Birmingham.—In reference to making the acquaintance of your neighbours under the circumstances you name, we can only say that, if the first advance should be made by you, you should have called in person to inquire for the family after a death, and certainly not have sent your card by a servant. The next time your father meets Mr. D., could he not open the subject, and say that, being such near neighbours, Mrs. B. would do herself the pleasure of calling on Mrs. D., if mutually agreeable?

M. E. P. D.—It has ceased to be the custom to send wedding cake to friends, whether the married pair leave without the breakfast or not. But members of their immediate families, such as brother, sister, uncle or aunt, would probably expect some.

Frivolous Sixteen (Constantinople).—Wear broad-toed, low-heeled, stuff shoes, and consult a doctor about the condition of your feet. It may be hereditary and constitutional.

A. X.—Persevere in prayer for faith and grace, pleading the promises given in St. John xiv. 13, 14, and St. Matthew vii. 11. Be regular in your Scripture reading, and have good courage. See St. John vi. 37.

Edith.—Your writing is not formed, and is not suitable for a book-keeper. You had better take some lessons in writing a good clerk's hand.

Dimple.—We fear that the good grandma who tells her the dimple on her cheek is very pretty is spoiling the little body who writes to us under that name, especially as she says her writing is very nice. We think she had not got on her spectacles when it was shown to her. In reference to her question, if she has her mamma's approval in joining the useful society she names, little "Dimple" may reckon on having ours.

Mona.—We gave an article on Christmas decorations in one of our Christmas numbers, two years ago, or perhaps three. We prefer not to write more than once on precisely the same subject.

A. J. B.—A bride has nothing to provide for her new home. It is the business of her intended husband to provide a suitable home for her, ready furnished with every requisite before her marriage, to supply the place of that from which he takes her.

A. B. C.—You were quite right in not returning the bow of any man with whom you were not acquainted. Girls who travel by train to school should be most particular in their conduct, and keep up an appearance of gravity and reserve. Why should you feel uncomfortable in meeting this man? Never look in men's faces; it is quite enough to see them at a distance. No gentleman could be so ignorant of the usages of society as to be the first to bow to any lady. It could only be regarded as an insult.

Dyspeptic.—Your collie dog is sickening for distemper. Keep him warm, clean, and dry, and feed him with beef tea, biscuits soaked in milk, porridge, or any light food. Better let a veterinary surgeon see him, and keep at a distance from him yourself, as it is unwholesome at such a time, and the disease is infectious. Let no other dog nor cat go near him. Wagner is pronounced Vag-ner.

Rhos Fynach.—A village-well differs from a pond, or fairy-pool, by the use of a bucket instead of a fishing-rod, and the attendants should be dressed in old-time village costume. A carpenter could erect a deal cross-piece and support for the windlass, which might be partly concealed by wreaths of evergreens, ivy, and flowers, on the day of the bazaar.

E. M. F.—A wash of rosemary tea, applied with a sponge to the roots of the hair, usually promotes its growth.

Miss Scott sends a request for any old books or magazines to be sent to the Parsonage, Ravensdale, co. Louth, Ireland, for the use of a free library.

Ruth.—We can see no difficulty in the question you raise. There is a decided distinction made in the New Testament—as under the Jewish economy—between the vocations of the priesthood and those of the Prophets. The Jewish priesthood was composed of men only, and women could not interfere with the ministrations in the Temple. The office of Prophet was not confined to one sex; it was perfectly distinct from the priesthood, and has belonged equally to both women and men, under both dispensations. Women were not to usurp the office of the priesthood or clergy in the Church; but still, St. Paul says, "Help those women who labour with me in the Gospel," not in serving tables and nursing the sick only. Thus it is clear that they may act as Evangelists out of the Church, at meetings and in private houses, as missionaries at home and abroad. Mark well the distinction.

Regular Subscriber.—Wash the teeth at night as well as in the morning. A preparation of carbolic tooth-powder would be very good, used once a day.

Mignonette.—Children should never be allowed to talk at table. They should at such times only speak when they are spoken to. On the contrary, so far as digestion is concerned, they are apt to swallow their food too fast and not properly masticated when doing two things at once (talking and eating). Besides, it is very ill-bred for children to talk when at table.

M. E. Powell.—Being of mature age, we think you at liberty to do as you have said, always remembering the dutiful and affectionate considerations due to a parent's feelings and wishes. Perhaps, if made a subject of painful difference, some little kindly compromise might be made. Supposing you to be still living under a parent's roof, and that parent obliged to go to her place of worship alone, you might arrange to go in turns to hers and your adopted church. But great delicacy is essential. If away from home, the case is different.

A. W. G. (Hungary).—We regret to say that we are unable to avail ourselves of the story you were so good as to offer us. Accept our acknowledgments for the kind expression of opinion with which you favour us respecting our paper, together with our best wishes.

Segna.—How can you ask what you can do to be less a drone in your home, when it is not merely dulness of intellect that stands in your way, but, as you say, you are lazy, untidy, unpunctual, etc.? Set yourself to be tidy, punctual, diligent, and thus make some little return to those so indulgent to you. This is the way to show your thankfulness. If you have nothing to do for yourself, inquire every day what you can do for your parents to help or amuse them. If you have no news to tell your father, ask whether he would like to be read to, when alone with him; or ask his opinion or instruction on some points; or inquire about his early days. Pass quickly from one occupation to another; have some little article of needlework for a friend, or the poor, to take up at odd minutes, remembering that, in serving others with a view to pleasing Him, you serve the Lord. Ask daily for His grace to help you.

Elsie.—If not too cold, a black barége or such-like thin material would be suitable, trimmed with a colour. A bow or two or sash would brighten it sufficiently. You need not bow to the audience until they thank you for your performance.

F. M. T.—"Forgive, blest shade," is the beginning of an epitaph in Brading Churchyard, Isle of Wight, set to music by Sir John Caldicott in 1794. It is said to have been written by a clergyman on his daughter, and that he never wrote another line of poetry after it nor ever before it.

Dottie.—A novel is merely a story designed for grown people. The G.O.P. is certainly not a novel; it consists of a great collection of matter of different descriptions: articles, recipes, answers to correspondents, music, illustrations, etc. It is a magazine.

Vilma Honvay (Hungary).—Your English is capital, but one sentence is reversed. You say, "Tell me if I write well enough English for a foreigner." You should say, "Tell me whether I write English well enough," etc., and "whether my writing be nice." We are sorry if your letters were not answered, and thank you for your kind letter.

Autumn.—You have chosen an inappropriate name, since you are not yet fifty. Employ your thoughts in some active, practical way, or else in an interesting book. You are beginning to dread winter too soon at the commencement of August. Do not meet troubles half way. Pain, such as you describe, might be relieved by a teaspoonful of sal volatile or essence of peppermint in a wineglass of water.

G. A.—The addresses of all the churches and chapels of every denomination are given in Charles Dickens's "Dictionary of London," published yearly at one shilling.

Nance.—It is best, in a large party at tea, to have small jugs of milk and tiny basins of sugar by every two or three guests, so that they can help themselves. There is nothing to prevent your sitting down, but you must rise when your hostess appears.

Jean.—We know of nothing save the Governess's Benevolent Institution, which has a provident fund. You might write to the secretary, 32, Sackville-street, London, W., for information.

Alice Clake.—1. The words about which you inquire mean only a remembrance of Naples, we think, but you have not copied them very correctly. 2. We should cut the hair shorter and rub in plenty of vaseline at the roots. We sympathise much with you, but we think you had better turn your thoughts away from the subject with all the determination you possess. Think of something better; try some study—like botany—to divert your thoughts. People with a hobby are always happy, because their attention is constantly occupied, and they have no time to waste on troubles. The latter do "not spring out of the ground." A lesson of submission has to be learnt, and this can only be acquired through Divine aid. Seek this in prayer.

Hetta.—The slang term, "the cheese," is derived from the word choose, from the Anglo-Saxon *ceosan*. The French is *choisir*. In the time of Chaucer the word for choose was cheese.

> ". . . . Now thou might cheese
> How thou cometest to cal me. . . ."
>
> P. Ploughman.

Thus, the *sobriquet* of the 1st Life Guards, "the Cheeses," is designed to be complimentary.

A. Newton.—The Irish Round Towers have supplied a subject for much discussion and interesting research. The last result has been to regard their use as for the preservation of the sacred fires of the Druids or Magi, and that they were called fire towers. They seem to have been partly built by the Druids and partly by Christianised Druids.

Rose.—1. The defect of sight called short sight, or myopia, is due to the fact that the antero-posterior axis of the eyeball is longer than normal, and thus the rays are brought to a focus in front of the retina, and a blurred image is formed. Myopia is remedied by the use of concave glasses. Far sight, or presbyopia, is due to the antero-posterior axis being short, and the image is formed behind the retina. 2. Writing good; spelling needs attention. You say "the former lacks stile;" was it a wooden or a stone one?

Hebrides.—We have read your troubled letter carefully, and we think that with you "the letter killeth," and you must find the "spirit that giveth life." This spirit is love. Try and do every action in this spirit of love to everyone; be good and loving to all, helpful, unselfish, and sympathetic, "seeking for nothing again." In this life, which is the Christ-life, you will find untold happiness and peace. There will be no room for morbid thoughts in serving and loving others better than yourself, and for Christ's sake.

Edith.—Your mother's first cousin is your first cousin once removed. The 7th Dec., 1869, was a Tuesday.

Grace's Friend.—The copy of the Bible is of too modern a date to be valuable.

Ole Clo.—We should think that Jonadab, the son of Rechab, was the greatest example of a temperance reformer mentioned in the Bible. His establishment of a rule for his posterity "that they should possess neither houses nor land, but should live in tents," and "should drink neither wine nor strong drink," seems to have been dictated by a desire to preserve their independence and individuality as a distinct race and tribe, and also as a protest against the surrounding idolatry, as he was zealous for the pure worship of God, and was associated with Jehu in the destruction of the idolatrous house of Ahab.

Ivy Vine and Tansy.—You fold your mackintosh, and that is why it sticks together. Hang it out on a clothes-horse in a cool place. "Tansy" should take hers to a shop for an opinion.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. VIII.—NO. 372.] FEBRUARY 12, 1887. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

A DAUGHTER OF SORROWS.

CHAPTER II.

THE ORPHAN OF THE TEMPLE.

THOSE who would follow the story of the dark days in the Temple, can do so best by the perusal of the record left by Madame Royale herself. Written with an almost naive simplicity, it is touching in the highest degree, while incidentally it affords graphic pictures of the various members of the royal family.

Here, for instance, is Marie Antoinette sketched to the life. "Her calm contempt and her dignified air generally struck them (the municipal officers) with respect. They seldom ventured to speak to her."

"We passed the entire day together," writes the princess. "My father gave a lesson in geography to my brother; my mother made him read some pages of history, and learn some verses, and my aunt gave him a lesson in arithmetic. My father was so fortunate as to find a library which gave him occupation; my mother employed her time in working embroidery. . . . My aunt spent the greater part of her time in praying, and always read the prayers of the day. She read a great number of books of piety, which my mother frequently requested her to read aloud."

Every day exposed the prisoners to fresh insults.

"Antoinette pretends to be proud," said Rocher, one of their guards, "but I have brought her pride down. She, her daughter, and Elizabeth bow as they pass me, in spite of themselves. They must bend to me, for I keep the wicket low. Every night I puff my smoke into the eyes of Elizabeth as she passes." "Ca ira" was sung under the King's windows, and he was openly threatened from time to time with death. After the end of September he was separated from his family, and they were only allowed to meet at meals. At these times they were only permitted to converse in a loud tone, and in French, and Madame Elizabeth was severely rebuked by one of the guards because she spoke to her brother in a low voice.

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THE DAUPHIN IN THE TEMPLE.

In December and January came the King's trial and condemnation. The agony of these days of suspense to the Queen, her sister, and her children, cannot be described. When the fatal sentence was pronounced, they were allowed one parting interview. The story of that farewell has often been told. It lasted for nearly two hours and a half. When the moment of separation came, Madame Royale swooned at her father's feet, and had to be borne away by the faithful Cléry, from whom she was snatched by one of the municipal officers, who carried her roughly to her room. All the night she fell from one swoon to another, and her aunt only left her to prostrate herself before the crucifix in an agony of prayer.

"The Queen had scarcely strength sufficient left to undress my brother and put him to bed. She herself lay down in her clothes, and all night long we could hear her shivering with cold and anguish." The King had promised to see them again in the morning, but he deemed it better not to expose them to the further ordeal. The beat of the drums and the shouts of the people told them that all was over.

"Nothing succeeded in calming the anguish of my mother," writes Madame Royale; "life or death had become indifferent to her. She sometimes gazed at us with a piteously forlorn air that made us shudder. Happily my own illness was increased by sorrow, and this gave my poor mother some occupation."

Marie Antoinette was unwilling to walk in the garden of the Temple after her husband's death, for in so doing she was obliged to pass the door of the room where he had been confined. Afraid, however, that the want of air would tell on her children's health, she obtained leave to walk with them on the top of the Tower. The platform was, however, surrounded with lattice work, and the air-holes were carefully stopped. The Queen asked to have a door opened between her room and that of Madame Elizabeth, but this request, after being referred to the Council General, was refused. At all hours—sometimes in the dead of night—their rooms were invaded by the municipals, or by commissaries of the convention, often intoxicated, who rudely searched every corner, and took away whatever little trifles they could find. "They searched even beneath our mattresses," says Madame Royale, on one occasion; "my poor brother was sleeping. They tore him roughly from his bed that they might search it, and my mother held him in her arms, quite benumbed with cold."

In the beginning of July the Convention ordered that the Dauphin should be separated from his mother, and committed to the guardianship of Simon, the shoemaker, in another part of the Tower. A terrible scene ensued when this decree was communicated to the hapless prisoners. The poor boy—he was only eight years old—threw himself with cries of terror into his mother's arms for protection, and Marie Antoinette for more than an hour defended the bed on which she laid him against the municipal officers, protesting that they should kill her before they should take away her child. "At length they grew enraged, and threatened so positively to kill both him and me, that her love for us once more compelled her to yield. My aunt and I took my brother out of bed, as my mother herself had no strength left; and, as soon as he was dressed, she took him in her arms, and, after bathing him in her tears, which were the more bitter as she foresaw that it was the last time she should ever see him, she placed him herself in the hands of the municipal officers."

The mother's cup of sorrows was nearly full. Madame Royale thus pictures the days that followed:—

"We ascended to the top of the Tower very frequently, because my brother also walked there at his side of the building, and the only pleasure my mother now had was to get an occasional distant glimpse of him through a small slit in the division wall. She used to remain there for entire hours, watching the moment when she could see her child. This was her only desire, her only solace, and her only occupation."

A month later Marie Antoinette's own turn came, and she was removed to the Conciergerie. She rose up, and submitted herself in silence.

"My mother, having first tenderly embraced me and exhorted me to take courage, to pay every attention to my aunt, and to obey her as a second mother, repeated to me the religious instructions I had before received from my father, and then, throwing herself into the arms of my aunt, she recommended her children to her care. I could not utter a word in reply, so overwhelmed was I at the thought that it might be the last time I should see her. My aunt said a few words to her in a low voice of anguish and despair. My mother then hastened from the room without casting another look towards us, fearful, no doubt, lest her firmness should desert her. She was stopped for some time at the bottom of the stairs while the municipal officers drew up a *procès verbal* for the keeper of the prison as a discharge for her person. In passing through the prison gate she struck her head against the wicket, her thoughts being so occupied that she forgot to stoop. She was asked if she had hurt herself. 'Oh, no,' said she; 'nothing now can hurt me.'"

Madame Royale and her aunt were now left alone. Inconsolable at the loss of the Queen, they made constant and urgent inquiries concerning her, and begged earnestly to be reunited to her. They were only told, however, in the vaguest terms that no harm would come to her. In September the rigour of their imprisonment was increased. They were confined to one room, and no longer allowed a servant to do the coarse work. "We made our beds ourselves, and were obliged to sweep the room, which took us a long time to do at first, until we got accustomed to it." They were not allowed to walk on the Tower, for fear they should attempt to escape, although the windows were all barred. Anything that could tend in any way to their comfort or convenience was taken away. Madame Elizabeth asked for something instead of meat on fast days. She was told that under the new rules of equality there was no difference between the days. When she asked another time, she was told, "No one but fools believe now in all that nonsense." In spite of these refusals, however, she managed to keep Lent strictly when it came. She took no breakfast, and reserved the coffee then provided for her dinner, while at night she only took bread. She wisely, however, forbade Madame Royale following her example, and urged her to eat whatever was brought, saying she had not yet come to an age which required her to abstain. In the winter evenings she taught her niece tric-trac, which they played together, "as a sort of distraction to our grief." As the days began to get longer, however, they were not allowed any more candles, and had to go to bed as soon as it was dark.

The beautiful prayer composed by Madame Elizabeth, which the aunt and niece used daily, shows us the pure influence which was helping to mould Madame Royale's character, and the spirit in which days of dreariness and grief were met and conquered:—

"What may befall me this day, O God! I know not; but I do know that nothing can happen to me which Thou hast not foreseen, ruled, willed, and ordained from all eternity; and that suffices me. I adore Thy eternal and inscrutable designs. I submit to them with all my heart, through love to Thee. I accept all; I make unto Thee a sacrifice of all; and to this poor sacrifice I add that of my Divine Saviour. In His name, and for the sake of His infinite merits, I ask of Thee that I may be endowed with patience under suffering, and with the perfect submission which is due to all which Thou willest or permittest."

All this time they remained ignorant of the fate of the Queen. They had, indeed, heard the street hawkers crying the sentence of death under their windows; but, though their hearts misgave them at times, they refused to believe that the sentence could have been actually carried out, and so hoped against hope. Whether from callous indifference or because no one had the heart to tell them, the fatal news never reached their ears, and it was eighteen months before Madame Royale knew of her mother's death.

Thus the days passed until the 9th of May, 1794. The day had been spent as usual, and the prisoners were just going to bed, when loud and continued knocking at the door and demands for immediate admission warned them of some new evil. The summons was for Madame Elizabeth. "Citizen, will you accompany us downstairs?" "And my niece?" "She shall be taken care of afterwards." Madame Elizabeth embraced her niece, and told her, by way of reassuring her, that she would soon return. "No, citizen," said the ruffians; "you will not return. Put on your bonnet and go downstairs." "She bore it all with patience," says Madame Royale, "put on her bonnet, embraced me once more, and told me to take courage and be firm, to place my hope in God, to live in the good principles of religion which my parents had taught me, and to keep constantly in my mind the last advice of my father and mother. She then departed."

The young girl of fifteen was thus left, as she herself expresses it, "in an utter state of desolation." She "passed a cruel night"; but, though filled with fears, she could not believe that serious harm could be intended to one who was so saintly and pure, and who could never be accused of taking any share in the Government or of any political offence. She was told the next day, in answer to her inquiries, that her aunt had been to take the air. She little thought that Madame Elizabeth had even then travelled her last journey and reached her long home.

Madame Royale's health did not sink under these accumulated sorrows, heavy and bitter though they were. Hué, her father's faithful attendant, writes of her:—"She had attained an age in which sorrows are keenly felt, but had learned by great examples to show herself superior to adversity. Left entirely by herself in the Tower of the Temple, God being her only adviser and support, she increased in grace and virtue, and grew like the lily which the tempest spared." The loving foresight of her aunt doubtless contributed in great measure to the preservation of her health. She had planned out the days for her, appointing set times for prayer, reading, work, and the care of her room. She had taught her to do everything for herself, showed her how to freshen the air of the room by sprinkling water, and had made her take regular exercise by walking rapidly, watch in hand, for an hour at a time. She saw no one except the municipal officers, who continued to search her room at frequent intervals, and the persons who brought her meals. To the latter she never spoke; to the former only to answer briefly a direct question. Madame Elizabeth had impressed on her that if ever she were left alone, she should immediately ask to have a woman to live with her. She felt obliged to obey her aunt's wish, but feared that if her

request were granted, some uncongenial person would be given her for a companion. It was, however, refused, and the princess confesses that she was very glad.

So the long summer days passed away, and the autumn came and went. Day followed day in a dreary sameness of solitude. The Princess of France grew to be thankful for very small mercies. "I continued at least to keep myself clean," she writes. "I had soap and water, and I swept my room every day. . . . . I was not allowed any light; but in the long days I did not much feel this privation. They refused to give me any other books; those I had were books of piety and travels, which I had read over and over a thousand times. I also had a knitting machine, of which I was completely tired."

The appointment of a fresh commissary of the Convention, named Laurent, to take charge of the princess and her brother, brought some little relief. The unhappy Dauphin, after enduring six months' brutal treatment from Simon, had been left six months unattended and alone, and was reduced to the last degree of misery. Laurent, who seems to have been a kind-hearted man, did what he could for him, and treated Madame Royale with civility and consideration. She ventured to ask for news of her mother and her aunt, and asked him to use his influence to have her restored to her mother, but "he replied with an evident air of embarrassment and pain, that these were matters with which he had no concern."

"The winter passed with tolerable tranquillity," writes the princess, "and I had reason to be satisfied with the civility of my keepers. They offered to make my fire, and allowed me as much wood as I wished, which was a source of great comfort to me. They also brought me the books I asked for; Laurent had already procured me some. The greatest distress I had was in not being able to learn anything respecting my mother or my aunt."

The course of the spring of 1795 was marked only by the gradual fading away of the Dauphin. The Committee of General Safety sent physicians at last, and fresh keepers strove by their kindness to compensate in some feeble measure for the past cruelties he had endured, but it was too late. He grew weaker and weaker, then fever set in, which he had no strength to resist, and he died on the 9th of June. The poor child was only a little over ten years old.

With the death of her brother, Madame Royale's memoirs come to a conclusion, but we learn from other sources what followed.

The Government seem to have felt they had gone too far. A feeling of pity for "the daughter of the last King" began to be awakened. A petition was presented from the City of Orleans, urging that she should be restored to freedom, and negotiations were set on foot which had in view an exchange of the princess for some prisoners in the custody of the Austrian Government. Meanwhile Madame Royale was treated with much greater consideration, and a lady, Madame de Chantereine, was appointed to attend on her.

Above all her old friends. Madame de Tourzel, and her daughter, Pauline, and Madame de Mackan, former sub-governess to the children of France, were, after some difficulty, allowed to visit the Temple. Madame de Tourzel, in her memoirs, has left us many details of their first meeting.

They had left the princess feeble and delicate, and were surprised to find her beautiful, tall, and strong, and with that air of distinction which was her peculiar



THE PARTING.

characteristic, while they traced in her the features of the King, the Queen, and even of Madame Elizabeth. She had much to tell them of all three, and they drew from her many touching particulars of her solitary captivity. She confessed she had grown so weary of her profound solitude, that she had said to herself that she should not be able to keep from loving any companion they might give her short of a monster. When Madame de Tourzel expressed a hope that she might be allowed to leave France, Madame Royale answered sadly "that she still found some comfort in dwelling in a country which held the ashes of those who had been dearest to her in the world." And, she added with a burst of tears, that "she would have been much happier if she could have shared their fate instead of being condemned to weep for them." No single expression of bitterness, however, escaped from her.

The good Marquise was considerably shocked at the freedom with which Madame de Chantereine treated the princess, and the airs of authority which she assumed over her. The Marquise and her daughter endeavoured to make her see this by the great respect which they themselves showed Madame Royale, but is was to no purpose. Madame Royale, however, had attached herself to the lady, and did not resent her familiarity. Any companion who showed her kindness was welcome to her, and Madame de Chantereine was an educated person, could speak Italian, of which the princess was fond, and gave her lessons in embroidery, at which she was very skilful.

Madame Royale was allowed once more to walk in the garden of the Temple. The faithful Hué hired a room in a house overlooking the garden, and ventured to sing in her hearing a ballad which foretold that her captivity would soon be over. More than this, he contrived to have conveyed to the princess a letter, with which he had been entrusted by her uncle, Louis XVIII., and to obtain her reply. From Madame de Tourzel Madame Royale learnt that it was the wish of her uncle, as it had been that of her parents, that she should wed her cousin, the Duc d'Angoulême. It was the first time she had heard this, and she expressed surprise that her father and mother had never spoken to her on the subject, but Madame de Tourzel explained that they had probably refrained on account of her youth, and for fear of distracting her attention from her studies. The thought of being able to carry out what had been her parents' wish made a great impression on the princess, and with a fresh interest thus awakened she asked Madame de Tourzel many questions respecting the Duke.

The discovery, however, of a supposed Royalist plot, and, later on, the application of the Tuscan Envoy to be allowed to salute the princess, caused her to be again more closely confined and debarred from the society of her friends. But her captivity was now to be only of short duration, and at the end of November the following order opened the gates of the Temple:—

"The Executive Directory resolve that the Ministers of the Interior and Foreign Relations are charged to take the measures necessary to accelerate the exchange of the daughter of the last King for the Citizens Camus, Quinette, and other deputies or agents of the Republic; to appoint a proper officer of the gendarmerie, fit for the purpose, to accompany the daughter of the last King as far as Basle; and to allow her to take with her such persons engaged in her education as she likes best."

(*To be continued.*)



EVERY GIRL A BUSINESS WOMAN.

A PRACTICAL GUIDE TO THE WORLD OF INDUSTRY AND THRIFT.

By JAMES MASON.

PART IV.



T the end of our last article we were speaking of the Post Office as a banking establishment, and we did not finish all there was to say on the subject.

Being both bankers and letter-carriers, the postal authorities offer unusual facilities to the public for sending money to different places, either in the United Kingdom, or in the colonies, or in foreign countries. This department of their business is divided into two branches—that dealing with *Money Orders*, which are an old institution, and that occupied with *Postal Orders*, which only came into use in 1880.

Money orders were first started in 1792 by three Post Office clerks, with the idea that they would be of service for sending small sums safely to soldiers and sailors. The business gradually extended, and in 1838 was taken over by the Government.

The charge for remitting was at first eightpence in the pound; but it has been reduced from time to time, the last reduction being made only a few months ago. It now stands as follows:—To remit to any place in the United Kingdom any sum not exceeding a pound costs 2d.; from one pound and not exceeding two pounds costs 3d.; from two pounds and not exceeding four pounds costs 4d.; from four pounds and not exceeding seven pounds costs 5d.; and from seven pounds to ten pounds you have to pay 6d. No single order is issued for more than ten pounds; but if you have to remit, say, thirty pounds, it is an easy matter to get three orders.

To get a money order, the first thing you have to do is to fill up an "application form," to be had gratuitously at all money order offices. All post offices, by the way, are not money order offices. Here is a form filled up:—

MONEY ORDER REQUIRED
For £9 2s. 3d.
Payable at *Pepperness*.
To *Miss Flora Sprat*.
Sent by *Esmeralda B. G. Constable*.
Residing at *Grumblethorpe*.

The amount of the order required, along with the commission—the total in this case would be £9 2s. 9d.—is handed over with the form to the postmaster, or whoever is acting for him. No order may contain a fractional part of a penny. To make an order more secure, it may be "crossed," just as we mentioned could be done with cheques. In that case it is payable only through a bank.

When a money order is to be paid in London, or in any other town where there are more money order offices than one, the sender should say at what particular office she wishes it to be paid. Should she not do so, and only say, "Payable at London," or "Manchester," or "Edinburgh," the receiver of the order will get payment at the head office in the town only.

As a precaution against dishonest people, it is recommended that when the sender of the order is well known to the receiver, the letter enclosing it should be signed with initials only When she is not well known, safety may be given to the order by making it payable ten days after date, or by having it crossed like a cheque, or by registering the letter containing it; or the name of the sender may be sent in a separate letter from that containing the money order. If ever you make a money order payable ten days after date, you must on obtaining it affix to it, in the presence of the postmaster, a penny adhesive stamp, and write your signature across the stamp.

When an order is presented for payment, the person presenting it is asked "Who sent this order?" and if this question is correctly answered, and the order is properly receipted, the sum is at once handed over, "unless the postmaster have good reason for believing that the applicant is neither the rightful claimant, nor deputed by him or her."

Money orders are not only to be obtained for places in the United Kingdom. They are also issued on France, Belgium, Switzerland, Germany, Italy, Holland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, the United States, and several other foreign countries, and on most of the British colonies and foreign possessions. The rates of commission charged for these foreign money orders are—For sums not exceeding two pounds, 6d.; from two pounds to five pounds, 1s.; from five pounds to seven pounds, 1s. 6d.; and from seven pounds to ten pounds, the highest limit of a single order—2s. The regulations affecting foreign money orders may be seen in the useful Postal Guide, which is published, as we mentioned in our first article, once every quarter.

There has been a considerable falling-off of recent years in the number of inland money orders issued, colonial and foreign orders having, however, on the other hand, increased in number. The decrease has been brought about by the introduction of postal orders, as they are called, which have been found much more convenient in some respects, not to speak of their being, for small sums, decidedly cheaper.

These postal orders, payable on presentation without previous notice, are issued for fixed sums from a shilling up to a pound, and are to be obtained at all money order offices in the United Kingdom, as well as at Malta, Gibraltar, and Constantinople. Here are the amounts for which they are issued, together with the "poundage" payable on each order: There are orders for 1s. and 1s. 6d., on which the charge is ½d.; then there are orders for 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s., 3s. 6d., 4s., 4s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s., and 10s. 6d., which cost 1d. each; and, last of all, there are orders for 15s. and 20s., on which one has to pay 1½d. A postal order is in the following form:—

To the Postmaster in charge of the Money Order Office at.....

Pay to....., at any time within Three Calendar Months from the last day of the month of issue, the sum of Ten Shillings, on account of Her Majesty's Postmaster-General.

When one has to remit broken amounts, say 4s. 2½d., or 8s. 3d., or 10s. 9½d., postage stamps may be affixed to the face of the orders; but the stamps used in this way on any one order must not exceed fivepence in value.

Every postal order issued has this regulation printed on it:—"The person to whom this order is issued must, before parting with it, fill in the name of the person to whom the amount is to be paid, and may fill in the name of the money order office at which the amount is to be paid." The word *must* is underlined in the Postal Guide; but the public having discovered that postal orders are a very convenient form of small currency, have never taken the regulation seriously. In fact, postal orders are coming more and more to be passed from hand to hand like coin, the blank spaces in the order being only filled in when it comes to the last holder.

When circulating in this way, however, postal orders have an inconvenience: they must be cashed within three calendar months from the last day of the month when they were issued, otherwise a sum equal in amount to the original "poundage" is charged for every additional three months that passes before the order is presented for payment. Suppose a postal order kept on circulating, it would fall in value every three months. A shilling postal order at the end of a year would only be worth 10½d.; at the end of two years its value would be 8½d.; and suppose it remained uncashed for six years, all you would get for it would be ½d.

Before a postal order is paid, the blank spaces must be filled in, and the receiver of the money must sign her name at the foot. Should a postal order be "crossed" like a cheque, payment will only be made through a banker.

Leaving money and postal orders—which we have spoken about fully because they are such everyday documents—we come now to speak of *Insurance*. And this is a subject about which all prudent people should know something.

The object for which insurance exists is to guard against certain accidents to which we are all liable, such as the destruction of property by fire, or the loss of future earnings by disablement or death. An agreement is entered into by which one party, known as the *insurer* or *assurer*, agrees to pay to another, called the *insured* or *assured*, a certain sum in the event of the particular event insured against happening.

The document which states the conditions of this agreement is called the *policy*, and the payment made on account of the insurance is known as the *premium*.

Insurance of houses and goods against fire began in London in 1667, the year after the Great Fire, in which the citizens had so terrible an experience of the character of the all-devouring element. The business has now attained gigantic proportions, the insurance companies of our own day being as a rule very wealthy and profitable concerns.

The rates charged for insurance are calculated at so much per cent.—or so much for every hundred pounds of the sum insured. They vary in amount according to the nature of the risk. If there is little danger under ordinary circumstances—as in a dwelling-house—of the property being destroyed by fire, the sum to be paid is low; if, on the other hand, the danger is considerable—as in a sugar refinery—the charge is high.

Risks may be divided into three classes—common, hazardous, and doubly hazardous. Common insurances are charged 1s. 6d. to 2s.

per cent. per annum, with certain exceptions; hazardous insurances are charged 2s. 6d. to 3s. 6d. per cent. per annum, with certain exceptions; and doubly hazardous insurances are charged 4s. 6d. to 5s. per cent. per annum, with certain exceptions; and in the case of the exceptions the rate may run to 10s., 15s., or even more per cent.

In describing the property to be insured, you must be careful to tell the whole truth about it, so that the company may know what risk they are running in insuring it. Suppose, too, after the insurance has been effected the risk should become greater—say by the erection of a stove—you must not fail to keep yourself safe by communicating with the company. There are some kinds of property, such as ready money, books of accounts (their value as documents), bank-notes, stamps, bills, bonds, and other written securities, which insurance companies will not undertake to insure on any terms.

Insurance premiums are usually paid once a year at one or other of the four quarter-days. Fifteen *days of grace* are allowed after the expiry of annual policies, and if the premium is not paid before the end of these fifteen days, the insurance company holds itself free from all risk. All policies, however, are not annual ones. You may insure for any length of time. No days of grace are allowed on "short-time policies"—that is, on policies for less than twelve months.

If one has any property to speak of, it is always well to insure, for accidents will happen. Perhaps, after paying for many years without a disaster, one may be inclined to lament having insured at all, and wish that all the money paid in premiums were in her own pocket; but this is not the right way of looking at it. The money sunk in premiums is well spent in buying ease of mind. A person insured can sleep in comfort, knowing that if fire should overtake her property she will recover full value; whilst one uninsured may pass many sleepless hours thinking, If I am burned out, what will become of me?

Life Insurance is quite as useful an institution as insurance against fire; indeed, it has been called "one of the greatest blessings of modern times." In it, by means of an annual payment, varying according to the age of the person whose life is insured, a sum is secured in the event of death. A girl may not have any necessity for benefiting survivors in this way, but she should know something about the matter for all that.

In insuring one's life the applicant is required to furnish information as to her own health and habits of life, and some particulars as to her family history. If the application should be rejected on the ground of ill-health or a tendency to hereditary disease, you must just try elsewhere: offices are to be found that will insure unsound lives, the charge being, of course, proportioned to the risk.

The cost of life insurance is based on the expectation of life at different ages. The expectation of life, for example, of a girl of ten years of age is about 48 years; at fifteen about 44 years; at twenty about 40 years, and so on, decreasing year by year, till at last it dwindles down to nothing at all.

A period of grace, most commonly thirty days, is allowed after each life premium falls due. If it is not paid within that time, the conclusion is come to that the policy-holder intends to drop the contract.

It is a matter of great importance to be insured in a good office, and the most careful inquiry should be made on the subject before taking out a policy. "Safety," says one writer, "ought to be the first consideration, and economy the second; but really, economy ought to be put first, for there is no economy in insuring in an unsound office, however low its premium may be."

Life insurances on a small scale can be effected better, perhaps, through the Post Office than through any other channel. The Postmaster-General is authorised by an Act of Parliament to insure the lives of persons of either sex. The lives of children under eight years of age cannot be insured; from eight to fourteen they can be insured for not more than £5; and from fourteen to sixty-five they can be insured for any amount not less than £5 or more than £100. The security for the payment of the money at the proper time is the best in the world.

Forms of proposal for the insurance of lives are to be obtained at any Post Office Savings Bank, and anyone can see there the tables of the premiums to be charged, and obtain all other necessary particulars. As examples of the various ways in which insurance through the Post Office can be effected, take the following:—The life of a girl between fifteen and sixteen years old may be insured for £10 by an annual payment through life of 3s. 10d., or by an annual payment to the age of sixty of 4s., or by a single payment of £3 17s. Or she can assure £10 at the age of sixty years, after the payment of the final premium, or at death, should death occur before that age, by an annual payment of 4s. 6d., or by a single payment of £4 7s.

There are some companies which insure lives by the payment of a small sum weekly or fortnightly, a collector calling for the payments when they become due. This is a dear system; no more profitable than the purchase of tea half an ounce at a time. In these days of savings banks it is no excuse that it suits scantily filled purses. Instead of adopting it, it would be far better for their own interest if people of small means would lodge the sums they would otherwise have paid the collector in the Post Office Savings Bank, and at the end of the year direct that the amount be applied to the payment of an insurance premium.

Besides the two forms we have mentioned there are other varieties of insurance. You can insure plate glass against breakage, boilers against bursting, and crops against hailstorms. The lives of horses and cattle can be insured, and pig insurance companies are not unknown.

Insurance against accidents is another useful variety. It dates back from 1849, when a company was started to insure against the consequences of railway accidents. In return for a payment of 3d., 2d. or 1d. made by first, second, or third class passengers respectively, for insurance during a single journey, it undertook to pay £1,000, £500 or £200 in case of death by such an accident, or a certain weekly allowance in respect of personal injury not resulting in death. A few years later the business was extended, and people can now insure against accidents of all kinds by a yearly payment proportioned to the degree of risk supposed to attach to various occupations or other conditions of life.

There is another kind of insurance worth knowing about: Fidelity Guarantee Insurance, it is called. By means of it employers are guaranteed against the dishonesty or insolvency of their servants. Previously, people in positions of trust often got others to be surety for them, but the system of private suretyship led to many hardships. Solomon was right, and let all wise girls take note of it: "He that is surety for a stranger shall smart for it; and *he that hateth suretyship is sure.*" The guarantee of a company, given as a pure matter of business, and for an annual payment, is now generally preferred. Of course, before giving a guarantee the company makes very particular inquiry regarding the character of the person and the checks to be used by the employer. Some companies insure only against embezzlement, whilst others protect the employer against any failure to make good the sums entrusted to the *employé*. The premiums to be paid annually range from 10s. to 60s. per cent. of the sum guaranteed.

Annuities are our next subject. An annuity is a periodical payment made either for a fixed number of years or whilst a given life lasts. It may be paid yearly, quarterly, weekly, or otherwise. It may come to one as a gift, or be left as a legacy, but it can also be purchased through an insurance company by the payment of a certain sum of money supposed to be its equivalent in value. Annuities bought in this way may be either *immediate*—that is to say, the payment of them beginning at once—or *deferred;* in other words, the enjoyment of them postponed till after a certain number of years have elapsed. If, say, £100 is to be received each year by anyone, he or she is said to have "an annuity of £100."

For young people, with all the chances of life before them, the purchase of an annuity is seldom wise. The sum, observe, sunk in this way can never be had back again, even though an opportunity should occur for making a much more profitable use of it. But when people grow up, it is often the best way to make the most of a small capital, and to prevent their becoming, perhaps, a little later in life, a burden on their friends. The great thing, in settling whether to invest money thus, is to discuss the matter with common sense, and to ask, "What should I do, so as to be most useful to myself and to others?"

Annuities, both immediate and deferred, are granted by the Post Office for any amount not less than £1 or more than £100 to any person not under the age of five years. Forms of proposal for purchasing them are to be had at any Post Office Savings Bank. The sum charged varies with the age and sex of the person on whose life the annuity is to depend, and, in the case of deferred annuities, with the number of years which are to elapse before the commencement of the annuity.

The payment of a deferred annuity may be made in one sum, or it may be broken up into a number of small payments at regular intervals. You can, by a slight increase on the payment for a deferred annuity, secure the return of the purchase-money to your representatives in the event of your death before the commencement of the annuity, or to yourself, should you for any reason wish to be out of the bargain.

A word of advice is given by a sensible writer to all who are life annuitants. "They should bear in mind," she says, "to live well within their income, as generally the whole of their money is one of *life interest,* and there will be no fund to fall back upon to pay funeral expenses, doctors' bills, wages, etc., when they die, but their savings."

Fire insurance, life insurance, and the purchase of annuities are amongst the sensible transactions of prudent and saving people. But sometimes the prudent and saving, quite through innocent misfortune, come down in the world, and have a difficulty in making both ends meet for the present, let alone providing for the future. Under these circumstances people without much experience, and especially women who are not business women, are very apt to fall a prey to the wiles of the professional money-lender. To the artful ways of the money-lending fraternity we shall devote what remains of this article.

If anyone is in want of a little ready money she has only to turn over the morning papers, and she will there see a score of advertisements headed "Money," and all offering "loans on easy terms." How is she to know, unless she has been told, that these petty money-lenders are one of the most serious evils of our present state of society, and that there are hundreds of them preying on the ignorance, the impulsiveness, and the necessities of their fellow-creatures?

"There is considerable variety," says a writer in the *Leisure Hour*, "in the bait used by these angling money-lenders, but great sameness in the general form of the cruel hook by which poor silly fish are caught. Some of the advertisements are from 'loan offices,' others from 'private gentlemen' who are 'willing to advance money' and who have 'no connection with loan offices.' They all seem to have unlimited resources, from £2 to £1,000 being at the disposal of every borrower. The invitations are to respectable persons, male or female, in town or country; distance no object; personal application preferred, but not necessary. 'Strict secrecy and prompt despatch' are usually promised; answers to application 'by return of post' and money sent 'at a day's notice.' So obliging are these gentlemen, 'forms will be sent *gratis*,' and in some cases the borrower is assured there are 'no law costs' and 'no office fees.' More convenient still there are 'no securities required.' To borrow is an easy matter after all.

"But of course there must be securities of some sort. Well, the borrower's 'note of hand' is sufficient, with deposit of deeds, leases, life policies, or, if preferred, a bill of sale on furniture or other goods 'without removal' (*i.e.* at the time of borrowing). Then the repayment may be by 'easy instalments.'" How accommodating!

Many of these assertions the needy borrower will find abundant reason to doubt before the loan is completed. On application she will be puzzled to reconcile the terms named to her with those in the alluring advertisement, and will find the rate of interest to be truly "five per cent. and upwards," fifty per cent. being no uncommon demand, in addition to expenses connected with and deducted from the loan. Should she complain about the expenses, she is usually told that they are rendered necessary by the existence of some special risk in her particular case.

The writer whom we have just quoted tells a sad story of a poor widow lady, who, being pressed for her rent, saw a money-lender's advertisement and answered it. The money-lender came, and obtained the lease of the house as a security, "only a form, you know." He was such a polite, kind man; and interest, she understood, was to be only £5 per cent.

Soon after the widow had an offer for her house and furniture, so she went to redeem the lease held in security by the money-lender. The poor woman, who had signed the papers presented to her, either without reading them or without thoroughly understanding them, then learned for the first time that "£5 per cent." did not mean £5 a year for the loan of a hundred pounds. The money-lender's advertisement did not say "£5 per cent. per annum." He lent his money at £5 per cent. per month, or £60 for a year for £100, besides various fees and charges. The moral of the story is that it is very foolish to have anything to do with money-lenders, and that it is still more foolish to go into any transaction without making perfectly certain as to the exact amount for which one is liable.

There are some money-lenders who only pretend to lend: as a matter of fact, they never do. Their profits are derived solely from booking fees, office expenses, and charges for the sham "inquiry," which always is of so unsatisfactory a nature that the loan cannot be granted. It is true the advertisements of these gentry often state that no preliminary fees or office expenses of any kind are charged. The borrower, however, is in such cases informed that these payments are dispensed with only in the cases of certain classes, in none of which, we need hardly say, is she fortunate enough to find herself.

(*To be continued.*)

THE SHEPHERD'S FAIRY.

A PASTORALE.

By DARLEY DALE, Author of "Fair Katherine," etc.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ONE evening, in the middle of August, John and Charlie got home before Mr. de Courcy had left. The epidemic among the sheep was nearly over now, and consequently they were not detained so late as they had been for the last month. Both the shepherd and his son were astonished to see this grand French gentleman seated on a little wooden stool at Fairy's feet, quite at home, and apparently on intimate terms with her and Mrs. Shelley, for they were all three laughing merrily at Mrs. Shelley's attempts at French when the shepherds arrived.

"Why, here is John! This is my friend, Mr. de Courcy—Mr. de Courcy, this is John, and this is my foster-brother," said Fairy, inwardly feeling very much ashamed of the latter, who, to her annoyance, only pulled his forelock, and was too shy to say a word.

Rex jumped up, no less astonished at the apparition of these two shepherds in their smock frocks, with their crooks in their hands, than they were at the sight of him, and then, having executed one or two of his French bows, he entered into a conversation with John Shelley about his sheep as easily as he would have discussed art or literature with people in his own rank of life.

And if Fairy felt ashamed of Charlie with his clump shoes, his dirty hands, his Sussex brogue, and his uncouth, clownish manners, she was rather proud than otherwise of John Shelley, who, with his hat in his hand, stood there with a gentle dignity all his own, talking simply of his sheep, with an honest pride in his position as head shepherd of the largest sheep-farmer in the district that was as naive as it was touching.

But as Rex walked back to Oafham that evening it was with a weight on his mind that he saw no chance of removing. Hitherto he had only pictured to himself an ideal pastoral shepherd as Fairy's foster-father, and though John Shelley might have sat to an artist as a patriarchal shepherd, there was nothing ideal or poetical about Charlie: a more realistic clod-hopping youth it would be hard to meet with, even in the South Downs. And this was Fairy's foster-brother! Just imagine his mother's face or Lady Oafham's if they were introduced to Charlie as the foster-brother of Rex's future wife. Such a thought was so appalling that it actually prevented Rex from paying his accustomed visit the next day, though he was miserable, and so afraid he might have offended Fairy by his absence, that after a sleepless night and a very impatient morning, he presented himself at the shepherd's house the next day as usual.

"Why didn't you come yesterday?" were Fairy's first words.

"My dear Fairy, we can't expect Mr. de Courcy to honour us with a visit every day," said Mrs. Shelley, reprovingly.

"Did you miss me? If I only dared to think you did!" said Rex, in French.

"Never mind that; I want to know why you did not come yesterday. Come, confess my foster-brother frightened you away now, didn't he?" said Fairy, in the same language.

And Rex, bargaining first for absolution, made a full confession of his fault, and, in spite of Mrs. Shelley's presence, would have gone on, under cover of a foreign language, to confess his love too, if the arrival of John Shelley had not stopped him. The shepherd looked grave when he saw Mr. de Courcy, but Rex made himself so pleasant and agreeable that the frown vanished from his face, and it was only after Rex had left that he resumed his grave look.

The shepherd was very silent during supper, and Mrs. Shelley was not wrong in her conjecture that there was a marital lecture in store for her when Fairy was gone to bed and they were alone.

"Polly," said the shepherd, suddenly, as Fairy's door closed, "how long has this been going on?"

"Has what been going on?" returned Mrs. Shelley, knowing well enough all the while what her husband meant.

"How long have you been deceiving me and allowing that young gentleman to steal my poor little Fairy's heart?" said John, sternly.

"I never deceived you in my life, John Shelley. How dare you say such a thing?" retorted Mrs. Shelley, warmly.

"Polly, it is no use being angry about it; you have done wrong, and you know it as well as I. From what I saw the other day and to-day it is very clear this gentleman has been coming here pretty often, and you kept it from me,

knowing well enough I should have put a stop to it, had I known it, long ago, as I shall do now, though I misdoubt me but the mischief is done already, for I am afraid Fairy has lost her heart."

"And pray why should you want to put a stop to it? Why should not Fairy marry Mr. de Courcy if they care for each other?" asked Mrs. Shelley, anxious to divert John's attention from her offence.

"For two excellent reasons. First, we know nothing at all about him; pleasant as he appears, he may be a scamp for aught we know; and in the next place, supposing he is all he appears, it is quite certain neither Lady Oafham nor his own parents would hear of his marrying the foster-child of a poor shepherd."

"Mr. de Courcy a scamp! I am as certain he is all he seems to be as I am that you are an honest man, and for all we know Fairy may be as well-born as he is; and as for your stopping it, you will have a hard task to do that, I am sure."

"Hard or not, I shall do it, and at once," said John, decidedly, and Mrs. Shelley saw he was too vexed to be persuaded not to take the matter in his own hands, and, conscious as she was that he was right and that she had acted foolishly, though she was too proud to acknowledge it, she now thought it wiser to say no more about it, though she was intensely curious to know what he would do.

The next morning, when Fairy came back from the rectory to dinner, which these two generally ate alone, John and Charlie taking theirs with them, for they went as far as five or six miles from home with their flocks, Mrs. Shelley thought it better to warn Fairy of what was in store for her before Mr. de Courcy made his appearance that afternoon, as in the ordinary course of things he was sure to do; so, waiting till Fairy had finished her dinner, lest her news should destroy the girl's appetite, small enough at all times in Mrs. Shelley's opinion, she said, "Fairy, John is very angry with me for letting Mr. de Courcy come here so often. He told me of it last night after you were gone to bed, and he has not opened his lips to me since."

"John angry! Why should he be angry, mother? I thought he liked Mr. de Courcy. Perhaps some more sheep have died, and he is only grieving for them. You have made a mistake; he can't be angry about me."

"But he is, though. What is more, he is going to put a stop to Mr. de Courcy coming here."

"Oh, but mother, he can't do that. I shall tell Rex—I mean Mr. de Courcy—I wish him to come, and he just won't pay any attention to John. He will come all the same, I am sure," said Fairy, not at all alarmed by John's threat.

"I doubt it, Fairy. You have always done as you liked with John up to now, but now he has taken it into his head it is his duty to stop these visits, he will do it; even you won't be able to stop him. And if Mr. de Courcy should come this afternoon, you had better tell him John won't allow him to come to this house, because he is certain his relations would not approve of it if they knew. And, Fairy, take my advice, and tell him to-day, for I am half afraid it will be the last time you will see him."

"Oh, mother!" exclaimed Fairy, turning so pale that Mrs. Shelley saw at a glance the mischief was done, and that if John put his threat into execution, and she was certain he would, it would go very near to breaking poor little Fairy's heart, except hearts, in Mrs. Shelley's opinion, were very hard things and took a deal of breaking.

"Well, well, child, tell Mr. de Courcy, and see what he says, but I am as sure as I am standing here John will keep his word, if he has not done so already."

"Already! Oh, mother, Rex must come this afternoon; I am certain he would never stop away without telling me, for all the Johns in the world," said Fairy; but in spite of her words she was terribly afraid lest he should not come, and spent the afternoon till nearly four o'clock, in watching alternately the road and the clock, until, at last, to Mrs. Shelley's delight no less than Fairy's, Rex's step was heard.

It was a fortunate coincidence for Mr. de Courcy and Fairy that Mrs. Shelley, who always spent the afternoon with them, was so occupied, according to her own account, with some work indoors, which could not possibly be postponed, that she had only time to come to the door once or twice and peep out at them. The first time she came they were sitting side by side on the bench. Mr. de Courcy had his back to Mrs. Shelley, but, from the eager way in which he was bending towards Fairy, who was looking on the ground with a happy smile on her bright little face, Mrs. Shelley thought it would be a pity to interrupt them. The next time she looked out, which was half an hour later, the bench was empty, but, looking across the field, she saw the lovers sauntering along arm-in-arm as happily as if the whole world was made for them, and there were no such thing as angry parents or guardians to break in and destroy their happiness.

"Poor young things! I have not the heart to call them back, though I suppose John would say I ought. I'll let them be; they may as well be happy for one day at any rate; their game is almost played out, I doubt," said Mrs. Shelley, watching them as they strolled slowly along, regardless of the hot afternoon sun, still high in the heavens.

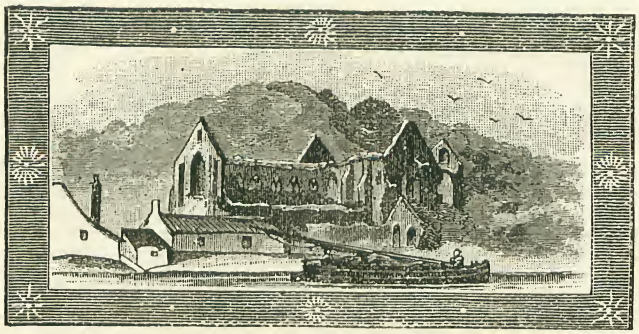
The next time Mrs. Shelley looked it was past six, and time John and Charlie were in to supper, though neither of them had yet appeared; and when she went to the door to see if they were coming, there was no one to be seen but Fairy leaning on the gate and straining her eyes and waving one of her little hands in the direction of Oafham.

"Fairy, are John and Charlie coming? It is almost supper-time," called out Mrs. Shelley, who, truth to tell, was not a little curious as to what had passed between Fairy and Mr. de Courcy, a curiosity which was soon to be gratified, for Fairy came running towards her.

"Oh, mother, mother! I am so happy; Rex loves me, and I am going to be his wife some day."

And as she spoke, Fairy threw herself into Mrs. Shelley's motherly arms.

(*To be continued.*)



DREAMING OF SPRING.

By JESSIE M. E. SAXBY.



I HAVE a dream—a child-like dream—of waking woods,
Of fragrant paths beset by opening flowers,
Of tender leaflets casting off their winter hoods,
Of song-birds thanking God for spring-tide hours.
Oh, for the wings to reach some quiet forest-nest!
The city's tuneless clamour breaks my vision blest.

I have a dream of rill and ray that dance between
The ancient hills in verdant glory clad;
Of meadows putting on their robes of virgin green,
Of winds that heavenward bear earth's anthem glad.
Oh, that a wand divine would lull my senses dim!
For human moanings drown sweet Nature's Easter hymn.

I have a dream of ocean, whose familiar flow—
The echo of eternity's calm voice—
Speaks of the springs renewed that, wave-like, come and go,
Chanting the resurrection song, "Rejoice!"
Oh, that my longing soul could float to yon far sea,
Forgetful of the crowded life that fetters me!

Oh, that an angel's touch would bid my spirit rise
Above the din and dust, to wear once more
The emerald crown of youth, the light of vernal skies,
The rainbow and the flower from days of yore!
Oh, that my dreaming heart could thus for ever keep
Its May-time, born of Hope, within the realms of sleep!

CARMEN SYLVA, POETESS AND QUEEN.

By the Rev. JOHN KELLY, Translator of "Hymns of the Present Century."

PART II.

SHORTLY after the visit to Düsseldorf her mother was requested to bring about a meeting between her daughter and the Prince of Roumania, Prince Charles of Hohenzollern. The Princess Elizabeth was very anxious to attend a concert to be given in Cologne in October, at which Clara Schumann was to take part. It was arranged that they should go to Cologne for the purpose, and that the meeting with the Prince, who was then in Paris, should take place there. They put up at the Hotel du Nord. Hours passed, and the Prince did not appear. The ladies went into the flower garden to dine. The dinner came to an end, and Princess Elizabeth had not noticed that she had been narrowly watched for a considerable time by a group of gentlemen. One of them stepped forward and introduced himself to her mother as the Prince of Roumania. Princess Elizabeth, ignorant of the fact that the meeting had been pre-arranged, stretched out both her hands to him with unfeigned pleasure, and said, "I am so glad that we have met here accidentally." For several hours they remained together among the flowers, and in the Zoological Gardens, in animated conversation.

On her return to the hotel she exclaimed enthusiastically, "What a charming man he has become!" While she was dressing for the concert the Prince spoke to her mother, and asked her consent to the marriage. Princess Elizabeth, however, was only thinking of enjoying the music, and was beside herself with impatience on account of the delay caused by the Prince. When he left, the young Princess burst out of her room into the saloon, exclaiming, "But, mamma!" As if terrified she stopped at the threshold, when she saw the grave and agitated expression on the countenance of her mother, who ran forward, and threw her arms round her daughter's neck, and said, "My child, the Prince of Roumania has asked your hand." The astonishment of the daughter was great, but it became clear to her at once that, unconsciously to herself, her heart had been quite won by him.

When her mother asked her whether she would like to take time for consideration, she answered simply and decidedly, "Just let him come; I shall love him very much." And when the Prince came and saluted her as his betrothed, she said to him in soft and winning tones, "It makes me so proud, and at the same time so humble." That same night the Prince had to return to Paris. The entry in her diary on the 12th of October is, "I am engaged, and a happy bride."* The public betrothal took place at Neuwied, on the 16th of October, and on the 15th of November they were married.

Princess Elizabeth had, previously to the appearance of Prince Charles as a suitor, rejected every proposal of marriage, but when, long before her engagement to him, her friends made plans for her, and wished that there might be a throne in store for her, she would jestingly reply, "The only throne that could have any attractions for me is the Roumanian, for there I should have something to do." That this was no mere idle expression of a passing feeling is proved by her whole life and work in her new home. She has become in heart and life a Roumanian, and devoted herself with all her powers to the well being of her subjects. A wide and quite uncultivated field of work lay before her. The first thing to do was to make herself acquainted with it. She felt that for this purpose something more than crowded receptions was necessary, and she arranged to receive the ladies who were announced for presentation at Court singly. "It was too disagreeable," she said, "to say what I did not really feel at receptions. In order to avoid a falsehood I took pains to feel the interest which I showed. Everyone needs sympathy. Now everybody interests me, and I find them all to be interesting. The receptions do not bore me any longer. On the contrary, I delight in them. One must do thoroughly whatever one does, if it is to succeed; one most be thorough if one would be anything."

On the 8th of September, 1870, a daughter was born, who received the name of Maria at her baptism. The child was enthusiastically welcomed by the people, who said, "God bless the new citizen of Roumania! May she grow and prosper in the joy of her parents, and the welfare of her country!" Henceforth the infant daughter became the most important personage in Roumania.

The Princess Elizabeth studied the language with zeal, and acquired a perfect mastery of it. The Roumanians say, with a dash of pride, that she speaks it better than they do themselves, for she constructs her sentences with peculiar elegance.

In the year 1871 a club for the poor was founded by her, and soon after a society for the translation of children's books. "There are absolutely no Roumanian school books, nor any for the people," she wrote to her mother; "I will provide these. I have already distributed my best French books among the young ladies, and also interested several gentlemen in the work. The poet Alexandri will criticise and correct: then they will be quickly and cheaply printed. The language will in this way become in some measure fixed, and the young people, who cannot speak their

* Bride means a betrothed one. German women cease to be brides when they marry.



"WAKING WOODS."

own language decently, will learn it quite splendidly." Her ideas were eagerly received by the people, and interested them more even than politics. In 1871 the Prince and Princess made a journey through Moldavia to Jassy, in order to become acquainted with that part of their dominions. It was a triumphal progress all the way. Their reception everywhere was alike brilliant and hearty. At Jassy their time was filled up with receptions, visits to churches and schools, etc.

Their summers are passed in the Carpathian Mountains, 2,900 feet above the sea. Their first residence was an old monastery called Sinaia; now it is Castle Pelesch, which the Prince has built. Distinguished people of all sorts—*savans*, artists, musicians—are received in this retreat, and are often entertained there for weeks together. Society of this kind is the great enjoyment of the Prince and Princess. In order to encourage native industry, the Court wears the native national costume while resident in the mountains.

In the ladies of her Court the Princess takes a truly motherly interest. She loves particularly to gather young people around her. Several young women are invited to stay some weeks every year at Sinaia, in order to share in the working life of the Princess.

In 1874 a time of severe trial came to Prince Charles and his wife. Their child, Princess Maria, who was as lovely and as marked in her individuality as her mother, took ill of diphtheria, and died in the lap of her English nurse. Her last words were in English: "All is finished." Up to the very last the Princess could not believe that the end was so near; but when the certainty of the fact was realised with overwhelming force, she bowed her head with humble submission to the will of God. "God," she said, "has loved my child more than I have, therefore He has taken her to Himself. Thank God that He ever gave her to me!"

To her mother she wrote:—

"I often say that a mother's love is stronger than the grave, and I rejoice in my child's blessedness. But that earth appears darker to me in consequence cannot be altered. It must be endured."

Her poems furnish abundant evidence of her estimate of a mother's love, and of her love and grief for the loss of her child.

When she first went to Roumania, no one suspected that Princess Elizabeth was a poetess. Once, when the poet Alexandri was in attendance in Bucharest, she said to him with deep blushes, "I wish to make a confession to you, but I have not the courage." After a long pause, she said bashfully, with a soft voice, "I, too, write poems." At Alexandri's request, she showed him some of them. He saw at once that she had poetical gifts, and encouraged her to go forward. He sent her a thick volume of his manuscripts, and she began to translate popular Roumanian legends into German. In the work of translation she learnt practically much of the "art of poetry." She had written poetry hitherto just as a bird sings. Rhymes and verses came more readily to her than prose. It was in her great sorrow for the death of her daughter that she betook herself to translation. She needed to occupy her mind by strenuous work. This she found in translation. She not only translated Roumanian works into German, but also the treasures of German literature into Roumanian. In this way she thought she could render the greatest service to her subjects. The effect of such work upon her mind she describes to her mother thus:—"When I am not actually asleep, neither my head nor hands rest for a second; otherwise it fares ill with me. Constant activity keeps the mind fresh, and sometimes only am I overcome when I remember my beloved one."

She naturally felt a great longing to see her mother once more. It was arranged for them to meet at Cologne, and from thence to proceed to St. Leonards for a few weeks. She was much impressed by London. They paid a visit to Oxford, where they were Max Müller's guests for two days. It was here that she presented to her mother a book in missal form, called "My Journey Through the World; containing Rhymes and Versicles Confided to the Heart of My Mother." Charles Kingsley was present when she astonished her mother by handing this volume to her, and was much touched by one of the poems pointed out to him, of which the following is a rough but faithful rendering. It is called

ONLY ONE.

From need and misfortune preserve it secure;
From sin keep its little heart, keep it aye pure;
Lead Thou it Thyself all its journey below.
One only I have, as Thou, Father, dost know.

The book contained poems from the time of her confirmation till her thirtieth year.

During the Russo-Turkish War in 1877 Roumania was drawn into the conflict. One of the results was that the independence of Roumania was declared. The principality became a kingdom, and Prince Charles and Princess Elizabeth were crowned King and Queen. During the war the Princess set a noble example of what her biographer describes as "the inborn deaconess-calling of every woman." The throne-room was converted into a work-room, where, under her immediate superintendence, linen and bandages were prepared. Women of all ranks and nationalities went in and out, and vied with each other in providing things for the army in the field. Out of her own means the Princess furnished a barrack hospital of a hundred beds, which she looked after herself. She extended her activity to all the other hospitals also that were organised. She ministered to all the wounded that were brought from the battle-field. Day and night she sought to comfort and encourage them. To many a dying man she spoke the last words of consolation; many received from her hand the pain-deadening chloroform. She induced many to submit to have limbs amputated. The Roumanian soldier prefers death to amputation. "Better die than be a beggar man," he says. To one young soldier she pointed out that he had a long life before him, and ought to submit to the operation. "For love of you, Regina," he sighed. She exercised a great moral influence over the suffering. Among the people she was called "The mother of the wounded." Her strength seemed to be doubled in times of danger, when the claims upon her services were the greatest. She was always collected, and never lost her presence of mind, whatever agitation and despondency prevailed around her. When, in her anxiety about her husband and the army, she could only sleep for two or three hours, she would seek to divert her mind with music and poetry half the night, and at four in the morning she would walk up and down, and mentally arrange the work of the ensuing day. During the war she founded a sisterhood, defraying the expenses out of her own pocket. At first there were only two sisters, but in 1884 the number had increased to twenty. In hospitals and private houses they give their services for five francs a day, and are much in demand. Rich people often pay more, and thus the sisters can attend to the poor gratuitously. Other useful societies owe their origin to the Queen. As might have been expected, the moral and physical strain of the war time severely tried her. She has been subject to repeated attacks of fever. At the beginning of 1883 she had a dangerous illness, which excited the fears and sympathies of the whole Roumanian people. Her patience, gentleness, and consideration for all around her were very touching. She was saved by means of a successful operation. The King took her to Italy, and from thence to Neuwied. When they returned to Roumania, Castle Pelesch was near completion. In October, 1883, it was solemnly dedicated, in presence of all the high officials of the nation.

It is not many years ago since her poems became widely known. The Queen herself would never have thought of publishing them, had not numberless copies passed into various hands. Then she thought that "if they are worth the tiresome labour of copying, so are they of being printed."

One of her most important volumes of poetry, if not the most important, of which a new edition has lately appeared, is called after the seat of her family, which has several times been mentioned in the course of this sketch, "Meine Ruh" (Mon Repos). It contains ballads and lyrical poems.

Some of the deepest questions that can occupy the human mind have been treated by her in other volumes.

Still in middle age, she carries forward her beneficent work, and we may hope in due time (far distant may the day be!) that the public may have the opportunity of reading the completed story of her life, which has been so well told in the volume from which we have derived all our information concerning her. The Baroness von Stachelberg is hardly guilty of any exaggeration when she says that "as woman, as Princess, as Queen, Carmen Sylva is one of the noblest and most remarkable of her sex."



"SHE COULDN'T BOIL A POTATO;"

OR,

THE IGNORANT HOUSEKEEPER, AND HOW SHE ACQUIRED KNOWLEDGE.

By DORA HOPE.



ELLA was, unfortunately for herself, very timid at nights; and even when at home had always been ready to imagine burglars and alarms of fire; and Kate had often laughed at her, and asked what she would do if, in her nightly searches round her bedroom, she should find a burglar under the bed, or hidden amongst the dresses secreted in her wardrobe.

As she had always been thus ready to take alarm on the smallest provocation, it is not to be wondered at that the old gardener's mysterious warning filled her with anxiety; the more so that, in spite of all her efforts to persuade him, he resolutely refused to say anything more, and she was left in a state of hopeless bewilderment as to what his strange hints could mean.

The only thing she could do was to be specially watchful, and she determined that, in spite of her fears, she would sit up at night till the servants had gone to bed, and make sure that everything was properly secured.

It was very evident that they did not like it, and they did their utmost to compel her to go to bed first, by sitting up till very late themselves. But Ella had a determination of character which caused her, when once she was sure it was her duty to do anything, to persist in carrying out her intention in spite of all obstacles, and the servants' objection to her sitting up last at night made her only the more determined to do so.

One night they had tried her patience sorely by lingering about, but when they had at last departed, Ella went her usual round, and found they had carelessly left a side door unfastened.

Having locked the door she went up to bed, and, in spite of feeling nervous and uneasy, she soon fell asleep, but only to be awakened a short time after by a stealthy sound in the room below.

She sat up and listened; it was true at last—there was certainly someone getting into the house.

What should she do? Should she cry for help, or follow her first instinct to bury her head under the bed-clothes? But her better judgment prevailed; and remembering that her aunt was often restless in the night, and that it was probably only nurse who had gone downstairs to get something for her, she slipped on her dressing-gown and the warm slippers Kate had provided her with, and crept quietly out of the room and down the stairs.

Her heart beat so fast that, to her ears, it drowned all other sounds, and it seemed to her almost that it must alarm the thieves. When she reached the hall she found her fears verified: a light gleamed under the dining-room door, and she heard voices whispering inside.

She thought of calling the dogs, but dared not risk alarming her aunt; so at last, summoning up all her resolution, she opened the door, and to her amazement found the table laid for supper, and a party seated round it, consisting of the two servants and two men.

The men instantly disappeared through the open window, without waiting to see who had interrupted them, leaving Ella alone with the two angry but frightened servants. The cellarette, which Ella was sure she had locked before going to bed, was standing open, and the contents were on the table. The cook's face was flushed, and she had evidently been drinking a good deal.

Ella was so startled that she was quite silent for a few minutes, and the cook recovering herself first, began pouring out a torrent of abuse; when, to Ella's intense relief, the door again opened, and Nurse entered, while at the same moment two dark figures appeared, clambering in through the open window. Annie, the housemaid, thinking them the same two who had just escaped, rushed towards them, but to her dismay found herself seized by a stalwart policeman, and old Mr. Dudley came to Ella's side, begging her not to be frightened.

With this reinforcement Ella felt herself victorious, and soon regained her self-possession sufficiently to consider what was to be done. The policeman assured her that she had a perfect right to turn the two maids out at once, but her own good sense, even without Nurse's advice, showed her that it would be wrong to turn out two young women late at night, however badly they might have behaved. Accordingly, acting on Mr. Dudley's advice, she told them to go to their bedroom at once, and prepare to leave first thing in the morning.

Mr. Dudley accounted for his unexpected appearance by explaining to Ella that he had been sitting up late reading, and on looking out of his window before going to bed, he had noticed the two men lurking about, and having several times suspected that something was wrong, he had gone for a policeman, hoping to be in time to catch the thieves.

To Ella's great relief Mrs. Wilson was at last convinced that the servants were untrustworthy, and made no objection when she heard that they had both left the house, with their boxes, immediately after breakfast next morning.

A respectable charwoman, recommended by Mrs. Mobberly, was engaged to do the work temporarily; and Ella, very much dismayed at such an unexpected responsibility, had to consider what steps must be taken to engage new servants.

To begin with, Mrs. Mobberly advised her to mention the matter to the tradespeople, who often hear of good servants, and at the same time she would herself go for Ella to a registry office in the town, which she knew to be thoroughly respectable. At the same time she gave Ella a very solemn warning against ever going to any registry office about which she knew nothing, as some so-called offices are places to be scrupulously avoided, both by mistresses and servants.

The result of this vigorous action was that Ella was besieged and overwhelmed by the number of applicants for the situations. Mrs. Wilson's was a well-known place, where the work was easy, and the rule in most respects very light; and in addition to the respectable and pleasant-looking young women who came, Ella had to run the gauntlet of incompetent girls, impudent girls, girls who amazed her with the elegance of their attire, and others who disgusted her with their dirty slovenliness, not to mention all the middle-aged women in search of a comfortable home, and mothers anxious to secure a good place for their young daughters.

A good many of them were so evidently unsuitable that Ella soon disposed of them, and easily reduced the number to three or four applicants, who, however, all seemed equally suitable, and she felt so incapable of deciding between these, that she dismissed them all for the present, promising to write to each of the selected number the next day.

So far the task, though rather overwhelming for so inexperienced a housekeeper, had been comparatively simple, for Ella had been coached up beforehand, both by her aunt and Mrs. Mobberly, as to the most important questions to ask each applicant:—what had been her last situation, and why she left it; what wages she asked, where her home was, whether she belonged to any church, and whether she would be obliging and willing to undertake the rather miscellaneous duties, which included feeding the various animals, and occasionally helping to water or weed the garden, in addition to waiting on Mrs. Wilson, and the usual house-work. Ella was especially advised to explain the varied nature of their duties to any likely applicants, that there might be no misunderstanding about it afterwards. But the task of finally selecting the two best was rather more than Ella felt equal to; so, as usual, she consulted Mrs. Mobberly, who, feeling that Mrs. Wilson was not likely ever to be very robust again, and that it would therefore not be wise to have only young girls in the house, when Nurse should have left, advised Ella, if her aunt consented, to engage as cook a middle-aged widow, in whose son (a sailor) Mrs. Wilson took great interest, and whom she had known for several years as a respectable woman.

"I liked her very much directly I saw her," said Ella, "but I was afraid she would not be so active and brisk about her work as a younger woman."

"Very likely not, but with such a small household she can easily manage all she will have to do; and even if you should occasionally be obliged to have a charwoman for extra cleaning, it would be quite worth your while to do it, for the sake of the comfort of having an experienced woman in the house, whom you could depend upon to take care of your aunt, and who would know what to do in case of sudden illness."

Then having, from Ella's description, decided which of the young girls seemed most likely to suit, Mrs. Mobberly directed her to write to the girl who was still at her situation, and tell her to ask her mistress if she would kindly appoint a time when it would be convenient for Ella to call upon her about the girl's character.

"Some ladies prefer to write direct to the mistress about a time to call," Mrs. Mobberly explained, "but I always think if the girl is still in the situation it saves her mistress trouble if she can take a message."

Ella felt very nervous at this part of her task, but carefully concealed her feelings from her aunt, from whom she knew she would get no sympathy, but only sarcastic remarks as to how, in her young days, people were more plainspoken, and called nervousness and shyness by their proper names of conceit and affectation.

Ella found the visit, when the time came, less alarming than she had expected, though in some respects less satisfactory; for she had never doubted but that the mistress's report would at once decide her either for or against the maid, which did not prove to be the case. She told Ella the girl was honest, and sober, and knew her work well, but that on the other hand she was disobliging and pert in her manners.

These serious drawbacks would, of course, have decided Ella against her, but that being naturally a shrewd observer, she could not help being struck by the lady's imperious manner, and very unpleasant, dictatorial way of speaking, which so disagreeably impressed her that she made up her mind there was probably a good deal of excuse for the girl, and resolved, if Mrs. Mobberly consented, to give her a trial.

This lady not only agreed, but warmly commended Ella for being observant, and added that she was sure servants had often a great deal to put up with from unjust and unreasonable mistresses, who would goad them into speaking rudely by their overbearing manners, or make it almost impossible for them to get their work done properly by constantly calling them off from it to attend to other things; and then, having the poor girls' characters entirely in their hands, ruin their chances by blaming them for faults which they themselves had caused.

Thus encouraged, Ella sent for the girl again, told her the whole truth about the interview with her mistress, and asked how she came to have a character of that sort; to which the girl replied at once, with a straightforward manner which convinced Ella she was speaking the truth, that she had stayed longer at the place than any other servant she knew of, and that they all had the same character given them on leaving, the fact being that the mistress kept nagging at them all day long, and spoke in such a disagreeable way to them that she tried their tempers almost beyond endurance, and she was afraid that sometimes it was true, they were driven into answering her rudely.

So the matter was arranged, and very shortly afterwards the household settled down again into quietness and peace, with Mrs. Moore, the good widow, in charge of the house in general and the kitchen in particular, and Sarah, the "pert and disobliging" girl, to act under her supervision, as house and parlour maid. The very first day of their arrival, Ella, prompted, of course, by her aunt, explained to them both the rules of the house; that all windows and doors must be fastened by ten o'clock every night, that they must ask permission before inviting visitors to the kitchen, though leave would always be gladly given for suitable friends and at suitable times; and the same applied to going out. There were a few other matters Mrs. Wilson was particular about; that breakages or accidents of any sort should be reported to her at once, and not left to be found out accidentally; and that as good wages were given, there should be no perquisites of any sort.

Mrs. Wilson had a very great objection to clandestine "followers," but saw no reason why servants should not be as openly engaged to be married as their young mistresses; so as soon as she found that the new maid, Sarah, had a "young man," whom she ascertained to be a thoroughly respectable young mechanic, she told her she might invite him to the house once a fortnight, and to begin with, he might come to tea and go to church with her the following Sunday, but she must invariably come straight home after church, as Mrs. Wilson greatly disapproved of young women being out after church time: "If they must have a walk," she said, "they could go before church, but all girls were better at home late in the evening."

Mrs. Moore turned out to be a great help among the poultry, and relieved Ella's mind greatly by her knowledge and cleverness with them. Almost her first work among them was to "set" two of the hens. She showed Ella how to make their nests in a secluded corner where the other fowls would not disturb them, and to arrange them so that they could not steal each other's eggs. Then she selected the eggs, refusing the extra large ones that Ella suggested, and taking only well-formed, medium-sized ones.

"It is rather early in the year yet, miss, so we won't give them too many eggs. It is better to get all out of a small sitting, than a few out of a large one. They are good-sized hens, though, so I think we will give them eight eggs each."

The nests were made of hay, from which the longest stalks had been removed; and all round the nests Mrs. Moore scattered a thick layer of ashes.

When all was ready she brought one of the hens and put her near the nest. Directly the hen saw the eggs she went straight to them, and with a contented chuckle settled herself on them, carefully arranging them with her beak and legs. The other hen was not quite so quick, and preferred taking a survey of the premises first, but after a time she also settled herself, and they were left for their three weeks' solitary confinement.

Every morning they were turned out to take their daily meal, and to dust their feathers with the dry sand and ashes provided for them at one corner of the run. In their anxiety about their precious eggs they would sometimes have omitted this duty, but Mrs. Moore was firm, and explained to Ella that it would be bad both for the hens and the eggs if they never left their nests.

Ella soon took a great interest in the hens, and became quite clever in lifting them from their nests (when gentle persuasion had not the desired effect), and after a little practice learnt to accomplish it without either pulling out the whole nest or jerking an egg or two out with the hen.

(*To be continued.*)

MERLE'S CRUSADE.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Aunt Diana," "For Lilias," etc.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE RED FARM.



PERCEIVED a great change in Mrs. Markham after my mistress's visit. She took less notice of the children, sent fewer messages to the nursery, ceased to interfere in the nursery arrangements, and often ignored my presence if she chanced to meet me in the hall or garden. Her manner convinced me that she was deeply offended by her sister's patronage of me. Very probably Mr. Morton had spoken a few forcible words in my defence. They made her understand that they trusted me implicitly, and that any interference in my department would be displeasing to them. It was easy to read this from her averted looks.

Now and then I heard a word or two about "Violet," "ridiculous infatuation," when I passed the open drawing-room door. Rolf once asked me curiously why his mother disliked me so. "You aren't so very wicked, are you, Fenny? Is it very wicked to be stuck up? Mother is so fond of using that word, you know."

I tried not to listen to Rolf. I could afford to be magnanimous, for I was very happy just then. Gay's partiality for me was evident, and I soon conceived the warmest attachment for her. She seized every opportunity of running up to the nursery for a few minutes' chat, and she often joined us on the beach. One afternoon she asked to accompany us in a country ramble. Hannah had gone to Wheeler's Farm to have tea with Molly, and Luke was to walk home with her in the evening. I thought how they would enjoy that walk through the cornfields and down the dim, scented lanes. Life would look as sweet to them as to richer lovers; youth and health and love being the three-fold cord that cannot lightly be broken. Gay made the excuse that she would be useful in taking care of Joyce while I wheeled Reggie in his perambulator, I overheard her saying to Mrs. Markham, but her speech only elicited a scornful reply

"If Miss Fenton encourages Hannah in gadding about, there is not the slightest need for you to take her place, Gay; but, of course, you will please yourself."

"Oh, I always please myself, Addie," returned Gay, cheerfully, "and I shall enjoy a gambol among the lanes."

And, indeed, we had a delightful afternoon gathering wild flowers, and resting ourselves in any shady corner where a fallen tree or stile invited us.

We were gathering some poppies that grew among the corn when Gay called me. She looked a little anxious.

"Merle, I am really afraid there is a storm coming up. You were noticing just now how close and sultry it felt; those clouds look ominous, and we are a mile and a half from Marshlands."

I felt conscience-stricken at her words. We had been talking and laughing, and had not perceived how the sunshine had

faded. Certainly, the clouds had a lurid, thunderous look, and the birds were flying low, and seemed fussy and uncertain in their movements. True, the storm might not break on us for another half-hour; but we should never get the children home in that time. I thought of Reggie with dismay.

"What shall we do, Miss Gay?" I returned, hurriedly. "It would be nearer to Wheeler's Farm. We might take refuge there."

"Wait a moment," was her answer; "we shall be drenched before we get there. The Red Farm is not half a mile off. I think we had better take the children there, and then Mr. Hawtry will send us home in his waggonette. Come—come! Why do you hesitate, Merle? He is father's old friend; and even Adelaide would find no fault with us if we took refuge at the Red Farm."

I held my peace, for of course Miss Cheriton must know what her father and sister would approve; but I did not like the notion at all, and I followed her somewhat reluctantly down the field. I would much rather have gone to Wheeler's Farm and put ourselves under Molly's protection. Most likely they would have placed a covered cart or waggon at our disposal, and we should all have enjoyed the fun. Gay was so simple and unconventional, that she saw no harm at all in going to the Red Farm; but I knew what Aunt Agatha would say, and I took all my notions of propriety from her.

But the fates were against us, for just as we reached the stile there was Squire Hawtry himself, mounted as usual on Brown Peter, trotting quietly home. He checked Peter at once, and spoke in rather a concerned voice.

"Miss Cheriton, this is very imprudent. There will be a storm directly. Those children will never get home."

He spoke to her, but I fancied he meant that reproachful look for me. No doubt I was the one to blame.

"It was very wrong," I stammered; "but we were talking, and did not notice. I want Miss Cheriton to hurry to Wheeler's Farm."

"Oh, nonsense!" he said, abruptly; but it was such a pleasant abruptness; "the Red Farm is a mile nearer. Give the little girl to me, Miss Fenton, and then you can walk on quickly. I will soon have her under shelter."

There was no disputing this sensible advice, and as soon as Peter was trotting on with his double burden I followed as quickly as possible with Reggie. We were only just in time, after all. As I wheeled Reggie under the porch of the Red Farm the first heavy drops pattered down.

I was in such haste, that I only stole a quick glance at the low red house, with its curious mullioned windows and stone porch. I had noticed, as we came up the gravel walk, a thick privet hedge, and a yew walk, and a grand old walnut tree in the centre of the small lawn with a circular seat. There were seats, too, in the porch, and a sweet smell of jasmine and clematis. Then the door opened, and there stood Mr. Hawtry, with a beaming face, and Joyce beside him, evidently pleased to welcome us all to the Red Farm.

I lifted Reggie out of the perambulator and carried him into the hall. It had some handsome oak furniture in it: heavy carved cabinets and chairs, and a tall clock. There was a tiger skin lying before the fireplace. An open glass door led into a charming old-fashioned garden, with a bowling-green and a rustic arbour, and a long, straight walk, bordered with standard rosetrees.

A tall, thin woman, with a placid face and grey hair, shook hands with Gay. Mr. Hawtry introduced her to me as "Mrs. Cornish, my worthy housekeeper," and then bade her, with good-humoured peremptoriness, "to get tea ready as soon as possible in the oak room."

"I am afraid the drawing-room has rather a chilly aspect," he continued, throwing open a door. "Should you not prefer sitting in my den, Miss Gay, until Mrs. Cornish tells us tea is ready?"

I was sorry when Miss Cheriton pronounced in favour of the den. I liked the look of that drawing-room, with its three long, narrow windows opening on to the bowling-green. It had faint, yellowish panelled walls and an old-fashioned blue couch, and there was some beautiful china on an Indian cabinet. No doubt that was where his mother and Miss Agnes used to sit. Perhaps the room held sad memories for him, and he was glad to close the door upon them.

Mr. Hawtry's den was a small front room, with a view of the privet hedge and the walnut tree, and was plainly furnished with a round table and well-worn leather chairs, the walls lined with mahogany bookshelves, his gun and a pair of handsomely-mounted pistols occupying the place of honour over the mantelpiece. Joyce called it an ugly room, but I thought it looked comfortable and home-like, with its pleasant litter of magazines and papers, and Gay said at once—

"I do like this old den of yours, Mr. Hawtry; it is such a snug room, especially in winter, when father and I have come in after a long, cold ride."

"You do not come as often now, Miss Gay," he said, looking at her a little keenly.

She coloured, as though the remark embarrassed her, and seemed bent on excusing herself.

"I am such a busy person, you see, and now I spend all my leisure time with the children. Am I not a devoted aunt, Merle?"

"You are very good to give us so much of your company," I returned, for I saw she wanted me to speak; but just then a flash of lightning frightened Joyce away from the window, and she came to me for protection. Reggie, too, began to cry, and I had some trouble in pacifying him.

Gay good-naturedly came to my assistance.

"Supposing we take the children into the other room and show them the shells; it would distract their attention from the storm. We will leave you to read your paper in peace, Mr. Hawtry." But he insisted on going with us. The cabinet had a curious lock, he assured us, and no one could open it but *himself.*

The children were delighted with the shells, and a little green Indian idol perfectly fascinated Reggie. He kissed the grinning countenance with intense affection, and murmured, "Pretty, pretty." My attention was attracted to a miniature in a velvet frame. It was a portrait of a round-faced, happy-looking girl, with brown eyes, rather like Mr. Hawtry's.

"That was my sister Agnes," he said, with a sigh, and for a moment his face clouded over. "She died two years ago, after years of intense suffering. That miniature was painted when she was eighteen. She was a bright, healthy creature then. Look, that was her couch, where she spent her days. There is a mystery in some lives, Miss Fenton. I never understood why she was permitted to suffer all these years."

"No, indeed," observed Gay, who had heard this. "Violet and I were so fond of her; she could be so merry in spite of her pain. I think some of my pleasantest hours have been spent in this room. How pleased she used to be when I had anything new to tell her or show her. I do not wonder you miss her, Mr. Hawtry; *I have always been* so sorry for you."

I thought he seemed sorry for himself, for I had never seen him look so sad. I wished then that Gay had not brought us back to this room; it was evidently full of relics of the past, when womanly hands had busied themselves for the comfort of the dearly-loved son and brother.

The little round table beside the couch, with its inlaid workbox and stand of favourite books, must have been Miss Agnes's, but the netting case and faded silk bag on the other side of the fireplace, with the spectacles lying on the closed Bible, must have belonged to the mother. How sorely must he have missed them! Few men would have cared to have preserved these little homely treasures; they would have swept them away with the dead past. But now and then a strong manly character has this element of feminine tenderness.

I think my look must have expressed sympathy, for Mr. Hawtry came up to me as I stood alone by the window (for Gay was still showing the shells to the children) and said, a little abruptly—

"It is good of you to be sorry for me, but time heals all wounds, and, in spite of pain and loneliness, one would not call them back to suffer." And then his voice changed to a lower key. "I wish Agnes could have known you, Miss Fenton; how she would have sympathised with your work. All good women are fond of little children, but she doated on them. There were crowds of children in the churchyard on the day she was buried."

I was too much touched to answer, but he went on as though he did not notice my silence.

"You seem very happy in your work?"

"Very happy."

"One can see that; you have a most contented expression; it almost makes one envy you. I wonder how you came to think such work was possible."

I do not know how it was, but I found myself telling Mr. Hawtry all about Aunt Agatha and the cottage at Putney. I had even let fall a word or two about my miserable deficiency. I am not sure what I said, but I certainly saw him smile as though something amused him.

I was almost sorry when Mrs. Cornish called us *into the oak room*, and yet a most pleasant hour followed. Mrs. Cornish poured out the tea, and the children were very good; even Reggie behaved quite nicely. The room was very dark and low, and furnished entirely with oak, but a cheery little fire burnt on the hearth; and though the thunder rain beat heavily against the window, it seemed only to add to our merriment. Mr. Hawtry had promised to drive us home in the waggonette, but we dared not venture until the storm was over.

When the children had finished their bread and honey they played about the room, while we gathered round the window.

Mr. Hawtry spoke most to Gay, and I sat by and listened. He spoke about Mr. Rossiter presently.

"I think him a capital fellow," he said, in his hearty manner; "and it quite puzzles me why Mrs. Markham dislikes him so; she is always finding fault with him."

"Oh, there is no accounting for Adelaide's likes and dislikes," replied Gay, a little impatiently. "Sometimes I think she would have found fault with St. Paul himself if she had known him."

Mr. Hawtry laughed. "Rossiter is not a St. Paul, certainly, but he is a downright honest fellow, and that is what I like. Perhaps he is not a shining light in the pulpit, but he is so earnest and painstaking, that we cannot blame his want of eloquence. He is just the companion that suits me; always cheerful and always good-tempered, and ready to talk on any subject. I must say I am rather partial to Walter Rossiter."

Now I wonder what made Gay look so pleased, and why her eyes beamed so softly on Mr. Hawtry. But she said nothing, and Mr. Rossiter's name soon dropped out of the conversation.

Very shortly after that the rain cleared and the waggonette was ordered. While we were waiting for it, Gay asked me to come with her into the dairy to see Lydia Sowerby. I was anxious to see Hannah's sister, but I own I was not prepossessed with her appearance. She had red hair, like Molly—indeed, most of the Sowerbys had red hair—but she was far plainer than Molly, and it struck me her face looked hard.

I was to own by-and-by, however, that first impressions may be wrong, for a few moments afterwards, when Mrs. Cornish carried Reggie into the dairy, Lydia's hard-featured face softened in a wonderful manner, and such a pleasant smile redeemed her plainness.

"Oh, do let me hold him a moment," she said, eagerly; "he reminds me of little Davie, our poor little brother who died. Hannah has talked so much about him." And when Mrs. Cornish relinquished him reluctantly, she carried him about the dairy with such pride and joy, that Mrs. Cornish nodded her head at her benignantly.

"You are a rare one for children, Lyddy; I never saw a woman to beat you. She is always begging me to ask Dan," she went on, turning to us. "She spoils Dan hugely, and so does Molly; they are both of them soft-hearted, though you would not believe it to look at them, but many a soft fruit has a rough rind," finished Mrs. Cornish.

Reggie was asleep all the way home, but Joyce prattled incessantly. I took them into the house as quietly as I could, after bidding Mr. Hawtry good-night. I thought it best to leave Gay to explain things to Mrs. Markham.

But all that evening, until I slept, a sentence of Mr. Hawtry's haunted me. "I wish my sister Agnes could have known you, Miss Fenton." Why did he wish that? And yet, and yet I should have been glad to have known Agnes Hawtry, too.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

A Good Offer.

"I will save you a thousand pounds," said an Irishman to an old gentleman, "if you don't stand in your own light."

"How?"

"You have a daughter, and you intend to give her ten thousand as a marriage portion."

"I do."

"Sir, I will take her with nine thousand."

In Solitude.—Those beings only are fit for solitude who like nobody, are like nobody, and are liked by nobody.—*Zimmerman.*

In Lasting Remembrance.—Write your name with kindness, love, and mercy on the hearts of the people you come in contact with year by year, and you will never be forgotten.

A Curiosity in Words.—The five vowels appear in alphabetical order in "abstemious," also in the word "facetious," and "abstemiously" and "facetiously" give us the *y*.

Looking Ahead.—When we meet with the little vexatious incidents of life, by which our quiet is too often disturbed, it will prevent many painful sensations if we only consider—How insignificant this will appear a twelvemonth hence.

How to be Learned.—A Persian philosopher being asked by what method he had acquired so much knowledge, answered, "By not being prevented by shame from asking questions when I was ignorant."

Liberty.

'Tis liberty alone that gives the flower
Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume.
Cowper.

Widespread Sorrow.

Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn.
—*Burns.*

Jealousy.

Trifles light as air
Are to the jealous confirmation strong
As proofs of holy writ.—*Shakespeare.*

A Bargain Hunter.—It is told of a gentleman that he had a passion for the purchase of second-hand furniture at auctions, and that in making "good bargains" he had filled his house with antiquated and almost useless articles. Upon one occasion, his wife took the responsibility, without consulting or apprising her husband, to have a portion of the least useful removed to an auction-room. Great was her dismay when, on the evening of the day of sale, the majority of the articles came back to the house. The husband had stumbled into the auction-room, and, not knowing his own furniture, had purchased it at better bargains than at first.

Constant Companions.—Hypocrisy and cunning travel together, and they cannot get very far separately.

Advice to a Wife.—Try to make home necessary to a man's happiness, and you will almost always succeed.

Echoes.

How sweet the answer Echo makes
To Music at night,
When, roused by lute or horn, she wakes,
And far away o'er lawns and lakes
Goes answering light!

Yet Love hath echoes truer far,
And far more sweet,
Than e'er, beneath the moonlight's star,
Of horn, or lute, or soft guitar,
The songs repeat.

'Tis when the sigh, in youth sincere,
And only then—
The sigh that's breathed for one to hear—
Is by that one, that only Dear,
Breathed back again.
—*Thomas Moore.*

The Education of Woman.—Education is not that which smothers a woman with accomplishments, but that which tends to consolidate a firm and regular character—to form a friend, a companion, and a wife.—*Hannah More.*

On a Summer Holiday.—After shutting up her house for some time, a woman used a weak tincture of iodine to stain herself and her children brown, and then succeeded in convincing all the neighbours that she had been to the sea-side.

Truth.—Truth comes home to the mind so naturally, that when we learn it for the first time it seems as though we did no more than recall it to our memory.—*Fontenelle.*

An Infirm Tribunal.*

The fact has been mentioned above of Camille Desmoulins' stutter, which indomitable perseverance and enthusiasm in his chosen cause so far threw into the shade as that it proved no drawback to his attainment of a pre-eminent position in those troublous times.

It must be acknowledged as a somewhat singular circumstance that another of the revolutionary chiefs suffered from an affliction that would appear a still more certain impediment to success in public life. Couthon, while yet an obscure provincial advocate in Auvergne, was stricken with paralysis, which deprived him of the use of his limbs. Yet Couthon, thus laid past, as it might seem, once and for all, on life's most obscure and dismal shelf—Couthon was no longer in Auvergne, but in Paris, in the forefront of the fiercest turmoil! Couthon, the paralytic, formed the third of the famous Triumvirate which exercised for above a year—an age in revolutionary times—the Dictatorship of France.

It is another rather curious fact about this man that, in spite of his grievous infirmity, he is represented as a person of engaging aspect and noble presence. When any measures of peculiar severity were to be proposed, he was always chosen by the committee to bring them forward, and he was remarkable for uttering the most atrocious and pitiless sentiments in a tone and with a manner the most affectionate and tender. The details of those wholesale murders, the Fournées, or Batches, as they were grimly termed, which marked the last and most sanguinary month of the Reign of Terror, were left to the unflinching hands of this pitiless, soft-seeming Couthon, and the suspicious, ferocious St. Just.

Proud and Ungrateful.—Never was any person remarkably ungrateful who was not also insufferably proud, nor anyone proud who was not equally ungrateful.

The Way of the World.—When two people disagree, each person tells her own story as much to the disadvantage of the other as she possibly can. The rule of the world on these occasions is to believe much o the evil which each says of the other, and very little of the good which each says of herself. Both, therefore, suffer.

Mothers-in-Law.—"Yes," said a mother-in-law, "you can deceive your guileless little wife, young man, but her father's wife—never!"

* From Lord Brougham's "Statesmen of the Time of George III." Third Series, page 91.

The Obedient Husband.

A clergyman, travelling through the village of Kettle, in Fifeshire, was called into an inn to officiate at a marriage, instead of the parish minister, who, from some accident, was unable to attend, and had caused the company to wait for a considerable time.

While the reverend gentleman was pronouncing the admonition, and just as he had told the bridegroom to love and honour his wife, the said bridegroom interjected the words, "and obey," which he thought had been omitted from oversight, though that is part of the rule laid down solely to the wife. The minister, surprised to find a husband willing to be henpecked by anticipation, did not take advantage of the proposed amendment; on which the bridegroom again reminded him of the omission. "Ay, and obey, sir—love, honour, and obey, ye ken!" and he seemed seriously discomposed at finding that his hint was not taken.

Some years after the same clergyman was riding through the village, when the same man came out and stopped him, addressing him in the following remarkable words: "D'ye mind, sir, yon day, when ye married me, and when I wad insist upon vowing to obey my wife? Weel, ye may now see that I was in the richt. Whether ye wad or no, I hae obeyed my wife; and behold, I am now the only man that has a twa-storey house in the hale toun!"

A Natural Explanation.—The greater longevity of women as compared with men appears to be well borne out by the statistics of every country that has yet been examined. This shows that, after all, it is not bright dresses, heavy skirts, and thin shoes that kill. It is the paying for them that does it.

Musical Performers.—"Three things," said Mozart, "are necessary for a good performer"; and he pointed significantly to his head, to his heart, and to the tips of his fingers, as symbolical of understanding, sympathy, and technical readiness.

Encouragement.

The maid whose manners are retired,
Who, patient, waits to be admired,
Though overlooked, perhaps, awhile
Her modest worth, her modest smile,
Oh, she will find, or soon or late,
A noble, fond, and faithful mate.

A Comforting Thought.—When any calamity has been suffered, the first thing to be remembered is how much has been escaped. —*Dr. Johnson.*

A Gipsy Trick.

The feat known by the gipsies as "the great secret," is *performed by inducing* some woman of largely magnified faith—say some decent farmer's wife—to believe that there is hidden in the house a magic treasure, which can only be made to come to hand by depositing in the cellar another treasure, to which it will come by natural affinity or attraction.

"For gold, as you sees, my dearie, draws gold, and so if you ties up all your money in a pockethandkerchief and leaves it, you'll find it doubled. And wasn't there the squire's lady, and didn't she draw two hundred gold guineas out of the ground when they'd laid in an old grave—and *only one guinea she* gave me for all my trouble; and I hope you'll do better by the poor old gipsy, my dearie."

The gold and all the spoons are tied up—for as the enchantress observes, there may be silver, too—and she solemnly repeats over it certain magical rhymes. The next day the gipsy comes to see how the charm is working. Could anyone look under her cloak she might find another bundle precisely resembling the one containing the treasure. She looks at the precious deposit, repeats her rhyme again and departs, after carefully charging the housewife that the bundle must not be touched or spoken about for three weeks. "Every word you tell about it, my dearie, will be a guinea gone away." Sometimes she exacts an oath on the Bible that nothing shall be said.

Back to the farmer's wife never again. After three weeks another extraordinary instance of gross incredulity appears in the country papers, and is perhaps repeated in a colossal London daily, with a reference to the absence of the schoolmaster. There is wailing and shame in the house—perhaps great suffering, for it may be that the savings of years have been swept away. The charm has worked.—*Leland.*

The Pleasure of Giving.—She who gives for the sake of thanks knows not the pleasure of giving.

A Paradox.

Bread is the staff of life, they say;
And be it also spoken,
It won't support a man a day
Unless it first be broken.

Slaves to Pleasure.

The world's a bubble; all the pleasures in it,
Like morning vapours, vanish in a minute,
The vapours vanish, and the bubble's broke;
A slave to pleasure is a slave to smoke.

Francis Quarles.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MUSIC.

Allegro.—The madrigal (a pastoral song) and the glee are not the same. The musical phrases in the former, complete in themselves, seldom went together in the different voice parts. One phrase began before the ending of the other, as it were over-lapping one another. It was usually sung in chorus, whereas glees were sung in single voices. A catch is of old English origin, as remote as the early days of the Tudors. Several voices are engaged, one catching up the words of the other in a whimsical and burlesque fashion.

Claire Elliot.—We think we must refer you to our numberless valuable articles on music, which run all through the seven volumes, "Evenings with Our Great Living Composers," in vol. iv., especially. The dress you mention would not be too handsome and full dress to wear in London, but we do not know for what kind of a concert you require it. There are concerts and concerts, you know.

An old Maid of 24.—The verse you quote is from a song called "Rock me to Sleep, Mother." Of course, if young ladies call on other young ladies and do not make acquaintance with the lady of the house, be she mother or sister-in-law, there is no need of inviting them (the visitors) to the house as guests. But a girl of any tact will avoid this trouble by being very particular that her young friends be introduced to the elders of her family. In England, few mothers like their daughters to go out without them; if in society at all, they must have a chaperon.

Brownie M. C. B.—The names of all the best of the new songs are given in the reviews in the G.O.P., to which you must refer for information. There is a valuable article by Miss Mary Davies in vol i. on "How to Improve the Voice." She thinks an egg beaten up with a little milk and sugar and taken an hour before singing is good.

ART.

An Art Student.—Copies from old masters have a very limited sale, and picture dealers are generally shy of buying them. The best exhibitions for their display are the agricultural shows held during the summer months in various country towns. These shows have a special exhibit of art work, and a class to which copies are admitted. Should your own promise as an artist be very decided, and your means permit, you would do well to go to Rome, Dresden, or to Belgium, where copies of the old masters can be made, which find a sale amongst English and American visitors to the galleries, and a fair price is obtained. Standing for long periods of time at an ordinary easel is very injurious to girls. Easels are constructed so as to be raised or lowered at will, and enable the artist to sit while at work.

A Reader.—The materials mentioned in the articles upon photographine are stated correctly, and can all be obtained in Regent-street.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A CONSTANT READER.—1. The whole account of the royal mummies recently discovered in Egypt appeared, and with illustrations, in one of the numbers for August of the *Illustrated London News*. Neither of these was the Pharaoh who was drowned in the Red Sea. But even had it been so, what insuperable obstacles would have necessarily existed to the recovery of the king's body, and its being embalmed and buried! 2. We do not believe England to be the worst country in the world for drunkenness.

SILVER THREAD should recommend her friends to read a recent article of ours on the care of the hair; and should read that by Medicus on "Lissom Hands and Pretty Feet," besides continual answers to similar questions in our correspondence.

NIL DESPERANDUM.—1. *It would* be cheaper and more satisfactory to buy a sixpenny bottle of lemon kali, than attempt to make it yourself. 2. An account of all the old castles in England could be obtained by your bookseller.

HIGHLAND LASS.—1. To cover a bedroom mantelpiece, you can employ the ordinary furniture brocade sold for that purpose. A yard and a half will suffice. They have a woven flower design in the centre, and are finished with a fringe of the same material. The colours are rich in hue, and gold threads are usually run through the pattern. 2. Dec. 3rd, 1873, was a Wednesday.

PHŒBE.—1. The sect of the Epicureans (according to St. Gregory of Nyssa) believed that all things moved on accidentally, without any Providence. A very remarkable regularity, we must admit, of times and seasons, causes and results, are for mere accidents! Such accidents are as full of apparent method as there was in Hamlet's madness. Alas! there are many silly epicureans in the present day, only known by a different name. 2. The name Shiloh means the peacemaker, and Messiah the anointed. The word catechism is derived from the Greek, signifying to instruct by oral teaching.

A SUBSCRIBER'S BROTHER.—You will spoil your gaselier if you attempt to lacquer it yourself. Send it to a lamp shop.

NYMPHÆ ALBA.—You might procure botanists' portable collecting presses at Swiss wood-carving shops. For drying and preserving flowers refer to vol. iii., page 80.

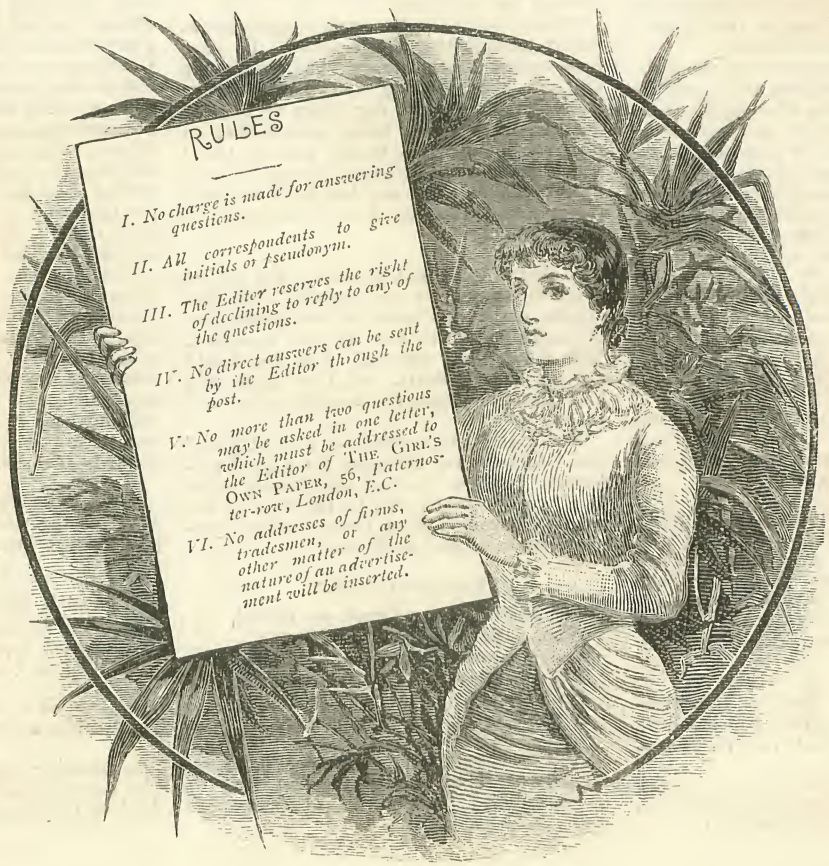
R. E. W.—You say that, when you pray, you seem to speak to the air, and feel quite discouraged. You probably think of your Heavenly Father as far away above the heavens, instead of close at your side and in your chamber, knowing all your thoughts and desires before you utter them. Try to realise this. See Psalm cxxxix., and all our Lord's words as to being in the midst of two or three praying in His name, etc. Then, again, you pray amiss even when asking for such spiritual grace and such temporal mercies as are agreeable to His will, because you do not fulfil all the conditions He has imposed on you. "When ye pray, believe that ye have the things, and ye shall have them." "If ye shall ask anything in My name, I will do it." If you ask in His name, therefore, and do not accept and believe in His promise, you cannot expect to receive what you need with any degree of confidence." "All things are possible to him that believeth." "Ask and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full." "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out."

MARY.—1. We regret that we cannot promise any special competitions. The time they exact from an editor is far greater than our competitors can realise. 2. It is very ungrammatical to divide the verb from the preposition "to." You should not say "to accordingly act," but "to act accordingly." There is no such verb as "to accordingly." The adverb should end the sentence.

NEW ZEALAND, AN ENGLISH GIRL.—We think your friends should get on anywhere. You do not give address; but you can write to the London office of the United Englishwoman's Emigration Association, Mrs. Reeves, 13, Dorset-square, Baker-street, W., for information and advice on all subjects connected with the emigration of women.

NATALIE and BEREA.—1. A kind of pancake feast preceding Lent was observed in the Greek Church, from whom we may probably have borrowed it, together with the Pasch-eggs, and other suchlike things, so we are informed in Brand's "Popular Antiquities." 2. Anyone who exchanges any kind of goods to receive old used postage stamps in exchange does so to defraud the Government. Such stamps are submitted to a process which makes them appear like new, and are privately issued. Thus, we warn you of aiding and abetting swindlers. We are already provided with a very full staff of writers, and regret we cannot invite you to write for us.

LITTLE BUTTERCUP.—Hot mineral springs boil up from volcanic action under ground, and which become impregnated with mineral substances. The hot springs at Bath were known to the Romans in the first century, who had a station there called *Aquæ Solis*, or *Aquæ Calidæ*, and to the English conquerors as Bathan. But the discovery of the healing properties of the Bath waters dates back to the time of Bladud, the father of King Lear, who consequently built the city, one of the wells of which was called Bladud's Well. Any little handbook of Bath will give you the whole history of his discovery of them, and the cure of the diseased swine from drinking and bathing in the waters.



J. NOEL.—The origin of the word "ostracism" is Greek, and the founder of this arbitrary law was Clisthenes, the leader of an advanced Democratic party in Athens. It provided for the banishment of any individual, however innocent of crime, who was obnoxious to the citizens, because too influential in their estimation, or disposed to restrict their own liberty of action. Their votes for his exile were recorded by the inscription of his name on the shells. The "biter bitten" was demonstrated in the case of this demagogue, as Clisthenes was himself the first on whom his own law was put in force.

PLURAL NOUN sent us the following riddle some time since, which is said to have been written by the Hon. George Canning. Some of our readers may like to try their skill on divining it:—

> "A noun there is of plural number,
> Foe to peace and tranquil slumber;
> Now any noun that you may take
> By adding *s* you plural make;
> But if you add an *s* to this
> Strange is the metamorphosis!
> Plural is plural now no more,
> And sweet what bitter was before."

HAWTHORN.—We thank you for your recipe for a plain cake, and thank you for your kind wishes. Poem mislaid. May yet find it.

INQUISITIVE.—The name Sevenoaks does not refer to trees, but to the founder of the grammar school there, which was founded A.D. 1418 by Sir William de Sevenoke, or Sennocke. In 1675 Lady Margaret Boswell founded a school for poor children. It was at Sevenoaks that Sir Humphrey Stafford was unhappily defeated by the rebel army under Jack Cade, and fell in the action, June 27th, 1450, *temp.* Henry VI.

A. M. W.—1. You might perhaps repair your waterproof by making the following solution:—Dissolve an ounce of isinglass in a pound of soft water, and a quarter of an ounce of soap in one pound of water, all separately. Strain the solutions, mix them, and let them simmer for some time. Brush the preparation while hot over the worn spot, and when dry brush it well and lay on a little more. In a day or two you may wear the garment. 2. Yes, seals can hear very well, and, what is more, they enjoy music, and they have been known to follow a ship for miles to listen to the playing of a violin on board.

EMMA.—A list of nine prayer unions and Scripture-reading societies is given in the little shilling manual of girls' clubs just published by Messrs Griffith and Farran, corner of St. Paul's-churchyard, E.C. The most considerable is that of the Rev. T. Richardson. We recommend the manual.

PATSY.—1. In calling on a newly-married couple for the first time, both husband and wife should call in person. After that the wife may leave her own card, should the lady be out, and two of her husband's. As "Patsy" is the diminutive of "Patrick," we presume our correspondent to be a man. 2. The harp is not a difficult instrument to play, provided you have a good ear, as it has to be tuned continually. You should go to a shop for musical instruments, and, if economy be essential, you might procure a secondhand one.

A LOVER OF THE G. O. P.—1. At one time there was no intercourse between the people of Coventry and the soldiers garrisoned there, and hence arose the phrase being "sent to Coventry," where the soldiers were doomed to know nobody, and a woman seen speaking to one of them was immediately tabooed. 2. Canaries are kept in wire cages. See that yours be a large one, and keep the wooden perches well scraped.

YTTRIA LAVER.—Have you ever read the "Boston Monday Lectures," by the Rev. Joseph Cook (Ward and Lock, Warwick House, Salisbury-sq., E.C.)? The vols. "Life and the Soul" and "God and the Conscience" are admirable, and well suited for the sceptical. A supreme divinity could not be created, as then he would not be supreme. He must be self-existent. The arguments you name are very feeble. Being omnipresent, of course He is in every corner of His dominion. See the 139th Psalm, 8th verse.

A. J. B.—September 18, 1864, was a Sunday. Unless intimate, bow only.

The Editor offers his best thanks to the undermentioned correspondents for their kindly sending him Christmas and New Year's Cards.—"Old School Girl," "A Dumpling," Snowdrop, A Delicate Country Lassie, "Waitakerei" (Auckland, N.Z.), R. C. R., for Dora Hope; Viola Heath (a cheque on the Bank of Providence for 365 days of health and prosperity), Florence and Gertrude Farrier (Melbourne, Aus.), Violet, A Brighton Seagull, Pecksy and Flopsy, A Reader, Bessie, A Lover of the G.O.P.; Auntie Jessie, for "M.E.E.," "Medicus," and the Editor; L. A. L., Hilda Mesnard, Anonymous, from Stockport; Emily Agnes C., for Medicus and the Editor; Alice E. Howes, R. Stephens, "A Midsummer Daisy," "Bee" and "Angels," "Faust," "Iris," H. A. W. (Jamaica), "Idalia," One of the Editor's Colonial Girls; "Topsy" (Jamaica), "Four Jamaica Girls," Gladys Maurice-Pendarves, C. E. Biggs, "Clericus," Dayfie, Rita, "Calcutta Lizzie," Susan H. Hunter, Elodie, "Michaelmas Goose," M. T. W., Children of the Scholars' News Club (Fairfield Endowed Schools), Constance, for Editor and Medicus; Mary and Ada Levestan (two Russian Girls), Emmie Buchanan, Julia Mary Pollock.



VOL. VIII.—No. 373.] FEBRUARY 19, 1887. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

SPRING: ITS TROUBLES AND DANGERS.

By MEDICUS.



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A TREACHEROUS SPRING DAY.

ALTHOUGH the subject I have chosen for this month's paper might seem to some an uninteresting one, I feel I should be casting a slur upon the good sense of the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN if I doubted for a moment their willingness to hear what I have to say.

I confess to you, however, that I would far rather discourse to you in pleasant language of perfumes distilled from flowers, of health-giving rambles by moorland, mount, or sea, of the ozone-laden air that gladdens the heart, or the sweet sunshine that warms and thickens the blood, than of rheums and aches and pains. But, was it not Solomon himself who said there is a time for all things? Yes, and the spring months in this country are fraught with a deal of little disagreeablenesses, which prudence and a modicum of care might enable us to avoid.

Perhaps the state of the weather to-day may have something to do with the production of this article. My minimum thermometer has been down to 31° during the night, and winter not yet ended. As I write a wild east wind is roaring through the trees, bending the poplars as if they were fishing-rods, tearing the brown leaves from the elms, and whirling them high over the chimneys. Determined not to have fires in my study, I am fain, nevertheless, to envelop myself in my ulster, and thus I sit defiant; the surging, sea-like roar of the storm cannot disturb my equanimity, nor eke the swaying creepers that tap at the windows like dead men's fingers.

Winter will last with us far into April, and on the wings of east winds are borne along many of the seeds of illnesses we would do well to be prepared for.

I was looking at a lime or linden tree last autumn, when the sun was shining brightly, and ere the leaves had commenced to turn from green to yellow. All know the graceful and beautiful linden tree, with its wealth of heart-shaped leaves, so close and thick that if a man climbs but half-way up, he is hidden in a cloudland of verdure, and might consider himself a hundred miles from the earth for all he can see of it. And the linden is a spreading tree, its lower branches stretch far outwards, and their tips almost touch the ground, so that once beneath it you are in a kind of fairy alcove or bower, into which even rain cannot find its way. The tree I was looking at was covered with myriads of its strange, wee flowers, the perfume from which had attracted bees in countless thousands. As I stood beneath its shade I was delighted with the fragrance of the wee flowerets, and charmed with the drowsy music of the little artisans, that were so busy gathering honey therefrom—the sweetest and best honey in the world, by the way; but I could not help wondering when I thought of the tens of millions of seeds, which, in a few weeks, would be scattered broadcast upon the earth, not one of which from this particular tree I have ever known to take root and grow. And why not? Listen, because the answer to the question has a bearing upon the subject I have under consideration. The reason why the seeds do not germinate, lies in the fact that the ground on which they fall resists their efforts to take root and grow.

As the air is full after a time of the seeds of the linden tree, when the south wind blows, and, as the earth beneath is bedded with them, so, when the chill, cold breezes of spring are blowing, is the sky filled with seeds of illness, which fall on the lungs of those breathing them, and it depends upon the state of one's blood and constitution, whether those seeds shall take root and develop coughs and colds, and aches and pains and rheums of every kind, or be repelled and do nought of harm.

From this we may learn a lesson. For it is strange but true enough, that so great is the struggle for existence in this world—I do not mean among human beings, but among the living though invisible germs which everywhere and at all times surround us in clouds, that no sooner does the health of anyone of the higher forms of animal life fall below par, than it is attacked by these, and if the weakness is extreme he falls a victim, and severe illness, that may even end fatally, is the result.

It is a well-known fact, established long, long ago, that all such plagues as cholera, for instance, or typhoid fever, are caused by germs of disease afloat in the air, or in the water, and through these media introduced into the human system. These germs are ferments so strong, poisons so powerful, that if they once succeed in gaining ingress to the blood, hardly can all the skill of medicine destroy them or render them innocuous. Yet we daily hear of medical men and nurses walking about in the midst of plague and pestilence, but coming through the outbreak all unscathed. We can only account for this by believing that these individuals have well-kept up systems, that the lungs are constantly so healthy, and the surface of their bronchial tubes so smooth and pure, that the disease germs can find neither food nor foothold therein or thereon.

Now the two great enemies to the health of the delicate during the spring months are cold and damp, and just as often as not they both attack one at the same time. Nor is it the delicate in constitution alone who have to fear the evil influence of these foes to life and comfort, for strong men and women, too, must be careful.

If I were to ask any of my older readers what she considered the cold and damp of spring were most likely to give rise to in the shape of illnesses, the answer would almost certainly be, "Colds and coughs." So far she would be right, but there is another ailment very prevalent at this time, and too often the result of exposure to the weather, namely, fits of indigestion. The sufferer feels chilly and not over well in the evening; perhaps she retires early, has a restless night, and awakens in the morning with disagreeable headache and complete loss of appetite. There may even be nausea and sickness.

These symptoms are generally put down to a chill caught, or to a bilious attack, and the patient—for patient she must be now for a few days at all events—tries to think back what she has been eating. This kind of self-examination is usually somewhat unsatisfactory, and it would be better were she to ask herself, "Where and when did I expose myself to cold and damp *on an empty stomach?* You notice I have italicised the last words, because I want you to get a firm grasp of the fact that when the system is, for the time being, weak and below par, with no food pouring into the blood, it is ten times more liable just then to become the victim of unhealthful influences.

A little attack like that which I have mentioned is best got rid of by confinement for a day or two to the house, on a sofa, in an easy chair, but not in bed if possible, by diet of an easily-digested and nourishing kind, by a mild aperient and warm bath at bedtime, with, if it be deemed needful, about ten grains of Dover's powder, while before being again exposed to this weather, a warmer woollen garment should be worn next to the skin.

In the spring months the delicate, who would avoid aches and rheums, must be careful to keep the body well-nourished.

Beware, however, I pray you, of that deluding sentence, which is the cause of so much human misery, "Keep up the strength." To do this some people resort to the madness and folly of constantly cramming—I can use no milder verb—the body with all kinds of nourishing food and drink, till the liver and other internal organs are gorged with blood, and this blood itself is poisoned with bile and acid, and the stomach is utterly prostrated with the efforts it has to make, and the unusual strain put upon it. In this heated, half-fevered condition of system, if a person be exposed to cold wind or to damp, can she wonder that illness is the result? And this illness will take the form of rheumatism in the joints in one, muscular pains and stiffness in another, chest complaint in a third, and so on through every scale of trouble.

The corollary from the above may be summed up in these words: in spring time get up soon in the morning, and after a pleasant bath and a breath or two of fresh air, sit down to a quiet breakfast of a palatable, but not over rich nature. Ring the changes, day after day, on eggs, cold fowl or game, fish (white), mild bacon, etc., and toast—invariably toast—with sweetest of butter, and either good tea, coffee, or cocoatina. Fruit should be eaten before breakfast, or the juice of oranges in sugar and water may be drank. Be moderate in eating, and if hungry at midday take a biscuit with a cup of cocoatina. Let luncheon and dinner be all partaken of under the same restrictions, and exclude stimulants and cordials as you value your health. At bedtime, if a bad sleeper, a tumblerful of sodawater may be drank with ten grains of bicarbonate of soda dissolved therein.

This system of living is the only true way to keep up the system in spring, and to guard against its cold winds and the troubles that fly on the wings thereof.

But there are other rules to be attended to if one would have perfect health at this season.

Exercise must not be forgotten, to keep the skin acting freely; nor recreation, to keep the mind from becoming dulled and low.

Depend upon it that exercise and real healthful recreation go very far to keep sickness at bay.

Older people often suffer from cold in spring. They will not do so if they take the following advice. Sleep in a comfortable, well-ventilated room. Very great pains must be taken with the ventilation; it must be scientifically done by door and windows, and probably by chimney. I may dwell at some length another day about this; meanwhile, remember that a draught is not to be tolerated, and that this can easily be avoided by using perforated zinc, which can be painted most ornamentally, the little holes being afterwards freed with a long needle.

Too heavy or too hot bedclothing should not be used, and if a fire is lit it should be so banked before retiring that it will smoulder away all night. All kind of stimulating cordials should be avoided, but cod-liver oil should be taken.

About clothing for spring I have spoken before, and always do speak in favour of wool for young or old. I have also many times raised a warning voice against the dangers from wearing mackintoshes.

The following is from a medical contemporary, and although it refers to topcoats, it is equally *àpropos* of any extra over-garment.

"The general effect is well enough while the overcoat is kept on, but the moment it is removed evaporation recommences, and the body is placed in a 'cooler,' constructed on the principle adopted when a damp cloth is wrapped round a butter-dish—the vapour passing off, abstracting the heat, and leaving the contents of the cooler refrigerated. The point to make clear is that the overcoat, let it be fashioned and ventilated as it may, does not prevent the underclothing from being saturated with moisture, but actually tends to make the moisture accumulate therein. This is proved by the sense of genial warmth felt while the overcoat is worn, and the evidences of perspiration easily perceived, under the arms and at the sides of the chest particularly, after the overcoat has been removed. Moreover, we take off the coat when we enter a warm house, and precisely at the moment when muscular activity is suspended. A very little consideration will suffice to convince the common-sense thinker that nothing can well be worse managed than this process, both as regards its nature and the time and condition of its operation. It is opposed to all the canons of health to allow the clothing to become saturated with perspiration, and then to take off the external covering and suffer rapid cooling by evaporation; while if it were designed to do this at the worst possible time, probably none worse could be found than when muscular exercise has been discontinued. The suggestion we (*Lancet*) have to offer is that it would be far better policy to wear only one coat at a time, and to make whatever change may be necessary by removing a thin coat and replacing it by a thicker one when going out of doors, and the reverse when coming in. If, instead of wearing overcoats, people would wear coats of different thicknesses, according to the weather and conditions generally, they would avoid the danger of cooling by evaporation; the garments saturated with moisture would be removed, and dry off the body instead of on it. We believe no inconsiderable portion of the 'colds,' attacks of lumbago, and even more formidable results of what are popularly called 'chills,' may be traced to the practice of wearing overcoats, which arrest the ordinary process of evaporation, cause the clothing within to be saturated with accumulated perspiration, and are then removed, when rapid cooling takes place. The avoidance of this peril is to be attained by such change of coats as the conditions require."

A DAUGHTER OF SORROWS.

CHAPTER III.

EXILE AND RESTORATION.

IT was midnight on the 19th of December, her seventeenth birthday, when Madame Royale left the Temple. M. Benezech, the Minister of the Interior, escorted her to the Porte St. Martin, where the travelling carriage provided for her journey to Vienna was in waiting. There went with her the Marchioness de Soucy, sub-governess to the children of France, an officer of the gendarmerie, and M. Gomin, one of the commissaries of the Temple. Huć joined her at Huningen, which she reached on Christmas Eve. Although all precautions were taken to prevent her being known, the princess was frequently recognised, and greeted with silent respect, in the course of her journey. She stayed over the 25th at the sign of the "Crow" at Huningen, and set out for Basle on the next day. As she left her room the innkeeper fell at her feet and asked her blessing. Tears stood in her eyes as she entered the carriage. "I leave France with regret," she said, "and shall never cease to regard it as my country."

At Basle the exchange was effected, and Madame Royale left on the night of the 26th, accompanied by Madame de Soucy and escorted by the Prince de Gavres, who had been appointed by the Austrian Emperor for the purpose. At Lauffenbourg she stayed a day to celebrate a service in memory of her parents, and at Innspruck she remained two days to visit her aunt, the Archduchess Elizabeth. She arrived in Vienna on the 9th of January, 1796.

Warmly received by the Emperor and Empress, with a household appointed for her in accordance with her rank, Madame Royale took her place at the Austrian Court, and here she spent the next four years. But amid the glitter of the Court of Vienna she was, perhaps, more truly lonely than she had been in the Tower of the Temple. Her heart was in the graves of those she loved, and the mourning garments which she wore told truly that she lived in the past. The Archduke Charles sought her hand, and the Emperor and Empress urged, and even insisted, that she should accept him. But Madame Royale steadily declined. She had no heart to give a lover; but the wish of her father and mother pointed out the path she was to take, and if she must wed it could only be her cousin, the Duc d'Angoulême. Her refusal drew down on her the Imperial displeasure, which was augmented by her careful avoidance of various political schemes into which it was sought to entangle her.

It was a great relief, therefore, to the princess when this anomalous position was put an end to in the spring of 1799 by a demand on the part of the Emperor of Russia, made at the request of Louis XVIII., in terms which allowed no refusal, that Madame Royale should be permitted to join her uncle and the other members of her father's family at Mittau, in Courland, where they were then residing.

The princess gladly set out from Vienna in May, and on the 4th of June she was met at the gates of Mittau by Louis XVIII., his wife, and the Duc d'Angoulême. It was a touching meeting, memories of the past crowding up and dimming the happiness of the present, while rendering it more sacred. Not only her relatives, but loyal nobles of France and faithful servants of her father received Madame Royale at Mittau. Of these the most notable was the Abbé Edgeworth, who had attended Louis XVI. on the scaffold. The princess was, at her own request, left alone with the abbé, that she might learn from him the details of her father's last moments. She ever cherished for the good man the warmest regard, and when, some years after, a dangerous fever broke out at Mittau and numbered him among its victims, it was Madame Royale who took her place by his bedside, closed his dying eyes, and followed his remains to the grave.

The thought that lay uppermost in the minds of all when the first emotions of meeting were over, was the permanent union of Madame Royale to her family by her marriage with the Duc d'Augoulême. Where the wishes of all parties were at one, there was no need for delay. On the 10th of June, six days after the princess's arrival, the marriage ceremony took place in the gallery of the ducal castle. Loving hands had decked the altar with branches of lilac and summer flowers, and here, in a strange land, in the presence of the little court of Louis XVIII., the prince and princess plighted their troth. It was the fulfilment of a vow rather than the consummation of a love match, and the faith was plighted to the dead as much as to the living.

We have lingered so long over Madame Royale's early life that we have no space to do more than glance at the years which immediately followed her marriage. In 1801 the exiles were obliged, through the caprice of the Czar, to quit Mittau in the depth of a severe winter. They appealed to the King of Prussia for a refuge, and he appointed Warsaw, where they remained some years. In 1805 they were again at Mittau. In 1808 they came to England. Here for two years they resided at Gosfield Hall, a seat of the Marquis of Buckingham in Essex, and here, in November, 1810, Louis XVIII. lost his Queen.

They then removed to Hartwell Hall, a fine Elizabethan house between Oxford and Aylesbury, which they occupied until the year 1814.

Some memories of the Duchess of Augoulême at Hartwell have been preserved. She is described as reserved and sad, and averse to the notice or attention of strangers. But she would often be seen standing in the porch of the little church a silent spectator of the Protestant service, and she expressed to the minister her pleasure at the reverence and fitness which characterised the English mode of worship.

When the events of 1814 drove Napoleon into exile, and brought back Louis XVIII. to the throne, the Duchess of Angoulême was at Hartwell with her uncle. It was on the 25th of March that the news reached them of the proclamation of Louis XVIII. at Bordeaux. A month later they set out on their return to France. The Prince Regent accompanied them to Dover, the Duke of Clarence escorted them across the Channel. From Calais to Paris their progress was one long triumphal procession.

The state entry of the King into Paris took place on the 3rd of May. Seated in an open carriage drawn by eight white horses, Louis XVIII. had on his left hand the "daughter of the last King." It was on her that all eyes were turned, and to her that the warmest tribute of welcome was paid. Dressed wholly in white, there was on her countenance a kind of grave joy which struck all beholders. What strangely mingled thoughts were passing through her mind may well be imagined. Tears which she could not

restrain fell frequently from her eyes. When she reached the Tuileries, which she had not seen since the fatal day when her parents had left it to take refuge in the Assembly twenty-two years before, the thronging memories of the past were too much for nature to bear, and she was carried into the palace in a swoon.

There had reached Madame Royale, year by year during her exile, a bunch of flowers gathered from her mother's grave. A faithful old Royalist, M. Descloseaux, had bought the ground in which the King and Queen, amongst many other victims of the Reign of Terror, had been interred, and to keep it sacred had converted it into an orchard and planted it with flowers. To this sacred spot the Duchess of Angoulême bent her steps the day after her entry into Paris, and there, as she thanked M. Descloseaux in a voice broken by emotion, the loyal old man made over to her the ground he had been preserving for her for the past seventeen years.

Public rejoicings followed the restoration in abundance. At the opera "Edipus at Colonos" was presented, and at the passage where Edipus recounts the tender care of Antigone, Louis XVIII. turned to the Duchess of Angoulême and kissed her hand.

Crowds came to the Tuileries to be presented to the duchess. She received twelve at a time, and the ladies so presented all wore white, with coronets of fleur-de-lys. The likeness which the duchess bore to her mother was much remarked; but it has been called "the resemblance of cold marble to animated flesh and blood," and young *débutantes* were apt to look upon the reserve and self-repression of the princess as austerity or want of sympathy. The terrible past was too deeply impressed on her mind for her to shake it off. The blessing of children, whose care and training might have brought her new hopes and new associations, had been denied her, and her thoughts went back constantly to the days of her youth and to the loved ones who had been so cruelly torn from her.

Within the year of the Restoration the Duchess of Angoulême found new work to her hand. Ten months after Louis XVIII.'s entry into Paris came the tidings that Napoleon had escaped from Elba, and once more landed on French soil. The hearts of the French people, never aroused to enthusiasm for Louis XVIII., turned instinctively to the Emperor. The Duchess of Angoulême was at Bordeaux when the news reached her. The men of the city were loyal to the monarchy, but the soldiers of the line awaited the course of events in silence. It was to win these that the duchess bent all her energy. Mounted on horseback, she reviewed the troops day after day, and sought earnestly to make them declare for the King. She met with little or no support, and when, on the 1st of April, the Imperial forces, under General Clauzel, arrived before the city, it was evident that all their sympathies were with the Emperor. Perceiving this, the duchess addressed herself to the National Guard and the citizen volunteers. These, regardless of personal danger, she reviewed in face of the enemy, whose loaded guns on the other side of the river commanded the position. General Clauzel, in the true spirit of chivalry, kept his men from firing. His first duty, he said, was to respect the courage of the duchess. He could not order her to be fired upon when she was providing material for the noblest page in her history. The Duchess of Angoulême did not forget General Clauzel's chivalrous conduct. When he afterwards fell a prisoner into the hands of the Royalists, she interceded with the King and saved his life.

But it was too evident that the duchess's efforts were in vain. With tears in her eyes she thanked the National Guard for what they had done, and begged them, as a last favour, to lay down their arms and so avoid bloodshed. Then, with a sad heart, she set out for Pouillac, where she embarked for Spain. As she once more quitted the shore of France as an exile, she turned to the people who were assembled to witness her departure, and distributed amongst them the plume of white feathers which she wore in her hair. "Bring them back to me with better days," she said, "and Marie Thérèse will show you she has a good memory, and has not forgotten her friends at Bordeaux."

The King had fled already, and the Duc d'Angoulême was temporarily a prisoner. But who does not know the story of the Hundred Days? It was on the 3rd of April that the Duchess of Angoulême left France; on the 18th of June Napoleon staked and lost all on the field of Waterloo. Five weeks later the duchess was once more on her way to Paris, her path strewn with flowers and the air rent with shouts of welcome. Louis XVIII. was already there, and as she rejoined her uncle at the Tuileries, it might have seemed that the cries of the populace were but the echoes of those of the year before, which time had not yet allowed to die away.

But the orphan of the Temple—the *filia dolorosa* of France—had had bitter experience of the fickle, easily-swayed French people. Was it matter for wonder if she withdrew more than ever into herself, and appeared more than ever cold and austere? Taking as little part as possible in Court festivities, she led a simple, retired life. Rising early in the morning, she lit her fire and made her early breakfast with her own hands. At seven o'clock she went to mass in the chapel of the palace. The day passed in simple routine; no sumptuous dinners or late hours were known in her household. But her charity flowed forth freely to all who were in need, although it was wisely administered so as to reach only the really deserving. The anniversaries of her parents' deaths were always kept by her in strictest seclusion, and it was noticed that in her daily drives her carriage always made a wide detour, rather than pass the fatal spot where they had perished on the scaffold.

(*To be concluded.*)

VARIETIES.

A Broad Hint.

A prudent and parsimonious old lady, who lived in one of the Western Isles of Scotland, took the following method to get rid of the visitors and strangers who came to her house. Having set before her guests an ample Highland breakfast, she said, towards the conclusion of the meal:—

"Pray, take a good breakfast; there is no saying where you may get your dinner."

A Faithful Dog.—The following instance of canine fidelity has seldom if ever been surpassed. When nearing Montreal the engine-driver of a train quite recently saw a dog standing on the track and barking furiously. The driver blew his whistle; yet the hound did not budge, but crouching low was struck by the locomotive and killed. Some pieces of white muslin on the engine attracted the driver's notice; he stopped the train and went back. Beside the dead dog was a dead child, which it is supposed had wandered on the track and gone to sleep. The poor watchful guardian had given its signal for the train to stop; but unheeded had died at its post, a victim to duty.

Avarice.—Extreme avarice almost always makes mistakes. There is no passion that oftener misses its aim; nor on which the present has so much influence, in prejudice of the future.—*Rochefoucauld.*

A Good Beginning.

When children first leave their mother's room they must, according to an old superstition, "go *upstairs* before they go *downstairs*, otherwise they will never rise in the world."

Of course it frequently happens that there is no "upstairs," that the mother's room is the highest in the house. In this case the difficulty is met by the nurse setting a *chair* and stepping upon that with the child in her arms as she leaves the room.

How to Play at Sight.—To play at sight the following conditions are necessary: First, a good grounding in technical execution; secondly, a regular and systematic knowledge of fingering; thirdly, a cheerful and ready disposition; and fourthly, undivided attention and concentration of the mind on the work in hand.—*Ernst Pauer.*

Good Counsel Thrown Away.—A draught of milk to serpents does nothing but increase their poison. Good counsel bestowed upon fools does rather provoke than satisfy them.—*From the Sanskrit.*

In Peril.—Women are safer in perilous situations and emergencies than men, and might be still more so if they trusted themselves more confidingly to the chivalry of manhood.—*Hawthorne.*

Degrees of Lightness.

Pray, what is lighter than a feather?
Dust, my friend, in driest weather.
What's lighter than that dust, I pray?
The wind that sweeps it far away.
Then what is lighter than the wind?
The lightness of a woman's mind.
And what is lighter than the last?
Now, now, good friend, you have me fast.

On a Moonlight Night.—An insane author, once placed in confinement, employed most of his time in writing. One night, being thus engaged by the aid of a bright moon, a slight cloud passed over the luminary. In an impetuous manner the author called out—"Arise, Jupiter, and snuff the moon!" The cloud became thicker, and he exclaimed, "The stupid! he has snuffed it out."

Be Satisfied.—I say to thee, be thou satisfied. It is recorded of the hares that with a general consent they went to drown themselves, out of a feeling of their misery; but when they saw a company of frogs more fearful than they were, they began to take courage and comfort again. Compare thine estate with that of others.—*Robert Burton.*

Undeserved Praise.—The shame that arises from praise which we do not deserve often makes us do things we should never otherwise have attempted.—*Rochefoucauld.*

ADVERTISING SWINDLES.

By THE HOME PHILOSOPHER.

Now, girls, I want you to take the Home Philosopher very much into your confidence, though I am going to begin by warning you to be very careful whom you trust. I have lived a good many years longer than any of you, and I have suffered in many ways that I am anxious to show you how to avoid, by not acting rashly on the spur of the moment, as, alas! I have so often done.

Many of you would, no doubt, be glad to earn a little additional pocket money, even if you are in no way obliged to get your own living. In our day, nobody seems to be ashamed to make a little money; on the contrary, they show a great deal of honest pride if they are fortunate enough to be able to do so; and in my experience — and depend upon it, girls, it will be yours too, no money is so sweet in the spending as that which is earned.

But few things that are very good, or very pleasant, are to be procured without trouble. Competition is so keen now, that it is no easy matter to make a few pounds, or even a few shillings, without some special talent, or, better still, some special training. Moreover, caution is necessary, or the unwary and inexperienced fall an easy prey to the rogues, ever on the alert to make their want his or her opportunity; for, worse luck, there are female as well as male rogues. One of their most successful modes of proceeding is the insertion of specious advertisements in newspapers.

When one's eyes are open it is easy to wonder how other folks can be so readily taken in— this, by-the-bye, generally after we ourselves have suffered.

Years ago the writer of the following advertisement made quite a large sum, and I dare-



READING THE ADVERTISEMENTS.

say you and I think his victims must have been very gullible.

"Music.—An extra opportunity for being instructed in music, either in town or country. The advertiser has found out a method by which he teaches to play on either the piano, violin, or guitar, in the completest manner, by only the practice of one single lesson, which he does on the most reasonable terms."

Imagine anyone thinking they could learn the use of an instrument in a lesson! Yet it is not one whit more absurd than the many employments offered and advertised, "without any previous knowledge being necessary," even if it be merely colouring photographs. I have seen such an announcement with regard to painting on china, a palpable absurdity, for the very nature of the work demands a certain facility in manipulating colours and mediums, even if no skill in drawing be needed, and without this it must be very rudimentary painting indeed.

As a rule, the more tempting such advertisements are, the more likely they are to be catchpennies, though, of course, among the many there are a few that are *bonâ fide*. I was myself a victim to a well-known fraud, which is a good example of many others. Lucrative employment in the form of lace, church work, etc., was offered to ladies in their own houses. Like hundreds of others, I applied by letter to M. D., Fern House, West Croydon, and in reply received a printed letter, in which constant employment was offered, all work to be paid for on delivery, if properly executed, and materials would be sent on receipt of one guinea. I rashly sent a guinea I could ill afford, and duly received materials and instructions for making lace for washing dresses. The lace I returned when the work was done, and was sent an acknowledgment for the same, but no money. While I was meditating what steps to take to regain my guinea, M. D., who proved to be a Mrs. Margaret Dellair, was brought up at the Surrey Sessions, "for obtaining divers sums of money and certain valuable securities by means of false pretences, with intent to cheat and defraud." She had received over 200 post office orders for a guinea, but none of the many ladies who appeared against her had had payment of any sort. She was sentenced to five years' penal servitude, her husband at the time undergoing a like sentence for the same class of offence. It was proved that the woman had no connection with any leading firms from whom she told her dupes she had constant orders; and I tell you this because I would advise you, whenever it is possible, to go to the fountain-head yourself. There are many good firms who will give orders for articles which girls could do at their own homes, if—but the *if* is all important—the work is done in the best possible manner, and the whole transaction carried out on business principles and with business exactness. Punctuality is a most necessary part of the agreement. Work must be done to time if you wish to have the orders renewed.

It is a pretty safe rule that whenever a demand is made for money over and above the value of goods sent, there is a necessity for being on the alert. A rascal used to take in a number of poor women by advertising for ladies to copy sermons at twopence per hundred words. Applicants were, as a preliminary, required to deposit half-a-crown, which was said to be returned if no work was sent, but before that could be done another seven and sixpence was demanded "to avoid any possibility of unscrupulous persons obtaining valuable sermons on pretence of copying." Neither the half-crown nor seven and sixpence were ever returned, and in time the advertiser paid for his ingenuity by twelve months' imprisonment with hard labour.

There is no doubt many women have answered the advertisements which offer to teach a system of dressmaking, or give employment in painting lace, or painting Christmas cards, or turning the use of a knitting-machine to account, and have profited thereby; but you may be quite sure that if these lead to any good results the proceedings did not begin by the applicants being mulcted of shillings, half-crowns, half-sovereigns, or larger sums. Girls, if you want to earn money, draw your purse-strings tight.

I have made many inquiries respecting societies and associations professing to be established with the benevolent object of assisting ladies to dispose of their handiwork, either artistic or needlework, and I have come to the conclusion that, however well such advertisements may read, they are to be accepted with caution. I should advise none of you to send any article or to put down any annual subscription to any such societies unless they have a working committee of people whose names carry weight and issue a properly-audited balance-sheet annually. Many of these sort of things are stated, perhaps without any intention of fraud, but without the power of commanding a sale or sufficient means in the background to find the rent and other expenses, or perhaps lacking the necessary business aptitude on the part of the promoters. They go on for a while, and then too often suddenly collapse. The goods, if returned at all, are mostly much the worse for wear, and, as a matter of course, the entrance fee is sacrificed.

But perhaps some of you girls have literary talents, and desire to publish tales or essays, poems, or whatever else you are able to produce. If so, send them to well-established periodicals or country newspapers. Do not be discouraged by failure. Many a good article rejected over and over again has appeared in print and laid the foundation for a literary career. Let your copy be clear, carefully written on one side of the paper only, and the matter something about which you have some specific knowledge. Few well-established publications need to advertise for contributors, and it certainly is not necessary for you, a tyro in the art, to subscribe towards the publishing of a magazine in which your productions are to appear. Few such publications would have the faintest chance of success under such auspices.

It might, under exceptional circumstances, when needlework is ordered, be necessary to deposit a few shillings as a guarantee that the materials sent to you will be duly returned or paid for; but if your writings require a deposit of any kind to get them read or published, the waste-paper basket is the best place for them, however highly you may yourself value them. Literature, after all, is a very open market, and fresh blood is always needed, though it may be a difficult matter to get your first step on the ladder. "Try, and if you don't succeed, try, try, try again," is the very best advice, but don't subscribe to any association which offers even the most tempting terms to publish in any magazine issued by the joint subscriptions of amateur authors. Nor do not be tempted by offers of introductions to publishers for a consideration. Attack the publishers yourself, without any intermediary. No paid one will help you. I was asked to subscribe to something of the kind not long ago, and among the advantages the subscription was to give me was the power to try for the acrostic and other prizes offered by a well-known weekly paper, which was open to everybody.

If as much ingenuity were employed in securing honest work as we find in these bogus advertisements, the perpetrators, I think, would be much better off. The addresses change so frequently, applicants are so deluged with printed testimonials, that they are the more easily gulled. Sometimes the advertisers are obliged at last to send something in return for the money. One Everett May, for example, who for eightcenpence undertook to teach how to earn four guineas a week. For a time he would declare that the packet was posted, and must have been lost in transit, but after a long correspondence and constant demands for more money, if very hard pressed, something arrived, as, in one case, a last, a small boot for a child, and a few pieces of leather, from which it would be impossible to make a fellow boot, and a note concluding with, "As soon as we receive from you a specimen equal to pattern we shall be glad to afford you constant employment." Another advertisement offered to gentlemen in a respectable circle of acquaintance the means of increasing their incomes, and on receipt of thirty stamps advised the purchase of a cwt. of potatoes for 4s., a basket, and 2s. worth of flannel, to have half the quantity of potatoes baked nightly, put them in the basket well wrapped in flannel, sell them at a 1d. each, and so earn £2 a week.

Perhaps some of you girls may be attracted by the advertisements which seek for a depôt where some everyday article may be sold, and if you are in a position in which such a sale at home is possible you may, perhaps with a good deal of trouble, make a little money in that way. Such advertisements are far more *bonâ fide*, I expect, than £2 and upwards offered by certain firms to persons of either sex without hindrance to present occupation. To any girls about to have recourse to these, my advice would be like that of Albert Smith to those about to marry—"Don't."

Just now the word competitions occupy many advertisements in the newspapers. I counted fourteen different addresses in one number. The amount offered in prizes is tempting, and those of my friends who have competed have found the promoters apparently fair dealing. But it is not easy to obtain a prize, and the shilling paid by each competitor is, I expect, the most important point to the advertiser.

One other class of advertisement I am about to touch upon, viz., the fortune-telling ones. Seeing the penalties the advertisers lay themselves open to, it is wonderful that they appear at all. If any of you send your shilling in the hope of obtaining your horoscope or any revelation as to your future life, based on the information you furnish as to your height, colour of hair, eyes, and date of birth, even supposing you receive any reply at all, you will very surely have wasted your money. None of these folks know any more of your future than The Home Philosopher, and if I could tell the future, I should know what stocks were going to rise, and what horse will win the next Derby, and thereby make more money in a week than the fortune-tellers, if they had ten lives. Depend on it, if they could they would do the same.

ARDERN HOLT.

THE ROMANCE OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND;

OR,

THE OLD LADY OF THREADNEEDLE STREET.

By EMMA BREWER.

CHAPTER V.

In our last interview you saw me firmly and proudly established in my new home in Threadneedle*-street.

By this move I became a parishioner of St. Christopher le Stocks, whose church and burial-ground were quite close to my new house.

It was but a small parish of ninety-two houses at the time of my entering it.

The church was old, for mention is made of it as early as 1368. I cannot give you many particulars about it except that it was rebuilt or renovated in 1462, and that it was slightly injured by the Great Fire in 1666.

It had a certain sort of melancholy interest for me, for it was the burial-place of many who had been my early friends, among others, the Houblon family.

The living, which was in the gift of the bishops of London, was worth only £120 per annum; not a very rich one, you will say.

To save returning to the subject of this parish again, I will tell you now how it is that at the present moment you see neither church nor churchyard, neither parish nor parishioner of St. Christopher le Stocks.

The increase in my duties and the variety of work put upon me, rendered the size of my house wholly insufficient for the purpose, therefore, from time to time, as opportunity offered, I purchased houses in the parish, power to do so being granted me by Acts of Parliament, and so rapidly were my purchases made that in fifty years from the time of my settling in Threadneedle-street, I owned the whole parish of St. Christopher le Stocks, save and except seven houses on the west side of Princes-street and the church and burial ground. And of the rates and taxes of the parish I paid five-sixths of the whole.

Even with this extension of room I could not get on, and an Act was passed vesting the glebe land and parsonage belonging to the rector of the parish in the governor and directors of the Bank of England.

Nor was this all; I wish it were. The riot of 1780, which I will tell you about a little later, suggested that the church might prove a dangerous fortress for rioters in case of any attack made on my cellars, and after long consultations I and my directors entered into an agreement with the patrons and rector, with the sanction of Government of course, that the church and churchyard should be ours.

On this site, therefore, the west wing of my residence is built, upon a plan designed by Sir Robert Taylor.

I am glad to get over this point in my story, for the demolition of the church caused such pain to those who had friends and relatives buried there, that I would not witness it again for any consideration.

Even at this distance of time, when I look out from my parlour on to the churchyard, which is now full of flowers, and is, in fact, my garden, my conscience is troubled, and I should have been happier if a building devoted to God's service had not been destroyed to increase my domain.

It is a painful subject with me, and so I am sure you will excuse my referring to it when the years come under review in which they took place.

Should any of you wish to see memorials of the Church of St. Christopher, you will find one or two in St. Margaret's, Lothbury, with which parish that of St. Christopher's was united. They consist of two flat figures placed in niches on either side of the altar, and a metal bust inscribed to Petrus le Maire, 1631, which stands at the west end of the church.

And now to go on with my story.

You may not be aware of it, but I have several children of various ages, each with distinct characteristics and purposes, and if you are ever to gain any advantage through your introduction to me it must be by means of one or more of these.

They differ from other people's children in many respects, and yet I would not have them other than they are.

They bear a high character throughout the world, and are, I may say, blindly trusted, for those who place implicit confidence in them know little or nothing of their daily life and character, which are known thoroughly only by their own circle, and would, I think, be puzzled to give a reason for their trust.

They speak a language peculiarly their own, a language which not one in a thousand of their admirers can understand, yet it is one which, with a little attention, might be taught in our public schools with as much ease as French or Latin, and would richly repay the trouble of learning.

The remark of a man known as Captain Cuttle illustrates the want of education I refer to. He says, "I feel bound to read quotations of the funds every day, though I am unable to make out on any principle of navigation what the figures mean, and could very well dispense with the fractions."

An equal ignorance is observable in reference to their servants or bodyguard. A comparatively small number of people know anything of their office and its duties, and it has become the fashion to speak of them with contempt, but I think most unreasonably.

I am no friend to ignorance, and will endeavour, while telling you my story, to throw some light upon these points. If I remember rightly, this will be in accordance with your wish conveyed to me in your introduction.

I do not think it would be easy to find a family whose health is such a matter of public solicitation and anxiety as mine. At rapid intervals during the day their pulse is felt, their temperature tested, the figures registered and posted up to public gaze. No sooner do they meet the eye of the anxious crowd than telegraphs and telephones are set to work to carry the announcement far and wide, and according to the knowledge possessed of these figures fortunes are made and fortunes are lost.

They are, as a rule, healthy children, but unfortunately they are dreadfully sensitive, rushing up madly to high spirits on the slightest of good news, and sinking into a state of depression at the very suggestion of a war or even a change of government. I have known even after-dinner speeches at the Mansion House and Guildhall affect them. Unless the state of their feelings were registered you would almost doubt the possibility of trusted creatures being so uncertain in their disposition.

I know that this morbid sensibility is as bad for my children as for those of any other parent, for do I not see advantage taken of it every day?

When their pulses run up to fever height in the morning there is no knowing how low their purses may be before night, for everyone who has studied their language and understands the state of their health by its means takes the opportunity of coming to them for money. The livelong day the plea is for money, which is never refused while my children have a penny.

Of course I am bound to acknowledge that there is another side to the picture, viz., that whenever through bad news they become so low and depressed that you think it impossible they can rally, help comes, and in a way you would not expect.

People no sooner read the bulletin, "Very low to-day," than they empty their purses, collect their savings, write cheques for their balance at the bankers, *and come and lay all* at the feet of my children. It is a strange world, and I have a strange family, but so it is.

You might suppose they were my step-children, as they do not bear the family name of Bank or Banks, but you would be wrong in your supposition. They are my very own, their name of Stocks or Funds having been assumed to denote the exact part they play in the world.

You will please to bear in mind that Stocks or Funds are nothing more nor less than debts which the nation owes to the people whose names stand in my books. By doing this much will be clear to you which otherwise would be difficult of comprehension.

We have all experienced that a personal introduction is much more effective than writing, and therefore, without loss of time, permit me to introduce you to my eldest born, Three per Cents. *Consols.*

Three per Cents. was born in Grocers' Hall in 1731, and was a baby in arms when I moved into Threadneedle-street.

The circumstances attending her birth were simple. The king, as usual, wanted money, and I managed to obtain it for him by means of a lottery. The money so obtained and lent received the name of Three per Cent. Stocks, by which name it was called until 1752, when, by consent of Parliament, my child was united to a balance of annuities granted by George I., or rather, I should say, consolidated with the annuities, and henceforth was known to the world as Three per Cent. Consols.

Of this child I could say much. She has never given me uneasiness; on the contrary, she is one of the steadiest and most reliable of my children. She is less liable to high flights and deep depression, and it is in her favour I think that old people, widows and orphans, prefer her to the rest of my family.

The next Stock, or, as she is called, Government Stock, to whom I would introduce you, is Three per Cent. Reduced, a curious name, and one which might lead you to think of her as poorer than her sisters—as, in fact, reduced in circumstances. She derived her name in this wise. Originally she was a fund or stock lent to the Government upon condition that those who contributed to it should receive four per cent. for their money, and up to the year 1750 was known as Four per Cent. Government Stock; but circumstances which I need not go into here reduced the interest to three and a half per cent. in that year, at which it remained until 1757, when it was again reduced to three per cent., and henceforth known in society as Three per Cent. Reduced.

A thorough acquaintance with these two members of my family, the way to approach them, to deal with them, and to profit by them, will enable you to understand the whole family of Stocks, and this will save me time and protect you from an old woman's prosing about her children. All this I hope to do when next we meet. Till then adieu.

(*To be continued.*)

* More probably *Three*needle-street, from the fact of the Merchant Taylors' Hall being situated in it.

OUR TOUR IN NORTH ITALY.

By TWO LONDON BACHELORS.



It will be remembered that on arriving at Verona the two bachelors wandered about the city, merely glancing at its many beauties, in order to get a general impression, reserving for the next day the task of examining its buildings.

Our hotel at Verona was most picturesque; it had a courtyard in the middle, on to which all the principal rooms looked. There was a fountain in this courtyard, surrounded by dark green shrubs, which had a very cooling and refreshing appearance. The few English and Americans at the hotel were as usual the most pleasant of the guests; in fact, we have always liked those of our countrymen whom we have met abroad, and we venture to think that John Bull on the Continent has been maligned and abused far more than he deserves. We found the English at the places we visited quiet, companionable, and always well-behaved at table. Our satirists a generation back were never tired of depicting the narrowminded prejudices of the English abroad, but we cannot help thinking that many of these prejudices have disappeared, and this seems to be borne out by the undoubted increase of friendly feeling shown to our countrymen when travelling on the Continent, notwithstanding that in many cases we have not so much money to spend as our travelling forefathers had.

We rose early on the day after our arrival at Verona, as we were anxious to see as much as possible of the city before going on to Padua and Venice. As early as nine o'clock we had finished our breakfast and were starting out to see if, on second sight, Verona would delight us as much as its first impression had.

After about five minutes' walk from our hotel we found ourselves in the Piazza delle Erbe, the fruit-market of Verona. This fine open square was completely filled with stalls, with funny old white umbrellas covering them. On one side of these stalls were little stools about six or seven inches high, on which were seated the oldest of old women, generally knitting. How very ancient these women looked, how wrinkled and furrowed were their countenances! Indeed, we could almost have imagined that these crones were in existence when the palaces and tower of the piazza were being built, and that they have been perched on their stools selling their wares during the centuries that have crumbled the buildings, and reduced the fortunes of Verona, formerly one of the most brilliant cities of Italy, the abode of Dante, Sammicheli the architect, and Paul Cagliari, or Veronese, the last great genius of the North Italian school of painting.

We were anxious to see how these women conducted business, and going up to a particularly old one we asked the price of some oranges. As we could not understand her patois (of which there are over a hundred in Italy—the country of a confusion of tongues!) the older bachelor took up a franc, in exchange for which she was about to present him with two oranges! Fancy this old creature, who had probably lived all her life amidst the beautiful buildings of Verona, and who was at least eighty years of age, attempting to swindle two (as she thought) unwary foreigners. We were walking away disgusted when the woman shouted after us, offering three oranges for the franc; and seeing we were still discontented, she offered four, then five, then six oranges, which last we took, much to the delight of the woman, who even then had probably got double the value of her wares.

Strolling out of the Piazza delle Erbe, we entered the Piazza dei Signori, where there was much to interest us. On one side is the Palazzo del Consiglio, the grandest in Verona. It is built in the early Renaissance style of the fifteenth-century, and is covered with rich and exquisite detail. Near to this palace is the fine marble statue of Dante, erected in 1865. The poet is standing, with his head resting on his right hand. The features are extremely intellectual, but rather stern, such as one would expect in the writer of the "Divina Commedia."

After the Piazza dei Signori we visited for the second time the tombs of the Scaligers.

Our girls will remember from our last article what a very important part the families of the Visconti and Sforza took in the history of Milan. Now, an almost equally important position was occupied for nearly a century and a half by the Scaligers, or della Scalas, in Verona.

It was about the year 1260 that Mastino della Scala, their first historical character, was elected "captain of the people." To him succeeded others of the family, like him distinguished as wise rulers, patrons of art, and in every way excellent princes. As time went on the Scaliger family added several other important North Italian towns to their rule, including Lucca, Parma, Brescia, Vicenza, and others. But a little after the middle of the fourteenth century the family began to lose all those excellent qualities which had raised them to fame and power, and from the years 1359 to 1405 the history of the Scaligers is a record of barbarous murder and unprincipled corruption. With their leaders so degraded, it was certain that the Veronese would sooner or later be conquered, either by the Dukes of Milan or the Republic of Venice, and, to put an end to the difficulty, they threw over the rule of the Scaligers, and gave themselves up to the Doge of Venice in 1405.

Repeatedly in Verona one comes across delicately-carved little ladders. These are the arms of the Scaligers (della Scala means "of the ladder"), and they serve to show how great an influence this family exercised for a number of years.

Continuing our walk, we went again to see St. Anastasia, noticing near the entrance the beautiful tomb of Count Castelbarco. This is very like the monument to the Scaligers, and, with the façade of the church, makes a very picturesque subject. The church of St. Anastasia has always been considered as an ideal of Italian Gothic architecture. Street and other experts are never tired of describing its beautiful colour and wonderful symmetry. To the left of the choir is the huge tomb to General Sarego, which has given rise to some controversy. Of the magnificence of the monument there can be no doubt; but it may be questioned whether its gigantic scale does really injure the effect of this fine interior.

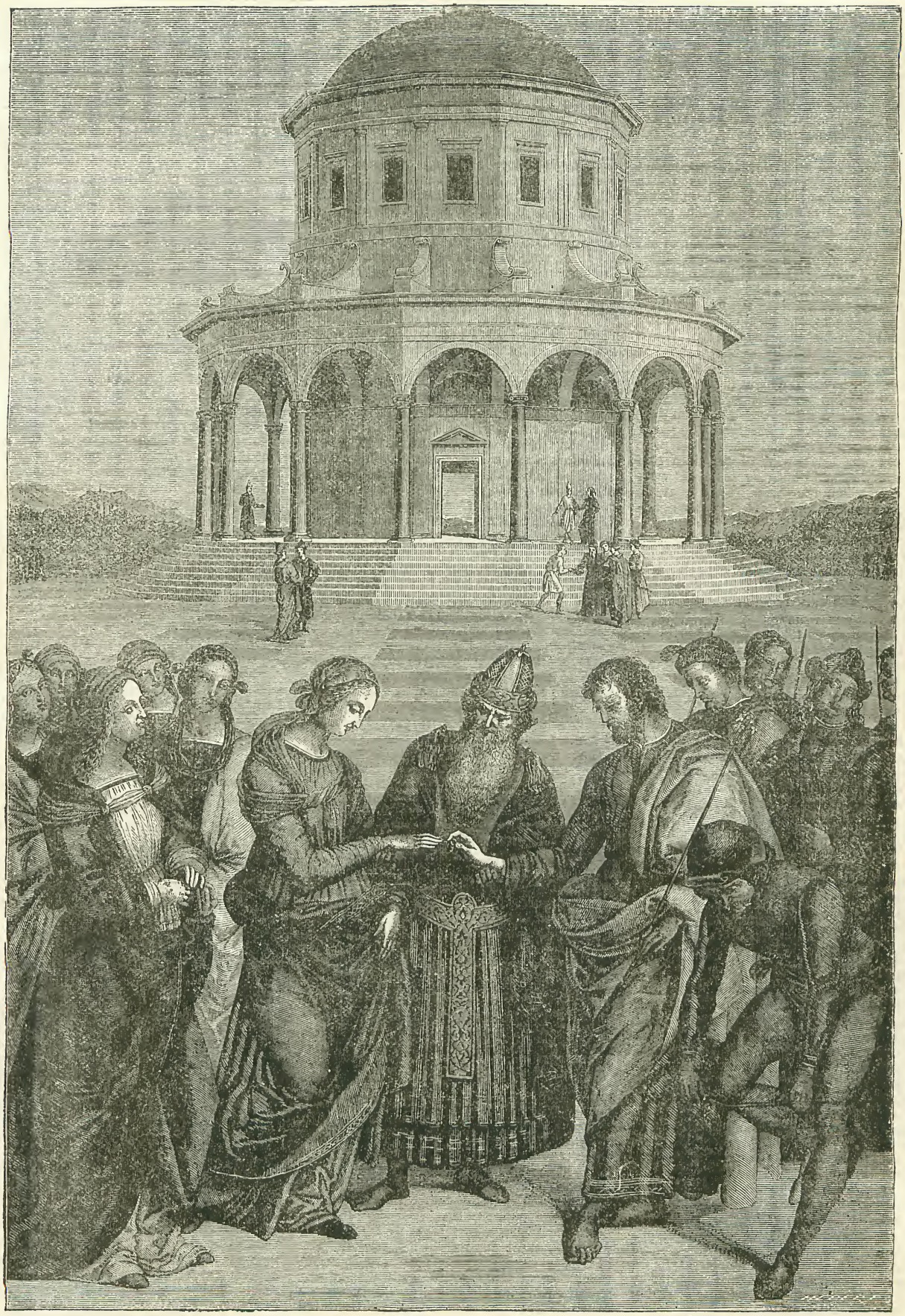
From St. Anastasia we went straight across the city to the church of St. Zeno. Our object in doing so was to see, in as short a time as possible from one another, the finest example of Italian Gothic (St. Anastasia), and the church of Zeno, probably the most magnificent Lombardic-Romanesque work in existence.

St. Zeno stands at the far west of the city, almost alone; its magnificent brick and marble campanile standing quite apart from the church. The nave is twelfth-century work, and the choir thirteenth century; internally the latter is raised up upon a crypt which is visible from the nave. The church is supported by alternate piers and columns, shafts of the former being carried up to the roof, thereby breaking the monotony of the vast amount of blank wall between the semicircular arches and the roof. The general effect of the interior is one of extraordinary solidity, but the proportions being so fine, there is no "heaviness" of effect. In the choir is a very curious statue of St. Zeno, sitting most uncomfortably in a chair. He is painted a rich brown colour, holding his episcopal staff, from which is hanging a fish. There are several opinions about this; some describe it as a symbol of baptism, others to the bishop being a famous fisherman. St. Zeno, Bishop of Verona, was an African martyred by Julian the Apostate in the fourth century.



We bachelors, humbly be it said, were not carried away into violent admiration about either St. Anastasia or St. Zeno. To our mind the lofty, clustered columns of Westminster Abbey are far more beautiful than the heavy, round pillars of St. Anastasia; and the magnificent Norman naves of Durham or Norwich Cathedral, with their open triforia and superb vaulting, seem infinitely more splendid than the nave of St. Zeno with the blank wall-spaces over its arches and its heavy timber roof.

After leaving St. Zeno we visited the cathedral, a fine Gothic church not very unlike



THE SPOSALIZIO, OR MARRIAGE OF THE VIRGIN. RAPHAEL.

[See p. 235.

St. Anastasia, but much larger; St. Fermo Maggiore, a very interesting church containing a monument of the last branches of the Dante family; and Santa Maria in Organo, remarkable amongst other things for its choir stalls and the intarsia work in its sacristy.

It was getting towards evening when we found ourselves again at the old Roman Arena; and we mounted the steps of the latter in order to take one last look at the ancient city. The sun was setting behind the St. Gothard Alps, which glittered like silver, while nearer were the lesser mountains, spurs of the Alps, telling out dark blue; and gathered under our feet were the numberless red brick buildings, churches, towers, and old walls of Verona. It was a beautiful sight, and rendered doubly romantic by the solemn stillness. In these old Italian cities there is often a quiet and absolute silence, which is almost startling to our bustling ears—partly accounted for by the Italians, or North Italians, at any rate never descending to that vulgar rowdyism which the lower classes in our cities take so much delight in.

We got back to our hotel quite late in the evening, after one of the most pleasant days of the whole tour. Notwithstanding our fatigue, however, we could scarcely sleep, so great was our excitement at the idea that to-morrow we should be in Venice—that wonderful city which the older bachelor, at all events, was more anxious to see than any place in the world.

We were, however, to see Padua first, and as the train started early in the morning for that city, we had scarcely had enough sleep, when we were awakened by the *femme de chambre*, who informed us that the breakfast was ready.

The day on which we left Verona was broiling hot, and the two bachelors, being still tired, went soundly to sleep in the railway carriage. Now, this was a mistake, for Padua is not very far from Verona, and we had only just time to get into a comfortable sleep when we were awakened by the train stopping, and had to rush about the station to look after our luggage, which, after a great deal of trouble, we were able to leave with a porter for the few hours we had to see the city.

Immediately on leaving the station we were much worried by a tout, whom we found almost impossible to get rid of. This and our being awakened from our sleep threw us into a very bad temper, and caused us to express very qualified views as to each other's intellects and characters. One of the bachelors declares that the other threw mud at him—but this must be only taken in a figurative sense; and one of them (we won't say which) began to express views respecting the ancient buildings and monuments of Padua something in the style of Mark Twain.

As before stated, it was a broiling day, and we scarcely remember anything more delightful than the delicious coolness of the church of the Eremitani, the first we visited in Padua. This huge church would not be particularly remarkable if it were not for its fine frescoes adjoining the right transept. The best of these are by Andrea Mantegna, a great Paduan master of the end of the fifteenth century, celebrated for his "lifelike" work. But the interest attached to these frescoes sinks into insignificance when compared with those by Giotto in the Arena chapel close to the church of the Eremitani, the importance of which can scarcely be overrated.

Our girls may remember that, when speaking about the Brera Gallery, we mentioned the name of Giotto, and as this painter exercised such a great influence over art, it may not be out of place to take this opportunity of saying a few words about him.

Giotto di Bordoni, born in 1276, has been called the father of modern Italian art, a title given to him on account of the vast progress his pictures show over those of any of his predecessors or contemporaries. Let anyone compare the pictures of Giotto with those of Cimabue, his master, and the most famous representative of the earlier school, and they will see this. Note the bright colour and infinitely greater expression in the former; also the movement, and the less conventional attitudes of the figures. Giotto was also the first to introduce anything approaching to dramatic effect in the art of painting, for which and other reasons he made a reputation far greater than had yet been made in painting—so great, in fact, that it was not surpassed until the age of Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, and Michel Angelo, the great trio of Italian artists, who may be said to have perfected that style of painting of which Giotto was the first representative.

The little Arena chapel at Padua is completely covered by frescoes of Giotto, which are amongst the finest examples of his work to be found out of Florence. The subjects represent the history of Christ and of the Virgin, the former being much more admirable; indeed, some of the subjects, especially the Crucifixion and the Pietá, will compare with any of the master's work. The two bachelors were a long time looking at and admiring these frescoes, and that they were allowed to do so alone added not a little to their enjoyment. One pays a fee for seeing the Arena chapel, and is given a plan and description of the paintings. This is a great advantage, for it renders the attendance of a guide superfluous, and one is excused the attendance of a dirty little garlic-smelling man, who keeps up an incessant chattering in bad French or execrable English, half of which one does not understand, and the other half Bædeker tells far better.

Having but a short time to see Padua, we tried to find our way at once to the famous church of St. Antonio, known as "Il Santo"; we, however, took about three hours to do so, during which time we saw many interesting churches, some containing frescoes.

The two great painters of this city were the before-mentioned Mantegna, and Squarcione, the founder of the Paduan school. The work of both these painters is remarkable for its scholarly character, to be accounted for from the fact of Padua being the seat of a great university (founded as early as 1238), which attracted learned men from all parts of Europe; and naturally the school of art was influenced by the conflux of scholars and scientific men, which made Padua so important a city in the Middle Ages.

Nearly all the streets in Padua are flanked with arcades, which add much to the picturesqueness of its thoroughfares. We, of course, sought out Il Salone, the palace celebrated for its huge hall, said to be the largest unsupported by columns in the world. The walls of this hall are completely covered with frescoes, nearly 400 in number, more remarkable for their strange subjects than their value as works of art. At one end of the hall is a huge wooden horse; very ugly, the bachelors thought, though it was designed by the great Florentine, Donatello.

After seeing Il Salone the bachelors wandered about for an hour or so, and at last came in sight of the monstrous church of St. Antonio. As this is the work of the greatest architect of the Gothic period in Italy, Nicolo Pisano, we suppose that we ought to have been much struck by it; but we confess that we were not, at any rate by its exterior. The domes, seven in number, bear a most unfortunate resemblance to so many dish-covers, and the kind of circular drums or towers on which they are placed have a kind of truncated look, as if they have been cut short, and were intended to have been much higher.

The west front, though adorned with Gothic arcades, has a bald, sprawling look about it, and does not seem to "fit" the church properly. The sides of the building, moreover, are positively ugly, and there is only one point from which it really looks well, and that is a garden near the east end, where the domes are seen rising up over a group of trees.

The first impression of the interior is rather one of baldness, but when one arrives halfway up the church, and the exquisite chapel of St. Antonio in one of the transepts, a most lovely work by Sansovino, and the very beautiful Gothic altar and screen in the opposite transept are opened out to the view, the first impression is at once corrected.

Perhaps in the whole of Italy there is not to be found a more perfect example of the Renaissance than the exquisite chapel of St. Antonio. It opens from the transept by five arches, the detail and proportion of which are simply perfect. On the opposite wall are five similarly-treated blank arches, filled in with extremely elaborate bas-reliefs, beneath the centre of which is the altar. A semicircular barrelled vault, adorned with detail, perfectly bewildering from its intricacy and delicacy, covers the space between the two arcades. It is certainly a matter for regret that the Renaissance architecture of Italy did not stand still at this beautiful epoch, instead of developing into the wildness and eccentricity of the later school.

On emerging from St. Antonio the bachelors were astonished to find the sky overcast, and to notice the suspicious gusts of wind which generally precede a storm. The latter, however, did not approach Padua, but contented itself by grumbling about in the distant Alps. We were only too glad to be spared its visitation, especially as we were anxious to have a moonlight night by which to form our first impression of Venice.

Scarcely any Englishman ever visits Italy without bothering his friends about his first impression of Venice. But in all probability these first impressions are not formed from the place itself, but from photographs purchased in Oxford-street.

It has always been a question whether the enjoyment which one experiences in seeing a place of great interest about which one knows nothing from pictorial representations, or that experienced upon arriving at one of which every street—nay, almost every stone—has been made familiar by representations, is the greater. Some people have asserted that it is almost impossible not to feel a kind of disappointment upon seeing any place about which one has read very much and has seen very frequently represented. If this be the case, Venice ought to be a disappointment, because no city has been more described, painted, engraved, and photographed. Yet, does it disappoint? Our grandfathers were perhaps in one way fortunate in the fact that Venice must have appeared to them more strange, more wonderful, and more poetical than it can ever appear to us. It is true they must often in fancy have stood upon the Bridge of Sighs—"A palace and a prison on each hand." They must in fancy have wandered over the Rialto, and have dreamed of marble palaces, their steps washed by the Adriatic. But with them it must have been a mere dream, without form or shape. With us, however, Venice is a thorough reality before we see it. The Campanile of St. Mark, the Doge's Palace, the white domes of the Salute are almost as well known to those who have never been to Venice as to those who have lived in the place. Consequently, the great element of surprise must to a great extent be wanting to all those who now visit this city.

There are no two places in the world the approach to which excites one so much as Rome and Venice. Rome, according to all

account, and notwithstanding the stupendous remains of its ancient monuments and the wonders of its churches, seems always to disappoint. Even a man who approached it with the feelings of Cardinal Newman does not disguise the fact that, pictorially, at any rate, it in no way realises his preconceived notions; and Charles Dickens compares the first appearance of it to London, and seems almost to hesitate whether he would not give the palm to the latter city. But with Venice who shall say? The mind of man can call up palaces which are more beautiful than hands have ever raised. The imagination can raise up air-built structures which no architect, however able, or builder, however skilful, can execute: and, therefore, every city about which one has thought much must be to a certain extent disappointing at first, and it requires a touch of reality to restore the mind to its proper equilibrium; and it is after this has been done that one must judge of the true impression made upon it by any place, scene, or building. Perhaps the old-fashioned saying that "second thoughts are best" may convey our meaning, and one must not judge from one's first impression of such a city as Venice, or be astonished that one's first feeling is one of disappointment. Though when the mind has become sobered sufficiently to take in all the various beauties of this matchless place, then one should ask oneself the question, "Is it disappointing?" Whether it proved so to the two bachelors our readers will see in our next chapter.

(*To be continued.*)

"SILENCE IS GOLDEN," BUT "A SOFT ANSWER TURNETH AWAY WRATH."

"Cissy Weller never answers back. You may say the spitefullest things to her, and they disappear like a wave on the sand."

It was a lovely May afternoon, and Mabel Bruce was returning home between two of her schoolfellows. The three girls had been sauntering leisurely along in the shades of some tall trees, but as Mabel said these words they turned aside to take a nearer cut across some fields, and, the weather being unusually warm for the time of year, they stopped to rest for a few minutes before striking through the broad sunlight, perching themselves in various attitudes upon the stile.

"No; Cissy never answers back," repeated Mabel, poking in the hawthorn-bush with her sunshade and then bending over her books to readjust the strap in which she was carrying them; "she would be easier to deal with if she did. She's a splendid sample of Christian patience," she added, with a sneer.

"'Patience on a monument, smiling at grief,'" jeered Merry. "She wears a sour enough face over it. For my own part, I hate dumb people. One might as well have to do with posts!"

"Perhaps it is a virtue to be a 'post,' sometimes," suggested the other girl—Eva Daventry, by name. "You wouldn't care to have a post start up and strike you on the head if you chanced to run into it. That's what smart-tongued people do. 'Speech is silvern,' sometimes; but 'Silence is golden.'"

Eva Daventry was a more gentle-faced girl than the others, and was often ridiculed for her sentimental, poetic way of viewing things. Even as she said this, she was looking out towards the distant hills, as though her thoughts were far beyond the level of her companions' comprehension—as indeed they were; for Eva had begun to enter upon a higher life, of which, as yet, neither Mabel nor Merry knew anything.

"Just like one of Eva's sayings," cried the latter, with a careless laugh. "I wonder what dried-up old sage invented that absurd axiom! One might as well talk about a cypher being of more value than a unit. Why weren't we all born dumb?"

"I know who *wasn't!*" exclaimed a voice that seemed for the moment to come out of the sky itself; and almost before the girls could turn, Hubert Daventry had swung himself down from one of the larger boughs, and was descending the trunk.

Mabel and Merry sprang to the ground with a startled air, but Eva kept her seat, looking up into her brother's face with an admiring glance. They were "only" brother and sister, and thought a great deal of each other.

"Now, I've got something worth looking at in my pocket," said Hubert, eyeing the girls with an expression of amusement as he reached *terra firma*, "and I'll vouchsafe the first peep to the one who knows how to give 'the smartest answer.' Girls have all got tongues, you know. That's a settled question, so there's no crying off; it's simply a matter of competition. Come, now!"

But neither Mabel nor Merry responded to the challenge. It was evident that Hubert had overheard their remarks about Cissy, and it is a speaking fact that, however much girls may indulge in backbiting when by themselves, they inevitably "feel small" if they chance to be caught at it by their boy friends. They know that it is small, and they are ashamed of it. Mabel glanced at Merry, and Merry at Mabel, and both looked down and were silent. Hubert occupied the interval in brushing the green from his clothes.

"Come, now!" repeated he, "the prize is to be fairly won! I can't in honesty include Eva in the competition after her last remark. When people affect contempt for any particular gift you may make pretty sure they don't possess it. It lies between you two."

"I, for one, don't want to examine the lining of your pockets!" exclaimed Mabel, saucily.

"I assure you, I didn't contemplate turning them inside out for inspection," returned Hubert, mischievously. "What's in will come out without such strong measures."

"Of course!" exclaimed Merry. "He has been robbing a nest. I wouldn't see the poor little creatures for the world. They must be nearly suffocated. It's cruel, horrible, inhuman, to tear them from their mother just for the sake of torturing them to death!"

"How sharp some people's ears are!" laughed Hubert, provokingly. "When little birds do take to singing for their supper they make a good deal of noise; but perhaps I'm a trifle deaf. Do you hear them, 'Va?"

"Oh, you are a teaze!" exclaimed Eva, jumping down. "I don't believe it's anything alive at all. But it's high time we pursued our 'winding way.' Which direction are you going to take, Hu?"

"I propose doing myself the honour to constitute myself your protector," returned Hubert, with mock ceremony, "in case you should have rough work with any 'animated posts' by the way."

Mabel and Merry inwardly objected to this arrangement, fearful of Hubert's sarcastic mood. They could see that he despised their littleness, and they were both dreadfully uncomfortable. But it was too late to go round by the road after delaying so long, so there was no help, and the four went up the field together, Hubert teasing rather unmercifully all the way, until their path divided, when he drew from his pocket and exhibited two insignificant-looking eggs, which he had secured for his collection.

"What's the matter with Cissy Weller?" he asked, as he walked on with Eva, after calling a parting injunction to the other girls to fight shy of "animated posts."

"Oh, Cissy is always getting into hot water with the girls," explained Eva; "through sheer blundering, you know, for she's a good creature at heart; only she has always had a governess at home, and doesn't understand the ways of school life, some of which are decidedly *un*christian, to my thinking," added Eva, confidentially. "Then the girls get regularly mad, and do all they can to lash her into a fury. But it is of no use, as they said just now; Cissy never answers back, and it generally ends in her getting sent to Coventry. Poor Cissy! that hurts her more than anything, I believe; she looks so miserable over it. And the strange part of the whole thing is, that if she were to 'show spirit,' one or two battles would settle the matter, and they would learn to 'respect' her. Hubert, if hot words can do so much, why is silence 'golden?'"

"Because, in scriptural phrase, angry words 'stir up strife,'" replied Hubert.

"Why weren't we all 'born dumb,' then?" quoted Eva. "Oh, Hubert, I do wish I could answer them when they say things like that! You could silence them in a minute; but my thoughts travel so slowly. I know it is more Christian not to retort; but I ought to be able to give a reason for what I believe, when other people say such odd things. After all, what use is there in having tongues, if we mayn't use them in self-defence?"

"In order that we may use them for a better purpose," answered Hubert, after a few minutes' reflection. "I thought you had floored me, but I see it now. 'Speech is silvern,' and 'silence is golden;' but 'a soft answer turneth away wrath.' Although Cissy might gain apparent victories by retorting, she would in reality only draw upon herself greater antagonism, whilst, on the other hand, her silence both irritates them and makes them think her craven-spirited. If she were great enough to show her superiority by explaining, or apologising for her blunders, she would very soon put to rout all their hostility and win their hearts: that is, unless girls are made of very different stuff from boys. But this sort of greatness is only to be arrived at in one way," he added, gravely. "Perhaps you could help her to find out how."

Eva understood her brother's meaning, for they often had these confidential talks on serious subjects.

"'Take my yoke upon you and learn of me,'" she repeated, softly. "I had not thought of trying to help her."

Hubert was right. An angry retort often provokes the bitterest enmity and does irreparable harm, and silence irritates by its likeness to contempt, but a gentle word is like oil on troubled waters. It is the coin by means of which we may purchase that which neither silver nor gold can buy—the love of an enemy; and more, by thus driving the demon from a human heart we may be the means, in God's hands, of converting a sinner from the error of his ways. "And if," said Christ, "he hear thee, thou hast gained thy brother."

F. E. Burch.



HOW TO TAKE CARE OF A VIOLIN.

THE first lady performer on the violin that I ever heard, which was some forty years ago, was Madame Philipowics, a Polish lady, neither young nor beautiful. And it so happened that she was engaged to perform at an oratorio in Bradford, where I also was engaged to sing the bass solos. So between the acts of the oratorio she was advertised to play an air with variations on the violin, the novelty of the performance of which created a perfect *furore*, and the applause far exceeded all that was given to the singers of the oratorio. But her execution, although considered wonderful, was not equal to that which Theresa Millanollo produced some time afterwards in the metropolis. "The most dangerous things for our piano-playing scholars to hear," says Gustave Schilling, in his work on teaching, "are the more productive stringed instruments. One of my scholars,"

he continues—"a young lady with whom I had taken special pains, and who was really clever, and had made much progress towards perfection as a pianist—after hearing Theresa Millanollo play the violin, declared that she would give up the piano, and take to that instrument, even though she should be able to play the violin but a little. And I had the greatest difficulty to get her to relinquish her intention, and to excite anew her interest and her former enthusiasm for the continued practice of the piano. But I at last succeeded in convincing her of the folly of her desire to change instruments, and she became, as I predicted, an extraordinary pianist."

Most students manifest a peculiar liking for some particular instrument at the outset of their career, and if they persevere in their determination to practise it, they often become eminent in its performance.

Good teachers will not fail to take every means in their power to induce their pupils to take pains to arrive at a perfect knowledge of their art. I knew an old country professor, some fifty years ago, who was excessively fond of Haydn's Symphonies, arranged as quintets for two violins, viola, violoncello, and flute; but he could not often get together the performers where he resided; so, having four grown-up daughters, he taught them to play these instruments in first-rate style, and thereby found no difficulty in indulging his hobby. And they were very particular in keeping their instruments in good order.

In the preservation of a good violin it is requisite that it should be kept, when not in use, in a wooden case, lined with cloth or flannel; and as it is subject to damage from the sudden changes of the weather, the greatest care should be taken to keep it from damp. Too great heat, however, will often render the wood brittle, and make it difficult to produce the tone with the best effect, as the strings are apt to become dry, so that it is not easy to bring out that delicacy of tone which is one of the charms of the instrument. To carry the violin to any distance from home in cold weather, it should always be put into its case, or else it is apt to condense moisture when brought into a warm room, and to cause dust to accumulate both inside and outside of it. And it should never be left out of its case in the summer, as the flies are almost certain to get into the *f* holes, and leave their filth in it, much to the detriment of its tone. It is also absolutely necessary to keep the violin perfectly clean; and the resin-dust should be carefully wiped off with a soft linen cloth before and after using it. It is a good plan to insert a handful of warm barley into the interior, through the *f* holes, and by shaking it well the dust will attach itself to the seed, and will be brought out with the barley through the *f* holes. This process should be performed twice a year, and the instrument will be better preserved for it. To keep the strings on the instrument in good order for any length of time, take a small piece of taffeta and moisten it with almond oil, and rub it lightly over the strings, from the bridge to the nut, after using the violin, and before putting it into its case. And when you want to use it again, wipe off the oil with a piece of fine linen. This plan is especially beneficial to the fourth or G string, which, however much it may be stretched before being covered with wire, is apt to shrink in summer, when the wire gets loose if the string is not subjected to the oiling. The advantage of adhering to this plan will be that the strings will not become dry, and will retain a smoothness of tone, and keep the moisture from the fingers from being detrimental to the strings, and prevent their producing a false tone, or that grating or whistling so common in the use of the resin from the bow. This treatment of the instrument was communicated to Ernst by Otto, and Ernst mentioned it frequently to the professors and amateurs, who readily adopted it and found considerable advantage therefrom. The proper means of preserving strings not in immediate use is stated to be the moistening them with the best almond oil, putting them into a piece of calves' or pig's bladder, and enclosing them in a tin box. Most violin players know where to procure the best strings. Another important thing connected with the violin is its having a paper bridge fitted for it, which should be specially adapted to the instrument. If the performer has a good violin, there will be no difficulty in procuring a good and proper bridge for it when it is required. And the next thing to having a good bridge is that of having a good set of pegs for tuning the violin. In Germany girls are taught to play the cornet, the French horn, and various other wind instruments; but whether it would be decorous for our females to imitate such examples is rather doubtful. It is by constant use, and not by age only, that a violin becomes mellow in tone; but a great deal depends on the maker. It is true that Cremonas and other violins which have been in constant use for many years have acquired a character for superiority beyond most others, consequently they often fetch a larger price—more, perhaps, from having been in the possession of first-rate performers than from any intrinsic value in the instruments themselves. It is not our intention, however, to give any account of the manufacture of the violin — those who are curious in such matters may consult a thousand other works on the subject, which are to be obtained of the music publishers, both foreign and English. C. H. P.

THE SHEPHERD'S FAIRY.

A PASTORALE.

By DARLEY DALE, Author of "Fair Katherine," etc.

CHAPTER XIX.

CHATEAU DE THORENS AGAIN.

EIGHTEEN years have, of course, made a great many changes in Château de Thorens. The old baroness is long since at rest, she died a few years after her son Léon was drowned; and Père Yvon, though still alive, is very old and infirm, and lives in daily expectation that the summons will come for him to follow his late patroness to her last home. The baron is stouter than he was when he ran down the spiral staircase with his infant daughter in his arms that midsummer evening, whose work he would have given the rest of his life to undo, so bitterly had he repented of it. His hair, too, is turning white, though he is under five and forty still, and there is a settled melancholy look in his brown eyes, which not all the jokes of his three sons can ever wholly chase away. The young baroness is no longer known by that name since the old baroness died, yet she still looks very young to be the mother of those three great boys, the eldest of whom, a tall handsome youth of sixteen, named Léon, after his poor uncle, to whom he bears a striking resemblance, is now hanging over her and trying to persuade her to ride with him before dinner this September evening.

"Oh! Léon, I can't! It is much too hot!"

"Nonsense, mother, it will do you good; you are getting much too stout," said Léon, mischievously; for he knew his mother prided herself on her figure, which was slight and almost girlish.

"Léon, you dreadful boy! I am sure it is not true! I will ask your father; and I certainly won't ride with you now, to punish you for your impertinence. Besides Rex de Courcy came back yesterday, and I am sure he will be here later to see me."

"Ah! now we have got at the real reason. Of course, if Rex is coming I have not a chance," said Léon, half in earnest, half in fun, for he was rather jealous of his mother's friendship for Rex de Courcy.

"Don't be silly, Léon; I have not seen Rex for two months, and I am longing to hear all about his visit to England. Besides, I never can forget what a comfort Rex was to me before any of you boys were born; he always seems to me almost like one of my own sons. Go and get your father to ride with you; it will do him good; and tell the other boys Père Yvon is expecting them in the study," replied the baroness.

These three boys were the only children she had, and though she worshipped them, and had long since ceased to grieve for her little baby daughter,

yet the baron, proud as he was of his sons, never forgot the little girl he had got rid of so much more thoroughly than he had ever intended to do. He never spoke of the child even to his wife, and all the boys knew of her was that they once had a little sister who was drowned with their Uncle Léon; and yet a day never passed on which the baron did not think of her, and in his secret heart he cherished a hope, vain and futile as he knew that hope to be, that, after all, perhaps she had not perished with Léon, and he might yet live to hold her in his arms. Perhaps if he had had another daughter to take the place of the lost one he might not have hankered after the sleeping baby he had so ruthlessly torn from its luxurious home to be cast upon the waves of a wicked world. But no other daughter had come, and, though her three fine boys satisfied the baroness's heart, there always remained an empty place in her husband's.

As the baroness had said, Reginald de Courcy had been a great comfort to her in those sad days when she believed her own baby to have perished with Léon. From the day when she went to stay at Parc de Courcy, while her husband and M. de Courcy were in England inquiring into the loss of the Hirondelle, until her own Léon was born, the baroness thought a day lost unless she had half an hour of the pretty little Rex's society; and ever since, though he was too old to be a companion for her boys, Reginald had been a constant visitor at Château de Thorens, which he looked upon as a second home, and came and went as he pleased.

It was now two months since he went on a visit to Oafham Park, a visit spent, as we know, in winning Fairy's heart; and the baroness, who had heard rumours of some love affair which had occupied Rex in England, was expecting him to call this evening, feeling sure he would make her his confidante. And in this she was not disappointed, for when Rex appeared, as he did a little later in the afternoon, she found he was quite as anxious to talk of his late experiences in England as she was to hear.

Like all lovers, Rex felt the next best thing to being with his beloved was to be with someone to whom he could openly discourse upon her perfections; moreover, he had great hopes of winning the baroness to take his part in the matter, in which case perhaps she might be prevailed upon to invite Fairy to come and stay at Château de Thorens, and he felt confident if his people could only see her apart from her foster family, they could not in reason object to her as a daughter-in-law.

"And you are really engaged, Rex?" asked the baroness, when Rex had paused to take breath in the midst of an eloquent panegyric on Fairy's beauty and many virtues.

"Of course I am, and what is more I mean to marry her as soon as she is of age, in spite of all my people may say to the contrary, and at present I don't see a chance of their giving their consent."

"But why not? I thought your mother had always declared she would let you choose your wife in the English fashion; and surely she would rather you married an English girl and a Protestant, would she not?"

"Yes; but, ahem! you see there are some insuperable difficulties, which, at present, I don't see any way to overcoming."

"Why, isn't your *fiancée* a lady?"

"A lady, baroness! why, she is an angel!" indignantly exclaimed Reginald.

"Oh! of course, we always are until we are wives; but who is she?" said the baroness, beginning to suspect there was a great deal more to be confessed yet.

"Well, you see, that is the very thing, I don't know who she is; she does not know herself; in fact, nobody knows."

"Nobody knows who she is! My dear Rex, this is very odd; pray explain yourself. Who is she?"

"She is the dearest, prettiest, sweetest, most elegant little creature you ever saw in your life. Her hair——" began Rex.

"Oh, but you have told me all about her hair and her wonderful eyes and her exquisite complexion before; I want to know her name, and where she lives, and what her father is, and all about her."

"She has not a father; in fact, she has no relations. She was found by her foster father when she was a baby, and the people all believe the fairies brought her, and they call her the fairies' child."

"But, my dear Rex, there are no such things as fairies; surely you can't believe what those ignorant English peasants say. Who is her foster father then?"

"Well, that is the unfortunate part; he is only a shepherd, and yet Fairy, that is her only name, is as perfect a lady as my mother or Lady Oafham."

"Oh, but my dear Rex, it is impossible, brought up in a shepherd's cottage!" said the baroness.

"Do you mean to say I don't know a lady when I see one?" asked Rex, angrily.

"On the contrary, I don't know a better judge, but in this case, Rex, don't you think it is possible you are biassed by your feelings; don't look so black at me; you know I always tell you exactly what I think, and if you begin to quarrel with me about this wonderful Fairy, I shan't like her."

"I am not going to quarrel, only I want you to believe me, though, of course, it must sound incredible. She has been educated like a lady with the rector's daughters, she speaks French better than any English person, except my mother, I have ever met; she paints and sings charmingly, and the Leslies —Mr. Leslie is the rector and a friend of the Oafhams—are as fond of her as of their own children, and she often stays with them, and nearly always spends her mornings at the rectory, and the Leslies think there is no doubt she is a lady by birth, though they have never been able to trace her parentage. They know no more about her origin than I do, namely that she was found by the shepherd on his doorstep one summer evening."

"And does your mother know all this?"

"No, my people know nothing at present unless the Oafhams have ferretted it out."

"Then what made you tear yourself away? I thought you were to stay in England for some Protestant carnival in November?"

"So I was to have done, but Mr. Leslie persuaded me to go away because the shepherd would not allow me to see her any more unless I had my father's consent to our engagement, and at present I know it would be worse than useless to ask for it. But the Leslies and I have made a little plan by which I hope to win it. If I tell you the plot you will promise not to breathe it to anyone, not even the baron; if it fails, I give you leave to tell him; and if it succeeds, of course everyone will know. Will you promise?"

The baroness nodded assent, and Rex continued—

"Well, you know, my father is going over to this carnival, which takes place at Lewes on the 5th of November. It is a grand sight, some people say, only second to the Carnival at Rome; some say it is better. The Leslies are going to invite Fairy to spend a week with them. They will bring her to the carnival and introduce father to her. He is sure to be charmed with her, and will go and call on the Leslies, where he will see she is like one of the family, and then I hope to win his consent to our marriage before he finds out her foster-parents, or perhaps in spite of it, for Fairy is sure to captivate him.

"I don't think anyone could resist her. Even her foster-father was obliged to consent to this plan when she asked him, though he wanted to put a stop to our engagement at once and get me packed off here for good. I must say the man behaved uncommonly well, though, about it, and acted with the feelings of a gentleman, though he is only a peasant. He said he knew it would be exceedingly disagreeable to me to have to discuss the subject of my marriage with a poor man like him, so he went to Mr. Leslie and put the matter in his hands, asking him to speak to me, and so the very day after I was engaged to Fairy I had a letter from Leslie, asking me to call on him the next morning. I went, little dreaming what he wanted to see me about, and there I was closeted with him the whole morning, and a nice state of mind I was in when I heard I was never to see my Fairy again unless my father consented to our marriage. However, Leslie I soon found, though at first he was on stilts, was on my side, and we arranged the little conspiracy I have just told you, for he thinks with me if my father can only see her apart from her foster-parents, he will be so favourably impressed with her that he will eventually give his consent. But Leslie would only promise to help me on condition I left England at once; he would not even agree to my seeing Fairy again, though he promised to go and tell her at once what we had planned, and he consented to my writing to her once a week.

"I went back to Oafham, intending to return home at the end of the week without seeing Fairy again, though I did not know how to keep away from her. But, to my joy, Mr. Leslie walked over the next morning, and told me I might go that afternoon and say good-bye, for Fairy had spent the whole of the previous day in crying and saying, 'I want my Rex,' 'I will have my Rex,' 'I don't care what John says, I will have my Rex;' so when the shepherd came home that evening he went to Leslie at once, before he had his supper, and said he could not bear to see his little sunbeam in tears, and I might go and bid her good-bye. So I went, and found her as bright as ever, and Mrs. Shelley laughing at her and saying she wished everyone's sorrows were as shortlived as Fairy's, who cried for her lover for a whole day, as if she were crying for a doll, like the child she was; and then the shepherd, who had always spoilt her, sent for me, and gave his wife a good scolding for letting me go to the house in the first instance. But I shall tire you out with my tales of Fairy. I could talk of her all day long and all night, too," said Rex.

"Well, you must stop and dine with us. Arnaud will be glad to see you again. You won't tell him about it, I suppose?"

"No, certainly not. Please don't tell him a word, will you? My mother would not like it if she knew I had told you; but, you see, it would never do for me to tell my people under present circumstances."

The baroness promised not to mention it to her husband, little thinking that the Fairy in question was no other than her long-lost and now forgotten daughter. It never for one moment occurred to her that such a thing could be possible, for she had never doubted that the child had perished in the Hirondelle with Léon. Nor was she at all aware that her husband doubted this, and cherished a secret hope that one day he might find his long-lost treasure. Perhaps had she known this she might have begged Rex's permission to mention this mysterious love of his to Arnaud; and one thing is certain, had she done so the baron would not have rested until he had been to Lewes and made every inquiry, and in all probability he would have discovered the truth.

On such trifles as we count them does the whole course of our lives turn. One word from the baroness to her husband, and that word might—and in all probability would—have led to the recovery of their child; but that word was not spoken, and Fairy remained at the shepherd's.

Very slowly indeed did those two months of September and October pass for Rex, and as the baroness was his only confidante, it was natural that he should spend a great deal of his time at Château de Thorens; and when the baron and his sons were present, since he could not talk of Fairy, he was never tired of talking of the Lewes carnival, to which he looked forward with such impatience. Indeed, he so fired the imagination of the baron with his description of the wonderful doings which were to take place, that there was at one time some talk of the baron going over with M. de Courcy and Rex; but Père Yvon put his foot on this arrangement, by objecting to Arnaud's being present at a demonstration against Roman Catholics; and as Rex could not deny that he believed part of the proceedings consisted in mobbing the Roman Catholics of the town, and in travestying some of their sacred rites, the baron abandoned his scheme, for he was a devout Romanist, and submitted to Père Yvon's authority in all spiritual matters.

At last the first of November dawned, and that day Rex and his father crossed the Channel, hoping to reach Oafham in due time for the wild revels of the fifth.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

ADMIRER OF MERLE'S CRUSADE.—You are too young to enter a hospital for training. You might, however, prepare for so doing by attending ambulance classes, where practical bandaging is performed. Also get a shilling manual, which we have often recommended, "Sick Nursing at Home." (Gill, 170, Strand, W.C.)

ANNIE B. C.—There is an amateur girls' society, called the Arithmetic Society, which includes algebra, and to which instructive correspondence in English and French is added. As usual, the fee is little more than nominal, and prizes are given annually. Secretary, Miss Frances Mason, care of Mr. Horwood, 62, Green-lanes, London, N.

WORK.

REGULAR SUBSCRIBER.—We do not understand your question about crewel work, but as you have our paper, you will easily find articles on it to give you the special information you need.

FEATHERY FLAKES.—A dark green velveteen bodice would look the best with a dark green serge skirt. It should be made quite plain, with a pointed front and a coat-tail back.

NANCY TILL.—Slate, or a pretty light brown, or a grey cashmere, would all be pretty colours for a serviceable wedding gown. The bonnet should match, unless you preferred a white one, which would be more suitable to a wedding, but less useful. We wish you much happiness and God's blessing on your union.

A. J. D. H.—We should not advise you to expend ten shillings on any such advertisement; they are generally mere catchpennies, and the money is wasted.

MAY.—You can procure the special instruction books that you require at the *Bazaar* office, 170, Strand, W.C.

ART.

SAILOR.—We judge from your specimen that you have some taste for painting, and we should recommend a course at the nearest school of art, where you might join an evening class. If, however, you still wish to join one of the girls' societies in which the members' specimens are sent for criticism, you must consult the "Directory of Girls' Clubs," by Miss Caulfeild, price one shilling and sixpence, published by Griffith and Farran.

A. WILLIAMS.—The varnish applied to mirror painting is used for the purpose of preserving the oil-colours, and bringing up their most brilliant tones. A white surface as a commencement is not absolutely necessary, but if not used, flake white should be mixed with the first tints of each colour.

HOUSEKEEPING.

A. H.—The stillroom-maid of the present day has charge of the housekeeper's room, and waits upon her and on those of the household who dine with her. She assists the housekeeper in her preparations for second courses and desserts, and looks after linen and the reserved stores of glass and china.

KATIE will find that a raw potato, cut into small pieces, with a little water, well shaken up and allowed to stand for a few hours, will clean decanters and glass jugs and bottles beautifully.

ALEXANDRA.—Enamelled saucepans may be cleaned with a little chloride of lime with water. Let it stand for a time, and rub well with a cloth. This will restore its whiteness to the enamel. When burnt, boil some soda and water in them.

LLANTHONY.—The washing should be done at home by the servant, and you will have to help in the house yourself. The butcher's bill must not exceed 10s. a week, which ought to be enough, with care. You do not say where you live, so we cannot give you much help.

F. W. M.—There are many recipes for making polish for furniture, but none better than the old-fashioned turpentine and beeswax. Making polish is an expense and waste of time now, for most chemists keep good polish at a moderate price. To apply the polish, make a wad of old cloth, put some on it, and apply to the furniture, rubbing it in very well till quite dry. Then finish with an old silk rag. The wood must of course be perfectly clean first, and if not so use a little vinegar and oil to clean the surface. It would be impossible to tell you how long to rub; your own sense must be your guide. Do not rub a hole in the table, for instance, nor rub your fingers to the bone; and you will find it to your advantage not to leave the polish in pools on the table.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DAPHNE and MURIEL.—You had better make your own selection amongst those named in the "Directory of Girls' Clubs," (Griffith and Farran, St. Paul's-churchyard, E.C.) The rules, fees, and prizes differ in the various societies respectively, so you should be acquainted with them. Any stationer would procure a copy for you, or you could write direct; price one shilling and sixpence. 2. A very little salad oil applied with a scrap of flannel, and rubbed dry with a chamois leather, would suit the black furniture.

ANXIOUS INQUIRER.—We thank you for your offer of articles; but our staff of experienced writers and authors is very ample, and we have no means of assisting you in this way. Good wood engravings sell well, but the competition is considerable.

ADELHEID VON DÖRING.—1. The word "anomalous" means irregular, deviation from ordinary rules, abnormal. 2. Pierre, in the line of Byron's "Childe Harold"—

> "Shylock and the Moor,
> And Pierre cannot be swept or worn away,"

was a conspirator in Otway's tragedy of *Venice Preserved*. He dies, stabbed by Jaffer.

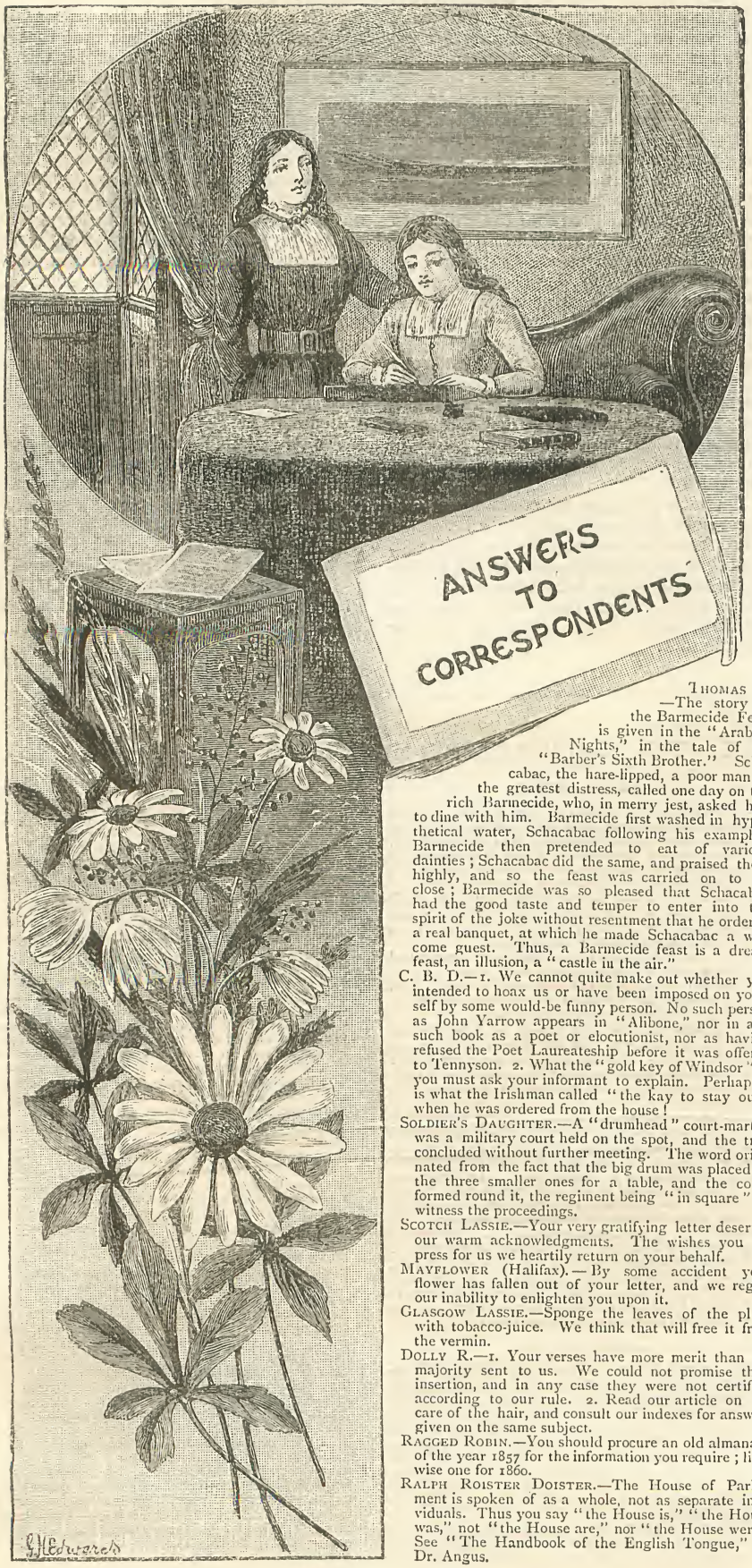
NEST BIRD.—The Castle of Hurstmonceux is Norman. Waleran de Monçeau, first lord of the district, gave his name to it. From an heiress of this family, it passed to Sir John de Fienes, whose descendants, the Lords Dacre, held it till 1708. An ancient manor-house existed on the site of the castle. This was built, temp. Henry VI., by Sir Roger de Fienes, entirely of brick. The interior, having fallen into decay, was demolished by Wyatt (architect), and used for enlarging the present mansion, Hurstmonceux Place, at one side of the park. The shell of the castle remains—half fortress, half mansion. The moat was drained, temp. Elizabeth. The flanking towers are eighty-four feet high, and capped by watch turrets. The shield of the Fienes, with their supporters, the *alannes*, or wolf-dog, figured in most of the windows, and over the porter's lodge was a room called "The Drummer's Hall," in which, tradition says, a treasure chest was concealed and guarded by a supernatural drummer, whose drum was occasionally heard at midnight.

TOMBOY.—Has your mother provided a leather (calf-skin) suit for you of the "bloomer" or bathing-dress style? If not, how about the dresses she gives you? Surely they are very unsuitable for the "climbing of trees"? You may enjoy plenty of good exercise, in a great variety of ways, that will not injure your clothes. Of course, if a mad dog or ferocious bull were racing after you, no one could object to your climbing either a tree or a wall, and you might prepare for such an event by some lessons in gymnastic exercises.

BIRNE seems injudicious in her attempt to take high notes. She risks the over-straining of her voice, and in so doing may lose it altogether. One hour's practice daily is quite sufficient, if not preparing as a professional, in which case the period allotted for it should be divided; and you should not attempt to sing after taking outdoor exercise.

HIGH-SCHOOL GIRL.—1. Playing such games with your brothers under the circumstances you name could not be at all objectionable. 2. Your verses need counting through, and the beat or emphasis placed on the proper syllable, as on the corresponding one in its corresponding line. The verses have, otherwise, some merit.

WHITE ROSEBUD.—The old brass coin which you describe appears to be only a token, and of no value.



THOMAS D.—The story of the Barmecide Feast is given in the "Arabian Nights," in the tale of the "Barber's Sixth Brother." Schacabac, the hare-lipped, a poor man in the greatest distress, called one day on the rich Barmecide, who, in merry jest, asked him to dine with him. Barmecide first washed in hypothetical water, Schacabac following his example; Barmecide then pretended to eat of various dainties; Schacabac did the same, and praised them highly, and so the feast was carried on to its close; Barmecide was so pleased that Schacabac had the good taste and temper to enter into the spirit of the joke without resentment that he ordered a real banquet, at which he made Schacabac a welcome guest. Thus, a Barmecide feast is a dream feast, an illusion, a "castle in the air."

C. B. D.—1. We cannot quite make out whether you intended to hoax us or have been imposed on yourself by some would-be funny person. No such person as John Yarrow appears in "Alibone," nor in any such book as a poet or elocutionist, nor as having refused the Poet Laureateship before it was offered to Tennyson. 2. What the "gold key of Windsor" is you must ask your informant to explain. Perhaps it is what the Irishman called "the kay to stay out" when he was ordered from the house!

SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER.—A "drumhead" court-martial was a military court held on the spot, and the trial concluded without further meeting. The word originated from the fact that the big drum was placed on the three smaller ones for a table, and the court formed round it, the regiment being "in square" to witness the proceedings.

SCOTCH LASSIE.—Your very gratifying letter deserves our warm acknowledgments. The wishes you express for us we heartily return on your behalf.

MAYFLOWER (Halifax).—By some accident your flower has fallen out of your letter, and we regret our inability to enlighten you upon it.

GLASGOW LASSIE.—Sponge the leaves of the plant with tobacco-juice. We think that will free it from the vermin.

DOLLY R.—1. Your verses have more merit than the majority sent to us. We could not promise their insertion, and in any case they were not certified according to our rule. 2. Read our article on the care of the hair, and consult our indexes for answers given on the same subject.

RAGGED ROBIN.—You should procure an old almanack of the year 1857 for the information you require; likewise one for 1860.

RALPH ROISTER DOISTER.—The House of Parliament is spoken of as a whole, not as separate individuals. Thus you say "the House is," "the House was," not "the House are," nor "the House were." See "The Handbook of the English Tongue," by Dr. Angus.

TALL GIRL.—Provided that your intimacy with this man and the fact of his alluding to your eventual marriage be known to your parents and approved of, the next time he makes such an allusion, ask him about the wishes of his own family in respect to it, and say that you could not consent to any clandestine engagement; on your own part all was open and satisfactory, and you required that all should be equally so on his. An introduction to his parents should be arranged for without any further delay, and they and your own parents should have an interview together to settle all business matters on behalf of yourself and any future family.

POP.—We could not say that to dye the hair is *wrong*; it is unwise and unbecoming. Some people's hair turns grey in separate streaks and patches, and has a magpie effect, which forms some excuse for temporary dyeing. But it is a very silly, vain thing for a young girl to dye her eyebrows, especially as the attempt at deception of such a kind is so complete a failure. That no one knows your secret is a mere delusion. Your "no ones" must be remarkably "blind buzzards."

GUMPOT had better send her dress to a dyer's, as she has made such a failure herself. Home-dyeing is usually so.

WEE-WO.—It is perfectly inadmissible to pick any description of bones in the fingers in any polite society. It is a dirty habit, which obtains amongst third or fourth class foreigners. Possibly you might see an old and decrepid person or invalid of the upper circles of society breaking through all acknowledged rules of good breeding when in the privacy of home, and do many little things which they would certainly not have done in former times. They take a special licence, as it were, in view of the infirmities of health or age; but no such liberty could be accorded to younger or stronger persons.

MISS BIGGS.—If you look through one or two of our recent numbers you will find a long answer on the subject of phosphorescent plants, etc.

LEAMINGTONIAN.—1. We thank you warmly for your gratifying letter. We can quite understand that our answers, like the arrow "drawn at a venture," will often strike where unknown to us, and carry, as you say, regarding yourself, "a message specially for me." 2. The celebrated "White Horse of Wantage" (Berkshire), cut out of the chalk hills, commemorates a great victory gained by Alfred over the Danes during the reign of his then reigning brother, Ethelred I. It is called the Battle of Æscesdun (Ashtree-hill). The length of the horse is 384 feet, and it is visible at a distance of fifteen miles.

A LADY STUDENT OF MUSIC.—We have read your letter with much distress; it reveals a state of things which should not exist. Professors in musical colleges should treat their young lady students with the same respect they would be obliged to show if they were giving lessons under their fathers' roof. They should certainly not call them by their Christian names. We hope your letter is exaggerated; but we should, in any case, advise the authorities of such institutions to keep a sharper look-out, and, if need be, establish a duenna in each room, who should be empowered to keep these exuberant and presuming professors in order. There is nothing to prevent any girl from saying that she prefers being called Miss So-and-so to the use of her Christian name by strangers.

IVY LEAF.—We believe that Lullington Church, in Sussex, is the smallest church in England; it is sixteen feet square; but, judging from some ruins on the exterior, it formed only part of a larger building, of which the present church may have been only the chancel. Tilham Church, near Gainsborough, is twenty-six feet long and seventeen feet wide. There are also small churches at Culborne, near Minehead, Chilcomb-grove, in Buckinghamshire, and St. Lawrence, in the Isle of Wight.

MATTY.—We think, if your egg-eating hen be of little value, you had better have her killed at once; but the fault usually begins through lack of lime, which hens should always be able to get. Some people keep a box of old mortar and lime rubbish in a corner of the hen-house.

MIZPAH.—Get a concordance, make a note of all the passages in which the term occurs, and draw your own conclusions. It is often the case that the accessories connected with certain acts—the company, hours, expenses, etc.—are alone to be condemned as more or less objectionable; not the mere act itself. Change these, and the latter may be good in itself. But we have no liberty to judge our neighbours in such matters. Every man must be "fully persuaded in his own mind." "To his own Master he standeth or falleth."

SPIDER.—It never was etiquette to wear gloves at dinner. Mittens may be worn. Sweetbreads are eaten with a fork; a knife is not necessary.

EMILY DAY.—How disgusting your description! To neglect brushing the teeth and cleansing the mouth brings its well-deserved and bitter punishment. A visit to a dentist is now essential, and you should make a bargain with him for doing all that is necessary after he has examined all the teeth.

G. TODD.—Consult our indexes, and send your gloves to a cleaner.



VOL. VIII.—NO. 374.] FEBRUARY 26, 1887. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

A FAMILY LIKENESS.

BY ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO.



"I TELL THEM ALL THE HOUSE IS FREE,
AND BID THEM MAKE THEMSELVES AT HOME."

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My parlour is a pleasant place,
I love its silence and its shade,
'Tis like some sweet, accustomed face
So dear, it need not fear to fade:
And here I sit with folded hands,
To welcome John from foreign lands.

You see that portrait in the room?
My great aunt's—long ere she was wed.
Once, when my mother praised its bloom,
John turned to me and softly said
(And then at least he thought it true),
"A very lovely face—like you!"

Don't blame him. No. I had no wealth:
His fortune, too, was all to seek.
Though love might enter in by stealth,
He thought it was no time to speak.
So silently John went away,
And now he brings his wife to-day.

And there they are! And this is he
(I'd know his voice if I were blind!);
And in his smiling spouse I see
A gracious beauty, fair and kind,
A stately lady—not at all
Like yon quaint picture on the wall!

And now for all the boys and girls
Who make my old friend's household bliss;
Oh, Johnnie, with the chestnut curls,
I'm sorry he's too old to kiss!—
I only say, "How like his father!"
And take his hand and press it rather.

I tell them all the house is free,
And bid them make themselves at home,
And so, with peals of laughing glee,
About the stairs and rooms they roam:
But Johnnie joins not in their rout;
He stays with us, and peers about.

He sees that portrait on the wall
(Still hanging in the same old place);
He turns about before us all,
And says, "That is a lovely face."
His mother rises up to see;
His father smiles, and looks at me.

"It ought to be restored," says he,
"It's piteous how these beauties fade"
(Ah, the old dream is safe with me).
John has forgotten what he said!
Old picture, we'll forget it too—
Come, Johnnie, here's a seat for you!

TINNED MEATS: THEIR VALUE TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

By A. G. PAYNE, Author of "Common-sense Cookery," "Choice Dishes at Small Cost," "The Housekeeper's Guide," &c.

PART III.

THERE is no doubt that in this country the present generation is far more luxurious than the one that preceded it. Living is to a great extent a question of habit. At the present moment a Russian soldier is paid at the rate of a shilling a month, and his only ration is rye-bread baked into biscuit, washed down with a draught of water. The British workman of the day requires a hot meat dinner, cooked from fresh meat expressly for him alone. Were his wife to supply him with cold meat, he would probably grumble. In the last century a labourer was content with a piece of fat pork boiled on Sunday. Possibly in the next century we shall have our soup kitchens for the poor altered into turtle soup kitchens; for it is a fact that the luxuries of one century become the necessities of the next.

It is a question worthy of consideration whether this country has not reached that pitch of luxury and self-indulgence which all history teaches us is the turning-point in a nation's greatness. Ananius, Azarius, and Misael have told us that we thrive better on pulse and water than on the king's meat. Let us hope as a nation that, unlike the king in question, seven times may not pass over us to cure us of our luxury and pride.

I will not enter into a description of the various uses of the more expensive luxuries now sold in tins. I refer to truffles, cocks' combs, *financière*, *ragout*, *foie gras*, etc. Mushrooms, however, are exceptions. They seem like gifts of nature, and, like the manna of old, they require us to rise early and gather in our harvest fresh, not forgetting that, like manna, they will not properly keep till the morrow. It is, however in cases like this, when the food is of a perishable nature, that the invention of preserving in tins is so useful. There are probably few of what may be called accessories to food more useful or more delicious than mushrooms. Mushrooms are preserved in tins in two forms, by far the most common one being quite plain in water. Were I to give a list of all the various dishes in the composition of which mushrooms enter, I should require as many volumes as I am allowed columns. I would, however, remind housekeepers that small tins of mushrooms can now be obtained at sixpence each from all respectable grocers.

I will give one or two simple cases to illustrate the various uses to which mushrooms can be applied.

First, mushroom sauce.

You can have brown mushroom sauce and white mushroom sauce.

To make brown mushroom sauce from tinned mushrooms, open the tin of mushrooms and add the contents, liquid and all, to about an equal quantity of good, thick, rich, brown gravy. The mushrooms should be chopped small, and served in the gravy just as they are.

White mushroom sauce, which is so delicious with boiled fowl, can be made by adding a tin of mushrooms to some good béchamel sauce. Béchamel sauce is some very strong stock, mixed with some boiling milk, or, still better, boiling cream, thickened with a little butter and flour. When the tin of mushrooms is added to the white sauce, the whole should be rubbed through a wire sieve with a wooden spoon. This helps to thicken the sauce, and greatly adds to the flavour.

Another simple instance of the use of mushrooms is some kind of fish *au gratin*. Take, for instance, a sole. Dry it, flour it, and egg and breadcrumb it in the usual manner. Next take a sixpenny tin of mushrooms, strain off the liquor, and chop up the mushrooms finely with a piece of onion as big as the top of the thumb down to the bottom of the nail, a piece of lemon peel, say about the size of the thumbnail and as thick; that is, you only use the yellow part, and not the white. Add also sufficient chopped parsley to fill a teaspoon, as well as a little pepper and salt. Fry all these in a frying-pan with some butter for a few minutes, and when it is partially cooked place about half of it in a tin sufficiently long to hold the sole. Place the sole on the top of these chopped ingredients, and place the remainder on the top of the sole. Pour all the butter in the frying-pan on it, and, if necessary, add a little more butter, so as to keep the sole moist, and bake it in the oven till the sole is done. Of course the time for baking varies with the size of the sole and the fierceness of the oven. When it is finished, a little finely-grated Parmesan cheese may be shaken over the whole. Parmesan cheese can now be obtained in bottles, the price of a small bottle being about eightpence or ninepence. The Parmesan cheese is, however, not absolutely necessary. Also a few bread raspings shaken over the whole gives it a finished appearance. This dish looks a great deal better if the tin is the same shape as the sole, and the fish served in the tin in which it is baked. Long oval tins are sold on purpose.

Almost any kind of fish can be served in this way, such as lemon soles, fresh haddock, filleted brill, filleted plaice, etc. Just before the sole *au gratin* is sent to table many persons add about a teaspoonful of sherry to the sauce by which it is surrounded. To my mind it is a doubtful improvement.

Another very excellent form of preserved mushrooms of which I cannot speak too highly, is what is known as black Leicestershire mushrooms, preserved in gravy. These are quite different from the ones usually sold in tins. They are round and flat in shape, and are much more like the ordinary mushrooms that we are accustomed to gather in the country, being white on one side and black on the other. The way to use them is to make the tin hot in boiling water, and then add the contents to either a well cooked steak or chop, taking care that the red gravy that runs out of the steak or chop is added to the gravy in the mushrooms. It is an

improvement if you have some good thick gravy, to add a little of it to the gravy in the tin. One of these tins very greatly improves the flavour of a dish of hash or stewed steak. I would strongly recommend you to try the experiment of using one of these tins the next time you have a chop or steak. They can be served just as they are, after being made hot, in a sauce tureen, and will be found far superior to any mushroom sauce generally met with, even when made from freshly gathered mushrooms. The cost of a small tin of these excellent mushrooms preserved in gravy is about sevenpence.

We will now consider tomatoes in tins. Fresh tomatoes are now preserved whole, and will often be found very useful. Suppose, for instance, as we mentioned in our first article, that we are taken by surprise in a country house far away from all shops, and we want a delicious little entrée in a hurry. We will suppose the store cupboard to contain a tin of tomatoes preserved whole, and also a tin of mushrooms. The dish we are going to send to table is called tomatoes *au gratin*. We will suppose the larder to contain a piece of cold boiled bacon, but raw bacon would serve our purpose equally well. Take the piece of cold boiled bacon, and with a blunt knife scrape off about two or three tablespoonfuls of fat. Chop up very finely a tin of mushrooms with a piece of onion, lemon peel and parsley, exactly as if we were making a sole *au gratin*. Add a small saltspoonful of dried thyme. If the thyme is fresh, less than half that quantity will be ample. Fry all these ingredients in a frying-pan with the fat bacon, and then add sufficient bread-crumbs to make the whole into the consistency of a pudding. Now take the tomatoes very carefully out of the tin without breaking them, and I would warn you that they require very delicate handling. Give the tomatoes a gentle squeeze so as to get rid of any of the pips inside. Then with a teaspoon carefully fill the tomatoes with the mixture we have just made. The more mixture you can get into each tomato the better. Next pour a very little salad oil into a tin—oiled butter will do—and place the tomatoes one by one on the tin without breaking them, and bake them in the oven. When they are hot through, they may be served. In taking them out of the tin and placing them on the dish, use a slice similar to that for taking out fried eggs.

The only difficulty I know of in making this delicious dish is to avoid breaking the tomatoes, which are more liable to give way when they are hot than when they were first taken out of the tin. Shake a few bread-raspings over the top of each tomato before serving—that is, cover the top of the mushroom mixture with the bread rasptngs to make it a nice brown, but do not shake the bread raspings over the tomato itself. If the tomatoes are placed in a silver dish and surrounded with a little bright-green fried parsley, it has a very pretty appearance. If you have some good brown gravy in the house, the tomatoes can be served in a little gravy; only do not pour the gravy over the tomatoes, as it would utterly spoil their appearance, but pour a little gravy into the dish first, and then place the stuffed tomatoes carefully in it. The gravy should be rich, thick, and of a good brown colour; otherwise the tomatoes *au gratin* are best served as they are.

Tomatoes preserved whole will be found useful to ornament a large variety of dishes, such as *tête de veau en tortue*, *poulet à la Marengo*, etc. For instance, a simple dish, but very bright-looking, can be made as follows:—From the remains of some cold boiled potatoes make some ordinary mashed potatoes; and if you live in the country, where cream is cheap, remember a very little boiling cream added is a very great improvement, both in appearance and flavour. Mashed potatoes, to be really good, should be rubbed through a wire sieve. Pile the mashed potatoes up in the middle of a vegetable dish, and place round the outside alternately a mutton cutlet and a whole tomato. The cutlets can be cooked perfectly plain—that is, simply grilled on the gridiron like a mutton chop—or they can be fried after being egged and bread-crumbed. The tomatoes simply want being made hot by being placed on a greasy tin and warmed up in the oven. Place the cutlets round the mashed potatoes, first leaving room for the tomatoes between each. Then take out the tomatoes with a slice, and make a bed in the mashed potatoes, in which they can quietly repose; otherwise they are apt to smash and run, and make the dish look untidy.

We will next consider the best way of utilising the various vegetables that can be obtained in tins, such as asparagus, green peas, French beans, and last, but not least, *macédoines*.

First with regard to asparagus. Of all the vegetables preserved in tins I think this is the best. It requires no preparation whatever. Make a piece of toast, and place it at the bottom of a vegetable dish; then make the asparagus hot in the tin, and when the water in which the tin has been placed has boiled for some four or five minutes the tin can be taken out and opened. In opening a tin of asparagus, cut the tin right round the edge, so that the sticks of asparagus can be taken out without breaking them, and take out any tops that may be left in the tin, and add them to the rest. Strain off the liquid, and place the asparagus on the toast, the white part resting on the edge of the dish. The asparagus should therefore be divided into two parts, so that the green parts meet on the toast and half the white sticks rest on one end of the vegetable dish and half on the other. A little ordinary melted butter or white sauce is generally served with them. For my part, I prefer the asparagus quite plain.

Tinned asparagus differs in one respect from ordinary asparagus, inasmuch as you can nearly eat the whole of it. Asparagus can be eaten cold as a salad, and a very delicious salad it makes. Open a tin just as it is, strain off the contents, dry the asparagus on a cloth, and place it as I have described before on a dish, but without any toast. Now make a little sauce to pour over the tips as follows:—Take, say, a couple of ounces of butter, and dissolve it in the oven in a teacup till it runs to oil. Now take it out, and add to it three brimming teaspoonfuls of freshly-made mustard, a dessertspoonful of vinegar, and a saltspoonful of pepper and another of salt. Stir this up with the oiled butter. As the butter begins to get cold the sauce commences to get thick, and as soon as it has got into that state in which it resembles custard, pour it over the asparagus, of course leaving the ends of each stick free from the sauce, as it is now customary to eat asparagus with the fingers. This sauce, to be good, requires real butter, which is a substance now rarely met with, even at respectable grocers, the adulteration of butter with fat being almost universal—this universal adulteration being the chief cause of the depression of trade throughout the country. The salad should not be served till the sauce is quite cold and sticks to the asparagus.

Green peas are now to be had preserved in tins, not only very good but very cheap. Good preserved peas should be small and of a light green. When the peas are large and high coloured, they are inferior. The fact is that the former are young and the latter old. Preserved peas are best served in a course by themselves, though, of course, they can be handed round with ordinary joints. The art of sending preserved peas to table is to make them look and taste as much as possible like green peas freshly gathered. For this purpose you should act as follows:—*Make the peas* hot in the tin and take, say, a dozen fresh mint leaves and scald them in the water in which the tin is being made hot. Next take these hot mint leaves and put them in a vegetable dish. Open the tin of peas, strain off the liquor, and pour the peas on to the mint leaves. Now add a small saltspoonful of powdered sugar, half a saltspoonful of salt, and a small pat of butter as big as a five-shilling piece. Toss the peas for a minute or so lightly together, so that the butter is dissolved and the sugar and salt melted, and the fresh mint leaves brought to the surface. Now send the dish to table. The fresh mint leaves help to convey the idea that the peas are fresh. In everything we eat and drink imagination goes a long way. Who, for instance, would care to drink port wine out of the spout of a teapot, even if the teapot were solid silver?

I might here mention in passing that a small sixpenny tin of peas will be found very useful in ornamenting a boiled leg of mutton. If you want to make a boiled leg of mutton look really nice, proceed as follows:—Of course you have boiled turnips and carrots with it. Boil the turnips whole, and when they are tender take them out of the water and cut each turnip in half and scoop out the centre, so as to make it like a cup. Now take the outside part of *the carrot, which is* a brighter red than the inside part, and chop it up into small pieces. Place the leg of mutton in the centre of the dish, and pour over it either some of the water in which it is boiled or some thick caper sauce. Now fill up these cups made out of the scooped turnips cut in half with a tablespoonful of green peas and a tablespoonful of chopped-up carrot alternately. It is a very simple garnish, and gives but little trouble; but what a difference it makes in the appearance!

We will next take French beans, or, as they are properly called, *haricots verts*. I think these deserve to be served in a course by themselves, even more than peas. If they are served with a joint they must simply be made hot in a tin, then drained and allowed to dry, and handed round just as they are. French beans go best with a haunch of venison or roast mutton. If, however, you serve the beans as a course by themselves, you must, after making them hot and draining off the liquid, add a couple of tablespoonfuls of good white sauce, that is *béchamel sauce*, or if you have none, add to a tin of beans about enough fresh butter to fill a dessertspoon; add also about a saltspoonful of finely chopped fresh parsley, a little pepper and salt, and about a teaspoonful or rather more of lemon-juice, as well as a little powdered sugar. The beans should be tossed lightly together until the butter is dissolved, and then served.

Last, but not least, come *macédoines*. *Macédoines* in tins are simply mixed preserved vegetables, the chief ingredients being green peas, chopped carrot, and turnip.

Macédoines are one of the most useful kind of tinned goods to have in the house, as you can always make a pretty dish at a few moments' notice. A spoonful of *macédoines* will turn some clear soup into a bright-looking spring soup. A tin of *macédoines* made hot and placed in the centre of a dish of mutton cutlets always has a bright and appetising appearance. *Macédoines* can also be added to the remains of some cold potatoes, and used to make a German salad; while, with a few hard-boiled eggs and a small pot of *caviare*, we can make with their assistance that excellent supper dish known as a Russian salad.

(To be continued.)



THE BROOK AND ITS BANKS.

By the Rev. J. G. WOOD, M.A., Author of "The Handy Natural History."

CHAPTER V.

The bank-vole—A long-tailed field mouse—Its varied diet—Insect-eating—Robbing a moth-hunter—Treacles and their visitors—The voles as climbers—The water-shrew—Signification of its name—Habits of the water-shrew—Its activity and grace in the water—Teeth of the shrews—Structure of its ears—Mode of swimming—The flattened body—Colour of the water-shrew—Its food—The shrew and the rat—An unfounded accusation—Burrow of the water-shrew—Superstitions regarding the shrews—The shrew ash—Land-shrews — The shrew-mouse — Distinctive structures—Mortality among shrews—Killing shrews with shovels—The pigmy shrew—Our smallest mammal.

As might be expected from its name, the BANK-VOLE (*Arvícola glaréolus*) is to be sought upon the banks of our brook. As its tail is nearly as long as that of the common mouse, it is often called the "long-tailed field mouse," and it may easily be distinguished from a true mouse which does inhabit the country by the shortness of its ears, the bluntness of its snout, and the white colour of its paws.

It has many of the habits of the campagnol, but its diet is more diversified, including insects, worms and snails, and it is accused of eating young birds.

A rather startling incident, showing its insect-eating proclivities, was witnessed by my son, Theodore Wood, some years ago.

In those days he was an enthusiastic lepidopterist, and was in the habit of going out at night "treacling" for moths. This process is simple in principle, though rather difficult in practice. Many moths are irresistibly attracted by the odour of treacle mixed with the newest and coarsest rum. The moth-hunter, therefore, mixes treacle and rum, and at night paints with the mixture the trunks of suitable trees. Attracted by the odour, the moths fly to the bait, swallow the sweet mixture greedily, and become so intoxicated that they either fall or can be picked off the tree with the fingers.

Now, the "treacler" has many enemies. Slugs of the most portentous dimensions descend from their hiding places in the tree, and absorb the treacle just as if they were so many hungry leeches fastening on a plump and thin-skinned patient. Toads sit in a row round the trunk of the tree, waiting to snap up any moth that falls. The bats soon learn the value of a treacled tree, and sweep rapidly by it, whipping off the pre-occupied moths as they pass by.

On one occasion my son caught sight of a bank-vole, which had climbed up the tree and was taking its share of the spoil.

All the voles are admirable climbers, as indeed is necessary, in order to enable them to gather the corn and fruit of the hawthorn and wild rose. Their paws grasp the corn stems or tree twigs as if they were hands like those of the monkey, and they run about the slender branches of the hedges and shrubs that line the banks like monkeys among the trees of their native forests.

Like the campagnol, they make globular nests of grass, which may be found among the herbage of the bank by those who know where and how to look for them.

JUST as the ordinary farmer lumps together half-a-dozen species or so of small birds, under the comprehensive title of "sparrows," so do most people consider that every animal which labours under the misfortune of being small in dimensions, brown in colour, and having a tail appended to its body, must be either a rat or a mouse, according to its size.

No one can be familiar with the banks of any brook without being acquainted with the pretty little WATER-SHREWS, which, like their relatives of the land, are almost invariably considered as mice, although, as we shall presently see, they are not connected in any way with the creatures which they superficially resemble.

If the observer will pick out some spot where he can be tolerably screened, and where the water of the brook is clear and rather shallow, he will be very likely to come upon the water-shrew (*Crossopus fódiens*). Both of these names are very appropriate. The first, or generic, name is of Greek origin (as all generic names ought to be), and signifies "fringe-footed." The name is due to the fringe of stiff hairs with which the feet are edged. A similar fringe is found on the lower surface of the tail. As these fringes are white, they are very conspicuous. Their object will presently be seen.

The second, or specific, title is (as all specific titles ought to be) derived from the Latin, and refers to the habits of the species. It signifies a digger or burrower, and alludes to its custom of digging burrows in the banks of the brook in which it loves to disport itself, and where it obtains much of its food.

As with other creatures, absolute stillness and silence is required on the part of the observer before the water-shrew will even show itself. Though there may be plenty of the little animals within a few yards, not one will be visible. But in ten minutes or thereabouts the silence will reassure them, and they will make their appearance on the bank.

I have seen them playing with each other on the bank of a rivulet which at that time was so dried up by want of rain that the water was scarcely a foot in width. They were almost within reach of my hand, and I could easily have killed one or two with a stick. But as I prefer watching the habits of animals to killing them, they continued their pretty and graceful evolutions undisturbed.

Being sociable little creatures, a single water-shrew is seldom seen, and, if the observer should detect one of the animals, he may be tolerably certain that it will presently be joined by others. They are as playful as kittens, and, in their way, quite as graceful, their lithe bodies and active limbs being able to assume as many varied attitudes as may be seen in a family of kittens at play.

They chase each other over the bank, pretend to fight fiercely, squeaking the while as if wounded to death, just as puppies will do when playing and making believe to be hurt. Then one will jump into the water, and dive, as if to escape, while one or two others will pop in after it, and chase it under water.

Indeed, on the occasion which I have just mentioned, the whole proceedings reminded me forcibly of the games in which the boy swimmers of Oxford were wont to indulge for the best part of a summer's day.

One of our favourite games was for one to dive into the Cherwell (mostly from the top of a pollard willow), and then for the rest to dive after him, and try to catch him under water before he had swum a certain distance. We used to shriek in our sport quite as much, and as loudly in proportion to our size, as the water-shrew squeaks, and I cannot but think that if any being as much superior to man as man is to the shrew could have watched us, we should have amused him much in the same way that the shrew amuses us.

In his admirable work on the British mammals, Mr. Bell states that the water-shrew will dive into a shallow, rippling stream, and run over the stones, pushing its long snout under them, and turning them over, should they be small, for the sake of dislodging and capturing the fresh-water shrimp (*Gammarus*), and then carrying it off to the bank and eating it with an audible, crunching sound.

I have not personally observed the creature engaged in this sub-aquatic hunt, though I have often seen it dive, and have been near enough to note its singularly beautiful aspect as it wriggles its irregular way under the surface.

Air is largely entangled among the hairs of its body, the imprisoned bubbles looking just

like globules of shining silver. The water-spider, which is also a common though unsuspected inmate of the brook, is adorned in a similar manner when it dives.

No one can watch these pretty little creatures without being interested and amused. But amusement ought not to be our sole object in observing the inhabitants of a brook. Let us catch one of the animals and keep it long enough to examine it. There is little difficulty in capturing a water-shrew, as the little animals are so fearless when they think themselves unobserved that a small hand-net can easily be slipped over them in their gambols. We need not keep our captive long, and, after inspecting the characteristic fringe of the feet and tail, we will examine its head and jaws.

A mere glance at the head ought to tell us that it cannot be a mouse, no mouse having a long, pointed snout, which projects far beyond the lower jaw. On opening its mouth and examining its teeth, we not only see that it cannot be a mouse, but that it is not even a rodent. It is, in fact, much more nearly related to the hedgehog than to the mouse. All its teeth are sharply pointed, and the lower incisors project almost horizontally forwards. The animal must, therefore, be predacious in character, and a comparison with the structure of other animals shows that it belongs to the important though not very numerous group of the insectivora, or insect-eaters, of which the mole is the generally accepted type. There are, however, some systematic zoologists who hold that the shrews, and not the moles, ought to be the typical representatives of the insectivora. This, however, is a matter of opinion, and its discussion does not come within the scope of our present undertaking.

Before we release our captive, we will examine its ears.

These are small, as are those of all water-inhabiting mammals, but there is a peculiarity in their structure which is worthy of notice. They are furnished with three small valves, which, being made on the same principle as those of the heart, are closed by the pressure of the water as soon as the animal dives below the surface, and open by their own elasticity when it emerges.

Now, we will allow it to escape into the water, and take note of it as it swims away.

I have already casually referred to the irregular course which it pursues in swimming. This is due to the fact that the water-shrew drives itself along by alternate strokes with the fringed hind feet, so that its progress reminds the observer of that of a boat propelled by two unskilful rowers, who have not learned to keep time. Still, its pace is tolerably rapid, though it lacks the steady directness which characterises that of the water-vole.

Another remarkable point in its swimming is that the outstretched legs cause the skin of the flanks to be widened and flattened in a way that reminds the observer of the flying squirrel when passing through the air. Although in the water-shrew the skin is not nearly as much flattened as in the squirrel, it is expanded sufficiently to alter the shape of the creature in a notable manner.

Supposing the observer to be tolerably familiar with the terrestrial shrews, he must have been struck by the blackness of the fur of the back, and the contrasting whiteness of the under-surface. So strongly, indeed, is the contrast marked, that an exceptionally dark variety was long considered as a distinct species, and called the "oared shrew."

Like the insectivora in general, the water-shrew is not at all particular in its diet, providing it be of an animal nature. As most of us know, the hedgehog, although its normal food consists of insects, snails, and the like, will feed on frogs, toads, mice, and even snakes and blindworms. So will the water-shrew, if it can be fortunate enough to find the dead bodies of any of these creatures, for it is not sufficiently powerful to kill them for itself.

In Mr. Bell's work, to which reference has already been made, there is an interesting notice of the carnivorous habits of the water-shrew.

An ordinary rat had been caught and killed in a steel trap, and upon the body of the rat was perched a little black creature, which proved on examination to be a water-shrew, which was trying to make a meal upon the rat. It had already bored a hole in the side of the rat, and was so absorbed in its task that it suffered itself to be touched with a stick without being alarmed.

This little animal does not restrict itself to the neighbourhood of water, but is often found at some distance inland. It has been accused, and I believe with justice, of devouring the eggs of river fish, a crime which, as I have already mentioned, is wrongly attributed to the water-vole.

Although we may see the water-shrew swim away and disappear below the surface of the water, we may watch in vain for its reappearance. As is done by the duckbill of Australia, the animal always makes several entrances to its burrow, one of them being on the side of the bank, below the surface of the water. It can, therefore, enter or leave the brook without being observed.

All the shrews, whether of the land or water, were at one time the objects of universal dread, and even the toad and blindworm could scarcely be more feared.

As one old writer remarks, in his sweeping condemnation of the animal, "It beareth a cruel minde, desiring to hurt anything, neither is there any creature that it loveth, or it loveth him, because it is feared of all."

It was held to be the special foe of cattle, biting their hoofs while in the stall and running over their bodies as they lay chewing the cud in the field. A cow over which a shrew had run was said to be "shrew-struck," and to fall straightway into a sort of consumption, accompanied with swellings of the skin.

The disease, being caused by the shrew, could only be cured by the shrew, the usual mode of treatment being to burn the animal alive and rub the cow with the ashes. As, however, a shrew might not always be at hand when a cow was taken ill, the ingenuity of our forefathers devised a plan of having essence of shrew always within reach.

A shrew was caught alive, and a hole bored into the trunk of an ash tree. The shrew, which must be still living, was put into the hole, the entrance to which was then closed with a wooden plug. As the body of the shrew decayed, its virtues were supposed to be absorbed into the tree, so that a branch of a "shrew ash," or even a few leaves, were supposed to be an effectual cure if laid upon the suffering animal.

The tail of a shrew, when burned and powdered, was considered as a certain remedy for the bite of a dog; only the tail must be cut from a living shrew.

I have already made casual mention of the shrews of the land.

Two species of land-shrews are recognised as inhabitants of England. One is the common SHREW, or SHREW-MOUSE (*Sorex vulgáris*), which for a long time was thought to be identical with the water-shrew. The fringed feet and tail, however, afford sufficient indications that it is a distinct species.

Towards the end of autumn there seems to be quite a mortality among the shrews, their bodies being plentifully strewn about the roadways and paths across fields. Why this should be so no one can tell, though many conjectures have been offered, one absurd theory being that man and the shrew are so antagonistic to each other, that when a shrew tries to cross a pathway made and used by man it dies from sheer antipathy.

This fact was known to Pliny, and Topsel, the old writer who has already been quoted, is of opinion that when a shrew dies in a cart-rut, the finder should not fail to secure so valuable a prize.

"The shrew which by falling by chance into a cart road or track doth die upon the same, being burned and afterwards beaten or dissolved into dust, and mingled with goose-grease, being rubbed or anointed upon those who are troubled with the swelling coming by the cause of some inflammation, doth bring into them a wonderful and most admirable cure and remedy."

The same author mentions its predacious habits, and states that it is especially fond of the putrid flesh of the raven, the French using it as a bait, and killing numbers of shrews as they are feasting on the dead bird. He is especially careful to mention that the deluded shrews are killed with shovels.

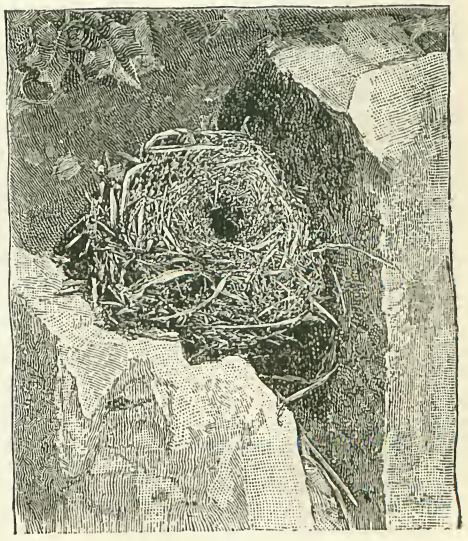
The third species of British shrew is the PIGMY-SHREW (*Sorex pygmæus*), which is even smaller than the harvest mouse, and is the smallest of all the British mammals.

I have mentioned the three species, because until quite recently much confusion reigned concerning them and their habits, and much difficulty has been found in disentangling them.

For example, no distinction had been recognised between the common shrew and the water-shrew, while the pigmy-shrew was thought to be the young of the common or erd-shrew, and an exceptionally large specimen of the water-shrew was supposed to be a separate species, and distinguished by the name of oared-shrew.

So, by means of carrying out our study of the water-shrew we have not only found much that is interesting and amusing, but have added something to our knowledge of animal physiology.

(*To be continued.*)



NEST OF THE CAMPAGNOL.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF MUSICAL FORMS.

Sketch IV.—Madrigals and Secular Part Music.

By MYLES B. FOSTER, Organist of the Foundling Hospital.



In my last sketch I endeavoured to show you, as briefly as I could, the historical aspect of *sacred* concerted music in some of its vocal forms, with and without instrumental accompaniment. We will now, for a short space, consider vocal concerted music as adapted to secular uses.

Prominent here above its fellows stands the Madrigal, claiming precedence not only for its antiquity, but also for its lofty style, and, in most cases, learned and elaborate development.

Once again the name for our subject is veiled in a certain amount of doubt and speculation. There are at least five different theories in reference to the derivation of "Madrigal," not one of which seems altogether *suitable*. *All disputants* agree on one point, at any rate, that "Madrigal" was originally the term given to poems founded upon a motto or theme, and was afterwards transferred to the music to which such poems were wedded.

From the rarity of MSS. in early times, one is led to believe that the Troubadours extemporised the discant * which they added to their secular melodies, and which was as undoubtedly the origin of the madrigal as the combination of plain chant and discant was the fount from which sprang the motett. The connection of the term with a poem of a popular character certainly existed as early as the fourteenth century, and perhaps earlier.

There appear to have been three classes of secular composition, for which madrigal became the general term—viz., madrigals for one voice, with accompaniment; madrigals for several voices, in parts and unaccompanied; and, lastly, madrigals accompanied by many instruments, and sometimes described as "apt for viols and voices." The English writers preferred the second class, and excelled in it.

In the fifteenth century the madrigal was well known in the Low Countries, being at that time invariably constructed according to the ancient ecclesiastical modes, and sometimes containing great features of elaboration. I complained, when speaking of the history of the mass, that musical subjects originally associated with profane words were introduced as canti fermi, but we find in the case of the madrigal that the reverse happened, and that passages of plain chant were used in connection with some light secular counter-subject.

Petrucci, before mentioned as the inventor of movable music types, was the first to publish these works, composed by such representatives of the early Flemish madrigal school as Okenheim, Tinctor, Josquin des Prés, Agricola, and several others. I should like once again to quote that learned writer on music, Mr. Rockstro, who considers this first period "no less interesting than instructive to the critical student, for it is here that we first find science and popular melody working together for a common end."

From 1530 to the end of the sixteenth century a great advance was taking place in art generally. Appropriate treatment of words, and, if it were necessary, simplicity itself, restrained that desire to show contrapuntal complexity and other conceits at the selfish expense of truth and honesty.

This advance in the right direction was supported by the last composers of the old Flemish school, Archadelt, De Wert, Waelrant, and that great writer Orlando di Lasso, at whose death the madrigal school of the Netherlands ended; but not so the madrigal itself, which long ere this had been transplanted into other countries, and had commenced to grow most healthily in Italy. In fact, Archadelt's first collection of madrigals was published in Venice in 1538, and was speedily followed by five other sets, in some of which we find specimens by the first really good Italian madrigal writer, Costanzo Festa. In his work, and until Palestrina, vestiges remain of the Flemish style; but gradually the Roman or Italian element destroyed all foreign character and influence, and alone remained.

Palestrina wrote madrigals with equal facility and merit in all styles; he named two of his volumes "Madrigali Spirituali," sacred music, but intended rather for the chamber than the church, for which latter the motetts were written. He varies every passage according to the sentiment of the words, and above all his contrapuntal learning, places his noble sincerity and purity of style and expression. Would that our modern work possessed such simple nobility!

Succeeding him, Felice Anerio produced, and in 1585 published, three volumes of Madrigali spirituali, and, soon after the year 1600, two volumes of secular madrigals; there were besides fine madrigals by Giovanelli Nanini, Francesco Anerio, and last but not least, Luca Marenzio. These and others formed the great Roman school, but there existed a school in Venice also, founded by Willaert the Netherlander, from which sprang the works of the two Gabrielis, Leo Hasler, Gastoldi and Croce. In Florence also madrigals were very popular for a short time, until the craving of the Florentines for instrumental accompaniment destroyed their early affection for purely vocal music.

In Naples a lighter form (villanella) existed, but in France and Germany it found no home, where the chanson and volkslied held their respective sway.

In England a national school was formed which took firm root, and developed into fully as healthy a tree as any of the rival foreign growths. First of all Italian madrigals were introduced and printed in England, but by the end of the sixteenth century Byrd and Morley had published original specimens, and the madrigal was fast becoming an English institution, supported by such excellent composers as Weelkes, Edwardes, Kirby, Dowland, Wilbye, Ford, Benet, Michael Este, and others. We may call special attention to Morley's collection in honour of the virgin Queen Elizabeth, named the "Triumphes of Oriana," including madrigals by many of the above-named writers. It was published in 1601. Only a few years later Orlando Gibbons brought out a volume of "Madrigals and Motets," and just a hundred years after the earliest publication in England of such works, appeared a book of madrigals collected by Martin Pierson. Madrigals they undoubtedly were, though he called them "mottects." Ambros, in his "Geschichte der Musik," speaks in the highest praise of our great madrigal school, and names it "one of the most pleasing flowers of that Elizabethan soil," a soil teeming with great scholars, poets, and dramatists.

To conclude, the madrigal is generally interpreted by many voices to each part, and as a rule is the more effective in proportion to the number of singers employed. Whereas the glee, into which the madrigal gradually changed, and of which we are about to speak, is intended to be sung by a single representative of each part. Other differences, more important than this, we shall have occasion to note later on.

Glee.

At the beginning of the seventeenth century the madrigal, properly so called, disappeared from amongst the compositions of both English and foreign musicians. The word *glee* is the Anglo-Saxon "gligg"—music, and has no special reference to joyfulness; in fact, it is as common to find the title "serious glee," as it is to see "cheerful glee." A glee is unaccompanied, and is written for at least three solo voices, most frequently men. The chief differences between the glee and the older form of madrigal are the natural results of evolution in harmony, and the wedding of words to expressive music, even in defiance of ancient and mechanical rules. The tonality of the former is modern, the subjects are constantly changing, and are seldom developed, leaving an unsatisfactory feeling of restless abundance, inability to make the best use of the rich resources, and a consequently frequent complete cadence, which in many cases gives a detached, hesitating feeling to the work. Continuity seems to be the best test of great ideas; having something to say, and if worth saying, saying that something thoroughly and logically.

Our best glee writers, living from 1740 to the early part of this century, were Samuel Webbe, Dr. Callcott, his son-in-law, William Horsley, Sir H. R. Bishop, and Sir John Goss. If you go back to the commencement of the glee period, by a careful study of the works of Weelkes and Gibbons, you will find in the latter's compositions many striking novelties in harmonic progression, and in those of the former equally powerful and novel contrasts in movement and expression, and in the masterpieces of both great independence of thought, in which combined advances we trace the transition from the madrigal to the glee, the latter being essentially English.

Later in the seventeenth century, during and after the Commonwealth, meetings for the singing of glees and catches were generally held in inns and taverns, the musicians being forbidden the theatres, previous to the restoration of King Charles II.

Glees were first published in the collection by John Playford, called the "Musical Companion." Catches, canons, and rounds took the place of the old glee after this: and even these, according to Dr. Greene, were seldom sung about the middle of the eighteenth century. Amongst excellent writers of catches and canons we find Henry Purcell, Dr. Croft, Dr. Blow, and many others. Shortly after Dr. Greene's lament—that is, in 1760—a catch club was started for the resuscitation of glee and catch singing, and since then unto

* Discant—Counter-melody.

our own times clubs and societies have flourished for this purpose, and have encouraged English composition in these forms.

It is thought by some writers that Sir Henry Bishop's glees are not properly so called, because they have independent accompaniments. Their form, however, is generally that of the best glees.

A canon is a species of imitation, the most strict and exact of all imitations, written according to rule (κανών), the idea being that one voice shall start a melody and some other voice follow with the same melody a few beats later on, imitating the first voice note for note, and usually interval for interval, either at the unison, the octave, or some other distance. At one period canons were made musical puzzles, by the composer writing only the first part (called the "dux," or leader), and then, by some sign over one of the bars, indicating at what point the following voice (or "comes") should come in, the latter singer having to guess the correct interval at which he was expected to enter. However ingenious such riddles may be, they do not help art.

A catch at first greatly resembled the round, where a complete continuous melody was written out, and when one singer had reached a certain point in this melody, another singer had to begin, and *catch up* his part in time—the difference between catch and canon being that in the former each part imitates at the same pitch; in the latter the imitation may be at any interval from the original voice. Besides, many canons are connected with sacred words, and introduced into our cathedral services, whereas the catch, in the reign of that dissolute monarch, Charles II., degenerated into an improper play upon words, assisted by music. At a later date, in the eighteenth and at the beginning of this century, this idea of the singers "catching at each other's words," so as to alter the meaning of those words, was cleverly used by S. Webbe, Dr. Callcott, and others. A well-known example by the latter will best explain the effect produced:—

"*Ah! how, Sophia*, could you leave
Your lover, and of hope bereave?"
"*Go, fetch the Indian's* borrowed plume,
Though richer far than that you bloom."
"*I'm but a lodger* in her heart,
Where more than me, I fear, have part."

The result of one voice entering after another is, that the first seems to be shouting, "A house a-fire!" the second excitedly answers, "Go, fetch the engines!" whilst the third excuses himself by saying, "I'm but a lodger!" After all, these could only be considered ingenious trifles, and most of the singing clubs have turned their attention to the more interesting and higher forms of madrigal, glee, and part song, which, as a later development, we will now speak of.

Part Song.

A part song is most likely to prove itself a melody harmonised, in three, four, or more parts—that is to say, there will be but little contrapuntal or imitative writing about it. It is of German origin; but it has been imported into our country, and our native composers have written some very beautiful specimens.

Part songs have been written either for sopranos, altos, tenors, and basses, or for male or female voices only. Many are in the ballad form, in which the same music is repeated to any number of verses; others are more elaborate, and contain portions allotted to solo voices, or to a single voice accompanied by a chorus. Part songs may be set to either secular or sacred poems. Schubert's, Weber's, and Mendelssohn's contributions to this form of music are of great value and of wonderful variety.

Those of the latter helped to revive the taste for part music in England, and assisted in the foundation of the many classes and smaller choral societies which nowadays are in existence all over the country, from Penzance to the north of Scotland, and the formation of which creates the demand in our country for composition of this kind. Amongst modern English writers may be named Henry Smart, Sullivan, Samuel Reay, Barnby, Macfarren, Miss Macirone, Eaton Faning, and last and greatest, J. L. Hatton. I might add to this list many names, for the making of part songs is without end.

Whether in two, three, or more parts, the part song should be sung by a number of voices, the proportion, of course, being carefully balanced. I must tell you before I finish that there are also many duets, trios, and quartets which do not come within the range of the part song, it being intended that they shall be rendered by a single representative of each part, but many of these are extracted from works in which each part is taken by one of the *dramatis personæ*. Such excerpts we cannot include in our consideration of complete works. In my next sketch I hope to conclude the subject of vocal forms, and to turn your attention to instrumental varieties.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

Music run Mad.

"Yes," says Heine, writing of the piano, "the piano is the instrument of martyrdom whereby the present elegant world is racked and tortured for all its affectations. If only the innocent had not to endure it with them! (Alas! my neighbours next door, two young daughters of Albion, are at this moment practising a brilliant study for *two left* hands.)

"These sharp, rattling tones, without a natural 'dying fall'—these heartless, whirling tumults — this archi-prosaic rumbling and tinkling — this pianoforte mania kills all thought and feeling, and we grow stupid, insensible, and imbecile. This hand-over-hand dexterity of the piano—these triumphal processions of piano *virtuosi*—are characteristic of our time, and prove utterly the triumph of mechanical power over the soul. Technical ability, the precision of an automaton, identification with the wire-strung wooden machine—this sounding instrumentification of humanity, is now lauded and exalted as the highest attainment of man."

Endless Labour.

Some respite to husbands the weather may send;
But housewives' affairs have never an end."
—*Tusser.*

An Anagram. — "The best anagram," says Chevreau, "I have met with is one which was shown me by the Duchess de la Tremouille. She was the sister of the Duc de Bouillon and of Marshal Turenne, and her name was Marie de la Tour—in Spanish, Maria de la Torre—which a Spanish anagrammatist found to be exactly 'Amor de la Tierra.'"

Our Wants.—We are ruined, not by what we really want, but by what we think we want; it is wise therefore never to go abroad in search of our wants.

Working Wonders.—"Time works wonders," said a young man of twenty-seven, when he returned home and found his elder sister only eighteen.

To the Editor of The Girl's Own Paper.

Sir,—Will you kindly allow me space to express my warm thanks for the numerous parcels of old Christmas cards, scrapbooks, and dolls for Indian children, which I have received in response to my appeal in your December number?

I have acknowledged most of these gifts direct to the friendly donors; but some were sent anonymously, and I am glad to take this opportunity of thanking all who contributed. The "Two Little English Girls" (S. and N. H.) and "A Young Domestic Servant" are among those who gave no address, and their parcels were very welcome. I was able to send off the cards that arrived just after Christmas Day at once to Madras in a case that had been packed. The others I will transmit very shortly, mostly to Madras, but some to a school at Poona, the lady superintendent of which has asked me to let her have some pictures for her little scholars. Miss Govindarajulu, the Deputy-Inspector at Madras, wrote to me lately that the head master of a girls' school had begged for a second supply of cards, as he had found the attendance of the children so much improved in consequence of his having had some for distribution last March. She says that sometimes Mrs. Brander lets the children choose which cards they like best, and they always take those with the brightest colours. This leads me to tell your readers that a very pretty effect is produced by pasting or gumming Christmas cards, each separately, on to a piece of gay-coloured calico. A little margin of calico should be left round the card, and this should be snipped, so as to form a fringe.

Mrs. Brander has been continuing her inspection tours, travelling from one place to another to examine the girls' schools. She went lately from a town called Salem, which she reached by railway, to a small place thirty-one miles distant—Atur. The road is so frequented by thieves that she was advised to engage drivers for her procession of carts belonging to the caste of those very thieves, so as to ensure not being attacked. This was done, and they proved "most polite and excellent drivers." The school at Atur contained only forty children; but Mrs. Brander felt that she did good by visiting it. The prizes that she had brought were distributed, and the little girls were delighted to receive them. An important native gentleman of the place who came to the ceremony made a good speech in the Tamil language, and altogether Mrs. Brander's arrival was felt to be an encouraging incident in the life of that far-off place.

I shall be glad after a while to tell your readers how their kind presents were used; and I may add that I shall still be grateful for more.

E. A. Manning.

35, Blomfield-road, Maida-hill,
January 18.

DRESS:

IN SEASON AND IN REASON.

By

A LADY DRESSMAKER.



ON THE MEER.

JUST at the present writing we are in the middle of the sales, which now seem to be carried on far into the month of February, at many of the shops, and certainly appear to offer each year more and more benefits to the purchaser of goods. But it must be understood that the said purchaser have her wits about her, and know what she wants. This last is the case with very few women who are not very methodical in their purchases of dress, and very rarely make their plans far ahead. This is explained, first, by their slavish adherence to the ephemeral fashions of the day, and also by their being led so much by the eye, and buying things they fancy, not the things that are really suitable or needful to them. There are few women who dress on any plan of what is most becoming to their individual style, or most lasting, with a view to their particular purses; and the longer I live the more convinced I am that it needs special qualifications to be a "shopper" of any ability; the greatest requisite of all being a cool, calm head; and, if you have children to cater for besides yourself, the power to make a plan and stick to it. It is wonderful how much you find to help you when you once do this, or how easily everything arranges itself.

"But," says someone, helplessly, "how am I to know what to wear or what my style is? Where am I to find rules to guide me?" In the present day we seem to have two rules, both of which are comparatively easy. The first is that the complexion is to be the guide as to the colours worn, while the second is that the eyes shall perform that office for us. Where there is a poor complexion, the first rule may be followed, but where the eyes are good, I think the last is decidedly the best. For instance, the many women who possess good eyes of a greenish or decidedly green hue will look best in olive, bottle, or very dark Tyrolese green—called sometimes a "hunter's green," having much blue in it; and the large army of women with yellowish-brown eyes look best in shades of yellowish-brown. The same may be said of blue eyes, which are changed into a hue like spring violets by a judiciously-chosen blue of a dark shade. Grey eyes which verge on blue may also wear blue; but the blue must be of the shade called "royal," as a blue with no reflections will not answer.

For very dark women and girls with good clear skins, there is a large amount of choice in colour—red, orange, and yellows, as well as black, grey, and navy blue. But if the skin be sallow and dull, she may use dark and light reds—no blues nor greens. White and primrose-colour are likewise generally becoming to them. Fair-skinned people may wear browns, blues, and pinks, as well as green.

But after all, the great thing, it seems to me, is to be able to choose for one's self; and thus to avoid either the extreme of fashion or the fear of dowdiness; and the taste of the Englishwoman seems generally to turn to quiet, neat styles. It is to her good taste and sense that we owe most of the best fashions of the day—the tailor-made, neat dress of tweed cheviot or woollen material; the sensible coloured under-petticoat, dark stockings, and the comfortable ulster.

So far as hygienic dress is concerned, the rules of that are fairly fixed now, and most women and girls have decided in favour of the tight-fitting, elastic woollen combinations, either of Dr. Jæger's make, or of some English firm. Add to that the divided skirt, made of black cashmere or serge, and lined with flannel for winter use, as the sole needful under-garments for the cold weather. As to the stays, they may be the new knitted ones of Jæger's make; the low riding-corsets, or else a boned bodice made of jean, and modelled like the dress-bodice, to fit without squeezing or tightening in. So long as the



GIRLS' WINTER DRESSES IN WOOLLEN MATERIALS.

divided skirt is used as an under-skirt, no objection can be taken to it, as it does not show at all. The dress above should be made short enough not to require lifting, however muddy the roads and pavements; and it is decidedly the most comfortable garment ever invented in that capacity.

Of course, as the sales are going on, there is little that is novel to chronicle. Indeed, the winter events, where all that is pretty in dress are seen, are the private views of the two great picture galleries—the Royal Academy and the Grosvenor Gallery. At these two places all the *élite and the famous* in literature, art, and society congregate; and generally wear their prettiest clothes, I think. Of course, some æsthetic ladies are to be seen. One of them had on a pelisse of moss-green velvet, made very short-waisted at the back, with a small round cape, the skirt hanging long, straight, and full; in short, much like a "Kate Greenaway figure," and very peculiar was the effect. One lady wore a brown cashmere, with pea-green trimmings, and flowing ribbons of pea-green, which, I suppose, must have been an artistic fancy. The great difference between the artistic and æsthetic dressing is in the way the dress is cut at the neck. The artistic portion bares its throat bravely, at any and every age, and cuts its dresses well down on the collar-bone; while the general public wear high neck-bands, and try to reach the tips of their ears; assisted by big beads and ruchings of satin. At present neither class affects collars, unless the falling lace of the æsthetic lady can be mentioned in that category.

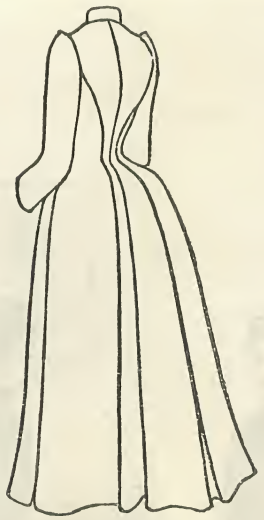
There was a great deal of brown worn, relieved by yellow, and also much green in various shades, the most popular being moss-green and a new hue called "jade." There was also a good deal of heliotrope, and that always in woollen materials; so I should not be surprised if we found this hue in vogue in the spring. It is extremely becoming to many people. Black jackets and mantles are worn with it, and also black bonnets with heliotrope trimmings. Black plush is the most popular material for small or large mantles, and it seems, in any case, to be very much trimmed all over—shoulders especially. Amongst these artistic ladies the bonnet-strings are usually tied very loosely, resting on the throat, while everyone else in the "Philistine" world—as, I believe, it is nick-named—still wears theirs tightly tied under the chin, with short ends, and the bows tied under the chin, and so much pulled out as nearly to touch the ears, one loop being ornamented by a brooch or pin, generally jewelled.

Red in all shades was also much worn. In some cases it was quite a bright scarlet; but I did not think the idea a happy one. I looked very carefully at the numberless so-called tailor-made suits, and, after all, admired the wearers—neat, trim and tidy—the most. They were of all materials—ladies' cloth, cheviot, homespun, and undyed Shetland cloth. Many of them were suitable for any season of the year, as, indeed, the true tailor-made gown should always be. The newest thing in them that I saw was a skirt put on in three immense box-pleats, so big that one formed the front, and the two others were enough for the back and sides, the skirt itself being quite plain and free from any ornament whatever. The newest muffs seemed to be those made of the material of the dress. The trimming was of fur, plush, or jet passementerie.

Amongst the few changes in fashions I must mention that the basques to bodices for every-day wear seem to be longer, and in some cases they are put on separately to the bodice. Polonaises also are becoming very general, and, no doubt, in the spring we may see a great return to them—certainly the most becoming and useful of any of our dresses. The polonaise that was illustrated in our dress article with the pleated bodice will be much in vogue, and also a smockfrock polonaise that is very pretty and becoming, but, of course, would need the smocking performed in the first style of that difficult art. This makes it rather expensive, and the houses who make a speciality of the work find it far from easy to get good workers, and, consequently, these smocks are expensive.

This winter there has been so much choice in the matter of styles and shapes that nothing can be called "old-fashioned," and I am looking forward with hope to the long wished-for day when our own individual thought will, in a great measure, rule our fashions, and make us much happier in having less to worry ourselves with, if our gowns prove not exactly like Mrs. A.'s or Mrs. B.'s; and that they bear the mark of last year, or even of the year before. So long as they suit us personally, it really ought not to matter.

This year mantles have been either very large or very small, and bonnets have been both remarkably high and almost hoodlike in shape. Hats, too, have been small and close-fitting, or large and spreading. As to our dresses, we have worn polonaises, pointed bodices, and jacket-bodices quite indiscriminately. Norfolk blouses have been also much worn, and they promise also to continue in favour, as they are most useful for young and old. The same may be said of the jersey bodice, and the so-called garibaldi skirts. In regard to out-of-door jackets, I should think the same tight-fitting, jaunty-looking jackets will rule such as we have worn for the last two seasons. They are too useful to be discarded as permanent occupants of our wardrobes.



PRINCESS DRESSING GOWN.

In our sketch of "girls' winter dresses in woollen materials," I have carefully given every method of draping the skirts and making the bodices that has been worn this winter; and I consider most of them will be continued on until the spring, as the "wrapping style" of which the drapery hangs in straight folds, and as if wrapped round us, is very popular with everyone; and people seem to have grown tired of the skirts which were made of pieces of material. The skating picture, too, shows the general effect of out-of-door dresses during the cold weather; and the way in which fur was used by the best dressmakers and tailors. The dresses are more graceful, and less heavy-looking than usual, when trimmed in that manner. We do not often have such a cold winter as the present has been hitherto, and I hope my readers have applied themselves to learn the lessons of sensible and hygienic clothing which I am constantly preaching to them. Armed by it, they would have successfully resisted the cold, and escaped unharmed. I am more and more convinced that most of the illnesses and deaths of our winters arise from want of sensible clothing, and from the fact, too, that we are all accustomed to regard England as a temperate climate, when in reality the cold is more felt here, on account of its dampness, than in severer latitudes.

So many of our girls have begged that a plain and simple shape for a dressing-gown should be added to our paper patterns, that, after looking about me for some time, I have decided to select a princess shape, as one that could be made at home by anyone with little difficulty, either in flannel or any other material selected. The pattern will be quite suitable for a dress, if required, as many servants prefer that shape to any other. Indeed, when made up in a blue and white striped Galatea, I do not know any dress in which a girl looks better or is more becomingly attired for going about her morning duties. I must confess I like my maidens to look their best and happiest while under my roof, and nothing but the most exquisite neatness will content me; and I have found a plain girl grow quite pretty after a few months of care in the ordinary matters of the toilet. The weekly bath is a thing that every mistress can see that her servants have, and also a few hours for attending to and making and mending their own clothes.

The princess dressing-gown, or dress, consists of seven pieces, and may be made of either eight or ten yards of material, according to the width. The half of the back and the half of the fronts are given, and the fronts may be cut in one, if the pattern be intended for a dress. Price of paper pattern, 1s.

All paper patterns are of medium size—viz., 36 inches round the chest—and only one size is prepared for sale. Each of the patterns may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate-hill, E.C., price 1s. each. It is requested that the addresses be clearly given, not omitting the county, and that postal notes crossed only to go through a bank may be sent, as so many losses have recently occurred. The patterns already issued may always be obtained, as "The Lady Dressmaker" only issues patterns likely to be of constant use in home dressmaking and altering; and she is particularly careful to give all the new patterns of hygienic underclothing, both for children and young and old ladies, so that her readers may be aware of the best method of dressing.

The following is a list of those already issued, price 1s. each.

January, 1886, princess under-dress (underlinen, under-bodice and underskirt combined); February, polonaise, with waterfall back; March, new spring bodice; April, divided skirt and Bernhardt mantle, with sling sleeves; May, Early English bodice and yoke bodice for summer dress; June, dressing jacket, princess frock, and Normandy cap for a child of four years; July, Princess of Wales' jacket-bodice and waistcoat, for tailor-made gown; August, bodice with guimpe; September, mantle with stole ends and hood; October, pyjama, or night-dress combination, with full back; November, new winter bodice; December, patterns of Norfolk blouses, one with a yoke, and one with pleats only; January, 1887, blouse-polonaise, with pleats at back and front; February, princess dressing-gown.

MERLE'S CRUSADE.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Aunt Diana," "For Lilias," etc.

CHAPTER XIX.

A CATASTROPHE.

ABOUT three weeks after my mistress's visit something very terrible happened. I wish the history of that day would get itself told without the pain of telling it. My life has been a happy one, thank God! I have been "led by paths that I have not known," but even now I never look back upon that day without a shudder. Oh, Reggie, my darling! But God was good to us, and the danger passed; still, it will be only in heaven that we may bear to look back on past perils without dimness of eyes and failing of heart!

I had never left Rolf alone with the children for a moment since Judson had told me of his mischievous propensities. I had grown fond of Rolf, and he was certainly very much improved; but I always felt he was not to be trusted, and either Hannah or I kept a strict guard over him. He was never permitted to enter the nursery in the morning; if we went out, he joined us, as a matter of course; but more than once when he begged for admittance I had refused it decidedly. Hannah was always busy in the morning, and the children slept for an hour, and if there were time I liked to take Joyce to her lessons, or to set her some baby-task of needlework, and Rolf always made her so rough.

On a rainy afternoon or in the evening she would be allowed to romp with Rolf, and they always played together on the beach. Rolf was more in his element out of doors. Judson had been very unwell for some days; she was a sickly sort of body, and was often ailing; but just then she had a threatening of quinsy, and seemed very feverish and suffering.

Her room was close to the nursery, and it was only sheer humanity for Hannah or myself to go in now and then and see what we could do for her. I had got it into my head that she was somewhat neglected by the other servants. I know Gay thought so, for she asked me to do what I could for her.

She had been ordered some linseed poultices that morning, and Mrs. Markham had come up to the nursery and asked me very civilly if I would apply them, as the upper housemaid was away, and Susan was very clumsy and helpless.

"I will stay with the children," she said, quite graciously, for her; "and Hannah is here." And as I knew Rolf was in the garden with his aunt, I could not find a loophole for excuse. I do not think I was wrong now, for how could I have refused such a request? But the fates were against me. That is a foolish and untrue expression, but I will let it stand.

The poultices were far from hot, and poor Judson, who seemed in great pain and very nervous about herself, begged me to go down to the housekeeper's room and make some more. "It is no use Susan making them, and Mrs. Rumble is always so busy," she whispered; "do go yourself, Miss Fenton, and then I shall be more sure of hot ones."

The housekeeper's room lay at the end of a long passage leading from the hall, shut in with red baize doors. These swing doors deadened sound, and that was why I did not hear Rolf come in from the garden and scamper upstairs.

The front-door bell rang immediately afterwards, and some visitors were asked into the drawing-room. I knew Gay was about the premises, and the idea never crossed my mind that Mrs. Markham would desert her post and leave the three children alone in the nursery; but I heard afterwards that this was the case. An old Indian friend had called, and Mrs. Markham had desired Rolf to summon Hannah from the night nursery; but Rolf, who was seldom obedient to his mother, had simply ignored the order.

I was some little time in the housekeeper's room. The kettle did not boil, and I was compelled to wait. I was rather impatient at the delay. As I stood talking to Mrs. Rumble, I saw Mr. Hawtry ride up to the front door.

I succeeded at last in making the poultices. Judson was very grateful to me, and thanked me warmly as I put them on. I had just covered her over comfortably and taken from her the red woollen shawl in which she had wrapped herself, when a sudden report, as though from a toy cannon, and then a piercing scream from the nursery, made me start as though I had been shot, for the scream was from Joyce.

The next instant I was in the nursery, but, oh, merciful heavens! the sight that met my eyes. Hannah had just opened the door. Rolf and Joyce were huddled together on the window seat, beside themselves with terror, and there stood Reggie in the middle of the room with his pinafore and white frock in flames! I must have uttered a scream that roused the house, and then it seemed to me as though I knew nothing, and felt nothing except the smarting pains in my arm and shoulder. I had thrown the child on the floor and covered him with my body, and the woollen shawl was between us, and I was crushing the dear life almost out of him with that terrible pressure.

I seemed to know instinctively that nothing else could save him. Happily, I wore a stuff dress, for there was no rug or carpet in the nursery, and, with the open door and windows, another moment would have been too late. I could hear Reggie's piteous cries, but I dare not release him; I must crush and smother the flames. There was the terrible smell of burning, the singeing of stuff, a sudden uproar round me, confused voices and exclamations. I seemed to hear Gay's voice crying, "Oh, Merle! you will smother the child!" And then strong arms lifted me off Reggie. I knew it was Mr. Hawtry; no one else could have done it. His grasp gave me intense agony, and I tried to free myself.

"Let me go; I must see if he is hurt." But Gay had him already in her lap, and I knelt down beside her and examined him carefully.

His frock and pinafore were hanging in blackened shreds around him, but there was only a large hole burnt in his flannel petticoat, and one of his dear little legs was scorched; not a curl of his hair was singed, and only one hand had sustained a slight injury. They said there were bruises on him that I had caused by my violence, but that was all, Mrs. Markham assured me; there were tears in her eyes, and her face was as white as death as she said it.

"The little fellow will soon be all right," observed Mr. Hawtry, kindly; "he has been frightened and hurt that makes him cry so. But now it is time your wounds should be dressed, Miss Fenton."

I looked at him as though I failed to comprehend his meaning, but he pointed to my arms with such a pitying expression on his face, that I looked too. My sleeves were hanging in shreds like Reggie's frock, and there were large burns on each arm; my right shoulder felt painful, too; a faint sickening sensation seemed creeping over me. I must have got my arms under him or I should not have been so badly burnt, and some of my hair was singed. When Gay touched me gently I shuddered with pain, and they all looked at me very gravely.

"We must have Dr. Staples, Roger," observed Mrs. Markham; "her arms must be properly dressed."

"I will go for him at once," returned Mr. Hawtry, "but I advise you to give her a little wine or brandy; she looks faint with pain." And then he went away, and we could hear him galloping down the avenue and along the road.

I drank what they gave me, but I refused to lie down until Reggie had been undressed. I would not be persuaded without the evidence of my own eyes that he had sustained no serious injury. I suppose his scorched leg pained him, for he still cried incessantly and beat us off in his usual fashion, but when Hannah had dressed him in his nice clean frock, he grew pacified at the sight of his blue ribbons, and only said, 'Poor, poor,' as he pointed to me. He wanted to come on my lap, but when I tried to take him I turned so faint, that Gay looked frightened and snatched him away.

I wanted to know what had become of Rolf, but Mrs. Markham said, sternly, and her lips were still very pale, that she had sent him to his room. "Tell me how it happened, Joyce," she continued, drawing the child to her. "I told Rolf to fetch Hannah; did she not come to you?"

"Rolf didn't fetch her, Aunt Adda; he said he was a big boy, and would take care of us. Poor Rolf did not mean to be naughty, did he, nurse?"

"Rolf must be severely punished for his disobedience; he has nearly killed your little brother, Joyce. Tell me what Rolf did after that."

"He asked me if I would not like to see his dear little cannon that went pop when he told it," went on Joyce, looking extremely frightened. "I did not know cannons were wicked things, and I said yes, and Rolf showed us the cannon, and told us to get out of the way, for it would kill us dead, and I runned, and baby clapped his hands and runned the wrong way, and Rolf had fire in his hand, like Hannah lights the candles with, and baby's pinafore got on fire, and I screamed as hard as I could for nurse."

It must have been just as Joyce said, for the toy cannon was on the floor, and a box of matches beside it. Probably Rolf had not seen Reggie beside him, and had thrown the lighted match aside in his excitement. Mrs. Markham sighed deeply as she listened. She had sustained a severe shock; her face looked very dark and rigid as she left the room. I was afraid she meant to punish Rolf severely, and begged Gay to follow her and plead for mercy.

"Rolf has had a fright that will last him for life; his terror has been punishment enough." But Gay shook her head.

"It is no use interfering with Adelaide; she will take her own way. I am sorry for Rolf; but he deserves any punishment he gets. Reggie would have been burnt to death but for your presence of mind, Merle; none of us could have reached the nursery in time. Mr. Hawtry said so at once."

Reggie burnt to death! and then my mistress would have died, too; she could not have survived the horror of that shock. I begged Gay faintly not to say such things; the bare mention of it turned me sick. I suppose she was alarmed by my ghastly look, for she kissed me, and said, soothingly, that I must not distress myself so; we could only be thankful that Reggie was safe.

Dr. Staples came soon after that. He was a benevolent-looking old man, and was very kind and gentle. He said one of my arms, the left one, was severely burnt, and that it would be some little time before it was healed. "These things depend a great deal on constitution; but you seem strong and healthy, Miss Fenton, so I hope you will soon be right again; but you must not expect to lose the scars."

I was sorry to hear that, for I knew the scars would remind me of a terrible hour in my life. The dressing was very painful, and when it was finished I was compelled to follow Dr. Staples's advice and go to bed. I was suffering from the shock, and I knew my arms would be useless to me for a week to come. I felt shaken and sick, and unable to bear the childish voices.

Gay followed me into the night nursery and gave me all the help she could, and she did not leave me until my head was on the lavender-scented pillow. In spite of pain and dizziness, it was nice to lie there and hear the birds twittering under the eaves and the bees humming about the flowers, and to look out on the sunshine and feel a great mercy had been vouchsafed to me, that I had not been suffered to fail in the hour of peril.

Gay hung up her cage of canaries in the window to divert my mind, and laid a bunch of dark clove carnations, with a late rose or two among them, on the quilt.

"Mr. Hawtry is still here, Merle; he is very anxious to know if you are in less pain, and whether there is anything he can do for you. He seems quite grieved because Dr. Staples says your arm is badly burnt."

I sent a civil message of thanks to Mr. Hawtry, and then I detained Gay a moment.

"Miss Gay, you must write to Mr. Morton yourself. I have promised your sister to tell her everything; but it will shock her too much, and I think Mr. Morton should know first."

Gay looked distressed.

"Need we tell them, Merle? Violet is not at all well; Alick said so in his letter this morning. Scotland does not seem to suit her, and he thinks they will soon come home."

"And they have not been away a month yet," I observed, regretfully; "not more than three weeks and two days, and Mr. Morton is so fond of Scotland."

"Alick thinks more of Vi than deer-stalking. If she be not well he will bring her home without a word of grumbling. In some respects Alick is a very good husband. Why need we say anything about the accident, Merle? Reggie is scarcely hurt at all; his scorched leg will soon get right."

"It is not fair to keep anything from them. I promised I would tell everything, and my mistress must know I am invalided and cannot do my duty."

"You need not fret about that," she returned, cheerfully. "Susan shall help Hannah, and I will be here as much as possible. I am a famous nurse. We will make Mrs. Rumble wait on Judson. Very well, Merle, I will write to Alick; but I would much rather not."

I had forgotten poor Judson, but I did not forget Rolf; I asked several times after him, but Gay had not seen him. Rolf was in disgrace, and a close prisoner to his room. He had had his dinner sent up to him; but Adelaide was lying down in her own room all the afternoon with a bad headache, and, as Rolf's communicated with hers, no one could visit him unperceived.

I wondered if Mrs. Markham's eyes were at last opened to the danger of Rolf's disobedience and her own faulty management. She was to blame as much as the child. She had given me her word to remain in the nursery, and no visitors should have tempted her from her post. It was no surprise to me to hear she was ill with worry; her conscience must have reproached her for her breach of trust. If Reggie had been killed, his death would have been owing to her carelessness. Later on in the evening, just as it was getting dusk, Gay came to me for a minute with a plate of fine fruit in her hand. They had tempted me all day long with delicacies, but I had felt too ill to eat. The fruit just suited me, for I was feverish with pain.

"Adelaide has just come downstairs," she said, with a droll little laugh. "Mr. Rossiter had heard of the accident, and had dropped in to inquire, so father kept him to dinner. When Adelaide heard that, she came down as soon as possible, and there she sits, looking like a ghost, until Mr. Rossiter takes his departure."

"And Rolf?"

"Oh, I suppose Rolf is asleep," she returned, carelessly; and as she was evidently in a hurry to return to the drawing-room, I would not keep her; but as soon as she had closed the door a sudden idea came into my head. I would go and see Rolf myself; I was not easy about him. I knew his mother could be too severe even with her idolised boy on occasions, but I never could bear a child to be long unhappy. I rose very quietly, so as not to disturb the children, and threw on my dressing-gown. I was rather afraid my white face and bandaged arms would frighten Rolf, until I remembered it was dusk, and he could not see me distinctly.

Mrs. Markham's suite of rooms lay in the west corridor. I knew no one would be about; poor Judson was in bed, so I reached Rolf's room without interruption. I thought I heard him sobbing softly to himself as I opened the door. When I spoke to him, making my way through the summer twilight to his little bed, he started up and held out his arms.

"Oh, Fenny, is that really you, dear Fenny? Do come close and let me feel you. I have been thinking of such horrid things."

I told him gently that I was in great pain, and that he must not touch me, but that I would sit down for a little while beside him and talk to him.

"But I may hold your hand," he pleaded. "Is your hand burnt too, Fenny, or don't you like to touch me because I am such a wicked boy, as mother says, and very nearly killed poor little Reggie?"

My heart melted at his pitiful tone, and I stooped over him and kissed his hot face.

"You may hold my hand, Rolf, dear, if you like; it is only my arms that are hurt; there, we are comfortable now. Tell me, have you had a very miserable day?"

"Oh, so miserable!" and there were tears in Rolf's voice. "Mother has been so angry; she shut me up in this room, though it was such a fine day, and would not let anyone speak to me, and I could not get her to answer although I said over and over again that I was sorry and would not have hurt Reggie

for the world, he is such a dear little fellow, you know. Oh! I am so fond of him. But mother said no, she would not listen; I had disobeyed her, and nearly killed Reggie, and that Aunt Violet would never speak to me again."

"Oh, yes she will, Rolf."

"But if Reggie had been really burnt, you know," and here Rolf shivered; his hand was quite cold though his face was burning. He was a nervous, excitable child, and no doubt this long summer's day had been a martyrdom to him. He had conjured up all sorts of horrible fancies to haunt his dreams. Yes, he had been sufficiently punished, I was sure of that.

"Tell me how it happened, dear," I said, quietly.

"I was firing my cannon to please Joyce. I know mother told me never to take it in the nursery, and that she did not like my lighting it unless Judson had the matchbox, but I forgot."

"Did you really forget, Rolf?"

"Yes, really I did; I never do remember things, you know. I was only thinking how Joyce would scream when the cannon popped. I told them to get out of the way, only Reggie, poor little fellow, ran against me and knocked the match out of my hand—it was alight, you know—and then Joyce did scream, and," but here Rolf buried his head in the pillow; the recollection was evidently too painful. "You will all hate me," he sobbed, "because I nearly killed Reggie—you and Aunt Violet, and I do love Aunt Violet, because she is so pretty."

"No one will hate you, my poor child; we are only sorry that the son of a brave soldier like Colonel Markham should be such a coward as to disobey his mother. Your mother told you to fetch Hannah. Did you forget that too, Rolf?"

"No," in a conscience-stricken voice, "I did not forget, Fenny, but I thought it would be fun to take care of the children."

"But it was disobedience, Rolf, just as much as your coming into the nursery at that time you took advantage of my absence first, and then of your mother's. I think a brave soldier like your father would call that cowardly. Now, I want you to listen to a story about the bravest boy of whom I ever heard." And as I stroked his rough head I told him the story of Casabianca and the burning ship.

(*To be continued.*)



NOVELLO, EWER AND CO.

Concone's Lessons. Fifty Lessons for the Medium Part of the Voice, and Forty Lessons for Contralto, or for Bass and Baritone.—It is needless for us to recommend sterling works like these, the value of which has been acknowledged for so long a time; but we may call special attention to this admirable new edition, containing, as it does, a completed system of phrasing and expression marks, a correction of the breathing points, and a careful revision at the hands of Mr. Randegger, the well-known professor of singing at the Royal Academy of Music.

STANLEY LUCAS AND CO.

The Return of May, a choral trio for female voices, is a very clever piece of three-part writing, with an interesting independent accompaniment. It is by Amy Elise Horrocks, and the words are those of Mrs. Hemans.

Fly, little Song, to my Love.—A most charming ballad by Alfred Cellier, whose writings are always graceful in melody and uncommon in harmony. The constant repetition of the initial phrase becomes a little tiring, beautiful though the phrase undoubtedly is.

Violets.—A sweet, simple song addressed to some flowers plucked to cheer a poor invalid in the "great, dim, smoky city." Poetry by Ellis Walton. Music by R. B. Addison.

Four Songs for Tenor. Composed by Whewall Bowling.—A good present for tenors who sing something greater and better than the drawing-room ditty of commerce. The accompaniments are beautiful, and need good playing.

(*a*) *Four Sonnets by Shakespeare.* The German version by Bodenstedt. (*b*) *English Lyrics.* Second set. Words by Shakespeare. Composed by C. Hubert H. Parry.—Of these, the sonnets will be above the comprehension of the average singer. They are very fine and wonderfully thought out and wedded to the sentiment and expression of Shakespeare's powerfully expressive words. The lyrics from Shakespeare's plays are more easily grasped, and cannot fail to give enjoyment. In No. 5, "When icicles hang by the wall," there is a funny introduction of the song "We won't go home till morning" in the accompaniment!

Characteristic Tunes of the British Isles. (Books 1, 2.) Selected and arranged for four hands by C. Hubert H. Parry.—Very original duet arrangements of our well-known national songs. "Three Blind Mice" is treated in a very droll manner. For perfect beauty we think you will agree that "The Pearl of the White Breast," an Irish air, bears the palm. The Scotch tune, "The Flowers of the Forest," is not the form of that song best known to modern singers.

Larghetto and Allegro. For violin and piano. By John Christian Mantel, who in 1730 was organist of South Benfleet, in Essex, and who appears by his writing to be an admirer of Handel's.—The edition is by Otto Peiniger, at whose recitals these old English violin pieces have been played.

J. B. CRAMER AND CO.

The Silent City, by Cotsford Dick, may be recommended as a Sunday song. Effective and easy, and of moderate compass.

O Loved and Lost. Song. Written and composed by Lord Henry Somerset. Published in F and A. The former key suitable for basses and contraltos, and the latter key for sopranos and tenors.—Full of delicate sentiment and graceful treatment of what are sometimes rather trite expressions in melody.

At the Concert. Humorous song. By Henry Pontet.—Will amuse, if it does not point an obvious moral to concert-goers, who attend those entertainments in the body, but in spirit (and conversation, alas!) are far, far away.

A June Song, by Mary Carmichael, is, what it should be, suggestive of the "odour of hay:" "full of the scent and the glow and the passion of June," as the pretty words tell us.

HUTCHINGS AND CO.

The Wreck of the Hesperus is set by C. H. Lewis as a cantata for female voices, and merits the attention of ladies' choirs.

The Long White Seam. Song by Jean Ingelow. Set to music by Wilfred Bendall.—A song of more than average excellence by this rising composer.

The Evening Farewell. A four-part song. Composed by Sir G. A. Macfarren, to words by his father.—Presenting nothing uncommon about it, this little part-song runs smoothly, and may be easily performed. Singers will enjoy the soft effect of the minor common chord on B flat, immediately following and, as it were, qualifying the major chord upon the same root. If proof were needed as to which should be in reality the relative minor to any major scale, the scale possessing the same signature to start with, but contradicting that signature in practice, or the scale having the same dominant and the same leading note, this little passage alone would decide us in favour of the latter.

Broken Heart, An Old Tale, and *May Song.*—Piano pieces, good in their form, songs without words, but very suggestive of their titles, and carefully written, by John Urich.

Alla Tarantella. Caprice for piano. By Joseph L. Roeckel.—Characteristic and well worked up to the necessary pitch of mad fury.

Danses Sclave. Pianoforte duets. By J. C. Bridge, M.A., Mus.Doc.—Rather a mild notion of the impetuous Slavonic dance, with its strange accents and brusque uncouthness, combined with its many charming and sad quaintnesses. You should learn these duets, though; for even if they prove that a man writes best in accordance with his environ-

ment, they will also prove themselves interesting, pleasant tasks for young pianists.

In *Elementary Music*, Book I. of a complete school, by Alfred Gilbert, M.R.A.M., it seems to us that the arrangement made is likely to prove rather confusing than otherwise. Too much is said. One of the statements, at least, will be a source of trouble, viz., that "the white keys of the pianoforte are called naturals." What will the little student do about E♯, FX, GX, C♭, B♯, E♭♭, etc., etc.? The contradiction of the above statement occurs naturally enough in the music provided later on, but only in the music.

J. AND J. HOPKINSON.

In Dreamland City. By Theo. Bonheur.—A pretty song, with a graceful, taking refrain.

Bonnie Face. Words by the late Hugh Conway. Music by A. H. Behrend.—Another sad invitation from either a grannie, or an auntie, or an unclie to a little childie to keep its spirits up, and, if possible, remain a little child for ever, as the opportunities for enjoyment, or, at any rate, for laughter, become limited when we learn to read and write. Enough to damp the ardour of any healthy, growing child.

EDWIN ASHDOWN.

La Zingara, for piano, by Michael Watson, is named by him "Morceau alla Tarantella."—The bite of the tarantula seems in this case to be rather pleasant than otherwise; it would be better styled "A Gipsy Dance."

MARRIOTT AND WILLIAMS.

Mirage.—An expressive, powerfully-written song, by Edith Marriott, who shows great progress in her various compositions.

There's a Bower of Roses.—A charmingly simple setting of these lovely words of Thomas Moore.

F. PITMAN.

The Christmas double number of the *Violin Soloist* is a marvellous twopennyworth, containing twelve well-known pieces. They are fingered and bowed thoroughly, and the whole number is well printed and got up.

W. J. WILLCOCKS AND CO.

Verviers is the name of a bright, sparkling *air de ballet*, written for the piano by Ivan Caryll.

Three Sketches, by Edward L. Hopkins, are quiet Sunday scenes expressed on the pianoforte.

T. H. BARNETT.

Saltarello in A minor. By R. J. Thompson.—A bright little movement for players of moderate capacity and ready fingers.

A DAUGHTER OF SORROWS.

CHAPTER IV.

LAST DAYS.

IT might have seemed now that Marie Thérèse of France had endured enough of sorrow, and that her days might be allowed to flow on evenly—not, indeed, joyfully, but in a calm content. For a year or two it seemed as if this would be the case, but there were still other storms to be encountered before the life history was to be complete.

Five years after the second Restoration the Duc de Berri was assassinated at the Opéra. The Duchess of Angoulême was one of those immediately summoned to the ante-room of the Opera House, where her brother-in-law lay dying. Her husband, fearing some danger, would have restrained her from accompanying him, but she felt her place was there. "What," exclaims Châteaubriand, "were dangers to her, who was accustomed to look revolution in the face!" Herself overcome with grief, she paid a noble tribute to the fortitude of the Duchesse de Berri. "She is sublime," she said more than once; and, bending over the dying man, she said, "Courage, brother; and if God calls you hence, ask my father there to pray for France and for us."

When, six months after his father's death, the only son of the Duc and Duchesse de Berri was born, it was the Duchess of Angoulême, to whom the blessing of children had been denied, who showed the infant to the people assembled before the palace windows with every sign of joy and delight.

The death of Louis XVIII. in 1824 made the Duchess of Angoulême Dauphine of France. But her life continued as retired as ever, and she spent much of her time in watching over the early years of her little nephew, the Duc de Bordeaux. After six comparatively uneventful years the storm broke which doomed her to a final exile. The duchess was at Dijon when a hostile reception at the theatre announced to her that there was once more a revolution. Travelling all night with one or two attendants to Versailles, she made her way in the disguise of a peasant to St. Cloud, only to find that the King was at Rambouillet. "Can you forgive me?" cried Charles X. as he met his niece. Her answer was an embrace. "I trust," she said, "we are now united for ever." The King abdicated, and the Duc d'Angoulême surrendered his claims in favour of the little Duc de Bordeaux, while Louis Philippe of Orleans was to be Lieutenant-General during the prince's minority. But the Chamber of Deputies declared for Louis Philippe. After some little hesitation, he consented to become "King of the French," and there was nothing left for Charles X. but to depart. Escorted by the commissioners sent by the new king for the purpose, the royal family passed with slow stateliness on their way to the sea coast, taking a fortnight in reaching Cherbourg. The last pageant of the departing dynasty was witnessed for the most part with silent respect. The little Duc de Bordeaux and his sister, ignorant of the meaning of it all, stood at the carriage windows, bowing and kissing their hands in their childish way to the people, and the sight of the children made the tears start to many eyes. The Duchess of Angoulême sat in one of the carriages, silent and alone, save for a lady-in-waiting. It seemed a hard fate that condemned her once more to exile. It was the 16th of August, 1830, when they embarked for England, and it was characteristic of the duchess that she lingered longest on the deck, watching the shores of France as they receded for the last time from her sight.

The exiles landed at Weymouth, and spent two months under the hospitable roof of Cardinal Weld at Lulworth Castle. Thence they repaired to Edinburgh, where they occupied the palace of Holyrood. Thence, in the end of the year 1832, they returned to the Continent, and took up their residence in the old Hradschin palace at Prague. From Prague they removed to Goritz, and here, in the winter of 1836, Charles X. died. Eight years later the Duchess of Angoulême was left a widow.

The last years of her life were spent at Frohsdorf, a plain, somewhat uninteresting house near Neustadt, commanding a prospect over the plain which extends to the borders of Styria, which had been purchased for her from Caroline Murat, the ex-Queen of Naples, and to which she retired after her husband's death. The Duc de Bordeaux (better known to modern readers as the Comte de Chambord) and his sister, afterwards Duchess of Parma, resided with her, and old and faithful courtiers and servants—all of whom were French—formed her household. Distinguished Frenchmen often visited Frohsdorf, and were always received graciously and kindly. In 1848 the news was brought to the duchess of the fall of Louis Philippe. "It is enough," she said, as the story brought vividly before her the memory of another fall eighteen years before, "I dare not listen any more; we are too completely avenged."

It was a sorrow to her that her nephew seemed content to let opportunities slip past him, and she had at last to acknowledge that he was unlikely to regain the throne of his ancestors. His training had been of a narrowing character, and he lacked the energy and the decision which, if exercised at the right time, might have led to great results.

The end came to the Duchess of Angoulême at Frohsdorf, in the autumn of 1851. Her illness lasted only two days, and she died on the 16th of October, the fifty-eighth anniversary of her mother's execution. We may not doubt that the happiest day of her long, eventful life was that which marked its close, and re-united her at last to all those she loved. "I do not fear death," she wrote, in her last will, "and, lacking merit of my own, I place all my trust in the mercy of God. . . . After the example of my parents, I pardon with my entire soul, and without exception, all those who have injured or offended me; sincerely praying God to extend to them His mercy, and to me also for the pardon of my sins. I pray God to shower down His blessings upon France—France, that I have never ceased to love under my bitterest affliction."

She was buried, in accordance with her expressed wish, in the vault of the Franciscan Convent at Goritz, between her husband and the King, her father-in-law. In the same vault there now rest the two children over whose early years she had watched with tender care—Henri Duc de Bordeaux and Comte de Chambord, and Louise Marie Thérèse Duchess of Parma.

A few words which form the close of an article on the Duchess of Angoulême, which appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine* at the time of her death, sum up her life history so concisely, that I append them here by way of conclusion:—

"Of the seventy-three years of her life, she passed eight (the best of her youth) in restraint or in a dungeon, and thirty-eight in exile, and yet she died acknowledging the mercies and the glory of God. Let us who have not known affliction, or who have been but lightly visited, derive wisdom from the instruction offered us by the pious daughter of Louis Seize and Marie Antoinette."

R. W. R.

[THE END.]

A GERMAN NUPTIAL EVE.

By ONE WHO WAS PRESENT.

It is an old custom in Germany, and one which we may hope will never die out, to have a gathering of friends on the nuptial eve, either at the house of the bride elect, or, when this is too small, in a hotel. Most of the guests are expected to appear in some character, and give a recitation or song, if possible, composed for the occasion, and referring in some way to the bride and bridegroom. It is a cheerful, pleasant custom, and helps to make the last evening in the old home a happy and joyous one, by surrounding the bride with the friends of her youth who come to wish her God speed in the new life about to open up. It seems in many ways much better than having a party after the wedding, when the bride and bridegroom are no longer among the guests, and it is pleasanter to remember that the last festivities in the old home were brightened by their company.

Let me give a sketch of a nuptial eve, or, as our German cousins call it, a "Polter Abend" gathering, at which I was present, held at the house of the bride, and for that reason more homelike than if it had been held in a hotel. In former times it was common among all classes, but now chiefly among the poorer, for the guests to bring old crockery and smash it before the door of the house, so that next morning, if it had been a large party, the unfortunate father had to employ a man and cart to carry away the fragments. I was unable to discover the origin of this, but it seems like our throwing an old shoe after the bride as she leaves home. Has it anything to do with the German custom of giving the baby a shilling when he breaks his first plate? Most people appear to be not altogether sorry that this marriage custom is dying out.

Without any crockery, but with a little inward fear and trembling, owing to my slender knowledge of the language, I stood, one evening last September, at the house of my friend, waiting for the door to open to introduce me into the midst of the excitement. Glad I was to find several who could speak English, and I was tempted to talk more English than German.

The programme of the evening commenced by Fräulein and a young medical student singing a very humorous duet together, containing some warnings to the bride and bridegroom, who, however, seemed to enjoy it as much as anyone. In accordance with a time-honoured custom, which is also observed when moving into a new house, a little girl went up to the bride, and, after reciting a poem, gave her a stand containing salt and a bread-basket, in order that the newly married couple, on commencing housekeeping, might have something with which to begin and keep them from starvation. Perhaps the salt may also be meant for a warning against ever letting any bitter words pass between the two who are now so loving to each other, and the bread may also signify contentment with the simpler things of life, coupled with the rich delicacy of love.

After the bride had received this present, a dwarf with a long white beard, described by Scheffer, the German poet, as Perkeo, dwarf of Heidelberg Castle, came forth, and sang a song of his own composition. It narrated several events in the lives of the bride and bridegroom in a very amusing manner. The dwarf was personated by the medical student, a younger brother of the bridegroom, and he told how, in the earlier days of courtship, they used to send him away to play with other boys, in order to be alone together, and how, having wisely learnt English, they would tease him by speaking in that language, which he, poor fellow! did not understand. But now that is all forgotten, and he is quite ready to forgive them for all their misdeeds in the past, ending by wishing them a very happy and joyous future.

While we were having some refreshments, a peasant girl from Southern Germany appeared, dressed in the pretty costume peculiar to the district, and with a basket upon her back such as is seen in all pictures of German market-women. It contained crockery. Addressing the bride, and after praising up her wares, and saying how impossible they were to break, she carelessly let fall an already broken cup, but in such a manner as to make it appear as if it broke in falling. She quickly atoned for her stupidity by presenting the bride with a beautiful china tea and coffee set painted by her mother, and which she was very careful *not* to break. Very heartily she was received, and continued to receive the congratulations of her friends until no less a person than the self-appointed ambassador of her most gracious Majesty Queen Victoria and of the President of the United States is announced. He came as a joint ambassador of the two nations, partly because he had himself lived some years in England, and partly because the bride had lived in America, so that it was fitting that someone should represent these nations. The manner in which he was received showed the cordial relationship existing between Germany and these countries. He finished, after mentioning the recent marriage of the President, by conveying united congratulations to the bride, who was delighted with the voice from the old country, and who, by the way, had placed a small American flag above a large German one.

The young Englishman having finished, a lady decorated the bride with the bridal wreath, reciting a poem composed by herself. A pretty custom usually takes place at this moment. All the young people present form a circle round the bride, who stands blindfolded in the centre and places the wreath upon someone's head, showing who will be the next to be married. Unfortunately, it was omitted on this evening, so we did not know on whom the lot would fall, much as we should have liked to, and the question remains unanswered.

When the bride had received the wreath, the bridegroom's father recited a poem, and gave the bride a box containing the rare meerschaum powder, brought from Ruhla, a great seat of the meerschaum pipe trade in the Thuringer Wald. The German wives are noted for being good *hausfraus* (housekeepers), and frequently a girl will go into a *pension* to learn housekeeping before she is married. This powder is for cleaning purposes, and serves as a reminder of what is expected from the bride.

The evening finished by one more very clever speech from the student, who made some capital jokes about the partnership of the two names, which were, both in German and in English, names of very common businesses, without which we could not live, and certainly, if they did not go hand in hand with each other, a general failure would be the result. And with everyone in good humour, we bid adieu at half-past eleven, we English almost thinking that we might take a lesson from the Germans, and very much increase the pleasures of a wedding by instituting a "Polter Abend" in England.

W. A. H. Legg.

Arnstadt, Nov., 1886.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

Beattie.—You do not say where you reside. You should write for all such information to the special college under whose training you will find it the *most convenient* to place yourself. Address the secretary.

G. M. H. should read all our answers to correspondents under the above heading, as her questions have been answered over and over again in our volumes. In one of the early volumes there was an article entitled "How to Earn One's Living."

A. Mc.—You should write to the secretary of the Holloway College for Women direct, and obtain their prospectus, stating your wishes and all the particulars of the case.

E. T. G.—The Latin motto, *Virtus semper viridis*, is that of three families—*i.e.*, Corry, Green, and Lowry, and means, "Virtue is always flourishing."

C. M. should write direct to the secretary of the College of Preceptors, 42, Queen-square, Bloomsbury, W.C. 2. We give you the same advice; you had better read and judge for yourself.

Pollie.—Write to the secretary of the Civil Service Commissioners, Cannon-row, S.W., and obtain the printed prospectus of rules respecting the clerkships of the telegraph department. If you look through our answers under the above heading, you will see scores of replies to this question.

C. Kershaw.—There is a training home for domestic servants, The Guild of Aid, at Zeals, near Bath, Somerset, and one at 19, Romney-place, Maidstone; matron, Miss Kemp. Also St. John's Training School for Girls, Westbourne-park, W.; matron, Miss McEwen.

ART.

Zillah.—If the medium known as Florentine is used when painting upon silk, it is not necessary to prepare the foundation.

Mars.—In mirror painting it is necessary to use one of the many mediums advertised, or the oil paints are easily removable with turpentine or a penknife.

The Lady of Aroostock.—It is extremely difficult to sell original drawings, and much more so to sell mere copies. So we fear that we could not help you. Shew's mounting medium for photographs is the best to employ.

Ivy.—The safest manner of cleaning photographs is to immerse them in pure clean tepid water, and then wipe them dry with a soft silk rag.

WORK.

A Mother is thanked for the recipe she kindly gives for a description of embroidery, especially her own:—For the foundation, prepare as proposed for crazy work in our part for November, 1886. Get artificial flowers of velvet, old or new, the brighter the better, and of all varieties. Tack them on the sprays, large or small, or grouped; then use button-hole-stitch to fasten down every flower in coarse crewel silk, of the respective colours required by the flowers, finishing round the larger flowers and leaves with gold tinsel cord, and using small yellow beads for flower seeds. The stems should be made in shaded greens with crewel-stitch, and the whole effect is very brilliant.

Teetee.—With reference to your helping to support your mother and yourselves by dressmaking, no friends worth keeping would cast you off on that account. No disgrace is attached to honest work,



but you would show consideration for the feelings of others by working under Christian names, a common practice amongst dressmakers and milliners; and this little act of delicacy for your relatives' sake will be appreciated by them, supposing the family name be one of any distinction—a common one would not matter. We advise you to get some lessons in fitting from a good tailor, as women dressmakers fail signally on this point, as a general and almost universal rule.

LOVER OF THE G.O.P.—On no account take any notice of such a note. It was a most intrusive and impertinent act on the part of a strange man to drop it into your lap in the railway carriage. It showed that he mistook you for a girl lacking grievously in self-respect and in any knowledge of propriety.

FIDELIS.—We have advised our correspondents very many times against such advertisements, which are almost all catchpennies, and intended to delude and swindle the foolish and unwary. We have no knowledge of each separate advertisement, and we speak only as a general rule, of course.

E. H. E. K.—The best cotton to use for knitting a quilt is No. 6, with No. 12 needles. In asking how much cotton you would require, you never mention the size of the quilt which you mean to make, but after knitting one of the diamonds you will know how much you have used, and also the number of diamonds you will require, and you can calculate from that. If you keep to one maker you can always match the cotton exactly.

AN IRISH DOCTOR'S WIFE.—To make a stitch, put the thread before the needle. A slipped stitch means one that is passed from one needle to the other without knitting it. We think you would find it easier to induce some experienced knitter to give you a few instructions.

KASCHEU.—1. The cracker nightdress case may be made in plush. This case resembles a cracker in shape, the two ends being secured with drawstrings about four inches from the edge, and this frilled part is lined with satin. The nightdress is placed in the centre, where the bonbon of a real cracker is secured. 2. For plush embroidery, coarse silks are used, and the patterns are worked in outlines. The material presents such difficulties that the embroidery is never very elaborate. The watch pockets to match the cracker nightdress case are shaped like half a cracker, and are placed upon the foundation upright. The watch pockets are hung up by a ribbon, and are gathered at the top.

MISCELLANEOUS.

VIDA.—It is only in convents that women take vows of celebacy. Remember also that there is a Divine rule for guidance in reference to sacred vows, which must include every description outside the simple and imperative obligation to serve God humbly and faithfully in your ordinary daily life and conversation, and in the inner sanctuary of your own heart, for which Divine rule see Numbers xxx. 3, 4, 5.

SRIXO.—In no case should a hostess go in first to her own dining-room; every guest should precede her, excepting the guest that escorts herself, or *vice versa*. If a cake be presented to a girl on her birthday (which is by no means *de rigueur*, and like the ever-provided wedding cake) it may be placed either at the top, bottom, or side of the table, as the mistress of the house may please.

CONSTANT READER.—We are very glad that you see your past errors, and are endeavouring to act as shall be pleasing to your Heavenly Master in your daily life, and as ever in His sight. Ask for the help of the Holy Spirit so to do. The Odd Minutes Society might meet your wishes in trying to do some little extra work for Him in His poor. Write to Miss J. Powel, Luctons, Buckhurst-hill, Essex, for her prospectus. You might get some fingering wool, and crochet or knit for them in odd minutes.

LICHEN.—You should pay a visit to a florist's, and ask for the species you name and examine for yourself. If anything be worth knowing it is worth taking a little trouble to obtain information. Our girls are too lazy and continually ask us to hunt through the indexes supplied for their own use. When you have made a full inspection of the flowers for yourself, you can get direct special information from the florist.

DUCHESS.—The verse you quote is not taken from any of the canonical books. It is apocryphal.

INQUIRER does not appear to be at all acquainted with the Holy Gospel according to St. John, or she would know where to find the text quoted. She ought to feel ashamed of such ignorance, and we recommend her to read that Gospel through, and commit some of our Lord's discourses to memory. We also advise her and all our girls to obtain a concordance of the Holy Bible at our office, as soon as they can afford to buy one.

NIL DESPERANDUM should obtain medical advice. We can only make general statements, which may or may not be correctly applied to individual cases.

BATTY.—If the glaze be produced by the wearing-away of the nap of the cloth, there is no cure for it. Perhaps you could turn it with advantage.

APE and DONKEY (New South Wales).—Lads of nineteen are certainly too young to choose partners for life, and no girl would be wise in binding herself to marry a young fellow who could not know his own mind. A man should be at least twenty-five before he asks any girl to risk her happiness in giving him a promise of marriage. If an escort from church on a Sunday evening be desirable, you should make due arrangement for it before venturing to go. Impromptu accidental offers of escort are very inexpedient. In such cases you should have another girl with you likewise.

SPHINX.—Accept our thanks for your kind letter. We cannot decipher it all, but see no question to be answered.

BUSINESS WOMAN.—We have given a long series of articles on the subject of Good Breeding, and also of Etiquette, of an exhaustive character. Some are entitled "Duties," etc. Look for them in the indexes, and you will learn all you require to know under any circumstance in which you may be placed.

BROWNY.—To become talkative would be most objectionable. Read our two articles on "The Art of Conversing Agreeably." We thank you for your prescription against sea sickness, viz.—2 grains of bromide of sodium taken three times a day, two days before going on board, and night and morning while on board. But we have not tried it, and so must advise anyone wishing to experiment on the dose, to consult her own doctor before so doing.

A DUBLIN LASSIE.—The 18th December, 1871, was a Monday. In reply to your second question, see our answer to "Browny."

SUSIE M.—Our blessed Lord was tempted in all points like as we all are. Read the other passages in connection with this distinct and positive statement.

A PARLOUR-MAID writes, "What will remove black spots from silver?" and she goes on in the next sentence to say, "when the plate is cleaned they go away." What more does she wish to know? Clean the plate, and do so frequently and regularly.

POPSEY.—September 5th, 1856, fell on a Friday. Conversion to God may be sudden, but is more generally a gradual and growing conviction of sin and apprehension of the way of salvation, a gentle process of drawing to Christ by feelings of gratitude for mercies received, and through hearing and reading of His love. This appears to be a more reliable and satisfactory process than sudden convictions with an assurance of faith. Still, such conversions as the latter do occur. There are many godly people, also, who have never known any change since their early childhood, but who always feared God and trusted in His atonement.

A. PAYNE.—You are doing a very rash thing in trying to thin yourself by taking carbonate of soda in daily doses. You will thus thin your blood, and thinness of blood often results in dropsy, spots, and boils, etc. Your being stout is a great advantage, if not excessive. You have some substance to waste safely in case of illness. Do you wish to look like the poor scarecrows with pipe-stopper waists? Your hand is scarcely formed, and you should use a softer pen.

HELIOTROPE (New Zealand).—1. We read your letter with interest, although the answer to it be so late. You are very right in the views you express about marriage. Young girls are too apt to take its responsibilities upon themselves without counting the cost, or their own suitability. 2. Changing the key of a song seldom improves it. But, at all events, if the key were unsuitable for your voice, your singing would be more agreeable than it would have been in the original key. Accept our thanks and best wishes.

M. WRIGHT (New South Wales).—We thank you for so kind a letter, and assure you, as we did "Heliotrope," that such as you have both written, have encouraged us in our work. We may also add that, if you have not had the benefit of a good education, you have profited by what you had far better than many girls who had that advantage. We wish you God-speed.

THE VICAR'S DAUGHTER (Victoria).—We cannot answer your question exactly in the form you wish, but may, at least, say that you might procure what you want through the Messrs Trübner, Ludgate-hill, London, E.C. Accept our best thanks and good wishes.

MINNEHAHA.—Dr. Samuel Johnson died on the 13th of December, 1784. The name Helena ought to be pronounced with the accent on the first syllable, *i.e.*, Hel-e-na, although the island of that name is pronounced otherwise, the accent being placed on the second syllable, and divided thus, St. He-le-na.

PERPLEXITY.—We recommend any unbeliever to read the Rev. Joseph Cook's "Monday Lectures," first and second series, "God and the Conscience," and "Life and the Soul," sold by Messrs. Ward and Lock, Dorset Buildings, Salisbury-square, London, E.C.

WELL-WISHER ELSIE.—Your hand is rather a poor one, but it is legible, and is at any rate preferable to the coarse Stonehenge type affected by so many girls. We suppose the phrenologist meant to say that you could if you tried so to do, pass a good examination in the science and art of music.

EVELYN B.—The papers written by Miss Caulfeild on etiquette, good manners, and duties have extended through most of our volumes, beginning with vol. i. and ii., and one and all are valuable authority on all such points.

EVER HOPEFUL.—The best way to get the information would be to write to the vicar, enclosing a stamped envelope, and ask whether he can supply it from the registers of his church, and if so, what the fees will be. Then, on his answer, you can remit the fees asked.





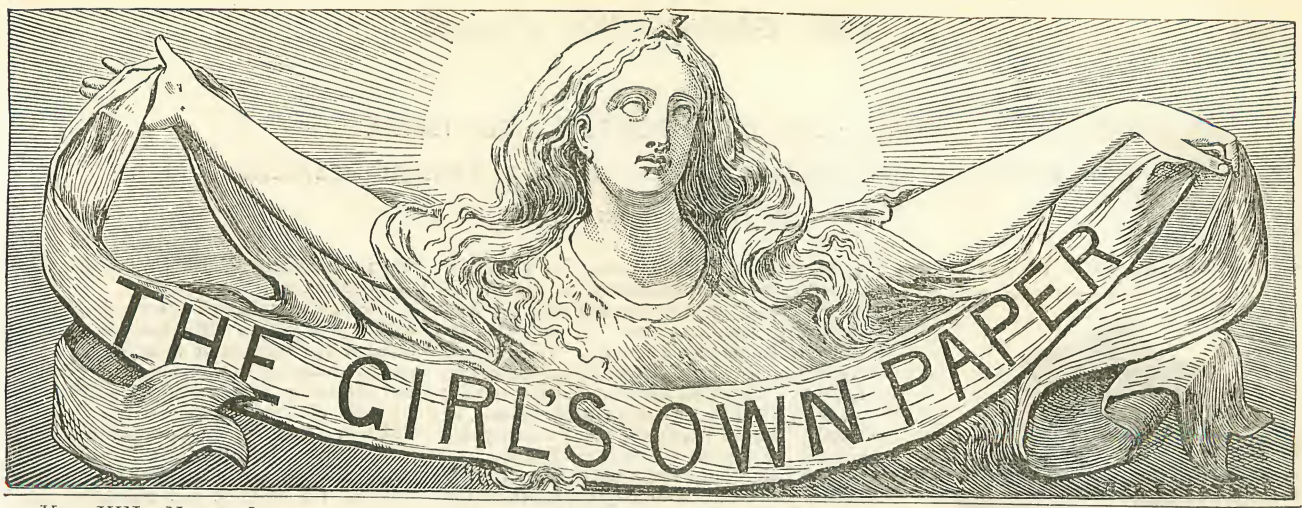
MILKING STOOL.

Artistic Knick-Nacks.



A TOAD STOOL TABLE

JUDD & Co LIMITED, LITH LONDON



VOL. VIII.—NO. 375.] MARCH 5, 1887. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE STORM.

BY ESTHER WIGLESWORTH.

HARK! hark! hark!
Hark to the thunder's roar,
Hark how the maddened waves
Burst on the rock-girt shore!
Lashed by the furious winds,
Their foaming crests they rear,
Rush on with mighty bound,
Start back in shuddering fear.

Hark to the rattling hail!
Hark to the driving rain!
The heavens, a blaze of light,
Throb as in quiv'ring pain;
All Nature seems to work,
Unchecked, its own wild will,
While man looks on in awe,
And bird and beast are still.

God on the whirlwind rides,
The storm is 'neath His feet,
He holds in His right hand
The winds, His coursers fleet;
They bear creation's Lord
In triumph on His way,
And in their maddest race
His slightest check obey.

The lightning is His glance,
His breath upheaves the sea,
The thunder His dread voice
Of awful majesty;
In Nature's seeming war
Its Maker walks abroad,
And all its mighty powers
Are servants of our God.

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THE COMING STORM.

SOME OF THE POETRY WE READ.

A FEW NOTES ON THE MODERN USE OF THE OLD FRENCH METRICAL FORMS.

By J. W. GLEESON WHITE.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION.—THE TRIOLET.



ELSEWHERE in the pages of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER a writer has explained the laws of form governing and underlying what we call "classical" music. To those who love art, in whatever guise it comes to us—as symphony, picture, or poem—a very slight amount of careful study of its accepted laws will repay a thousandfold the trouble taken. Having grasped even the faintest idea of the reason for the special shape of a sonata or a sonnet, the interest in the work itself becomes more keen. Then, too, it will be seen why literary men and artists choose the higher forms of their art to clothe their ideas. There is too often a feeling that the chief difference between popular and classical art is that the one is "dry," while the other is pleasing. This is in part true, but only when scholastic rules are obtruded too prominently. For while it may be at once conceded that too great an attention to form produces dry bones, yet genius can make these live, for subject as they are to laws, and having clear sequence of form, they have inherent vitality and strength, relying on more than mere fashion to keep their hold on the people, in spite of the varying taste of each passing year.

Nature, to whom we all come alike for our simplest as our highest thoughts, works in many ways, but all subject to inviolable laws. These may often be not evident at a cursory glance, and still more often beyond our keenest search; we can only infer the law from the result. In mere human work, what one man produces is more or less easily understood by his fellow-man, and a knowledge of the rules to which he conformed, adds interest to our pleasure in his work, and makes us able to be real critics, to some extent, while mere taste or feeling can lay claim to no more than a personal and often valueless opinion.

The laws which govern music are probably better known than those which rule verse, as our English poets choose generally a freer and more flexible mode of expression than the old writers allowed. Again, in music the form is more easily seen, for two reasons: one, that constant habit of hearing pieces in strict form has given us knowledge, without our being able to formulate it; the other, that the subjects of music, being at most vague and abstract, are left out of the title of works by the great masters, save in a very few instances. Even the "Eroica Symphony" or the "Wedding March" merely suggests abstract feelings. To describe a rose or an umbrella, for example, is impossible in music. We can only suggest praise, or grief, and similar emotional feelings. Therefore the shape only is usually given in the title, such as a march, minuet, or sonata. But in poetry the shape is rarely described. Even in the most widely used of these fixed forms, the sonnet, the shape is not by any means invariably expressed in the title. In the verses written in imitation of the Old French Troubadours it is more often used. In the *rondeau*, the most widely chosen, it is not always given, but the *triolet*, *villanelle*, or *ballade* is almost always so described in the title, the shape, as in music, ranking worthy of interest in itself. These old shapes are more akin to the fugue and canon in music, as the whole work has inner laws governing each detail, and making the choice of words or notes decided beforehand to a great extent by the form.

It is intended in this paper to describe a few of the forms which have of late found favour with the younger school of living poets, for a twofold reason: first, that their readers may better appreciate their works; secondly, that the amateur verse-writer may gain a knowledge of these verse shapes, and thereby be able to produce trifles which are worthy of attention. Although it is not given to many to produce great thoughts, yet to acquire a polished mode of displaying lesser ones to advantage, is in itself worth the trying. The tendency to diffusiveness which weakens so much verse, until the pretty trifling becomes wearisome, would be lessened if a strict form were first chosen, and the subject necessarily compressed within its limits.

The greater number of these forms originated with the Troubadours, and here, for mere brevity's sake, only a very few words must be said. The subject of their loves and their lives has been so fully discussed that a mere *résumé* of all that is known would fill many parts of this magazine. Hallam says "the earliest records cannot trace them beyond A.D. 1100, and they became extinct at the end of the next century. While they flourished they numbered many hundreds of versifiers in the language of Provence, though not always natives of France." It would be interesting, if space allowed, to quote from some of the many histories. I had intended to do so, but the growing material forbade the idea of using it here, and so I must refer would-be inquirers to some of the more easily accessible works. Foremost is Dr. Francis Hueffer's "The Troubadours," published in 1878; it gives a scholarly and full account of the most salient members of the school and their works. "The Troubadours: their Loves and Lives," by Mr. John Rutherford, is also interesting; while a work by M. Theodore de Banville, the "Petit Traité de Poésie Française," affords an exhaustive analysis of the rules of their verse and its modern imitations.

Their verse was distinguished by its being subject to very strict and subtle laws, often involved and carried to an artificial complexity, perilously near the triumph of sound over sense; yet it has a charm peculiarly its own. The forms of this school being still exotic, and not (except the sonnet) incorporated into English literature, gives them a special fitness when employed for fanciful trifles on subjects of an older time.

The qualities termed "conceits" by the old English writers, are admirably expressed through the medium of these old shapes; a certain amount of extravagance of compliment and affectation is not out of place here. The flavour of the verse smacks of the "Moyen Age," or "Powder and Fan" period beloved by artists. In these forms the shape of the verse itself takes the place somewhat of the costume and accessories of a painting, and gives local colour to the subject. When used in this way, as Mr. Austin Dobson has so often shown, they can be made (like a picture by Abbey) to reproduce the past in a living way, with its own domestic sentiment, far removed from a mere archæological or academic study of olden days, which often appeals to the intellect rather than the feeling, and moves us to criticise the method employed, instead of falling under the charm of the subject described.

But they are by no means limited to this class of subject, as Mr. Swinburne's Roundels show. Nature and her moods may be sung as fitly in these, as in the most free forms of poetry.

Many estimable but badly-informed people think that poetry or verse (unluckily these terms are synonymous to them) is either a divine outburst of feeling, expressing itself almost spontaneously in rhyme, or, sad to say, a mere vehicle to hide the poverty of ideas, and eke out a repetition of fancies intolerable in prose. The multitude are slow to realise law in any shape, and in art no less than nature look upon most results as the effect of what a critic has termed "the glorious gospel of haphazard." To these poetry suggests no art in itself, only a more or less musical jingle of pretty sounds, gay or plaintive feelings, while the whole is unreal and fantastic.

But to avoid further preface, let us take a specimen of the aforementioned forms, choosing a dainty little epigrammatic verse known as the *Triolet*, to start with. This form, complete always in eight short lines, is peculiarly a product of the old French school of verse, and is in itself, to some extent, an epitome of all the rest. Almost new in English poetry, the first examples dating from a volume of poems published in 1873 by Mr. Bridges, it has yet won many friends, although, so far as diligent search by the present writer has been able to trace them, a selection of the best would fill but a few pages of this paper.

Flexible only in the rhythm and length of its lines, which are generally about six feet (syllabic feet, of course) in length, it is stern, and forbids tampering in all other respects, allowing but two rhyme-sounds for the whole of the lines. The lines themselves are repeated in a certain unalterable order; the first two serve again for the seventh and eighth, while the fourth is also a repetition of the first; no syllable even, in the best examples, is changed in these lines. But on each fresh appearance the words should, if possible, convey a fresh phase of the idea, the emphasis alone serving to mark the distinction. On studying the examples given, it will be found that the crux lies in the treatment of the fifth and sixth lines, while the way the third is connected with the fourth, and the neatness with which the final couplet is repeated to form a necessary part of the whole,

and not a mere repeat to fill up the prescribed form, is almost as difficult. The following example is a very perfect one; it comes in a sequence of triolets by Mr. Austin Dobson, entitled "Rose Leaves." The first version ran:—

"I intended an ode,
And it turned into triolets.
It began *à la mode:*
I intended an ode;
But Rose crossed the road
With a bunch of fresh violets;
I intended an ode,
And it turned into triolets."

This has a literary interest apart from its own merits, as the critics, on its first introduction, blamed Mr. Dobson severely for attempting to english the word triolet. "Suppose an audacious person were to extend the license, and introduce cabriolet as a thirdsman?" said *The Academy*, on June 23, 1877. In spite of Mr. W. S. Gilbert, in *Princess Ida*, trying also to rhyme it to violet—

"Oh, dainty triolet! oh, fragrant violet! oh, gentle heigho-let! (or little sigh)"—

the word remains French; and in a later version Mr. Dobson has re-cast the poem.

"I intended an ode,
And it turned to a sonnet.
I began *à la mode.*
I intended an ode;
But Rose crossed the road
In her latest new bonnet.
I intended an ode,
And it turned to a sonnet."

This may be better rhyme, but the *raison d'être* is gone; it has not turned to a sonnet, but is still a triolet.

To understand the form more clearly, it is best to take one and dissect it, thereby showing its structure. To avoid mutilating a master's work, and possibly misinterpreting it, I will take one in my possession, not yet published, printing it, not as it would be, but displayed (to use a technical term), thereby exaggerating the emphasis with which the writer intended it should be read.

"A Waverer.

She has a *primrose* at her breast:
I almost wish I were a Tory.
I like the Radicals the best,
SHE has a primrose at *HER* breast,
Now is it chance she so is drest?
Or must I tell a story?
She *HAS* a primrose at her breast:
I almost *wish* I *WERE* a Tory."

Here we see the whole is a soliloquy in the historic present tense. The first two lines explain the incident, the third the speaker's own comment on it, noting in the fourth how it differs from his own opinion. In the fifth he meditates on the reason which has affected him. In the sixth he wavers between insincerity and politeness or truth and the chance of conveying a sense of unfriendliness; while in the last he concludes that it is a fact they differ, and, still undecided in action, wishes the reason had not existed so that he might sincerely agree with the supposed Primrose lady, and avoid feigning a political acquiescence of opinion. So trifling an incident will not bear analysis on its own merits, and is merely dwelt on to explain the structure of the verse.

A triolet should be complete in itself. In a very able article in the *Cornhill Magazine* (July, 1877) Mr. E. W. Gosse points out the danger of a fascinating tendency to connect a sequence of triolets. The constant recurrence of the lines would soon become fatally monotonous. One or two at the most are bearable.

A typical pair appeared in a number of *The Century* (January, 1883). Thoroughly American, they show well, first the half-bantering, half-real feeling of the poet, artificial in expression, yet not altogether untrue, while her answer shows the American girl pure and simple, the conventional courtesy of the first being happily balanced by the naïve frankness of the second.

"What He Said.

This kiss upon your fan I press—
Ah! Sainte Nitouche, you don't refuse it?
And may it from its soft recess—
This kiss upon your fan I press—
Be blown to you a shy caress,
By this white down, whene'er you use it,
This kiss upon your fan I press—
Ah! Sainte Nitouche, you don't refuse it."

"What She Thought.

To kiss a fan!
What a poky poet!
The stupid man,
To kiss a fan,
When he knows that—he—can,
Or ought to know it—
To kiss a *fan!*
What a poky poet!"

Harrison Robertson.

Yet another American one, by H. C. Bumer, may be quoted to show a subject not at first sight so suitable to the triolet form.

"A pitcher of mignonette,
In a tenement's highest casement;
Queer sort of a flowerpot, yet
That pitcher of mignonette
Is a garden in heaven set,
To the little sick child in the basement,
A pitcher of mignonette,
In the tenement's highest casement."

If space allowed there are other dainty flowerets to be culled from this bunch of French exotics, which seem to be cultivated more in America than at home at present. None of our greater poets has, I think, published a triolet. The influence of this form is seen in Mr. Swinburne's oft-quoted poem, "A Match" (If love were what the rose is); and Longfellow has an evident translation of one, although he has not followed strictly the peculiar repetition of the lines.

But many of our younger poets have published triolets. Mr. Austin Dobson is *facile princeps* in this form (as indeed in nearly all these Provençal rhythms), while Mr. John Payne and Mr. Andrew Lang rarely if ever use it, although rondeaux and ballades are very frequent in their volumes. Miss Pfeiffer has used it once. Miss A. Mary F. Robinson has a very charming triolet sequence, "Fiametta," which almost reconciles one to the connected triolet. But two or three variations from the strict form, while relieving the monotony of the poem, prove yet more strongly the truth of the warning given by Mr. Gosse. Miss May Probyn in her volume a "Ballad of the Road," has several good specimens, and here and there among periodical literature sufficient are to be found to warrant a hope that the dainty little epigrammatic verse may yet pass into accepted currency, and supply for epigram or pretty trifling fancies the place the sonnet has acquired for the presentation of stately images and profound thought. While the very care with which the accepted form may be filled up appears at first sight to augur great popularity, probably that very reason has made writers more cautious in using it, since it can be so quickly abused and made unbearable doggerel, unless the recurring lines have a reasonable pretext for their repetition. Finally, a word of advice to those who attempt a triolet. Choose a slight, fanciful incident; let the rhymes be exact and easy; and be content with the "suggestion" (which, like a clever sketch) it gives of some trivial event or idea, avoiding complex subjects or too deep thoughts, for which the form is not well suited.

(*To be concluded.*)

VARIETIES.

What is Death?

There is no death! What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but the suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call death.
—*Longfellow.*

An Approving Conscience.—The most exquisite of human satisfactions flows from an approving conscience.

Aiming at Perfection.—Aim at perfection in everything, though in most things it is unattainable. However, they who aim at it and persevere will come much nearer to it than those whose laziness and despondency make them give it up as unattainable.

Cultivating the Mind.—The mind is but a barren soil—a soil which is soon exhausted and will produce no crop, or only one, unless it be continually fertilised and enriched with foreign matter.

Plain Proofs.—Ungraceful attitudes and actions and a certain left-handedness (if I may use that word) loudly proclaim low education and low company.—*Chesterfield.*

Too Amiable.—There are many women who would be very amiable if they could only lose sight for a little of the fact that they are so.

The Importance of Food.—The question of food lies at the foundation of all other questions. There is no mind, no work, no health, without food; and just as we are fed defectively and improperly, so are our frames developed in a way unfitted to secure that greatest of earthly blessings—a sound mind in a sound body.—*Dr. Lankester.*

Keeping Secrets.—A man is more faithful in keeping the secrets of others than his own; a woman, on the contrary, keeps her own secrets better than those of others.—*La Bruyere.*

Not a Bad Match.

An attorney brought in an immense bill to a lady for some business he had done for her. The lady, to whom he had once paid his addresses, murmured at the charges.

"Madam," replied the limb of the law, "I wanted to convince you that my profession is lucrative, and that I should not have been a bad match."

Ways of the Wise.—Philosophic-minded people hanker not after what is unattainable, are not inclined to grieve after what is lost, nor are they perplexed even in calamities.



HEALTH IN THE KITCHEN-GARDEN.

By MEDICUS.



F the thousand and one ills—the word "one" signifying "all the rest"—that afflict humanity, young and old, by far the larger proportion are what may be called chronic troubles. And I do not refer to any particular or decided form of illness, but when I say "chronic," I mean the term to relate to people who are seldom overwell, who are easily tired, subject to fits of low spirits, have but small inclination for the exercise which they know they need, who have at times no pleasure in other folks' society, and none in their own, whose stomachs are easily put out of order, who do not always sleep as well as they would wish to, whose systems are dry and irregular generally, who suffer at times from headache, at times from backache, and at times from aches all over.

What a tremendously long sentence I have just written! It almost frightens me to look back at it. Well, this class of complainers—for if they do not complain to others they do so to themselves quietly, and have fancies that all the world is heartless and cold, and a dozen other things that "it didn't houghter to be," as the old charwoman said—this class, I say, are nearly always work-a-day girls; I do not refer altogether to manual labour, but to businesses that necessitate a good deal of mental thought and calculation. But many belong also to this class, who have nothing at all to do, and whose minds might be said to be preying on their constitutions.

Well, at all events, there they are, these chronically poorly people. They will not admit that there is anything very much the matter with them, but at the same time no class of sufferers have a sharper eye for the advertisement of some infallible nostrum, that is going to banish sickness from this world entirely, or a sharper ear to listen to any suggested remedy, no matter who it is that recommends it. It may be an old wife's cure. That does not signify; they simply console themselves with the belief that old wives often know a deal more than doctors, and swallow the compound.

Now let me tell this class of invalids: I. That medicines are probably not wanted at all in such complaints as theirs. II. That medicine of any kind often does more harm than good. III. That it is folly to think or believe that a complaint which has lasted perhaps months, can be charmed away in a day or two by the best doctor in life. For the time a cure takes must bear some proportion to the time the complaint has lasted. I wish you to pin your faith on those facts, and bear them in mind.

If it be true that in nearly all cases of the chronic debility I refer to—and I sincerely believe it is true—the blood-making process is primarily at fault, then, before we can remove the symptoms, it is evident we must attend to the cause. And to do so we must go to the fountain-head from which all the evil flows, and this will be found to be the stomach. In other words, these chronic complaints—with all their aches and rheums and pains, bad sleep, lowness of spirits, fluttering at the heart, palpitations, and what are termed "indescribable feelings"—may be due to a kind of dyspepsia. The system is wholly too sluggish; the liver is inactive, and consequently the heart itself is weak, and being unable to supply the brain and nervous system generally with good, honest, life-giving blood, all kinds of symptoms may occur. These are often called imaginary, but they are real enough, for all that.

I have said that the taking of medicine may do actual harm. Have we any substitute? Yes; and we find it in the use of vegetables and fruit, both of which are very much neglected.

These supply the blood with certain salts of a cooling nature, and without which the principal internal vital organs are unable to secrete material to keep the system regular.

Very often these organs act with great irregularity, or by fits and starts, so that we may have a patient complaining of two different states of system in the same week.

Now, it is possible that the reader of these lines is not to be ranked among the rich, who keep one, two, three, or more gardeners, but that still she lives in the country, and is in possession of a patch of kitchen-garden. If so, I seriously advise that it should be turned to the very best account. I do not wish this to be thought a gardening article, but, nevertheless, I ought, for health's sake, to throw out a hint or two about the vegetables that ought to be grown for health's sake, and I will leave it for others to say how this green food is to be cooked.

Ladies are fond of doing a bit of flower-gardening, but, as a rule, they abjure the cultivation of vegetables, or they know nothing really about it. It is a pity this should be so, for the kitchen-garden, if not a large one, certainly does not entail a deal of hard work, and the work is of a sort most conducive to health.

I shall suppose that you have secured the services of some "male creature," in, say, the month of February or March, to do the first or rough work—the turning over of the ground with the spade—and that he has secured sufficient richness of the soil, and done his work well, and left it level, and that you yourself are to sow the seeds.

Under your own superintendence, then, the beds are mapped out, the width of each being exactly the same (say six feet), and their length equal to the breadth of the plot of ground to be under cultivation. Between each bed there is formed a hollow division or path about a foot wide, and the beds are not to encroach upon the borders round, which are sacred to gooseberry bushes, rose-trees, flowers, and currants, black and red.

Choose a fine, sunny day to sow your seeds. First rake your beds most levelly and carefully, not leaving a ball of earth even an inch in diameter. When well raked they should be as level as a dining-room table, not all in little heaps, as if the Cochins had been scraping them.

Make the drills—by aid of a garden line and foot rule—with the back of the rake, and not more than an inch and a half deep, each drill to be nine inches apart; put peas in two rows, only six inches apart, and a foot and a half between each double row. This foot and a half may seem a waste of ground, but it need not be so, as in the centres you can put a drill of summer spinach.

Having sown your seeds, rake the ground gingerly and tenderly, filling up the little drills, and making each bed a thing of beauty. About two weeks or less after this, it really will be a thing of beauty, for I know of few prettier sights in a garden on a lovely spring day than rows of green seedlings that have just burst through the earth. You can watch them grow day by day, and listen to the birds singing at the same time. If the weather is propitious they will soon want thinning, and for a week or two your work will be cut out for you. Do not say you can ill spare the time. It will be time saved and health gained. Rise in the morning and work an hour before breakfast, and do a little more in the evening. In thinning the plants, leave in the best and biggest, and let there be six to nine inches between each. Pluck all the weeds out at the same time, and put weedings and thinnings all in a small basket; I say small basket, because there is no room for a big one between *the beds, and no mark* must be left of foot or anything else on the bed itself.

I can assure readers that work like this may be done by the most dainty fingers, and that it will restore the bloom to lips and cheeks, however pale these were before. You may wear what you like and look as charming as you please when gardening; thus, so long as you do the work honestly, you may wear the most dainty hats and gloves, and have a mahogany handle to your hoe if so minded, though, between you and me, six-button kid gloves are not the best suited for weeding onions in.

The great advantage in growing one's own vegetables is that one can always have them fresh. Lettuces cool, green, and tender; potatoes laughing from the mould, and peas with the drops of morning dew still lingering inside their pods.

That is all I mean to say about gardening; if you wish to learn more, buy a book, and study it, only I can promise you health if you adopt gardening as an exercise and a hobby.

But you must partake of the fruits of your labour; and this leads me to say a few words about the benefits to the health of a partly vegetable diet. Remember, I am not a vegetarian, but I can tell you as a fact that you could live far longer on vegetables alone than you could upon meat alone.

Potatoes come first. No dinner—or to my thinking, no luncheon either—is complete without them.

Some interesting papers in the early part of this volume gave hints as to the cooking of potatoes. Let me add another. To the delicate no vegetable is more difficult of complete digestion if not boiled to a nicety, but they ought to be mashed as well, and I do not think I ever saw them properly mashed at an English table. They ought to be as smooth and white as custard, though not so thin, otherwise little lumps remain, which, even if no bigger than a pea, are most indigestible, and never fail to create unpleasantness afterwards.

Done as the French do them, namely, fried in oil, they are also indigestible.

Potatoes are not only most nutritious, but are calmative to the nerves, and to some extent, narcotic, especially new potatoes.

A potato salad—lettuces included—is a most valuable adjunct to a supper dish.

We have to learn from the Scotch how to serve potatoes, and we must also cross the Border to find out the most delicious and digestible form in which to serve ordinary green vegetables. These include cabbages, curly greens, sprouting broccoli, savoys, turnip-tops, spinach, and kale of all kinds; and all these should be mashed for the delicate, the strongest portions of midribs being taken out, and a little butter and salt well mixed with them in the mashing. They should be served hot, and eaten off a hot plate with a little bread, as a dish, before any meat has been partaken of.

In this way we not only get their full flavour, but the greatest benefit to the blood from their use.

Next in point of value to the delicate come cauliflowers and Brussels sprouts. These need not be mashed, but ought to be used as a dish, with a little bread and butter. The same may be said of seakale.

No one should omit having half-a-dozen times at least during the early spring months a dish of nicely-cooked *nettle-tops*.

Nettle-tops should be very young and tender. Only those of a light spring-green colour are to be culled. They possess the same properties—of a blood-purifying order—that asparagus does.

Watercresses may usually be had all the year round, and are far more valuable than most people would imagine; but I desire to warn my readers against eating them unless very well washed indeed, as the eggs of certain parasites sometimes cling to their leaves.

Parsley is not over-digestible, but if it agrees it will do the blood good, and help to cool and sweeten the system.

Beetroot is invaluable to all who suffer from indigestion, with a dry condition of the body.

As to roots, besides the potato, which ought to go with everything, we have turnips, parsnips, and carrots. On these we can ring the changes. But the same rule as to serving applies to them as to ordinary green vegetables. Let them be carefully boiled, then well mashed, butter and salt being mixed.

There are many other vegetables that I have not space here to say a word about; but as, with the Editor's kind permission, I may have an autumn or late summer paper on garden herbs and their dietary and medicinal values, I can then mention those I have here omitted.

I have not said what I wanted to about fruit either; but the delicate should not let a day pass without using it in some form. Especially is it of great value before breakfast.

As to onions and all vegetables of that sort, while I admit their great value and efficacy in chronic complaints, I must bid you beware. Use them only if they can be easily digested and leave no dryness in the throat or taste in the mouth next day.

Now from this paper I hope many will adopt valuable hints. If they do, they will be rewarded with obtaining purer blood in their veins, stronger nerves, and a happier frame of body and mind altogether.

MERLE'S CRUSADE.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Aunt Diana," "For Lilias," etc.

CHAPTER XX.

ROLF'S PENITENCE.



ROM a child, that story of Casabianca had fascinated me, and I could see it fascinated Rolf.

"How I do like that fellow Cassy——what do you call him?" he exclaimed, enthusiastically, when I had finished. "I call that plucky, and no mistake, to stick to the burning ship. What a brave man he would have made if he had lived!"

"Yes, indeed; but he lived long enough to do a man's work in the world—faithful until death. 'Faithful in little, faithful in much,' Rolf. Casabianca would never have disobeyed his mother, or thought he knew best, would he?"

"No, Fenny," in a contrite voice, and sidling up to me again.

"I am afraid you can never be a soldier, dear!"

"What do you mean?"—sitting up erect in bed, with his beautiful eyes quite glaring at me in the twilight. "I mean to be a soldier, I tell you, and use father's sword! I shall be Colonel Markham, too, one of these days, unless I am killed in battle."

"You cannot be a soldier unless you learn to obey, Rolf; you cannot rule your men until you have submitted to rule yourself. Officers are gentlemen, and gentlemen are never cowards; and I call it cowardly, Rolf—quite a mean trick—to creep into the nursery in my absence. Honour should have kept you from crossing the threshold."

Now Rolf could not endure to be called a coward, so he lost his temper, and, I am sorry to say, called me a nasty, spiteful old cat, "which you are Fenny, you know you are, and a great deal worse!" And the next moment he had thrown a rough pair of arms round my neck, his penitence inflicting on me excruciating pain.

"There, there, never mind"—hugging me—"I don't mean it. You are a dear old thing, Fenny, and I mean to marry you when I grow up. You are such a plain young woman, as mother says, that no one else would ask you, so I will."

"Do you think I could marry a coward, Rolf?"

"There you go again"—in a vexed voice—"but I shall never be a coward any more; I mean to be a brave boy, like Cassy——what do you call him? I mean to mind mother, and not forget; and I will throw my cannon into the sea to-morrow, though I am so fond of it, and Mr. Rossiter (Walter I call him, but he does not mind) gave it to me. It cost a lot—indeed, it did, Fenny—but, all the same, it shall be drownded dead."

"If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out." I think there was something very real in that childish sacrifice. It was his treasured plaything, but it had tempted him to disobedience; he would fling it away with both hands. How few of us repent in that way! *Mea culpa*, we say, but we hug our darling sin close to us; it is not, like Rolf's cannon, "drownded dead." Brave, poor little faulty Rolf, I begin to have better hopes of you!

So I kissed and comforted Rolf, and he clung to me quite affectionately. I asked him if he had said his prayers, and he said no, he had been too unhappy, because no one would forgive him; so we said them together, and afterwards we had a little more talk. I was just going to leave him when a light crossed the threshold, and there stood Mrs. Markham, with a lamp in her hand. She looked very ill and unhappy, and I am sure she had been shedding tears.

Rolf sprang up in bed. "Oh, mother, do forgive me!" he cried. "I am sure I have been miserable long enough. Fenny has been telling me about Cassy—you know the fellow; and I mean to be like him. I will drown my dear little cannon, and I will never, never, never disobey you again!"

I think Mrs. Markham was longing in her heart to forgive him. She had suffered as much as the child. She said nothing, but sat down on the bed and held out her arms, and Rolf nestled into them. She kissed him almost passionately, but a tear rolled down her face.

"I think you will break my heart one day, Rolf, as your——" She checked herself, and did not finish her sentence. Did she mean Rolf's father? Colonel Markham had been a brave officer, I knew, and had died in battle; but he had not made his wife happy.

"Oh no, mother," returned Rolf, "I am going to be a brave man, like father, and fight for everybody. I mean to take care of you when you are an old, old woman. Won't that be nice? You won't mind my marrying Fenny when I am quite grown up, will you, mother? Because she is such an old dear—not really old, you know, but so nice."

Mrs. Markham smiled faintly at the boy's nonsense, but she looked at me very pleasantly.

"Thank you for talking to Rolf, Miss Fenton, and helping him to be good. He is sorry, I think, and I hope this painful lesson will teach him to be less mischievous. But now you look very unfit to be up. You have done us all good service to-day, and we are all extremely grateful. Let me help you back to your room."

I was very much astonished at this civility, but I declined her assistance and wished Rolf good-night. I was still more surprised when she held out her hand.

"You must be careful of yourself, Miss Fenton, for my sister's sake," she said, so kindly that I could hardly believe it was Mrs. Markham's voice.

I marvelled at her manner greatly as I retraced my steps to the night nursery. She was really grateful to me, I could see that. Probably she realised that my prompt action had saved her and her boy a lifetime of regret. To extinguish life accidentally must be a bitter and sore retrospect to any human mind. Rolf's boyhood would have been shadowed if his little cousin's death had laid at his door.

I tried to cheer myself with these thoughts as I laid awake through the greater part of that long summer's night. I could only sleep by snatches, and my dreams were full of pain. I imagined myself a martyr at Smithfield, and that the faggots were lighted about

my feet. I could see the flames curling up round me, and feel their scorching breath on my face. Excruciating pain seemed to tingle in my veins; I cried out and woke Joyce, and then the misery of my burns kept me restless. I was quite ill the next day, and could not stir from my bed; but Mrs. Markham and Rolf came to see me more than once, and Reggie played on my bed, and was so dear and good, and Joyce kept creeping up to me to know what she could do for nurse, and every two or three hours Gay's bright face seemed to bring sunshine into the room.

She had always some pleasant thing to tell me: a kind inquiry from Mr. Hawtry, and some flowers and fruit that Mrs. Cornish had arranged; a book from the vicar's wife, who had been very shocked to hear of the accident, and thought I wanted amusement; a message from Squire Cheriton, with a basket of fine yellow plums that he had picked himself; and, later in the evening, a tin of cream and some new-laid eggs from Wheeler's Farm, that Molly had brought herself.

I begged to see Molly, and she came up at once, looking very respectable in her Sunday gown and straw bonnet crossed with yellow ribbons. She shook hands heartily until I winced with pain, and then begged my pardon for her carelessness.

"Thank you so much for your delicious presents, Molly," I said, gratefully.

"Oh, please don't mention it, Miss Fenton; it is pleasure to me and father to send it, and father's duty; and there is a chicken fattening that will be all ready for eating on Thursday; and there is a pot or two of cherry jam that I shall take the liberty to send with it. It is just for the children and yourself, as I shall tell Mrs. Murdle."

"Everyone is far too good to me," I stammered, and the tears came into my eyes, for the old Squire and Gay had been so kind, and there was all those beautiful flowers and fruit from the Red Farm, and now this good creature was overwhelming me with homely delicacies. Molly patted me with her rough hand as though I had been a child, and then kissed me in her hearty way.

"There, there, poor dear, who could help being good to you, seeing you lie there as helpless as a baby, with your poor arms all done up in cotton wool, and the pain hard to bear? Never mind, the Lord will help you to bear it, and He knows what pain means." And with this homely consolation Molly left me and went in search of Hannah.

When Gay came to me to see I was all comfortable for the night, I asked her rather anxiously if she expected to hear from Mrs. Morton in the morning.

She looked as though she were sorry I had asked the question. "Well, no—the fact is, I wrote the letter, Merle, but father forgot to post it, and it has not gone yet. I am very sorry," as I uttered an exclamation of annoyance, "but it cannot be helped, and it was all father's fault; he is so careless with letters; but now Adelaide has written to say how well Reggie seems to-day, and both of them shall go by the same post to-morrow morning. Benson shall take them."

It was no use saying any more. Gay was sorry enough, and it was not her fault, so I only asked her to add a word or two to explain the delay, and this she promised to do. She wanted to write to Aunt Agatha as well, but I would not hear of this. Aunt Agatha was very tender-hearted, and could not bear to hear of any suffering that she could not remedy, and I could see no benefit in harrowing her feelings. I would tell her myself one day.

Dr. Staples had given me a sedative, so I slept more that night, but it was three days before I could leave my bed, and all that time we heard nothing of my mistress. On the fourth day I put on a dressing-gown Gay lent me, with loose hanging sleeves, for my arms were still swathed like mummies, but the pain had lessened; and though I was weak enough only to lean back in an easy chair and watch the children at their play, I liked to be with them, and it was pleasant to sit by the nursery window and look out on the terrace and sundial and the sunny orchard with the old white pony grazing as usual.

Gay had come up that morning with rather a troubled face. They had had a letter from Alick, she said, but he had not received either hers or Adelaide's. Violet had seemed so ill that he had taken her home to Prince's Gate that Dr. Myrtle might see her. They had left Abergeldie before their letters had arrived, and he could not possibly receive them until the next morning, but of course they would be forwarded at once.

I was much distressed to hear that the letters had miscarried, and still more that my mistress was ill. It was dreary taking her back to that great empty house; but then Dr. Myrtle understood her constitution, and would do her more good than a stranger. I begged Gay to tell me what was the matter, but she did not seem to know. It was a collapse, Alick had said, a sudden serious failure of strength; he had written very hurriedly, and seemed worried and anxious.

"I wish I need not have told you all this, Merle," she finished. "It has made you paler than you were before. Violet has never been strong since Joyce was born, but I do not see that there is any need for special anxiety." But though Gay insisted on taking a cheerful view of things, I could not bring my spirits to her level. I felt nervous and unaccountably depressed. I had not sufficiently recovered from the effects of the accident to bear the least suspense with equanimity. In spite of my efforts to be quiet and self-controlled, I grew restless and irritable; the least noise jarred on me; it was a relief when Hannah took the children out and I had the nursery to myself. My nervous fancies haunted my dreams that night, and I woke so unrefreshed that Gay scolded me for not getting better more quickly, and pretended to laugh at my dismal face when I heard there was no letter from Mr. Morton.

"It is nonsense your fretting about those letters, Merle," she said, in her brisk way. "Alick has them by this time, and we shall hear from him before evening. Do, pray, pull yourself together, and I will ask Dr. Staples if a drive will not do you good; your indoor life does not suit you."

I did not contradict her, but I knew there would be no drive for me that day; perfect quiet and rest were all I wanted, and I knew Dr. Staples would be of my opinion. The afternoon was showery, so the children played about the nursery. I did not admit Rolf, for his noisy ways would have been too much for me, but he was very good, and promised to stay with Judson if he might come to me a little in the evening.

I had gone into the night nursery to lie down for an hour when I heard footsteps coming down the passage. The next moment I heard Mr. Morton's voice speaking to Gay.

"You can go in and see the children, Alick," she said, "and I will join you directly, when Adelaide has finished with me;" and then Joyce called out "Fardie," and I could hear Reggie stumping across the floor.

I waited a few minutes before I made my appearance. Much as I longed to see Mr. Morton, I thought he would rather meet his children alone. I almost felt as though I intruded when I opened the door. Hannah was not there, and he was sitting in my rocking-chair with Reggie in his arms, and his head was bowed down on the little fellow's shoulder. He started up when he heard me, but I never saw him look so pale and agitated. I knew then that he was a man of strong feelings, that his children were more to him than I had dreamed.

"Miss Fenton," he began, and then he bit his lips and turned away to the window. I saw he could hardly speak, and there was Reggie patting his face and calling "Fada, fada," to make him smile.

"Reggie is quite well," I said, feeling the silence awkward.

"Yes, yes," quite abruptly, "I see he is; thank God for that mercy; but, Miss Fenton, you have suffered in his stead. You are looking ill, unlike yourself. What am I to say to you? How am I to thank you?"

"Please do not say anything to me," I returned, on the verge of crying. "Dear little Reggie is all right, and I am only too thankful. Tell me about my mistress, Mr. Morton; we are all so anxious about her."

I thought he looked a little strangely at me. He held out his hand without speaking. That hearty grasp spoke volumes. Then he cleared his throat and said, quickly, "She does not know; I have not told her; she is very weak and ill. Dr. Myrtle says we must take great care of her; she has been over-exerting herself."

To my dismay and his I burst into tears, but I was not quite myself, liable to be upset by a word.

"Oh, she is always over-exerting herself; she does more every day than her strength will allow," I cried, almost

hysterically. "It makes one's heart ache to see her so worn out and yet so patient. Oh, Mr. Morton, do let me come home and nurse her; she is never happy without the children; it will do her good to see them; she frets after them too, and it makes her ill. Do let me come home; there is nothing I would not do for her."

I heard him beg me to be calm. I was ill myself, I heard him say, and no wonder, and he looked pityingly at my bandages.

"I only wish you could come back to us, Miss Fenton," he went on, so kindly that I was ashamed of giving way so. "The home feels very empty, and I think it would do my dear wife good to have the children's feet pattering overhead. She is too weak to have them with her just now, but it would be pleasant to know they were near."

I pleaded again that we might come home, and he smiled indulgently.

"You must get well first," he said, gently, "and then I will come and fetch you all back myself. Just now you require nursing, and are better where you are; and it is still hot in London, and the sea breezes will benefit the children a little longer. Come, you will be sensible about this, Miss Fenton."

And then, as Gay joined us, he turned to her and reiterated his opinion that I must stay at Marshlands until I was well.

Of course, Gay agreed with him; but I thought she was a little graver than usual. I knew Mr. Morton was right. I was no use to anyone just now; but, all the same, it made me feel very unhappy to see him go away and leave us behind. He could not stay any longer, he said, for fear of arousing his wife's suspicions. He should just tell her he had run down to have a peep at the children; that would please her, he knew. He bade me good-bye very kindly, and told me to keep up my courage, and not lose heart. I could see he was not vexed with me for giving way. No doubt he attributed it all to weakness.

I sat down and had a good cry when he had left us, and there was no denying that I was homesick that night, and wanted Aunt Agatha. I felt a poor creature in my own estimation. Perhaps I was impatient; Dr. Staples told me I was, and his eyes twinkled as he said it; but it seemed to me I recovered very slowly. The burns were healing nicely; in a few more days I could put on my dress and enjoy the country drives; but I did not resume my usual duties for some time.

I could not dress and undress the children; walking tired me, and my spirits were sadly variable. The news from Prince's Gate did not cheer me: my mistress continued in the same unsatisfactory state. Mr. Morton wrote every day, and both Mrs. Markham and Gay had gone up to town for a few hours. I heard more from Mrs. Markham than from Gay. She thought her sister looking very ill, and considered there was grave cause for anxiety. She had an excellent nurse, and her husband was most devoted in his attentions; she had never seen anyone to equal him. Here Mrs. Markham sighed; but her sister looked dull and depressed, and she thought she missed the children.

The bright September days passed away very slowly. I was growing weary of my banishment; and yet Marshlands and Netherton had become very dear to me, and I had grown to love the quaint old nursery. I was thankful when my strength permitted me to resume our mornings on the beach and our afternoons in the orchard. I felt less restless out of doors, and I liked to have Rolf with me. I saw very little of Gay; just then she was busy with parish work. I heard from her casually one day that Mr. Hawtry had gone to Italy. I suppose I looked astonished, for she said, quickly—

"He called the other afternoon and asked to see the children, but Adelaide had taken you all for a drive. I thought he seemed a little sorry not to say good-bye to them, as he expected to be away some time. He hoped you were better, Merle, and desired his kind regards."

"And he has gone to Italy?"

"Yes; a young cousin of his is lying dangerously ill at Venice, and so this Don Quixote has started off to see after him. It is just like him, he is always doing things for other people." And with this speech she left me.

I was sorry not to say good-bye to Mr. Hawtry; he had been very kind to us, and it seemed such a pity that we had missed him that afternoon. I often thought about our visit to the Red Farm, and how pleasant and hospitable he had been. It seemed rather tantalising just to make friends (and he had always been so friendly to me) and then not to see them again, but perhaps next summer we should come down to Marshlands again.

(To be continued.)

THE SHEPHERD'S FAIRY

A PASTORALE.

By DARLEY DALE, Author of "Fair Katherine," etc.

CHAPTER XX.

THE LEWES CARNIVAL.

MRS. SHELLEY was quite right in saying Fairy's sorrows were short-lived. For one whole day she had been very miserable, the day after Rex had asked her, and she had promised, to be his wife, when Mr. Leslie had called and told her she was not to see Rex any more till the carnival. Coming so soon after her great happiness, Fairy could not bear this sudden reverse with equanimity, and so, as Reginald had told the baroness, she had cried all day, until John had meekly yielded and allowed another interview.

After this Fairy was quite satisfied; Rex loved her, and that was in itself happiness. That he would be true to her she no more doubted than she doubted the sun would rise the next day, and so, though of course she would have preferred him to remain at Oafham and spend his afternoons with her, she acquiesced cheerfully in Mr. Leslie's plan, and was as bright and happy during the months of October and November as it was possible for even such a little sunbeam to be.

When November dawned, and it was arranged that Fairy should go to the Leslies on the 3rd for a week or two, her excitement was so great that Mrs. Shelley told her if she did not take care she would be ill and unable to go, at which she only laughed, and said there was no fear of her being ill, and as for eating, she was much too happy to be hungry. One little thing was rather troubling Fairy; she was half afraid her dress was not quite all it ought to be for such a grand gentleman as Rex's father, whose acquaintance she was to make on the 5th. If it had only been summertime it would not have mattered, for nothing could be prettier than one of her simple white frocks; they would do for anyone or anything; but she could not wear a thin white dress in November. Her best winter dress was a red merino, new for the occasion, and as she dressed herself in it when it came home, she could not help acknowledging inwardly, as she glanced at her dainty little self in the glass, her delicate complexion set off to the best advantage by the dark red merino, if she only had some lace to put round the throat, her toilet would compare favourably with the blue silks of the Leslie girls.

Perhaps there was some lace among the things she had on when John Shelley found her; she believed there was, so, unlocking the drawer in which she had always kept these relics, she pulled them out and glanced at them. There on the top lay the blue satin quilt, the large piece missing which she had cut out years ago to make a shaving-case for



THE LEWES CARNIVAL.

Jack. *Poor* Jack! Where was he now? What would he say to her engagement? Would he be pleased at it? Somehow Fairy feared he would not. But there was enough of the quilt left to make a shaving-case for Rex; it would be just the thing for him, and nice work to do at the Leslies', so the remains of the quilt were packed up to go with her. Then came the red Indian shawl, in which the baron had wrapped his little daughter. How handsome it was! Why, not one of the Leslie girls had such a handsome shawl as this, all embroidered with gold. She would certainly take this with her; it would do beautifully to wrap round her in the balcony from which they were to watch the carnival. Rex would like this shawl, she was sure, so that, too, was packed up. All the other little garments, yellow with being laid up so long, were now looked through to see if there was any lace that would do, but no, it was all too narrow, and Fairy was about to shut the drawer when she caught hold of the lace handkerchief which had been tucked into her dress under her chin as a feeder when she was found. She looked at it with a critical eye. How fine it was, and what lovely lace, and how pretty that crest and coronet worked in the corner were! This handkerchief was the very thing; she would fold it so that the corner with the crest showed, and wear it round her throat instead of a lace tucker.

So the handkerchief was packed up with the other things, and on Monday afternoon Fairy went to the Leslies to stay. The carnival was not till Wednesday evening, but she hoped to see Rex on Tuesday, as she knew he was expected to reach Oafham before then. Nor was she disappointed, for on Tuesday morning Rex arrived to lunch, and spent a long afternoon.

Fairy found he was most anxious she should make a conquest of his father, and seemed to think their future happiness depended in a great measure upon the effect she produced upon Mr. de Courcy, so that Rex was looking forward to the carnival with somewhat mixed feelings, and, to the disappointment of the Leslies, could not be persuaded to appear in fancy dress, which they assured him was the correct thing for young men in all ranks of life on this unique occasion. But Rex refused, declaring he only intended to be a spectator, and his time would be fully occupied in taking care of Fairy, which no one for one moment doubted. Since masks were considered indispensable, he agreed to wear a wire mask to protect his face from the squibs and crackers, which are recklessly flung in all directions, often doing serious injury to some of the passers-by, but this was the utmost he would concede, and Fairy seconded him, declaring that though she liked him very much as he was, she was by no means sure how she would like him if he were dressed up like another person.

The Leslies had hired a window in the High-street, and here Mr. de Courcy and Rex were to meet them at seven o'clock to watch the revelry, and then they were all to return to the rectory to supper. Fairy, who had of course often seen the carnival before, was full of childish delight at the prospect, and kept assuring Rex it was the most wonderful sight he had ever seen; there was nothing like it in England; she was sure he would be enchanted; the only drawback was there were sure to be one or two riots, as some turbulent spirits always insulted the Roman Catholics before the evening was over.

"Well, I hope they won't insult my father; he is a Roman Catholic," said Rex.

"Your father a Roman Catholic, Rex! Are you one, too?" asked Fairy, turning a little pale.

"No, I am a Protestant, so is my mother, but I don't think it right to make game of other people's religion, and insult them because it differs from ours, do you?"

"You are like John. He says it is very wicked, and that the carnival does more harm than good. He only goes to try and help to keep order, but I like it, it is such a pretty sight," replied Fairy, eagerly.

In Lewes the preparations began early in the afternoon, when the shops were closed, and all the lower windows in the High-street, through which the procession was to pass, were boarded up—a very necessary precaution, for the reckless flinging of lighted torches, squibs, and crackers would otherwise have broken the windows, and perhaps set fire to the houses.

In the Market-place arrangements were made for the making of an enormous bonfire, in which the effigies of Guy Faux, the Pope, and any public person, whether of local or of wider fame, who happened just then to be in bad odour with the Lewes people, were to be burnt at midnight—the closing scene in the drama.

A little after seven o'clock the Leslies' carriage drove up to the house in which they had hired the drawing-room balcony to view the proceedings. At present all that was to be seen were young men and boys with lighted torches in their hands, and most of them in fancy dress, rushing wildly about the streets, shouting and singing and throwing squibs and crackers in all directions.

Mr. Leslie hurried his party into the house as quickly as possible, and then sent the carriage home, for later on all traffic would be stopped, and the girls had come prepared to walk back.

On reaching the drawing-room they found Mr. de Courcy and Rex had just arrived; a large fire was blazing on the hearth, but there were no other lights in the room, interior darkness being the rule at the Lewes carnival, in order that the outside festivities may be all the more brilliant.

Mr. Leslie introduced Mr. de Courcy to his wife and daughters, and then to Fairy, who was looking so bewitchingly pretty with her red Indian shawl twisted round her head in some wonderful way which exactly suited her, that it was evident Mr. de Courcy was struck by her beauty, the flickering light of the fire and the shawl which hid her lovely golden hair, and partly veiled her slight figure, only piquing his curiosity. He began to talk to her at once in his broken English, and her charming manners fascinated him almost as much as they did his son, and when he found she spoke French fluently, and with the prettiest accent possible, Fairy's triumph was complete. Mr. de Courcy, always a great admirer of girls, was quite captivated, and Rex whispered to Fairy she had succeeded already. The procession was to leave the Market-place at eight, and go round the town, but even now it was a weird scene, the masqueraders passing up and down the streets in their costumes, some of them excellently got up, others so grotesquely as to be quite as amusing as the elaborate fancy dresses prepared by costumiers, the torches carried by them throwing a weird, uncertain light on their wild, uncertain antics. From time to time a passage of arms occurred between some passing Cavaliers and Roundheads, but at present all was harmless fun, everyone being in a good temper at this early stage of the proceedings.

Fairy and Rex managed to get a corner of the balcony to themselves, from which she tried to explain the various costumes, oftener, as Rex told her, discovering the original people than the characters they were intended to represent. These two alone were not impatient for the procession to pass, being so much occupied with themselves as to pay but little attention to what was going on in the street. Occasionally a grand excitement was caused by the rolling past of a lighted tar-barrel, which illuminated the whole street, its attendant youths, many of whom were dressed like demons, looking in their black masks and asses' ears more like fiends than men as they lashed their blazing barrels with their torches, sending the sparks far and wide.

"This is the Bournemer barrel, and that is Charlie with an axe, dressed as an executioner. I made his black mask for him. Look, Rex," cried Fairy, as another and the last of the barrels rolled into the Market-place, to return presently with the procession.

A few minutes later there passed a riotous group of violent anti-papists, bearing a banner with "No popery" on it, carried reluctantly by a scarlet woman, or rather a man dressed in woman's clothes of bright red, supposed to represent the Church of Rome. On one side of her was a man in Geneva gown and bands, on the other another in a long surplice, hood, and stole, carrying a large book, and these two, with a great deal of rough horseplay, kept the scarlet woman up to the mark. This centre group was surrounded by men and boys carrying torches and screaming, "Down with popery!" at the top of their voices.

"That group will have a row before they are satisfied," said Rex, turning away, and looking in the opposite direction, as the group passed on to the Market-place. "But look, Fairy, who is this good-looking man masquerading without a mask as a shepherd? See, he is looking up here," said Rex.

Fairy looked, and saw by the light of the torches cast behind by the anti-papist group, a tall, handsome man, dressed in a smock-frock and carrying a crook, a face which, in spite of a beard and moustache, she knew very well.

"Why, Rex, it is Jack; it is, it is! I must speak to him. Jack, Jack, where do you come from? Come up and speak to me directly. Fancy Jack being here! I must go, Rex, and let him in. Oh, Mr. Leslie, here is Jack!" and Fairy ran into the drawing-room, the red shawl falling off her head, and her beautiful hair, which was disarranged by the shawl, streaming down her shoulders in wild confusion. Her cheeks were flushed with excitement, her great brown eyes sparkling with delight, as she went forward with both hands outstretched, to meet Jack at the top of the stairs.

Rex was at first quite put out of countenance by this unfortunate *contretemps*, as he could not help thinking it; it would undo all the good impression Fairy had made upon his father; for not knowing Jack, Rex supposed he was like the rest of his family, and trembled for the consequences if his father now discovered Fairy was the foster-daughter of a shepherd. How he wished he had not called Fairy's attention to the young man, and how pleased they were to see each other again. There really was no occasion for that very long handshaking. But here Mr. Leslie, seeing Rex looked very crestfallen, went up to him and whispered it was all right; Mr. de Courcy would only suppose the truth, that Jack was masquerading. Moreover, he added, he is an excellent young fellow—very superior, too, to his family; he might pass very well in a crowd.

Rex was somewhat reassured; and when Fairy drew him to Jack, whispering that this was her *fiancé*, he tried to be as pleased as Fairy could wish to make his acquaintance, but somehow both young men felt instinctively they were rivals, and their intercourse was constrained on both sides. Indeed, Jack was anxious to get away as quickly as possible, although he had come all the way from America to see Fairy, and judge for himself if the stories he had heard in his mother's last letter were true. It did not require long to see that they were, and his errand accomplished, he felt his only safety was in flight. That demon of jealousy which, two years ago, had changed the whole course of his life, and so nearly caused him to be guilty of a terrible crime, was again rising in his bosom, as he watched the tender protecting air which Rex assumed over Fairy. Though he had learnt a severe lesson in self-control, and had so far profited by it that he was able to subdue the feeling of envy towards his rival, and to mask from Fairy the bitter sense of disappointment he felt on seeing her the betrothed bride of another, he felt the strain he was putting upon himself would not last long, and so he hastened to find an excuse in order to be gone, inwardly resolving that when he left the room he would never of his own free will set eyes on Fairy again.

She had drawn him out on to the balcony, where he had a few minutes' conversation with Mr. Leslie, to whom he confided in an undertone that he was going to Liverpool the next day with his mother, on a visit to an uncle, where he would remain until the next mail sailed for America, where he had now decided to remain for the rest of his life. He had excellent prospects out there, and was already getting on far better than he had ever hoped to do in so short a time. Already he had been made cashier, and he had no doubt in a few years he would be appointed manager of the bank, as Mr. Leslie's friend had taken a great fancy to him. He was now able to carry on his natural history studies, and was making great progress, and had hopes of one day becoming a naturalist, for he now had the means of procuring books which were before far out of his reach, and the new country opened out to him a new field of research.

All this he managed to tell Mr. Leslie while the procession was still preparing to start. He did not tell him what had brought him to England, but Mr. Leslie knew without being told that Fairy was the motive power which had induced him to cross the Atlantic, in the vain hope of persuading her to return with him as his wife. One glance at Rex and Fairy had told Jack this hope was futile, but still it was a satisfaction to see for himself; and he would now go back to his mother, and persuade her to accompany him to Liverpool the next day if possible.

He had only arrived at Lewes that morning, and on finding that Fairy was staying at the Leslies to go to the carnival with them and Mr. de Courcy, he had settled to go too in the hope of seeing her without being seen. He had chosen to wear his smock-frock for the first and only time in his life, partly to please his father, for whom Jack felt he could not do enough to repay his kindness, when he was under that black cloud which had cast a shadow over all his life; partly he wore it because Fairy made it, and partly because he would attract less attention among the masqueraders, who would imagine he was a shepherd come from some of the neighbouring sheep farms to see the carnival, and would not interfere with him; whereas if he had walked about in plain clothes—and he had no others with him—he would probably have been mobbed.

He could not have settled in America until he saw for himself that there was no chance for him of winning Fairy. Now he saw his fate was sealed, his boyish dream shattered; there was nothing left for him but to live it down; and in a distant country, where there was nothing to remind him of the love of his youth, and where he had plenty to interest and occupy him, he would in time learn, not to forget her—that was impossible, she was his first love, and could never be altogether driven out of his heart; one little secret chamber, never peeped into even by himself, would always remain sacred to her memory—but he would learn to live without her; and since the sooner he began this lesson the better, he looked about for an excuse to say good-bye.

(*To be continued.*)

EVERY GIRL A BUSINESS WOMAN.

A PRACTICAL GUIDE TO THE WORLD OF INDUSTRY AND THRIFT.

By JAMES MASON.

PART V.

We quoted a wise rule in our third article to the effect that money should never be allowed to lie idle. Put to work on its own account money will make money, and go on growing and growing even whilst the person owning it is asleep or taking holidays.

Of course the wisest thing is to employ it in one's own business, turning it over and over at a profit, under one's own management. But such advice is thrown away on those who have no business.

What, then, are those who have money but no business to do? They must entrust it to people who want money for use in some way or other, and are willing to pay interest for the loan. It may be lent, for example, to the British nation or to a foreign government, or to some great railway, or to a bank, or a gas company, or some municipal corporation. Besides these opportunities for investing money profitably, we have shares in joint stock companies of all kinds, some of them safe enough, but not a few of them to be avoided by prudent people.

There are two things essential to a satisfactory investment: First, the principal must be quite safe; and, secondly, there must be a reasonable certainty about the payment of the interest. There is a third point necessary to complete the happiness of the investor: the interest must be the highest possible under the circumstances. We say "under the circumstances," because in these days really high interest and first-class security never meet.

The safest investment for all who are nervous about losing their money is in the Government Stock—*as it is called*—*of our own* country. They thus become creditors of the British nation, than whom no people can be imagined more secure.

What is known as the *funded or permanent debt* of Great Britain represents debt which the Government is under no obligation to pay off at any fixed time. It includes at present loans distinguished as Consols, Reduced Three per Cents., New Three per Cents., Two and a Half and Two and Three-quarters per Cents., and some other stocks of less consequence. "Consols," we may add, is an affectionate abbreviation of "Consolidated Three per Cent. Annuities." This permanent debt at the present time amounts to nearly six hundred and forty millions; the unfunded debt and terminable annuities—the latter being sums paid for a certain number of years and then terminating altogether—amount to over a hundred millions more. It is melancholy to reflect that almost the whole of the large sum represented by those different items has been raised for the prosecution of war, and spent in supplying food for powder, spreading misery and destruction, and making widows and orphans.

The possessors of Government Stock—that is to say, the creditors who hold this debt between them—are changing every day and hour. People can sell their stock with the greatest readiness, and there are always plenty of buyers.

The price which national stock fetches is not always the same. It improves when the prospects of the country improve, and declines *in times of difficulty and danger*. In the year 1800 war and dear corn, not to speak of other things, made the national bond for £100 sell for only £61, but since then peace, improved prospects, and no lack of money seeking investment, have forced the price up. The average market value of £100 Consols in 1881 was just £100; in 1882 it was £100 10s.; in 1883, £101 3s. 9d.; in 1884, £101; and in 1885 it fell back to £99 2s. 6d.

There are two ways of purchasing Government Stock—to any amount through a stock-broker, and to a limited amount through the Post Office. In the former case you may either write to your banker, who will employ his broker, or you can give the order to your own broker. The commission charged by brokers either for buying or selling is very moderate. For transactions in either British or foreign funds the rate is usually 2s. 6d. for every £100 of stock.

To get payment of dividends on Government Stock you may either go yourself to the Bank of England or sign what is called a *power of attorney* for your banker or broker or someone you can trust to receive the dividends for you. "In order to protect you from fraud," says the author of a "Guide to the Unprotected," "the power of attorney should be made out for *dividends only*. That is to say, it should authorise the person who is to act on your behalf only to receive dividends and not to sell the stock." After a power of attorney has been obtained no new power for dividends is requisite by reason of your increasing or lessening the amount of your holding in the same description of stock. Besides payment personally at the Bank of England, stockholders can have their dividends transmitted by post at their own risk, and under certain regulations.

In selling stock you can manage the transaction, just as you effected the purchase, either through your banker or your own broker.

We mentioned that Government Stock to a limited amount could be bought through the Post Office. When this is done the Post Office relieves you of all trouble in purchasing and in collecting dividends. The amount invested must not be less than £10, and not more than £100 of stock can be credited to an account in any one year ending the 31st of December, and when you have bought through the Post Office £300 of stock in all you can invest no more in this way, but must go to a regular broker.

Suppose you wish through the Post Office to buy £50 worth of "Consols," you fill up a form of application to be had at any post office, and hand over the necessary amount to the postmaster. Of course the latter part of the performance will be unnecessary if you have the sum already lying at your credit in the Savings Bank. You then forward the form of application, together with your deposit-book, to the head office.

In a few days your book will be returned and you will find yourself debited with the cost of the stock at the market price. Suppose "Consols" are selling at £102, then your fifty pounds worth will cost you a half of that, and there will be an entry in your book as a "withdrawal" of "Investment £50 Consols, £51," and besides that will be entered "Commission, 1s. 3d."

The book will be accompanied by a "Certificate of investment in Government Stock," as follows:—

"This is to certify that £50 Consolidated £3 per Cent. Bank Annuities has been placed on the Savings Banks Investment Account of the National Debt Commissioners, that the same has been credited in the Government Stock Register of the Post Office Savings Bank to of , and that her deposit account has been charged with the sum of £51 and 1s. 3d., being the price of the said stock at £102 per cent., and commission respectively."

This certificate, which is signed by the Controller, must be forwarded with the deposit book and application whenever the depositor wishes to sell the whole or a portion of her stock. When stock is sold the sale is effected at the *current price*—the price in the open market on the day of sale—and a warrant is sent to the depositor for the amount realised, less the commission.

All dividends on the stock standing in a depositor's name are credited to her deposit account when they become due. Dividends on Consols are due half-yearly, on the 5th of January and the 5th of July; those on what are known as Reduced and New Three per Cents. on the 5th of April and the 5th of October. There are other Government Stocks—Two and Three-quarters and Two and a Half per Cent.—on which the dividends are paid quarterly.

The commission charged by the Post Office on investment is as follows:—

	s.	d.
On stock not exceeding £25	0	9
On stock exceeding £25 and not exceeding £50	1	3
On stock exceeding £50 and not exceeding £75	1	9
On stock exceeding £75 and not exceeding £100	2	3

Not satisfied with working at these low rates, the Post Office takes all the trouble of receiving the dividends, and charges nothing for it.

The commission on the sale of stock up to £100 is the same as for the purchase. For the sale of stock exceeding £100 and not exceeding £200, the charge is 2s. 9d.; exceeding £200 and not exceeding £300, 3s. 3d.

But those who have money to lend have wider scope for its employment than the Public Funds. And here we may insert the following handy table showing the better class of investments, and the dividends to be expected from them. We are indebted for it to the ever-useful Almanack of Mr. Whitaker.

The following are *Trust Investments*, permitted by the Court of Chancery:—

Three per Cent. "Consols" and "New Annuities," which at the present market price yield barely 3 per cent.

Bank of England, Metropolitan Board of Works 3½ per cent., and Indian Government 4 per cent. stocks, which gives £3 2s. 6d. to £3 10s. per cent.

Canadian 4 per Cent. "Guaranteed" Loan, giving £3 15s. per cent.

Turkish 4 per Cent. "Guaranteed" Loan, giving £3 17s. 6d. per cent.

Bank of Ireland Stock, giving £3 10s. per cent.

Then you have 4 to 5 per cent. investments, quite secure:—

GOVERNMENTS. — Colonial Government Securities: Dutch, Belgian, French, and United States.

RAILWAYS.—British Railway Debenture Stocks, Indian Railway Debenture Stocks, British Railway Preference Stocks, Indian Railway Ordinary Stocks — these are guaranteed by the Indian Government—British Railway "Preferred" Ordinary Stocks, British Railway Ordinary Stocks.

DOCKS.

Last come 5 to 6 per cent. investments, which may be classed as moderately good:—

GOVERNMENTS. — Austrian, Brazilian, Chilian, Italian, Japanese, Portuguese and Russian.

RAILWAYS. — United States Railway Bonds (on lines paying dividends on the ordinary capital); Canadian Railway Bonds.

GAS COMPANIES.

BANKS.—Joint Stock Banks, *limited*.

Above 6 per cent. there are no investments that can safely be recommended.

Some foreign governments pay very irregularly, and we may lay it down as a wholesome rule that investments made without the bounds of our own country should be made with double caution. It is not so long since we met a lady who had invested a considerable sum with a republic which shall be nameless, and which has since declined to pay any portion back, or even to remember that some fraction of interest might be acceptable to its creditors.

In taking shares in a joint-stock company, there is a caution to be observed that cannot be too strongly insisted upon. A joint-stock company is an association of a number of people for the purpose of carrying on a trade or some useful enterprise capable of yielding a profit. Now, if ever you take shares in one, whether it be a bank, or an insurance office, or a mine or anything else, make sure that it is established under the "Limited Liability Act." If the company be not a Limited Liability concern, should it happen to fail, you and every other shareholder are liable to lose every penny you possess. In a Limited Liability Company, however, you can only lose the amount of the shares which you hold. This is a great advantage: you know just what you are liable for. It is worth remarking that all Joint Stock Companies with limited liability formed for the purpose of gain, are obliged by law to use the word "Limited" as the last word of their title.

When people have a good deal of money to invest, and have a taste for limited companies, in preference to the more solid security of the public funds, it is wise not to put it all into one concern. "Put it," says one writer, "into several. Then if one falls in value, another probably rises, and so your income will keep more equal. If one of your investments turns out a failure, you lose only a part and not the whole of your fortune." And "when you think," adds the same authority, "you have placed your money in the safest way you can, do not alter its investment without some good reason. Every change costs money, and is attended with trouble and anxiety."

Those who know little about business are often tempted by the prospect of a high dividend, never thinking anything about the risk

they run. The great thing is security, however, and a small return will never be grumbled at by sensible people if it is accounted for by the investment being a really safe one. It is anything but a pleasant sensation when, instead of an expected brilliant percentage, one receives a letter to the effect that "the directors have thought it right to suspend the business of the —— Company, and close the share register," and that "after most carefully and anxiously weighing all the circumstances of the case, they are convinced that the only course is to have the company wound up."

In almost every newspaper we meet with advertisements addressed to the unwary offering shares in companies of which the worthless character is at once recognised by the experienced. It requires some knowledge of the world not to be led away by emphatic representations of "extraordinary success," "magnificent results," "handsome profits," and "unprecedented opportunities."

By way of warning, we may quote an anecdote told by the author of "A Guide to the Inexperienced." "I heard it," she says, "from a person who had been almost persuaded by a friend who knew nothing of business to take some shares in a company which *promised* extremely good interest.

"He went to the office, which was in the City, to make inquiries. The manager tried hard to persuade him to invest, assuring him of the safety of the concern. While C—— was hesitating, a man rushed in and said, in an eager tone—

"'Pray, sir, have you any more shares on sale? I have an order for fifty more. They are in such great request that I am afraid of their being all sold before I can get enough.'

"His manner and words opened C——'s eyes, who suspected that this was a plan to entrap him to invest, and he quietly walked off. The company failed in a very short time afterwards."

We have spoken of investments in shares, but shares are often bought, not as a matter of investment, but as a speculation, the buyer purchasing them with the expectation that they will rise higher, and that he will then be able to dispose of them at a profit. This is, as a general rule, little better than gambling, and a wise woman will keep out of it.

Every transaction in the stock market, whether it be in Government stock, or in railway shares, or in any other securities, must be effected through the medium of a broker, who is thus not only an adviser but an indispensable agent in the transaction. Be sure to employ a broker of good standing, and, having found a trustworthy man, be rather guided by his advice than by your own notions as to what purchases are safe and what imprudent.

All documents connected with investments should be carefully preserved, and dividends, when they fall due, should be looked after. It seems unnecessary to say so, but it is a curious fact that, to speak of the public funds alone, a large sum is added every year to the revenue from unclaimed dividends. No stock is reckoned unclaimed till ten years have elapsed without the holder in any way giving token of his or her existence; and yet in 1879 the amount credited to the item of "unclaimed dividends" for the year ending 3rd January, 1880, was no less than £3,411,228!

The principal reason for this, no doubt, is carelessness; but Mr. Walter M. Playford, in his "Hints for Investors," gives several other reasons which are likely enough. Dividends are often unclaimed through the misconception of people who have sold stock. They think they have sold with it a dividend, or a portion of a dividend, to which they were themselves entitled. Then, executors and administrators are often unable to claim stock, because those they represent have kept their investments secret from their nearest friends. And a good deal of money is not unfrequently lost through the objectionable practice of investing under a false name.

The current prices of all the more important stocks for sale are chronicled day by day in the newspapers. It is a department never omitted in any well-regulated journal, even though it forms the driest-looking column in the paper. It is full of figures and tables of figures, preceded by a few paragraphs, of a very stereotyped aspect, and written in language peculiar to itself.

We read therein that "the market is easier," or that "it assumed a more lively appearance," or that "it showed a falling tendency," or "great depression," or that "its tone remained very steady all day." We also read of "prices hardening a little," of "heavy stocks being inactive," of "foreign securities being quiet," and grow familiar with "Wabash Preferred," "Nickel Plate Common Stock," "Spanish Externals," "Egyptian Unifieds," and many other things hard to be understood by the uninitiated.

It is a much-studied column, and it is surprising what interest and entertainment can be extracted from these daily reports of the health and spirits of the money market if it only takes the trouble to master the peculiar vocabulary. The principal terms connected with the investment of money we shall set down here, with a few words of explanation for each. A business woman—no matter whether she has money to invest or not—should at least know what they mean.

The Money Market is a more or less figurative expression, covering the whole field for the investment or employment of money, the leading dealers in the market being bankers, bill discounters, and capitalists of all sorts. Money is *cheap* or *dear* in the market according as the rates for discount are low or the reverse; and business is *brisk* or *flat*, according as the amount of such discounts is large or small.

A *stockbroker* is a broker who deals in the purchase and sale of stocks or shares for others. What is known as a *stockjobber* is one who buys and sells stock on his own account on speculation: he is a useful medium between the public and the broker.

There are some dealers on the *Stock Exchange*—the mart where stocks and shares are bought and sold—who, by a poetic figure, are known as *Bulls* and *Bears*. Bulls are dealers who buying stock low have an interest in trying all sorts of devices to raise prices. Bears, on the other hand, try to bring prices down, they being commonly persons who have sold and undertaken to deliver more stock than they are in possession of, and who are therefore under the necessity of buying in at a loss in order to settle their accounts. How they came to be called bulls and bears is doubtful. "They have been connected," says one writer, "with the animals to which allusion is made by a reference to their respective modes of attack. The bear crushes, or bears *down* his antagonist, whereas the bull's method is to toss him *up*.

Transfer is the legal operation by which the rights and responsibilities of the people disposing of stock or shares are conveyed to those who buy. When the purchaser, or his or her attorney, signs the transfer in the bank books, that is known as *Acceptance of Stock*.

The periodical payments of interest made by the Government to the holders of the National Debt and other public funds are known as *Dividends*. The term dividend is also applied to the sums paid to the shareholders of a company at each periodical division of profits.

Cum-Dividend means that the purchaser of the shares is to receive the dividend then payable or about to be paid. That is to say, the sale is *with* the dividend.

Ex-Dividend just means the reverse; a sale *ex-dividend* is *without* the dividend.

Paid-up shares are shares on which the full subscribed or nominal amount has been paid up. In the case of a limited liability company, for example, the shares may be nominally of £100, with £50 paid-up. Here the purchaser has to consider that she is liable at any time to be called on to subscribe the remaining £50 per share. Should the company come to grief she will not only lose what she paid for the shares, but be liable for £50 as well upon each share.

When the price of securities of any kind is equal to their nominal value, they are said to be at *par*. Suppose £100 shares in a gas company are selling at £94, they are 6 per cent. *below par*; if £103 they are 3 per cent. *above par*.

When you see shares quoted as *at a premium*—say £1 shares at 5s. *premium*—that means that for every share you would have to pay 25s., or 5s. more than its nominal value.

Debentures, as commonly understood, are mortgage deeds given by railway companies in acknowledgment of borrowed money. Debenture bonds give the holders the first claim for dividends on the company's receipts.

Preference Shares are shares on which a dividend is bound to be paid so long as the net income is sufficient, even though there should not be a farthing left for the ordinary shareholders.

A *Dividend Warrant* is the document which entitles the holder of stock to receive payment of her dividend. Dividend warrants may be lodged with one's banker in the same way as cheques.

Coupons is a term used for dividend or interest warrants attached to bonds running for a fixed number of years. They are usually printed at the bottom of the bond, there being one for every period at which interest becomes due. They must be cut off and presented at the right time to the appointed banker or agent. Many coupons require a stamp, which must be placed at the back, and have the name of the person to whom the money is due written across it.

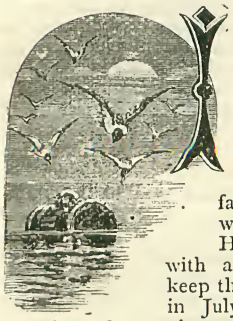
(*To be continued.*)



UNCLE JASPER.

By ALICE KING.

CHAPTER I.



"I SHAN'T, won't, and can't like Uncle Jasper; it's quite impossible, I know, for me to do it; if he had any other name I might perhaps try; but Jasper, Jasper, just fancy liking anyone with such a name! He's quite certain, with a name like that, to keep the windows tight shut in July, and insist on my wearing a fur cape in April, and eating oatmeal porridge for breakfast, and no butter and marmalade; and he'll be always dressed in a *hideous, flaring red* dressing-gown, and he's sure to have a wig, and he'll never take a walk with me after sunset, because of some horrid old whim about catching cold. No, it's not to be supposed that I can even tolerate Uncle Jasper; and as for going and living with him, and leaving our bright, jolly life here, it's quite out of the question."

The speaker was myself. At that time I was a girl of fourteen, with brown eyes, and little feet that danced in unison; with a slight figure which, in its restless activity, brings to my mind now, as I look back, the ceaseless motion of the pampas grass when the breeze touches it ever so softly; with thick, frizzy, rebellious, dark hair, that utterly refused to accommodate itself to any known fashion of hairdressing whatsoever; with a broad, intelligent brow, which sometimes wrote the word "wilfulness" much too legibly upon itself in certain wrinkles and lines, if contradiction or any kind of supposed indignity stirred up my spirit within me, as was much too often the case; with a little red mouth, which was occasionally much too resolute a mouth for a young lady who had not travelled *on very far in her teens.*

Both my parents had died when I was quite a little child; they had lived in India, and I had known very little of their love or care. I had no near relations in England to take me under their protection; I had spent my whole life at school, going for my holidays to the houses of different schoolfellows. I was the heiress to a small fortune of my own, which was managed by an old gentleman in the city who had been left my guardian, and who never came to visit me more than twice a year, when he paid a state call at my school, and sat with me and the head schoolmistress in the grand, chill drawing-room—into which no one ever entered save on the most solemn occasions—for two terrible hours, inquiring into my health, my studies, and my expenses, at the end of which periods I always felt as if I had been for a voyage at sea on the top of an iceberg.

Now the one thing wanting in my young life was love. I was a clever girl, and took generally a lion's share of the prizes in the school for every kind of learning and accomplishment. I was endowed with a fair proportion of good looks, and I had quite as much money allowed me by my guardian as any girl of my age could reasonably desire. I could not say that I wished especially for anything which was not within the reach of my attainment in the circumstances in which I was placed; still, I had a vague consciousness that I did want something, and this something was love.

As has been said, I had no near relations, and I was not one of those girls who seem to carry about with them a fairy machine for manufacturing affection wherever they go. My religion was at that time more of a dead form than a living spirit, warming and colouring my whole life; and thus I was wanting in the highest power of all for waking and creating love in those around us.

The two ladies who kept our school and the under-governesses were all, in a certain way, proud of me for my cleverness and good looks. But none of them tried to make their way into my heart. They were all somewhat indolent women, and as I did them credit in their school, they gave me my way far more than was good for me, and so fostered the wilfulness which was one of the worst features of my character. My schoolfellows, most of them, liked me to a certain extent; my lively chatter—for I had always a nimble tongue—made me a pleasant companion and an agreeable visitor. At the same time, however, they were all a little afraid of me, on account of the reputation I had for superior mental gifts, and not one among them ever endeavoured to be intimate with me. They went so far in their acquaintance with me—that is, as far as a thick rind of proud reserve which surrounded the inner recesses of my thoughts and feelings would allow; and when they reached this point they were content to remain without the barrier.

Things went on in this way with me till a new girl, called Lily Greenwood, came to our school. Lily was not either as clever or as pretty as I was; but there was a charm about her which I had not—the charm of a sweet, sympathetic nature, which the high, pure atmosphere of a Christian home had developed early into blossoms of rare beauty. In a month everyone in the school loved Lily. Even the girls with the prickliest tempers, who were always saying "won't" and "shan't," said "will" and "shall" to Lily; and the girls with the dullest brains, who could never be either pulled or driven through the German declensions, brightened up at her magic spells, and grew quite starlike in their gleams and twinkles of intelligence; and the greedy girls got to share their most cherished dainties with her, because she set them such an example of entire, smiling, gracious unselfishness; and the very cat, who used to spit and grumble if but the skirts of our dresses touched her, came to sit on Lily's knee, and rejoiced in being stroked by her hand.

Among the rest, I fell gradually under the witchery practised by Lily. She seemed to know by instinct that love was what I wanted, and she came and wove a web of sunbeams around me, till at length I was caught in it. I began to open my heart to her, and to let her come in, as I had never done to anyone before; and I began, too, to feel real warm affection for her. Still, I did not let Lily's influence work upon me for good as much as it ought to have done; my pride forbade it, and I continued in most things my old wilful self.

Some few months before my story begins it had been discovered by the doctors that my chest was delicate, and that it would be beneficial for my health to spend the winter in a warmer climate. My guardian, who was always very eager to atone for his want of affection for me by most scrupulous care for my temporal well-being, at once decided that I should go to the South of France in November, and remain there till April, and came to my schoolmistress to arrange with her as to how the plan could be carried out. It was settled that Miss Dolly, the younger of our schoolmistress's sisters, who kept the school jointly with her, should occupy, with me, a villa near Cannes, and that I should have one companion of my own age to keep me from being dull. Great was my joy when I heard that this companion was to be Lily. She was not very strong, and her father, who had lately lost his wife (on which account Lily had been sent to school), thought it a good opportunity of getting needful change for her without having to go with her himself, and leave his business as a merchant for a while.

The plan had proved a great success, as far as Lily and I were concerned. Our bodily strength increased in the warm, sweet, southern air; we learned to talk French like natives; we rejoiced in long rambles through the vineyards and among the bands of flowers which soon began to appear in the land as the fair vanguard of spring; but it cannot be said that it was exactly a season of joy and repose for Miss Dolly.

Miss Dolly was one of the mildest, most characterless single ladies that ever put on a cap. When she went into office at the Villa Chantilly, it was, of course, intended that she should rule her pupils; but the fable could not long be kept standing on its feet; it quickly appeared that her pupils, or at least one of her pupils, and that one myself, ruled her entirely. I insisted on all the furniture in the house making the strangest migrations from room to room about twenty times in succession, to suit my fancy; I vexed poor Miss Dolly's soul by causing the cooks to give warning, one after another, because I would not be satisfied without going down daily into the kitchen to enter into an exhaustive study of the way to make omelettes; I made raids into the garden to gather flowers when I ought to have been practising my scales; I put on a bland air of submission when Miss Dolly made a supreme decree that we were never to be out after the dew began to fall; and then, while she slumbered in her armchair (with Rollin's History, which she had been reading out loud, in her lap), coolly stepped out through the window on to the turf in the moonlight. Lily endeavoured, it is true, to strengthen Miss Dolly's hands as far as she could, but at the same time I saw, plainly enough, that smiles would now and then, in spite of herself, come creeping round her mouth as she watched my proceedings. The result of all this was, as might be naturally expected, that I grew more wilful than ever, and fonder of my own way in everything.

Such was the state of things in the Villa Chantilly when, one morning early in March, there arrived from Miss Dolly's elder sister in England a letter which seemed likely to change the whole course of my future. It told how there had come to the school a gentleman making anxious inquiries about me, Beatrice Warmington, and how this gentleman was my uncle, Mr. Jasper Rosebury. I had never heard of such a relation, and at first I simply refused to believe in his existence. A few more sentences of the letter, however, proved most indisputably that Mr. Rosebury had married my mother's elder sister, that she had died young, before my mother was married herself, and that he had then gone to Australia, where he had remained ever since. I had, of course, never even heard his name; for when my parents were alive I was too young to understand anything about our

family history, and my guardian had probably never thought it worth while to trouble himself to make known to me the facts concerning my aunt's early marriage and death. Besides, Jasper Rosebury had not been heard of for some years, even by his own relations.

The letter, moreover, informed us that my Uncle Jasper was about to come to the villa, and take me away from school and all school authority for good, to live with him. It was against this plan that I was raising up such energetic objections. I did not wish to leave my bright, enjoyable life at the villa; I did not wish to have an old gentleman, such as my imagination represented my uncle, for a constant companion; and, most of all, I did not wish to be separated from Lily. Besides all this, I had taken a whimsical but most resolute dislike to my uncle, simply because I had a prejudice against his Christian name, Jasper.

The scene grew more and more disturbed round the breakfast-table that morning in the Villa Chantilly. Miss Dolly remonstrated, coaxed, cried, made a faint attempt at scolding, and then cried again. As for myself, I did nothing but repeat over and over a most flat and unequivocal refusal ever to live with Uncle Jasper. He would be here to-morrow, Miss Dolly sobbed. Then let him be here; that made no difference to me. I would not go with him.

"Oh, Beatrice!" here put in Lily's sweet, low voice—she had been making attempts from time to time to still the storm—"if it was only my dear mother's brother, whom she used to tell me so much about, come back, how happy——"

But here I broke in upon her with, "I wish, Lily, that you and Miss Dolly were tied up in a bag with all the old rusty, musty uncles and aunts going, then, I should think, you'd both have a jolly time of it."

After that I flounced out of the room, banging the door after me.

It was all very well to flounce and bang, but I knew well enough in my inmost soul that no flouncing and banging could change the fact that Uncle Jasper would be here to-morrow. I meditated and meditated upon this certainty, until out of it, and out of my resolute, headstrong wilfulness, there grew up a firm determination—I would run away.

(*To be continued*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

WEED OF THE FAMILY.—1. Vinegar should never be taken alone. In salad there should be an equal part of olive oil, or a cream and egg mixture added to it. 2. The worldly rich man, who pampered himself and showed no mercy to the poor creature who crawled to his gate for his charity in vain, was popularly called Dives for lack of a name, which signifies in one word what he was, *i.e.*, rich man, the word used in the Vulgate (Latin).

ART.

NINETEEN will find the china sold at Doulton's, Mortlock's, and other well-known firms, the most satisfactory for painting upon. The faults she names arise more from the firing and the application of the colour than the foundation.

ADAM.—Bronze painting materials are sold at most artist colourmen's, and are always procurable if not in stock when required. Each bottle of colour costs from sixpence to a shilling, and the price of a bracket depends on the number of colours used.

S. K. C.—The best apparatus for setting crayon drawings is called Rouget's fixative. A thin spray of the fixative is dispersed over the surface of the completed work in the same way that scent is thrown about a room.

ALICE—1. A crayon copy is not eligible for exhibition at the Royal Academy. 2. A little ammonia will clean gilt picture frames and restore their brightness.

PERSEVERANCE.—With regard to the circular you have enclosed to us, it appears to be the same as many others which we have seen, and we should recommend caution regarding it. Many ladies have spent money and time over similar advertisements, and have got nothing by so doing.

P. Z.—Pencil drawings are set by milk and water being poured over their surfaces. The milk used is skim milk largely diluted by water. A dinner dish or large tray is used in which to immerse the drawing by some people; others pour the water over them, and hang the drawings over the back of a wooden chair to drip dry.

LADY OLIVE.—To cover table-tops with Christmas cards, the wood should be first sized with strong size, and when dry the cards affixed to the surface with strong gum. Then re-size and varnish with white hard varnish. The cards should be arranged on the table first with pins.

KINDER GARTNER.—We think that you might extract the grease stains from the paper by covering it with blotting-paper and holding a hot flat-iron near it. But you must do it gradually and watchfully, or you may curl up the tinted paper. You had better lay the blotting-paper at the back of the embossing.

MRS. WAINWRIGHT.—In former times surnames were variously spelt by members of the same families owning them. That of the famous Flemish painter, Sir Anthony Vandyck, or Vandyke, is an exemplification of this fact. In Benjamin Vincent's "Dictionary of Biography," in Gorton's "Biographical Dictionary," the "Student's Encyclopædia," and in Phillip's "Dictionary of Biographical Reference," Sir Anthony's name is spelt with a "c". So also is that of Daniel Vandyck, a French painter of the seventeenth century, and Philippus Vandyck, a Dutch painter, 1680-1752. A good connoisseur would be able to tell you to which of these masters your picture may be attributed.

ASHE INGEN COURT.—Rosenburg's "Guide to Flower Painting," published by Rowney, is a good shilling manual. Noble's "Guide to Water-colours," also published by the same, and Green's "Sketching from Nature," three volumes, one shilling each, are all satisfactory, and would fulfil your requirements.

MITTIE SMITH.—To transfer prints to glass you must lay a thin coating of Venice turpentine over the face of the print, and then proceed as if you were doing decalcomanie.

HOUSEKEEPING.

A. W.—Cocoa is made from the nibs in a tin-pot like a coffee-pot. Put in half a teacupful each morning, fill the pot with cold water, and keep it on the stove all day, so that the goodness may stew out of the nibs. Use it at breakfast, or when required, each day, and when empty fill as directed, leaving each day's cocoa nibs in the pot till the end of the week.

RALE CEARNEY.—The cheese course comes before the dessert.

YARMOUTH BLOATER.—1. Steaming is considered the best way of cleaning feathers, but in the country, where they must be done at home, they should be put into warm water, to which should be added a little soda or chloride of lime. After this wash they are rinsed in cold water and put to dry on a clean cloth. If dried in a stove, they must be put into bags of clean muslin, and placed in the oven with the door open till the drying is complete and they are fit for use. We are sorry to hear you do not lend the volumes of the G.O.P. even to your sisters; it seems like an old story many times read and told, but not often taken to heart—the talents laid carefully by in a napkin. Read the verse at 1 Tim. vi. 18, and be willing to communicate even your most cherished articles.

MUSIC.

FIVE YEARS SUBSCRIBER.—Rubbing the hands and fingers well with oil will render them supple, and also scale practice.

MISCELLANEOUS.

M. S. K.—You must make your own choice; we could not lay down any dogmatic rule as to the merits of one Christian community over another. God had an elect people in the Israelites, and to those who did not live up to the Divine privileges they enjoyed, our Lord said it would be more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah in the day of judgment than for them. God has, in His wisdom and goodness, elected you into some division of the Christian Church—His fold on earth—which is composed of many communities (united on the main though differing respectively on the minor doctrines of the Christian faith). You might have been born a Jew, heathen, Mahommedan, Red Indian, or of any other parentage outside the pale of His fold, but you were elected to enjoy special privileges, a knowledge of Divine truth, and all the precious means of grace. Under such circumstances, if you be not devout, your judgment will be the more severe; for, like Esau, you will have thrown away your birthright, and thus your blessing, for you are a responsible being.

MAGGIE MARY.—We sympathise much with you in the sentiments you express, and the experiences you have had, and we quite agree with you that prayer, offered in faith in the special divine promises to which you refer, will do more for the sick than any human means. Have recourse to the former, and have nothing to do with mesmerism. If you write again, give your address.

MARY L. SAUNDERS is thanked for informing us of the institution of a school at Haidon View, Topsham, Devon, for children of weak intellect. We are gratified to hear that a suggestion of ours caused the carrying out of this charitable plan. The premises are excellent, and there is accommodation for eight pupils. The promoters of the scheme are sisters of the writer, and have a licence.

GWENDOLIN MARZIPAN.—The Odd Minutes Society might suit you; sec., Miss Powell, Luctons, Buckhurst-hill, Essex. The particulars will be sent you in print.

SHIRLEY.—See page 192, Part for January. A man's money does not go to any brother or sister should he die intestate and leave a widow or children. In the latter case the widow has a third of his property, and the rest is divided equally between his children. Should he die leaving only one child, the widow still has her third and the one child (whether son or daughter) inherits all the rest—that is, two-thirds. His brothers and sisters cannot claim a farthing when he leaves a widow and child, excepting by will.

IVY LEAF.—James Mason has given a series of articles on the subject of your letter—"Every Girl a Business Woman," beginning in vol. viii., p. 118. No stamp was necessary on the I.O.U. given you as a receipt for your £30 loan to some man. How disgraceful on the part of one of his sex to borrow such a sum of a girl, and require to be sued for its recovery!

CARELESS ONE.—Refer to our indexes for our instructions entitled "How to Remove Inkstains from Ivory," etc.

BLACK TOM.—1. The girl you name as being hopelessly attached to a man she has never met but only seen at concerts, should be sent away from the foreign town where you both are staying, either to a friend's house and care or to a good school. The story is of a most humiliating character; she disgraces the sex, the members of which should be sought, not themselves the seekers. Certainly you should not make any such revelations and overtures to a stranger. If she have no self-respect herself, her friends should not betray such a deplorable state of *things*. It would be like dragging her through the gutter. 2. We could not hazard an opinion on what was your disease. Your writing slopes the wrong way.

PERPLEXED.—Go to receive the Holy Communion in charity with all, in humility and repentance, with a steadfast resolution, by the help of the Holy Spirit, to amend your life and cherish no wilful sin, nor any omission of duty. Confess your utter unworthiness and accept Christ as your only hope. Thus you will not present yourself unworthily.

YUM-YUM wishes to obtain the publication of a story which she has written. We cannot altogether comply, but give an extract. A young man was given over in decline, induced by the refusal of his suit to a girl called Gwendolyne. But the latter being hungry one day, "Alexander took her to an eating house, and treated her to a sausage, and then, indeed, gratitude won the day, for Gwendolyne leaned her head on Alexander's shoulder, and she was his." We cannot undertake to insert Yum-yum's nor Gwendolyne's photographs in the G.O.P. in return for her story, as desired.

ONE PERPLEXED has jilted her intended husband after some years' engagement, and this without giving him the full explanation he had a right to demand. She has left him, moreover, for a whole year without one word of such explanation. There is so great a diversity in opinion amongst religious, God-fearing people as to a sincere Christian's liberty (in such matters as that which has led her to cast off her intended) that we consider her conduct the more reprehensible.

M. E. B. (Charnwood).—Apply to our publisher. The Editor has nothing to do with his department.

MARITZBURG.—Write to Miss E. Faithfull, who conducts the Institution for female emigration in Manchester, 10, *Albert-square* (Scottish Insurance Buildings). State your case, and we think the matter might be arranged for you, if you said any opening was ready for you.



SPRING.

ABITUR OF THE HILLS.—The name cayenne is French, and should be pronounced kay-en.

VIOLET.—We do not enter into nor discuss subjects of the kind about which you inquire. If your parents really object to your receiving the Holy Communion oftener than once a month, why should you cross their wishes? You would show good feeling in consulting them on all occasions short of an infringement of a positive duty, and no divine command prescribes the frequency of your availing yourself of this spiritual privilege.

IVY.—Were you of full age, it would still be your duty to please and requite your parents, and to stretch a great point so to do; but as a mere minor of eighteen, it is an act of rebellion on your part to keep company and flirt with any man. The next time he presumes to address you, say he can do so no more, as your parents object to it, and then walk resolutely away. As he is above you in position, your parents are wise in their view of the case.

INVESTOR is reading, we hope, Mr. James Mason's articles on business for women, in the present numbers of the G.O.P. We do not know anything of the company you mention, and should advise you to write and make inquiries from them; and we also recommend you to divide what money you have, to avoid having "all your eggs in the same basket." Put £50 each into two things, for instance. Is there not some old and respectable building society where you live that you could inquire about?

EMMA HAY.—1. The 23rd April, 1865, was a Saturday. 2. Your writing might be improved.

ETHILD MYA B.—We do not know what to suggest, save to teach knitting to all your little class, and then get them some clothing for poor children to make. Boys are taught both plain sewing and knitting in Board schools now.

KATHLEEN.—The quotation, "They also serve who only stand and wait," is from Milton's poem on his blindness.

WILD ROSE L.—1. The numbers are sixpence each. Six would be 3s., and the parcels post about 6d. 2. The 23rd of January, 1863, was a Friday. The word "truly" does not need an "e" in it.

SYNGE.—We are much obliged for your letter and its quotation, which we know well. We do not suppose that the writer intended more than half a truth in what he said, probably in allusion to the single watch-notes of the robin. In the limits of a short article it is not possible to go into many particulars. We know many people who never heard a robin sing, as his tones in the spring and summer are always drowned in the general chorus.

LILIAN has our sincere sympathy on the three accounts named. May she find rest in the knowledge of that "Friend that sticketh closer than a brother." We regret that she gave no address. Has Lilian a movable desk to accommodate to her convenience as she reclines? If so, she might sometimes prepare scrap-books for hospitals, with every sort of picture and card. Such books are made very entertaining both to the maker and the receiver by decapitating figures and making an exchange of heads, especially in the case of old photographs; also in introducing figures into landscapes and interiors. Such books are a real boon to sufferers in hospitals.

S. E. P.—You seem to need a tonic. As your general health must be weak, perhaps some cod-liver oil would answer. Keep your feet dry and warm, and wear flannels next the skin.

GINGERBOTTLE.—1. Handel, the composer, was buried in Westminster Abbey. 2. The best thing to do about colds, we think, is not to catch them.

HOPEFUL YUM-YUM.—You should say, "None of us have," and "Neither of us is." We regret that your letter was not answered before.

E. O.—1. The 17th February, 1862, was a Monday. 2. The tale of "Only a Girl-Wife" was begun in the G.O.P. for October 3rd, 1885.

ISABEL.—The Editor regrets to decline Isabel's poem, but is much obliged for her good opinion of the G.O.P.

EILEEN.—Is the poem meant for blank verse? If so, it is incorrect in its construction, and many of the expressions used are very unpoetical.

MISS GREENWOOD.—The lines you send us are fairly correct, and show cleverness and a certain facility in writing. With practice you ought to do much better.

ANNIE MAGGS.—Water for drinking should always be filtered; but the impurities in it would vary in different localities. In some they would arise from decayed vegetation. Boiled water is the safest to drink.

MAUD MORLEY.—A vamper means one who vamps, or pieces an old thing with something new. It is not always applied to shoes and boots, for in some parts of England "to vamp" means to bully or bluster, and in others it means to travel, while in Swift's writings we find the sentence, "I never had much hopes of your *vamped up* play."

R. M. A. and Others.—1. None of the handwritings are pretty, but all distinct and easy to read. 2. Sir John Lubbock's "Best Hundred Books" would serve as a guide; also two very good articles in the *Leisure Hour* of last year, on the same subject, would contain all the information needful.

LADY IRENE DALE had better send for our paper-pattern of "a bodice to take the place of stays," which she will see advertised in the monthly list given at the end of every article on "Dress: in Season and in Reason," by the "Lady Dressmaker."

N. WALES.—We recommend you to have nothing to do with the description of experiments to which you refer. As our magazine is not a medium for any kind of controversy, we do not name the subject to which you refer; but we may tell you that we highly disapprove of them. We are glad that your father and brothers like our magazine.

GOODY TWO-SHOES.—1. We think you must have made a mistake, and that your bad dreams were the results of your suppers, not of your abstinence from them. As a rule, they are by no means wholesome. The digestive powers are weary after their due work of the day, just as your legs and your brain. They should not be taxed when they need repose. If set to work when tired, the work is only half done, and headaches and blotches in the face, as well as unpleasant dreams, may be expected. A biscuit and a cup of milk might be excepted from this charge, and, possibly, be even desirable. 2. The 16th of August, 1865, was a Wednesday.

MARY WRIGHT (New South Wales).—Your kind letter was very gratifying to us, and we heartily wish you the same blessings that you desire for us.

AN IRIS.—1. We thank you for the recipe for preserving flowers in a vase—*i.e.*, to put a good pinch of salt in the water, and more if the vase be large. It counteracts the bad effect produced by a hot room. If your mother-in-law be kindly disposed towards you, as evidenced by subscribing herself "affectionately," and even "very affectionately yours," you may sign yourself "your affectionate daughter." 2. The operation, as performed in the sad case you describe, is indeed most horrible. Happily, all cases and all modes of treatment are not alike.

BERYL.—You need complete change of air. If living inland, go to the seaside; if on a plain, exchange to an elevated situation. If this change be accompanied by a complete rest from intellectual work, and from use of the eyes in reading, writing, or fine needlework; and, added to this, you go out twice a day, abstaining from walks that will fatigue you, and you take cod-liver oil or plenty of cream, we think you will recover in a few months.

VIZER.—Friction is good for the liver, not "blows." The use of a skipping-rope is desirable, and brown wholemeal bread should be taken for breakfast and tea—not mere ordinary bread with an admixture of bran.

FLAKE.—Hot potatoes and hot carrots are very wholesome; not so when cold. Your digestion appears out of order. Consult a doctor.

TRING.—Perhaps tannin lozenges and alum and water gargle might be serviceable to you; but we cannot prescribe for perfect strangers.

A LITTLE LAMB.—We sympathise much with you in the religious sentiments you express, and we wish you God-speed.

PUZZLED ONE.—The word "glebe" has more than one meaning. Webster gives four. It is derived from the Latin—*Gleba*, clod, land, soil. In mining it means a piece of earth containing mineral ore; in ecclesiastical law it means the land belonging to a parish church or benefice. It was used to mean a meadow or field in your quotation.

TWO FERN LEAVES have no business to correspond with any young men without their parents' express sanction, and unless engaged to them.

JUNO.—Certainly, women can sign as witnesses to a will or any legal document, provided they be of age.

MARY BROOKS.—We could not possibly tell you what salary you might obtain at a fancy-work shop, as so much depends on the style of place, situation, facility in obtaining hands, state of trade, and amount of competition in that line of business, added to which must be your own efficiency and experience. Inquire at several shops, and so discover the average salary given.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. VIII.—No. 376.] MARCH 12, 1887. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

MERLE'S CRUSADE.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Aunt Diana," "For Lilias," etc.

CHAPTER XXI.

BACK AT PRINCE'S GATE.

MORE than a fortnight had elapsed since Mr. Morton's visit, when one morning we received a telegram from him. He was coming down the next day to fetch us, and told us by what train we were to start.

Gay had quite a sorrowful expression on her face as she brought it up to me.

"You are really going, Merle, and I shall miss you dreadfully; it has been such a comfort to me to come up here and talk to you. You are such a sensible, comfortable sort of person, and I don't know what I shall do without you."

It was very nice to hear this, and to know people would miss me. Poor Rolf



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"IN MY MISTRESS'S DRESSING-ROOM."

would, I knew, and he came up presently, looking glum and miserable.

"I wish I were going too, Fenny," he observed, feelingly. "If Aunt Violet were not so very ill I should write to her and ask her to invite me. You will ask her yourself when she is better?" very coaxingly.

"We will see about that, Rolf, dear. But just now I am very busy. Look at all those things to be packed."

"Yes, I know," regarding them carelessly. "And Hannah is in there, crying—because of leaving Molly, you know. You *ought to cry at leaving me*, Fenny."

"Well, I am sure, Master Rolf!" and I pretended not to see his lip was quivering.

"Don't laugh at me!" stamping his foot. "I can't bear it. I don't want you to go." And here followed a hug. "You are always so dreadfully nice, even mother says so now. It was worth being burnt to make mother say that, Fenny."

"I don't know about that, dear," remembering those weary nights of pain.

"Oh, yes it was," he assured me, still holding me tight. "You would be burnt *over again to see me like* Cassy—what do you call him?—that awfully jolly fellow, you know." And then, indeed, I felt a curious smart in my eyes as I kissed Rolf's forehead.

"You are right, dear; that would be worth any pain. Oh, Rolf, do try to be like him!"

"All right, Fenny," spoken very cheerfully; "you shall see." And then he stamped again, and broke into a whistle, but I knew what he meant, and that his little heart was full, and I held him very tightly for a moment, and whispered something that I thought he would like to hear, and then he broke away from me, and I did not see him again for a long time.

I sent Hannah to Wheeler's Farm to spend her last evening with Molly. I knew *Susan would help me*, and I was not sorry to tire myself a little, for last hours are always somewhat trying, and though I was longing with all my heart to be back in the old nursery at Prince's Gate, I could not bid good-bye to Gay and Rolf and Marshlands without regret. But when I saw Mr. Morton's careworn face the next morning, I forgot everything but my mistress; but he answered my inquiries rather hastily.

She was better, Dr. Myrtle said, certainly better, but the improvement was not much as yet. He had been obliged to tell her about Reggie's accident; she had begged to have the children home, and nothing would satisfy her until she heard I was fit to travel. He had come for us the first day he could, because he knew how she wanted us. After this I was only anxious to start.

Gay accompanied us to the station, but Rolf bid me an affectionate good-bye on the terrace, in the presence of his mother and the squire. I think she seemed touched at his trouble, for she put her arm round him, and kept him close to her as she bid me a kindly adieu.

Squire Cheriton shook hands with me, and I saw Susan hovering in the background behind Mrs. Rumble, and looking as though she was sorry too.

I looked back regretfully at the old red brick house. There was the peacock on the sundial as usual, and Rolf shading his eyes on the sunny terrace, and the old white pony looking at us over the gate, the brown bees humming over the flower-beds; the reapers were in the golden cornfields across the lane, we could hear their voices coming to us; it all looked so quiet and peaceful, and we had passed such happy days there.

I could see Hannah was quietly crying behind Reggie. It was bad for her, poor girl, to say good-bye to her father and Molly, not to mention Luke Armstrong, and I was very glad, for her sake, when we reached the Netherton Station to see Molly's homely features under her white sunbonnet as she stood waiting for us in the road, with red-headed Dan beside her.

She grasped my hand cordially.

"You are looking more yourself, Miss Fenton; I am kindly glad to see that. Father will be fine and proud to see you next year at Wheeler's Farm. Why, Hannah, lass, hast been crying? Hold your head up, girl, and look it in the face. Luke is worth waiting for, if he is worth having at all; only young folks are so mighty hasty. There, the lad has sent you this bit of a posy, and Dan there has a young linnet for Miss Fenton to train. I have made so bold as to put in a basket with cream and eggs, and a bottle of elderberry wine. Nay, no thanks; Hannah's friends are our friends. Good-bye, and a pleasant journey." And the good creature wrung our hands, and dragged reluctant Dan away.

Gay's good-bye followed.

"We shall meet again soon, Merle; it will not be good-bye for long. I am coming up to stay with Violet before Christmas, and then we shall have some nice times together." Then she kissed the children, waved her hands gaily as the train moved down the platform, and the pretty smiling face disappeared from our view.

Mr. Morton was very silent during the journey. He had Joyce beside him, and now and then he spoke to her, but his face wore a gloomy, absent expression; he seemed troubled and ill at ease, and I remembered a speech of Gay's, "that Alick never seemed the same man when anything was the matter with Violet."

It was still early in the afternoon when we drove up Exhibition-road. Down at Netherton the golden blades of corn were falling beneath the reaping machine, the waves were washing up against the beach, and the children were out picking flowers in the long, scented lanes. Now, instead of fresh, salt breezes, a fine, eddying dust blew in our faces, carriages and cabs jostled each other in the sunny road, crowds of people, making their way to the museum or art gallery or Exhibition, blocked up the wide pavements. There were the gutter merchants driving their noisy trade, itinerant fruit sellers, and flower-girls vaunting stale and withered wares, dusty plebeians glancing critically at the grand patrician houses, most of them still closed and shuttered. Dives was still on Scottish moors, or in English country houses, or seeking health on the Engadine; but Lazarus still dwelt at his closed gates, and displayed his festering sores to the careless passers-by.

I watched it all mechanically, but far different pictures rose to my recollection unbidden: the gnarled old apple-trees in the orchard at Marshlands, with the bench, on which more than one generation of children had carved their names; Wheeler's Farm, with its trough set under the mossy pear-tree, and Molly, in her sunbonnet, feeding her poultry; then a red brick house, with a stone porch, that sheltered us from the driving rain. There was a privet hedge, and a walnut-tree, and an old-fashioned bowling-green in that last picture; reminiscences of a disused room, with a blue couch, and a faint smell of rose *pourri*.

"Here we are, Miss Fenton," observed Mr. Morton, briskly, and I started and shook off these recollections hastily. Was I in a day-dream, I wonder? There was the open hall door, and Anderson's grave, imperturbable face, and Travers behind him with a message from her mistress to Mr. Morton that he should go up to her at once.

I do not think Hannah was half so pleased as I was to see the old nursery again; it looked brighter and larger than ever this afternoon after the low-ceiled room at Marshlands. The canaries were singing their loudest; the Persian kitten came up to us, purring a welcome; Snap was as fussy with joy as possible, and licked us indiscriminately; there were fresh flowers on the table, a new, softly-cushioned chair by the window, and a letter from Aunt Agatha on the little table beside it.

I could not help sitting down to read it at once, for I felt it would be such a sweet welcome home. It was more than that, however; it told me something which surprised me greatly. Mr. Morton had called himself the previous day and had told Aunt Agatha all about Reggie's accident. No doubt he had expressed himself very kindly, else why should Aunt Agatha be praising me in that way. The tears came to my eyes as I read those loving sentences. "Come to me as soon as you can, dear child," it finished. "I shall not be quite happy or comfortable until I have seen you and talked it all over. Your uncle is as proud of you as I am. He said just now, 'I always thought that girl had plenty of pluck.' You know that was high praise from him."

I needed Aunt Agatha's letter to cheer me that evening, for I was not allowed to see my mistress. Mr. Morton came up himself to fetch the children, and then he told me that I must wait until the morning. "We must not excite her, and the children will be enough for to-day," he said, and no doubt he was right. Travers told me afterwards that she had cried a great deal on first seeing Reggie.

But the next morning Travers came to fetch me. Mrs. Morton was in her

dressing-room. It was a large, luxuriously-furnished apartment, and had evidently been fitted up with much care, and as it was at the back of the house, and the windows overlooked the public garden, it was quiet enough to suit an invalid.

But my heart sank when I first saw my mistress; she was not less beautiful, but her beauty had assumed a new character. Her face was pinched and thin, and there was a sunken look about the eyes; but when she stretched out her hands to me with her old lovely smile, I had not a word to say.

"Sit there where I can see you, Merle," she said, in a weak voice. "Ah, there are tears in your eyes; but, indeed, you need not be unhappy about me now. I have been very, very ill, but I think God means to spare me to my husband and children." But I could not control my voice enough to answer; one look had been enough to tell me that she had been a few steps at least down the valley of the shadow of death.

"You are all too anxious about me," she went on. "My dear husband has almost fretted himself ill. We cannot tell for some months how it may be with me, but I am not afraid; I have only to be very patient, and lie still, you know; that is no punishment to me, I am always so lazy and tired."

She tried to speak with her old playfulness, but failed.

"Ah," she said, and now her voice trembled, "you have saved my life as well as Reggie's. I could not have borne to lose another child just now; I was too weak for that. No, I am not going to thank you, Merle; I have no words at all. If I live, and I think I shall, you will see what I feel, you will understand it then."

I asked her not to say any more, but she begged to see my scars. It was not easy to refuse her anything, but I was sorry such a thing entered her thoughts; but she looked at them very calmly.

"Yes, you have suffered instead of my child. I shall never forget that, no more will Alick. It has pulled you down, Merle; you have lost your rosy looks. What will Mrs. Keith say? You must go to her to-morrow; Mrs. Garnett will look after Reggie."

It was her old thoughtfulness for me, and I showed her I was grateful, and then I talked to her a little about Marshlands. I told her how fond I was of Gay, how good and unselfish I thought her, and how much I cared for Rolf.

"Mrs. Markham is quite changed to me," I finished; "she is perfectly kind in her manner."

"Yes, I know, Merle; Adelaide is very grateful to you, and no wonder. She tells me she has made a mistake; that you are different from what she thought. That is a good deal for Adelaide to say; it is difficult for her to like people. Still—but do go on about Netherton; I do love to hear about my old home."

I could see she was cheered and interested, so I told her about our visit to the Red Farm. She seemed quite pleased at that.

"We are all so fond of Roger," she said; "Mr. Hawtry, I mean; but, you know, we were playfellows as children. He was so devoted to his sister Agnes; I never knew such a brother; but he is good in everything."

It could not have been my mistress's manner, for she was always so simple and unconscious, and she was one of those rare women who treat all such matters as sacred, but all at once the idea flashed into my mind that perhaps this was why Mr. Hawtry was unmarried. What put such a thought into my mind I never knew; these sudden intuitions are baffling; but there it was, startling me with its verisimilitude of truth, that in the old days, when Violet Cheriton was young, Mr. Hawtry must have cared for her.

I knew afterwards, when much was made clear to me, that such was the case, but that he had never told her so; he had waited and hoped, until Alick Morton found his way to Marshlands. If he had suffered, no one knew it; his manhood had strength enough to bear disappointment without growing sour over it; pain well borne brings its own healing, and so it was in his case.

Perhaps Mrs. Morton wondered a little over my silence, for she said nothing more about Mr. Hawtry, and I went on to tell her about Wheeler's Farm and Molly, until the nurse came in and said my mistress had talked enough, and then she dismissed me very kindly.

Later on in the day I was summoned to Mr. Morton's library. I was rather surprised at this, until I remembered that Hannah was always in the nursery, and that probably he wished to speak to me alone.

I found this was the case.

He was busy writing when I entered, and he begged me to sit down for a moment until he had finished. I thought he looked a little more cheerful, and his face had lost that worried, anxious expression.

Presently he turned to me with a smile.

"Now for a chat, Miss Fenton. Do you know, Dr. Myrtle thinks my wife decidedly better to-day; the children have done her good, and she says she has enjoyed her talk with you. Dr. Myrtle particularly wishes her to be kept happy and amused. We have all pulled such long faces lately, and of course it has done her harm. Now you seem to suit her—you always have, you know; and I cannot help thinking that it would be a good thing for her if you could sit with her sometimes, and bring Joyce or Reggie. That would be cheerful for her, eh, Miss Fenton?"

"It could easily be managed," I returned, with alacrity, for this idea pleased me greatly. "In the morning the children go out, but I could bring them down by turns in the afternoon, and leave the other child in Hannah's charge. I am sure it would do Mrs. Morton good to see Reggie playing about the room, and Joyce will be quiet for hours with her doll or pencil."

"Let it be tried, then, regularly, and I will give my orders to nurse," he said, in his quick, business-like way. Then all at once he stopped and looked at me inquiringly.

"What did you think of my wife this morning, Miss Fenton?"

I told him that I thought her looking extremely ill, and that for a long time her delicacy had alarmed me.

"You have not seen—she would not let you see, I mean," correcting myself, "how greatly she has overtaxed her strength; she has been failing over her day's work some time, and this illness is the result."

"That is true," he returned, in a low voice, and then he looked up in his keen way.

"Do you know *this for a certainty*? Has she ever complained to you, Miss Fenton?"

"Not in the way you mean," I replied, eagerly. "My mistress never complains, she is far too patient for that, but she has let me see plainly that so much gaiety wearies her, that she feels far too tired to go out night after night. I am afraid a quieter life, spent more with her children, would be better for her health."

I was half afraid I had said too much, as I saw him knit his brow and his face grow dark with anxiety.

"Oh, but that is impossible," he said, quickly, almost impatiently. "In our position a quiet life is impossible. There are social duties that must be done; you must see that for yourself, Miss Fenton. I would gladly ensure rest for my wife if I could, but I must see what is to be done."

I saw that he meant to dismiss me, but I lingered for a moment. I was afraid he was displeased with me, but when I hinted this he looked at me quite astonished.

"Oh, no, I am not at all put out by what you said; I am only busy; and of course my wife's illness is a great anxiety. On the contrary, I thank you for your kind interest. It is quite true what you said—I see it for myself; but I cannot decide *what is to be done.*" And then I left the room, feeling easier in my mind. I could not have borne to pain Mr. Morton; my respect and liking to him had increased very much since my first acquaintance with him. No, he was blind no longer, but, as he said himself, in his position a quiet life was almost an impossibility.

But I was yet to learn that a strong will will achieve what is well-nigh impossible, and that when Alick Morton had set himself to solve the problem of his wife's overtaxed life he would probably not be unsuccessful; but first he must nurse her back to health.

I put off my visit to Aunt Agatha for some days, that we might try Mr. Morton's experiment, and every afternoon I took my work and sat in my mistress's dressing-room, often until evening, while Joyce played with her dolls beside her mother's couch, or Reggie trotted about the room on numberless baby errands, learning new words every day, and rehearsing them proudly.

Mr. Morton would snatch a minute to look in upon us, and satisfy himself that his wife was not over-fatigued.

I think he must often have gone away

with a lighter heart when she looked up at him with her eyes shining with happiness, and a tinge of colour in her face.

"Our son is growing quite a big boy, Alick," she would say, as Reggie stumped up to them with a headless doll in his arms, and she had always some little speech or anecdote to relate, to which he would listen patiently. She might talk about the children as much as she liked, but when she spoke to him of his work, he would refuse to answer.

"Never mind my work, Violet," I heard him say once. "I want my wife downstairs again; that is a subject closer to my heart." And I believed him. No work, no ambition could have replaced her; with all his faults she was the dearest thing to him in life.

I think all this made her very happy, for there was always such a contented look on her face; so no wonder she grew better and stronger.

"I think illness teaches one to value one's blessings more," she said to me one Sunday evening, when the children were in bed, and I was still sitting with her. "I am afraid I have been very discontented, and have wanted my own way about things. I used to long for a quiet country life. No, I never said so," as I seemed inclined to interrupt her, "but the wish grew almost morbid. Perhaps my long rest has done me good, but I do not feel a bit afraid now; I don't think I shall feel so tired over it again. I see it is the place Providence has intended for me, and by-and-by I shall have a longer rest still."

I saw what she meant; life was strong within her, and she did not believe she should die; she was only girding herself for the daily struggle, making up her mind to fill her place nobly. But I knew she had no need to dread the future; her husband's strong arm would interpose between her and any great difficulties; she would not sink again because her day's work was too heavy for her.

(To be continued.)

THE STUDENTS' BRANCH OF THE CHRISTIAN WOMEN'S EDUCATION UNION.

READERS of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER have often been referred to an article called "Help for Study at Home," which appeared in these pages on June 18th, 1881. It was written by a member of the Christian Women's Education Union, and gave an account of the newly-formed Students' Branch of that well-known society.

The time has now come for replacing it by a newer record. What I with two friends had then started on a modest scale (for I was only beginning my own college career in those days) to help three or four girls in an informal way has since grown into an organisation of which we little dreamed. Nearly eleven hundred students have been entered in the members' book, and sixty-five friends have co-operated with me in the work.

Let me first speak of our purpose, and then of our plans.

Many and varied are the opportunities that women now have for getting a good education. Not only is the number of first-rate schools growing fast; fresh means are also continually devised for enabling us to build upon the foundations laid in the schoolroom.

Of the three great English universities, one, the University of London, has thrown open its degrees to women without restriction, and Oxford and Cambridge have taken the first steps in the same direction.

Colleges such as Lady Margaret Hall and Somerville Hall, Oxford, and Girton and Newnham Colleges, Cambridge, and the College at Westfield, Hampstead, for the London degree, have been founded.

For those who cannot go to college there are public examinations to read for at home, and classes and courses of lectures to help forward study that is undertaken either from a desire to be well equipped for teaching others, or from a desire to gain more of the "knowledge that step by step may lead us on to wisdom."

But for many girls all this is out of the question. Their means are small, or their homes are in remote places, or their time and thoughts are much occupied with domestic duties and domestic cares. They resolve, nevertheless, that in the interval between the set work of the schoolroom and the actual work of life they will not lose what they have already gained. So they choose a subject, and find some books, dull and old-fashioned, confused and superficial maybe, upon that subject, and plan to give a certain time every day to reading.

Those who are very resolute, very studious, very fortunate in outward circumstances and sympathising friends, persevere and enjoy, and grow up into intelligent and well-informed women.

Others who begin equally well falter after awhile, discouraged and disappointed. The books are difficult; there is no one to whom they can appeal for explanations; working alone, when no one else cares or even knows about the work, is very dreary; interruptions break up the appointed time, and private study comes last of all in the day's duties, for nothing from without binds to it. They arrive then at the sad conclusion that "it is all very well for those who are clever," but for them "it is no use."

These are exactly the girls whom the Students' Branch tries to help before they go on to conclude that study is neither interesting nor repaying, and cannot therefore be necessary for them. It offers guidance as to books, and then as to ways of reading them, companionship with others in study, and constant intercourse with a teacher who has made the subject her own, and has in most cases been distinguished in it at the university. Finally, there are rules providing the "must" that is so different in its results from the "may" of our solitary schemes.

Such is our purpose. I will now speak of our plans for carrying out that purpose.

All our instruction is given by means of correspondence. The teachers are almost as widely scattered as their pupils, and the classes form a sort of "college by post." Who may join? How do they join? And what happens when they have joined? No one is admitted who is already receiving regular instruction at home or at school. No one is admitted who is under sixteen years of age. Only those are admitted who mean to abide by the rules.

Students may join either as Members or as Associates. Both are expected to belong to a Scripture class, and to give half an hour every day to the regular study of the Bible. God's Book comes first on our list; for what is other learning worth apart from knowledge of "the sacred writings which are able to make us wise unto salvation"?

The Scripture classes are in the four following groups, since our aim is to follow out rather than to supersede existing organisations for Bible reading.

(*a*) Members of the Bible and Prayer Union.

(*b*) Members of the Christian Progress Union.

(*c*) Members of the Young Women's Christian Association.

(*d*) Readers of the Daily Lessons of the Church of England.

Girls whose other opportunities for secular instruction make them independent of our aid, and girls whose home duties are so numerous that they could not set apart time for secular study, are invited to become Associates.

Members also belong to one or more of the other classes, and give at least six hours a week to reading in connection with them. The following are the subjects taught:—

1. English Language and Composition.
2. English History and Literature.
3. Greek.
4. Latin.
5. Arithmetic.
6. Mathematics.
7. French.
8. German.
9. Physical Geography.
10. Church History.
11. Christian Evidences.
12. Political Economy.
13. Botany.

The three terms begin February 1st, June 1st, and October 1st. New students are admitted three times in the year, viz., early in January, May, and September. After applying to me in accordance with the rules, they receive a card of membership, and are put into communication with the ladies whose classes they wish to join. From them they receive a plan of work for the term, suggestions for carrying out that plan, and, further on, an examination-paper. They are welcome to ask questions on difficulties as they arise, and at the end of the term they send in a report of what they have done. Occasional papers of a general kind are issued by me, addressed to all the students. There are no fees, but students pay a trifling subscription towards expenses of postage and printing.

Application for a copy of the rules should be made to me, enclosing a stamped envelope; and I can assure my readers that it is a real happiness to us to lead others out of the dull monotony or empty amusement that too often deadens a girl's life, into some of those paths of intellectual and spiritual effort that we have ourselves found so pleasant.

I have only described that branch of the C.W.E.U. which I was asked to organise. Information as to its work in schools, etc., may be had from its founder, Miss Cavendish, Addlestone, Weybridge. Its object, throughout, is to bring Christian influence to bear upon the higher education of women, and to raise the intellectual standard of education avowedly religious.

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UNCLE JASPER.

By ALICE KING

CHAPTER II.

My scheme of foolish, wilful naughtiness was soon matured in my headstrong, fertile little brain. I would start that night, when everyone in the villa was asleep, and would walk to a little retired railway station which was about five miles distant. I had passed this station two or three times in the drives which we had taken in the course of the winter, and I had no doubt, as I thought it over, that I should be able to find my way thither. It would be a lovely moonlight night; the weather was as warm and mild as an English June. The way would lie entirely through quiet, rural roads, that would be sure to be unfrequented at such an hour; and if I did meet anyone, why the French peasantry were always so courteous, they took off their hats to ladies like the finest gentlemen in England. I had always been bold, simply because my life had, hitherto, been so well fenced round and guarded that I had never known even the shadow of danger. I had always had a touch of romance about me, just because I had, hitherto, lead such a prosaic, realistic life; yes, the idea of my solitary moonlight walk most certainly pleased me in theory immensely.

When I reached Villemont, that was the name of the little station to which I was going, I should have put anyone who might be in pursuit of me completely off my track, for it would naturally be supposed that I should have gone to the station at Cannes; I should, therefore, be able to take the train at Villemont, and I should take my ticket for Lyons by the first train going thither. I had, luckily, plenty of pocket-money by me, so that I should easily be able to pay for my journey. At Lyons there lived one of our old schoolgirls, who had often asked me to stay with her, and to her house I would go. Further than this, I had framed no distinct plan, but I had a vague, self-satisfied notion that from Lyons I should be able to come to very advantageous terms with Miss Dolly and Uncle Jasper, and to demand from them any conditions and stipulations that might suit my pleasure.

Having come to this firm resolve in my own mind, my next care was to keep it entirely hidden from everyone in the Villa Chantilly. I should indeed have very much liked to take Lily into my confidence, but I knew well enough that Lily was far too good a girl to be



"A STRANGE, UNNATURAL ILLUMINATION."

made the recipient of such a secret; she would just consider a wrong thing which was made known to her as no secret at all, and, if I persevered in my intentions, would go at once and reveal the whole matter to Miss Dolly: I therefore kept silence even with Lily.

In order to blind more effectually all eyes around me, I behaved that day in such an exemplary manner as the walls of the Villa Chantilly had certainly never beheld before, on my part, since my residence in it began. I practised like a musical-box, I went through my German exercise like a steam engine. My pen went scratching away at my epitome of Roman history, which I ought to have finished a month ago, as unwearyingly as if there was no blue sky smiling down without, no garden beds all dimpling with early blossoms. No mention was made again of Uncle Jasper; as I did not touch upon the subject, my companions were evidently glad enough to avoid it.

"Dear child, she has thought better of it." I overheard Miss Dolly whispering to Lily in the inner drawing-room while I was practising. "Isn't it beautiful to see how gentle and docile she has become all of herself? it must be all through my reasoning to-day, all through my reasoning; well, I always did think that I had just a little talent in the way of reasoning, my dear."

Lily murmured a few words in reply, to what effect I could not tell, except that they seemed to satisfy Miss Dolly; but from the glimpse which I caught of her face, as I peeped at it over my shoulder through the half-open door, I should say that she might possibly have had her secret doubts as to both Miss Dolly's reasoning power and my docility. Still, she certainly had not the faintest notion of what was in my mind.

The day sped on swiftly, and the night was soon come, the night when I was to carry out my secret design. I must own that just a little qualm of fear stole over me when the veil of twilight fell, and I began to think where I might be before the sun rose to-morrow morning; but I suppressed all such feelings resolutely; my wilfulness was not going to let me draw back now. We all went up to bed at our usual hour, and everything went on in its ordinary way at the Villa.

"I never heard you speak before, Lily, of that uncle you were saying something about this morning," I remarked, through the open door between our bedrooms, as Lily was undressing, and I was making a feint of doing so, but in reality giving all my attention to a little hand-bag which I was packing in a corner.

I wanted to say something that would sound careless and unpreoccupied, and nothing just then would come to the surface of my mind but Lily's uncle.

"I don't know that I ever have spoken to you of him; I never saw him, you know; but he was my mother's pet brother when she was very young. She used often to talk a deal about him; she always said he was so good and so clever; her dear Charlie, she used to call him, I remember."

"It's so interesting to recollect things belonging to the distant past, sometimes, isn't it?" I observed, in a calmly reflective tone, while I stuffed a box of chocolate I had bought yesterday well down into the bottom of the bag.

"It is one of my best joys to recollect everything about mother," answered Lily. "I wonder whether, now that she is in the fulness and the perfect brightness of the dear Master's presence, she can ever give her little Lily a thought or a memory."

Then there was a sound like a sob, and, if truth must be told, I swallowed down something very like a sob, too, for the thought crossed me, that if my own mother had been alive, most likely I should not have been planning running away.

Soon after that Lily was asleep, as I could tell from her low, regular breathing; she was never one to lie awake long, she always lay down with a word of prayer, or a text, or a hymn upon her lips, and I think that that must have made an angel come and sweep away with his white wings every disturbing thought out of her mind, so that she sank into slumber in a moment, just as she used to do when she was a little child in her mother's arms.

I opened my door softly and listened; there was not a sound in all the house save the slow, heavy ticking of the Black Forest clock in the hall below. Now was my time, I felt, so I took up my little bag, and slipped downstairs. I had no candle, but the moonlight fell in a silver stream through the staircase window.

How different all the familiar objects in the house looked from what they did in the daytime! The hall, as I crossed it, seemed full of dim, unexplored corners, though I knew well enough that I was intimate with every inch of it; the faces of the pictures in the drawing-room all stared at me, as if they wanted to know what I did there at such an hour; the arm-chairs and sofas had a stiff, unaccommodating air, as if they would have strongly objected had anyone sat down upon them. There, on the table, lay Miss Dolly's knitting in a helpless heap, with the stitches all down, and the needles stretched hither and thither, like the legs of an idle man who has resolved to strike work, just as it had all dropped from her hand when she glided into a doze. There, on her favourite seat at the window, was Lily's drawing portfolio, and, as I passed it, I could not help stooping to kiss it and touch it softly, in memory of the little gentle fingers which opened and shut it so often. I had not dared to kiss her as she slept, for fear of waking her; so this was my "good-bye" to Lily. All these things were shown me by the white light of the brilliant moon that looked in through the two tall windows—a strange, unnatural illumination, which is so different from the brightness of the sunshine, or even the sober tints of a grey, cloudy day. I had made my way to the windows on first entering the room, and had drawn away blinds and curtains that the moonbeams might cheer me with their friendly ray, for I had still no candle; but, after all, I began to think that the most indistinct dimness would be better than this weird radiance with its transforming spells.

As I opened the window to step out upon the gravel, I must own that a very strong inclination suddenly came over me to steal back again to bed instead of going out, but my proud wilfulness sprung up and stifled it, and I hastened forward across the garden. The trees, as I sped along, caught here and there my dress, and felt terribly like hands stretched out to detain me; the bubble of the fountain had, to-night, in its sound something which was so like mocking laughter; the noise of the garden gate, as the wind, which was rising, shook it, was strangely like a footstep coming to meet me; I cast off such fancies, however, resolutely. I was, of course, far too much of a heroine to be scared by such shadowy fears.

I was quite beyond the precincts of the Villa Chantilly now, and was in the road which led towards Villemont. Our house stood a little way out of Cannes, so that turning away into the country, as I was doing, I had not to go through any part of the town. I could hear the distant, measured cadence of the waves, as they advanced and drew back on the shore; I could catch now and then the sleepy tinkle of a sheep bell, and at intervals from different quarters came a clear, sweet note from a church spire, as some clock counted the steps of time through the night. I passed some villas lying apart, like our own, and in several of them there was a gleam of light in an upstair window, telling of a watch kept by the sick or the dying; for there are many who come to these southern shores but to suffer or to die. These glimmers of light, telling the night their silent tale, made me shiver a little; they certainly were not cheering rays for a lonely wanderer.

At length I had left all houses behind, and was fairly out in the open country. How still, how wondrously still, it was, save for the wind that came sighing over the wide fields! The whole night seemed thinking of some deep mystery, which that same wind alone could dimly guess, and which it was murmuring about. I had made up my mind to be most gloriously brave and self-possessed, and I was labouring hard to carry out my intentions in this respect; still, I must say I would have given a good deal to hear even a stranger's voice at my side.

I had now reached a point where the road I was following branched off in two directions. Which was the one that led to Villemont? At first I was tolerably sure it was the road to the left; then I believed I knew that it was the road to the right; after that the left again was preferred by me. The way to Villemont had seemed clearly and beautifully mapped out in my head certainly before I left the Villa Chantilly, but now it appeared to be getting somewhat a perplexed matter.

Just then, as I stood there hesitating and doubting, I saw a dark object advancing up the right-hand road. As it drew nearer I could see in the moonlight that it was a mounted figure, and when it came close it proved to be an old peasant man riding on a donkey. Just the person I wanted to meet to give me information, I thought.

"Which is the road to Villemont?" I asked.

The old man stared at me as if I had been a giantess out of a show, and then jabbered something in unintelligible *patois*.

I repeated my question with most lively and, as I thought, expressive pantomimic gestures; but the result of this was only a peal of not too respectful laughter from the old gentleman. Then I drew myself up with offended dignity, and hastened at hazard down the left-hand road. Certainly all Frenchmen were not, as I had supposed, fashioned, as to manners, on the exact pattern of the *Grand Monarque*.

I went on, but I can't say that as I went I was in the most easy and cheerful frame of mind in the world. If it had not been for the extreme stubbornness of my pride, I should have then turned back. As I was questioning and re-questioning myself as to whether this was the way to Villemont or not, I became aware that the moonlight was growing less bright than it had hitherto been. I looked up at the sky, and now became conscious of the unpleasant fact that a storm was at hand, coming with that sudden rapidity not unusual in the South of France. Thicker and thicker, blacker and blacker, the clouds banked themselves up all over the sky. Before long the moon was invisible; it was almost pitch-dark, and the rain began to fall as if from a water-spout. At this period even my pride began to own that I wished I was in bed instead of where I was.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

A Breach of Promise Case.

Young ladies may find a lesson in the experience of a girl in Edinburgh, who sued her lover for breach of promise of marriage. She produced many of his letters, extending over a period of several years, and all breathing promises of undying love.

Then he brought out a letter, written by her about two years before, when she was in a temper, in which she said she would rather marry an alligator than him.

The result was an immediate verdict for the defendant.

Seeking Safety.—Avoid putting yourself in danger. Fly from temptation, for it is always odds on the tempter's side.

A Good Husband.

When Theodore Parker was married, he entered in his journal on his wedding-day the following resolutions:—

"1. Never, except for the best of reasons, to oppose my wife's will. 2. To discharge all duties for her sake freely. 3. Never to scold. 4. Never to look cross at her. 5. Never to weary her with commands. 6. To promote her piety. 7. To bear her burdens. 8. To overlook her foibles. 9. To save, cherish, and for ever defend her. 10. To remember her always most affectionately in my prayers. Thus, God willing, we shall be blessed."

Framing Photographs. — In framing photographs, engravings, and etchings, it is usual and proper to interpose a mat of some tint between the subject and the frame, because the immediate proximity of the solid frame to a colourless composition would be in too strong contrast, and would tend to flatten the presentment of solid objects. White mats should be avoided, because the high lights in photographs, engravings, and etchings are white, and a mat of the same colour robs them of much of their value.

A Stern Reality.—"Thy life is no idle dream. . . . it is all thou hast to front eternity with."—*Carlyle.*

An Ingenious Verse.

The following verse in praise of the Virgin Mary is calculated to admit of twelve hundred changes, without suffering in its sense, grammar, or quantity. It is an interesting specimen of the monkish ingenuity of the Middle Ages:—

"Tot tibi sunt dotes, virgo, quot sidera cœli."

Or—

"Virgin, thy virtues are as numerous as the stars of the heavens."

What is Christianity?

Pray tell me where is Christianity?
Transpose the letters: *It's in charity.*
—*Leisure Hour.*

An Argument for Short Love-letters.—A model lover for sagacity has just been discovered at Liverpool. In one of his letters to his sweetheart he wrote: "I wish, my darling, that you would not write me such long letters. If you were to bring an action for breach of promise against me, the lawyers would copy the correspondence between us and charge fourpence for every folio of seventy-two words. The shorter the letters, the more we may save from the lawyers."

The Miracle of Love.—It is strange that men will talk of miracles, revelations, inspirations, and the like, as things past, while love remains.—*Thoreau.*

A Short Letter.

As a specimen of a brief epistle, nothing could be better than the following from a French lady to her husband:—

"Je vous écris parceque je n'ai rien à faire;
Je finis parceque je n'ai rien à dire."

"*I write to you because I have nothing to do; I leave off because I have nothing to say.*"

Curious Women.

"What is the most curious thing in the world?" Margaret Fuller once asked Horace Greeley.

He instantly replied, "A woman who is not curious."

Forgiveness.

Still in mutual sufferance lies
The secret of true living:
Love scarce is love that never knows
The sweetness of forgiving.
—*Whittier.*

A Line for a Fish.—If you wish to communicate with the finny tribes of the sea, first drop them a line.

Wedding-day Superstitions.—In the South of England it is regarded as highly unlucky for a bride on her wedding-day to look in the glass, when she is completely dressed, before starting for the church. Hence very great care is usually taken to put on a glove or some slight article of adornment after the last lingering and reluctant look has been taken in the mirror. The idea, we are informed, is that any young lady who is too fond of the looking-glass will be unfortunate when married.

"Delays are Dangerous."

Shun delays, they breed remorse;
Take thy time while time is lent thee;
Creeping snails have weakest force;
Fly their fault, lest thou repent thee.
Good is best when soonest wrought;
Lingering labours come to naught.
—*Southwell.*

A Pun on a Tea-chest.—A singular pun is produced in the following words, which were inscribed by a Chinese merchant of ready wit on a tea-chest:—"*Tu doces*," which is the second person singular of the verb *Meo doceo*, to teach, and when literally translated becomes "*Thou Tea-chest.*"

A Lesson in Music.

A young lady went the other day to a prominent music-master for a course of "finishing lessons."

"Let me see what you can do," said the teacher, and he placed before her a simple air of Mozart's. She played a few bars, but was interrupted.

"Take off your rings," said the great man.

A few bars more and another interruption.

"Take off your bracelets."

A little further on she was stopped again.

"Your sleeves are too long. I want to see your wrists."

The pupil pinned up her sleeves with a face on fire, and at last she was allowed to finish the piece.

"Do you want me to teach you?" the instructor asked, as she took her hands from the keys.

"Yes, sir."

"Very well. Come to me to-morrow at this hour without jewellery, and in some sort of dress that you can breathe in. I don't know at all how you have played this air, because of the rattling of gew-gaws and the distressing noise you have made in getting your breath. I am afraid you haven't the instinct of a musician. A musician thinks first of his art and last of appearances, but it seems to me you think the first last and always of how you look.

Women as Friends.—It has been said that women are less capable of real friendship than men, and certainly historical friendships, such as existed between Greeks of the highest rank, do not appear to have been known amongst women.

Telling Secrets.—Never trust with a secret a married man who loves his wife, for he will tell her, and she will tell her sister, and her sister will tell everybody.

Floral Emblems and Arithmorems.

(1). 56 e t o.

Each flow'r some attribute receives,
And *modesty* has been assigned me;
For, nestled 'neath my shelt'ring leaves,
I must be sought ere you can find me.

(2). 1151 s t e a.

Above the porch, or round the cottage door,
My straggling flowers cluster more and more,
And bid the way-worn trav'ller "*Welcome* Here
Come rest thy weary limbs and share our cheer."

(3). 1551 r o a g.

Why is my bright and brilliant face
Associated with disgrace?
Why, if kind thoughts with others be,
Should *cruelty* be giv'n to me?

(4). 1550 n a o.

In early spring my blossoms show
Their delicate and tender glow,
In *hope* that autumntide may bring
The hidden fruit where blossoms swing.

(5). 1050 a b.

My insignificant white petals peep
From out the scented leaves that round them keep;
Thus loving *sympathy* is always best
To be more felt than outwardly expressed.

(6). 1351 h o u.

In autumn through the grass my lilac blooms are seen,
Although denuded then of all their foliage green;
I flourish, fade, and fall, and then am counted dead,
But 'tis not so, although *my brightest days are fled.*

(7). 101 y.

From under broad green leaves I peep,
And with my perfume fill the air;
Among my bells the fairies sleep,
And *purity* 's the thought I bear.

(8). 201 a.

My branching spikes of fragrant flow'rs
Are welcome heralds of the spring,
Pledges of earth's reviving pow'rs,
And types of *love's awakening.*

(9). 201 a a a.

My pendant blossoms, quiv'ring in the breeze,
Are by the waving of my boughs revealed;
Half hidden by more stately forest trees,
They form the emblem of a *love concealed.*

(10). 155 r e o.

Thy tufted heads of red or pearly white,
So fragrant, fill our senses with delight;
Precious to cattle or to roving bee,
The type, sweet flow'r, art thou of *industry.*

Ximena.



THE CARRIER-DOVE.

By SAMUEL K. COWAN, M.A.

"No place like home!" it is truly said;
Wherever I rest or roam
There shines no light like the sweet light shed
By the sun and stars of home.

"Fly away! fly away! fly away, dove!
Over the shore and sea!
Fly away, dove, to the home I love,
With a message to mine from me!"

And my message of love to the dove I tied,
And I wrote, "Wherever I roam,
There is never a hearth like my own fireside,
Or a love like the loves of home."

Then "Home" to the dove I whispered, "Fly!"
And it rose and it floated away,
Till it died in the light of the sunset sky,
And the bourne of the dying day.

And I thought that the sunset gold of heaven
Fell on its wings as it flew,
As bright as the light of a star is given
To a flower that sleeps in the dew.

Was it the light of heaven, sweet dove,
That guided your white wings home?
Was there a voice, in the breeze, of love,
That whispered you whither to roam?

Ah! who can tell? I only know
On high is a Spirit of Love;
I only know to our earth below
It descended like a dove.

Like a sweet white dove from its home on high,
Which earth shall retain in vain,
For the spirit, I know, to its home in the sky,
Like a dove, will return again.

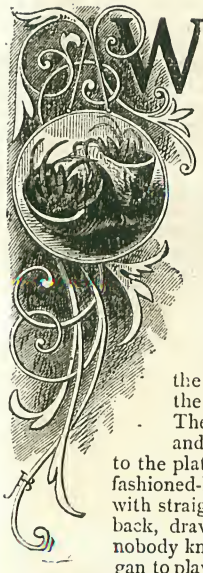
Yes, yes: when the sunset of life is near,
And the sky is a golden smile,
And the clouds, in its sea of light, appear
Like many a golden isle—

(For I love to picture life's sunset thus,
For the sky was even so
When the dove, on its pinions glorious,
Flew home in the sunset's glow)—

I shall gaze on the sunset sky overhead,
And think of the Spirit of Love,
And say, "Home, spirit! home!" as I said
"Home!" to the carrier-dove.

TOUCHING THE PIANOFORTE.

By OLIVERIA L. PRESCOTT, Associate R.A. Music.



WHAT a tell-tale that piano is! The other day I was sitting close by him at a piano-playing, and he simply held up a microphone to my ears and let me hear everything that was said to him, as well as everything he answered.

It was at a large girls' school. All the best pianists among the scholars were to show what they could do, to the rest of the school and the friends of everybody. The first girl came slowly and placidly up the steps to the platform. She was an old-fashioned-looking little thing, with straight pale hair down her back, drawn away from her eyes nobody knows how. As she began to play I heard her say, "Dear old piano! do be kind, and help me to tell all these people what sweet music this is that I'm playing." And as her tender little fingers wandered over the notes, I heard the piano answer, "Sweet, tender, beautiful music! Dear, gentle fingers that play it!" As she went on through the music, she said, every now and then, "Isn't this little bit of tune lovely?" And again: "This, too; isn't this beautiful? Oh, I love it so! And I love you, too, piano, for singing it so beautifully." The piano always echoed her words, for he is very susceptible of gentle flattery. "Sweet, dear, tender, lovely music! and dear girl who touches me so gently."

The next girl was older, tall and dark, but trembling so much that I heard the piano mutter to himself, "It makes me frightened to feel the platform she is standing upon." She said, "Oh, piano, I'm so nervous. I want to play well, because my teacher is anxious, and mother will be sorry if I don't. But there are so many people, and so many faces all looking up at me." The piano quavered out, "You make me shake to feel you. Every wire is on the quiver, and my ivories rattle like a shivering negro's teeth. I'm very sorry, really, but I can't help it. Do try to be calmer for my sake; people will say I am such a poor old piano."

Next there came a bright girl of about eighteen, small and dapper. She came up the steps with a springy look, and as she sat lightly down, the piano shook himself together, saying, "I feel better already; we shall get on all right." "Now, piano, please, attention!" cried the girl, briskly. "Mother says my gavotte used to be danced by ladies with powdered hair and elegant dresses; and you and I must play it as if we had our hair powdered and an elegant pink frock on—perhaps a beauty-spot on our cheek and a gold-headed cane in our hand." So the piano and the girl seemed as if they took hands and danced the gavotte with airy dignity.

But there soon came a change; for the girl who followed was pale and languid. "Oh, I'm so tired of this stupid piece, piano! I've been practising it so many hours every day! I think music is a dreadful trouble. I should like to go to sleep and forget it, like mother says when I've a toothache." The piano got very tired of it too, and grew sleepier and sleepier, till he seemed to fold his hands, and say, "Good night, everybody, till this is over."

So it was "till this is over"; for the next comer cried out to him, "This won't do, Mr. Piano. Wake up, old gentleman!" Mr. Piano shook himself, and gave out a good tone. "That's pretty well," said the player; "but this run must come out brilliantly." So it came out brilliant and clear as a frosty night. "Bravo, piano! Now, this is to be soft." Out came the next bit, soft and purly, like a murmuring brook over pebbles. "That's right. The next is in square, sharp chords." Out came the chords, square and sharp, like blocks of marble. "Now, *crescendo, crescen-do!* Louder!" and the player worked herself up. "Louder still; that is not enough. Louder, louder!" The piano increased in sound till he could increase no more. She scolded him, and gave him a sound box on the ears. "Hullo!" cried the piano, angrily, "this won't do." He nearly jumped out of his case with the pain; for a piano can feel. He rattled his wires in his fury at the treatment he was being subjected to, shook his ivories, and fumbled his hammers, till the notes seemed to fly about the room. Some flew up to the ceiling and some along the floor—some split up in halves, half on one side of the room and half on the other now this way, now that.

When the piece was over, alas! there was no more playing that day for the poor piano. They had to fetch in the old cottage from the practising room, that the rest of the programme might be played upon it. She had broken the hammer of one of the notes, and not a scale or an arpeggio passage could be played without a rattle from the broken machinery.

"You did not know," you say, "that a piano could feel. You always thought it a piece of inanimate machinery, and made for human beings to play upon—perhaps to please, perhaps to torture, one another."

You are right, and you are wrong. Let us see how.

We all know that sound is the vibration of the air, and that we hear it when the vibration comes against the drum of our ear. But something must cause the vibration of the air, for it does not move of itself. When a piece of stuff—wood, metal, bone, skin, air, or living flesh and blood—vibrates (that is, sways to and fro more or less quickly), it passes on its vibrations to the piece of stuff that is touching it. This begins to vibrate in agreement with the first vibrating thing, and then passes on its own motion to the next vibrating thing beyond it. So the motion is passed on from one thing to another, till all that touch are vibrating in the same time. Each thing in succession moves with a little less energy than the one before, so that at a certain distance the swaying leaves off. These things, then, are all vibrating in agreement with one another, and with exactly the same kind of motion. Whenever the thing set in motion happens to be air, a sound is caused which you hear if it goes on far enough to reach your ear.

You heard, the other day, when the train passed close under your school windows, along the line that goes by the school; the train stops there sometimes, and makes a dreadful whistling in class-time. When the train passed you felt the floor quiver under your feet, the desk your hand lay upon and the bench you sat upon shook under you. You, yourself, felt a quiver run along your back into your head, and along your arms to the very tips of your fingers. It was the motion of the train that set the ground quivering under it—

the quiver went along the ground till it reached the foundation and the walls of your school, and set them on the move; it ran up the walls to the floors of all the rooms, ran along the boards of the floor in your room, it passed from them to your desk and bench and your feet that were resting on the floor, and so to your whole body. All along the course of quivering things the air was set in motion by them, and if you had been near enough you would have heard the walls and boards quiver, the windows shake, and fire-irons rattle in the fender, because of the air which they, in turn, set in motion around them.

Another day did not you hear that great explosion, when you were in school, when the powder mill many miles off blew up? You all gave one great jump, some of you half out of your seats; the windows gave one rattle, and the floor one shake under you, and there was no more.

One day when you were in the country you heard the church bells ringing over the other side of the valley: the sound came over the river, straight in at the windows as you sat quietly talking together. There was no jumping out of your seats with a start, no quivering of your back and head, but a clear, beautiful, smooth sound, which brought tears to the eyes of the old people, and made you feel as if you were in church—it was so beautiful. This was the motion of the bells, which was passed on to the air; the air in its turn moved to and fro, and passed the motion along, making sound as it came, till the swayings came in at your windows, set the drum of your ears in motion and made you hear the sound.

Well, playing the pianoforte is like this, only ten thousand times smaller, and with more shades of variety. The touch of your fingers is passed on through ivory keys, communicating rods, hammers, wires and sound-board, and from thence through the air to the ears of all around you, just as the shaking of the train is passed along the ground, the house, and the floors till it shakes you, and as the musical motion of the church bells comes along the vibrating air to your ears.

And, now, it is the numberless variety of the sound which may come out of the piano, that I want you to think of, and how much that variety depends upon you who are touching the keys. Of course, the composer has something to do with it, because he settles what notes you play (unless you play what he has not written); and the maker of the piano has something else to do with it, for he makes either a good piano or a bad one. The tuner, too, who puts the notes in tune, and the housemaid, who leaves the windows open on each side of the piano and puts the notes out of tune, they all have something to do with the sound that comes out of the piano. But you, the player, have more to do with it than anybody—more, almost, than all put together. I read once in an old diary, "Mr. Handel came to visit us, and played on my old harpsichord. I never thought the poor little thing could sound so lovely as it did under his hands." It is the way you touch the keys that makes the difference in the sound that comes out. The same kind of touch that you put upon the keys will travel along the rods and bars to the hammers, the hammers will strike the wires in the same way, and set them in motion corresponding in kind to the touch you give, and the wires will set the air in a corresponding motion.

If you hit the keys with a sharp blow, like the rap of a pencil on your knuckles, the hammers will hit the wires, the wires will twang sharply into the air, and make a sort of "ping, pang" sound. If you touch the keys tremblingly, the trembling also passes down the connecting bars, the hammers strike uncertainly, and the wires have a quivering mingled in their swayings to and fro, which goes out into the air. In your smaller way you are playing on the piano like the train rumbling along the line, or the powder mill blowing up.

So it was not all fable when I said the piano was a tell-tale; for truly it does repeat all we say to it. It behoves us, therefore, to be very careful what we say to the piano; and if we do not want our hearers to think we are hard and unkind, or nervous, or unthinking of the music, we must not teach the piano that such is the case.

That is, after all, the reason we love the piano. For we, who cannot sing our beautiful thoughts, or speak them like the orator, or write them like the poet and the novelist, we want something else by which we can tell those around us of the love and beauty that are about us all. Now, if we tell them to the piano, it will sing for us, and speak for us, quite as clearly as any singer or orator, though its speech may be of a different kind. So, if you have a loving thought in your music, tell it to the piano with a loving and lingering touch; and the piano will breathe it out in tones that will reach all those who choose to listen for it, and touch their hearts like the music of the church bells. If you have a bright, joyous thought in the music, touch the piano brightly, joyously; and the piano will re-echo the brightness and joy through the room. If there is fire, or anger in the music, press the keys with as much strength and quickness as you choose; but be sure you remember that you have nerves at the tips of your fingers, and that they must come "in touch," as the drill-sergeant says, with something that is very like nerves in the ivory and wood and wire of the piano. You must feel them, and not give an unfeeling blow to them, or they will resent it.

Reader, have you ever met your sightless friend, when your voice was choked with emotion, and your only means of telling him your sympathetic thought was by the grip of the hand? That is touch.

THE SHEPHERD'S FAIRY.

A PASTORALE.

By DARLEY DALE, Author of "Fair Katherine," etc.

CHAPTER XXI.



HUBBUB in the street below soon furnished Jack with the needed excuse. The group of the scarlet woman and her friends were, as Rex had prophesied, already getting into mischief, and a free fight seemed to be going on close to the Market-place, in which shouts of "Down with the Pope!" "Duck him!" "No Popery!" "Seize him!" "Duck him!" announced to the spectators that some unfortunate Roman Catholic had been recognised, and fallen into the hands of the rioters.

"It is Father McCarthy; I must go and help to rescue him," cried Jack. And only waiting to give Fairy one long shake of the hand, which she took to be farewell till the morning, and he knew to be for ever, he ran off, followed by Mr. Leslie and Rex. As soon as he understood that the Roman Catholic priest had fallen into the hands of a set of Protestant roughs beside themselves with excitement, Mr. de Courcy ran after the others.

"Oh, I hope Rex won't get hurt!" exclaimed Fairy.

"Or father either," said Maud Leslie.

"Or Mr. Leslie. Of course I meant them all; Jack and Mr. de Courcy, too. What a pity it is they always spoil this lovely carnival with a row."

For some minutes the girls and Mrs. Leslie could distinguish nothing but a mass of people surging backwards and forwards in the torchlight, while squibs, crackers, rotten eggs, stones, and even lighted torches seemed to be flying about pretty freely.

"Come in, girls, come in; they'll be stoning you next; it is not safe out there," cried Mrs. Leslie, stepping inside, followed by two of her daughters; but Fairy and Maud were too much excited to pay any attention beyond putting on the wire mask which all were provided with, and stooping down and peeping through the rails of the balcony, so as not to afford a mark to any of the stone throwers, who, when once their spirits ran away with them, would not hesitate to throw stones at the most innocent of spectators.

Presently there was a sudden movement in the surging mass; the crowd opened, and the girls recognised Father McCarthy, supported on one side by John Shelley, on the other by Jack in his smock-frock. They were coming

past the window, and they were followed by the crowd of hooting men and boys, as well as the rescuing party, among whom were Mr. Leslie, Rex, and his father. The two latter of them were laying about them pretty freely with their walking sticks, to Mr. Leslie's secret enjoyment, for these riotous attacks on the poor harmless priest, who had been sent for to visit a sick person, and knowing his danger, had nevertheless ventured out, were, as all the peaceable inhabitants agreed, not only a disgrace, but a nuisance, which annually threatened to put a stop to the carnival.

The rescuing party conducted Father McCarthy in safety to his destination, recommending him not to return until the revelry was over, and then Mr. Leslie, Rex, and Mr. de Courcy came back greatly excited by their expedition, just in time to see the procession, which seemed at last, after all this delay, to be about to take place.

"Who was that fine-looking man with the beard, whom they all seemed to listen to?" asked Mr. de Courcy.

"That was John Shelley, the shepherd; he is very much respected," replied Mr. Leslie, while Rex gave Fairy's little hand a sympathetic squeeze under cover of the dark balcony.

"I should like to call on Mr. John Shelley then, and thank him for his bravery in rescuing that poor old priest. Perhaps you could find out where he lives, Rex," continued Mr. de Courcy, all unconscious of the excitement he was creating in Rex's and Fairy's hearts.

"Certainly, sir; but, look, here they come at last," said Rex, thankful to be able to turn the conversation to the procession, which was now starting.

"At last! It is just nine o'clock; but they never start much before," said Mr. Leslie, as they began to file past.

It certainly was a most picturesque scene, as the French gentlemen were the first to acknowledge. There was a band at each end, and the whole procession was half an hour in passing. To attempt to describe the multitude of different characters would take too much time. There were people of all nations, almost of every age, from the days of Julius Cæsar, kings, queens, poets, heroes of every kind, as many varieties as one sees at a fancy-ball, and many of the costumes were got up in first-rate style. Chinese lanterns hung from every house under pain of broken windows, and not only did the masqueraders carry tapers and flaring torches, but the boys who ran on the pavement accompanying them were many of them carrying torches also. And then every now and then came a huge tar barrel, lighting up the whole street, and giving a most weird effect to the demons who rolled it along the road. Huge effigies of Guy Fawkes, the Pope, and an unpopular town councillor were borne along on a cart to execution, accompanied by an executioner, and a mob of hooting mummers brought up the rear; but the whole thing was so strikingly unlike an English festival, that any stranger suddenly popped down in the midst of it would have thought he was in Pandemonium rather than in a quiet old country town.

The procession was to go round the town, and then on returning to the Market-place, a mock sermon would be preached by a local wag, dressed up like a clergyman of the Church of England, who generally indulged in a very blasphemous oration, at the close of which a grand conflagration was to take place, when the effigies would be burnt on the faggots already piled up in the centre of the Market-place; the tar barrels would be added as fuel to the fire, while the masqueraders, armed with forks and sticks and torches, would jump, dance, and yell around the burning mass, looking in the flaring light like the veritable demons some of them represented.

Mr. Leslie did not intend to remain for the bonfire, which would not be lighted till past eleven o'clock, since the Lewes people always chose to make a night of it, if the weather were favourable. He was only waiting till the mob who were following in the wake of the procession were passed to slip out of the town with his party before the masqueraders returned.

Fairy and the Leslie girls were very anxious to remain for the bonfire, declaring they were not at all hungry, and would not at all mind waiting for another hour or two; but the elders all voted against them, suggesting that supper seemed to them a better form of entertainment than even a colossal bonfire.

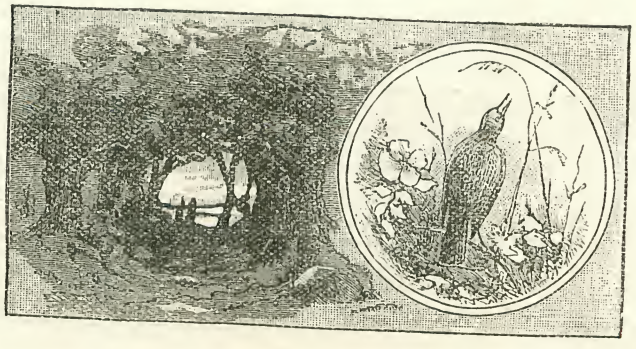
"I know what we can do, and that will please everybody. We will go home now to supper, and after supper those of us who like will come back here to see the bonfire. May we do that, Mr. Leslie?" said Fairy, looking so bright and pretty that Mr. Leslie had not courage to refuse her.

"Well, I suppose I must say yes, though whether I like to come or not I shall be obliged to do so to take care of all of you. Meanwhile, come now as quickly as you can; it would not do to be overtaken by this procession," he said, as he marshalled his forces for the retreat, which was successfully accomplished, and in ten minutes time they were clear of the town, and but for the lurid glow in the sky, cast by the reflection of the carnival lights, and for the yells and shouts of the revellers, it would have been difficult, in this quiet country road, to realise that such wild orgies were taking place so near at hand.

An hour later and they were all gathered round the supper-table in the rectory dining-room, where the blazing fire and the good cheer made Mr. Leslie declare this was certainly better than freezing in a cold balcony, and at the same time he privately hoped Fairy would not ask him to keep his promise of returning to Lewes for the bonfire. As for Mr. de Courcy, he appeared to be so struck with Fairy's beauty and bewitching ways that he could not take his eyes off her, and it was very evident if she should take it into her head to start on a journey to another planet after supper, he would be quite willing to accompany her.

And certainly Fairy was looking remarkably pretty that evening; the red merino made as striking a contrast to her delicate pink and white complexion as her large dark eyes and eyelashes did to her golden hair; and as Mr. Leslie glanced from Rex to her, he could not help thinking hers certainly was a very uncommon style of beauty, and it was no wonder the young Frenchman had fallen a victim.

(To be continued.)

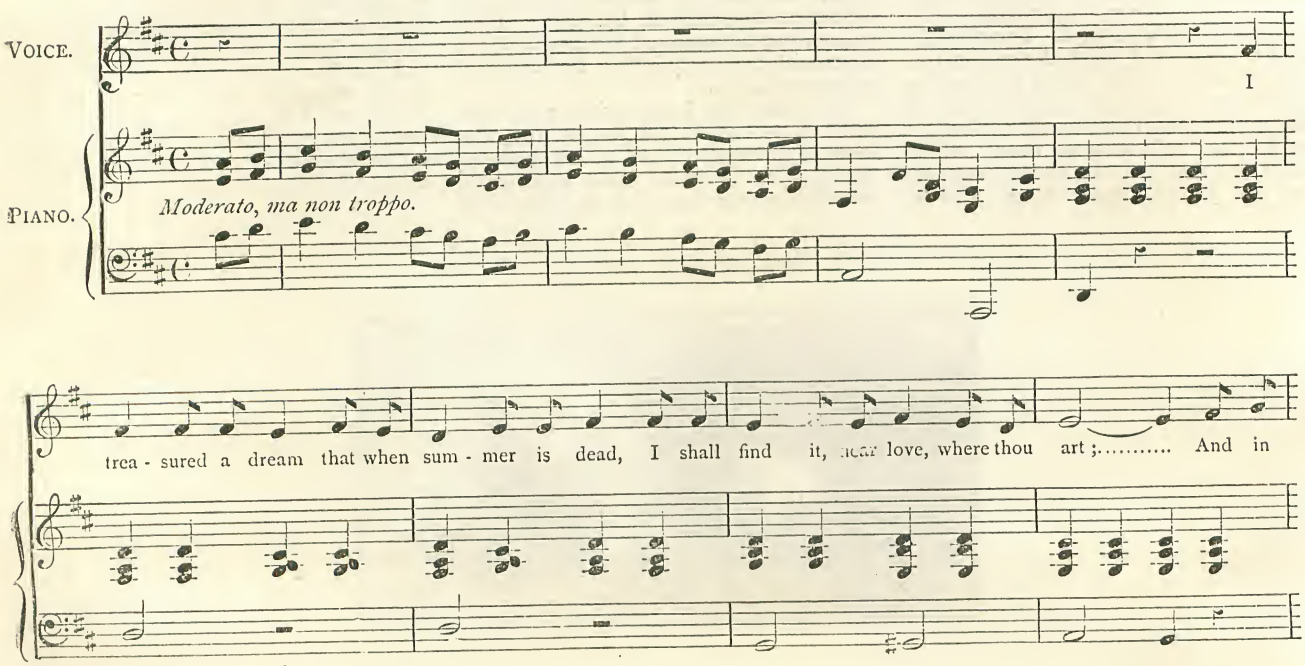


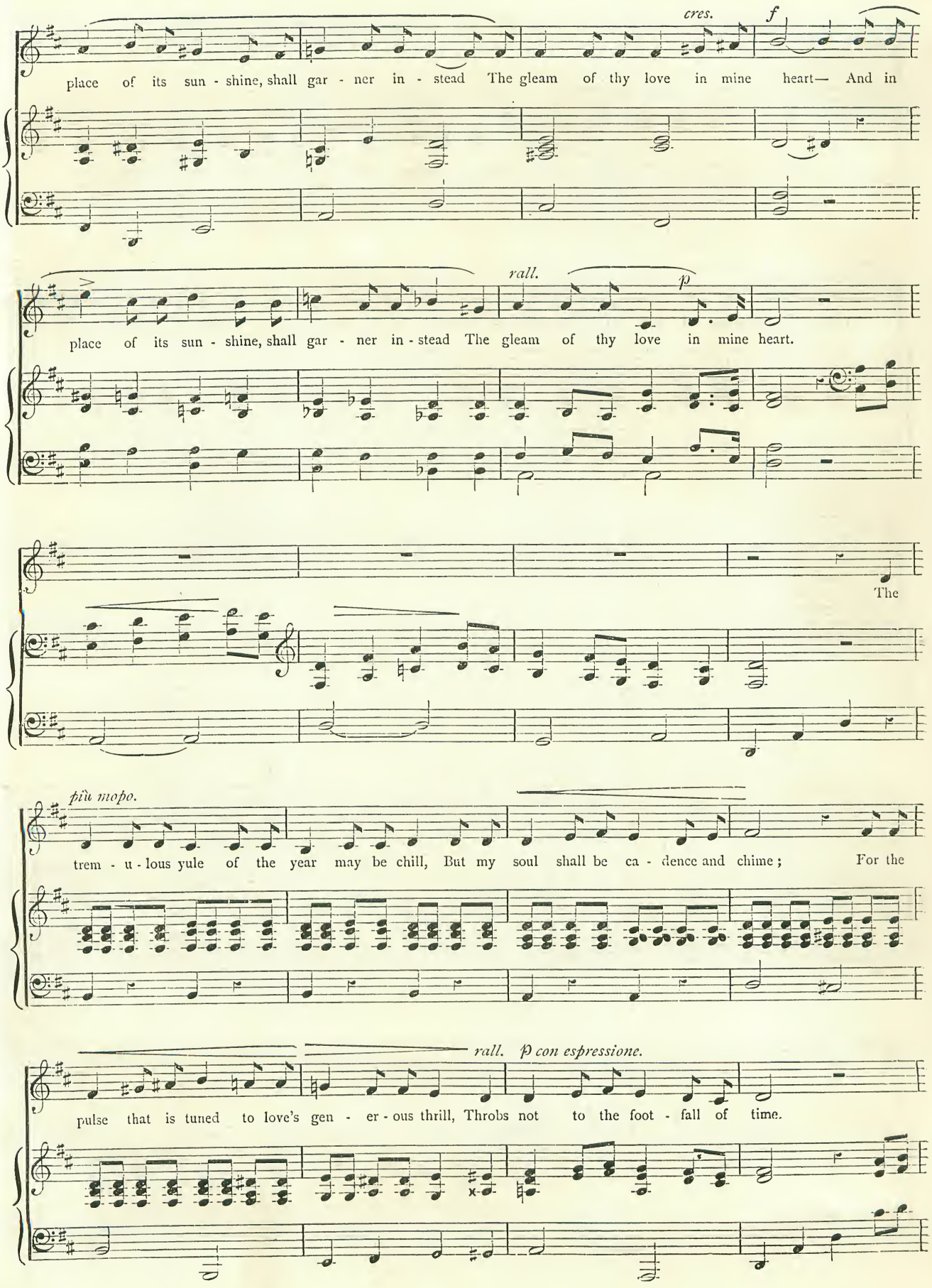


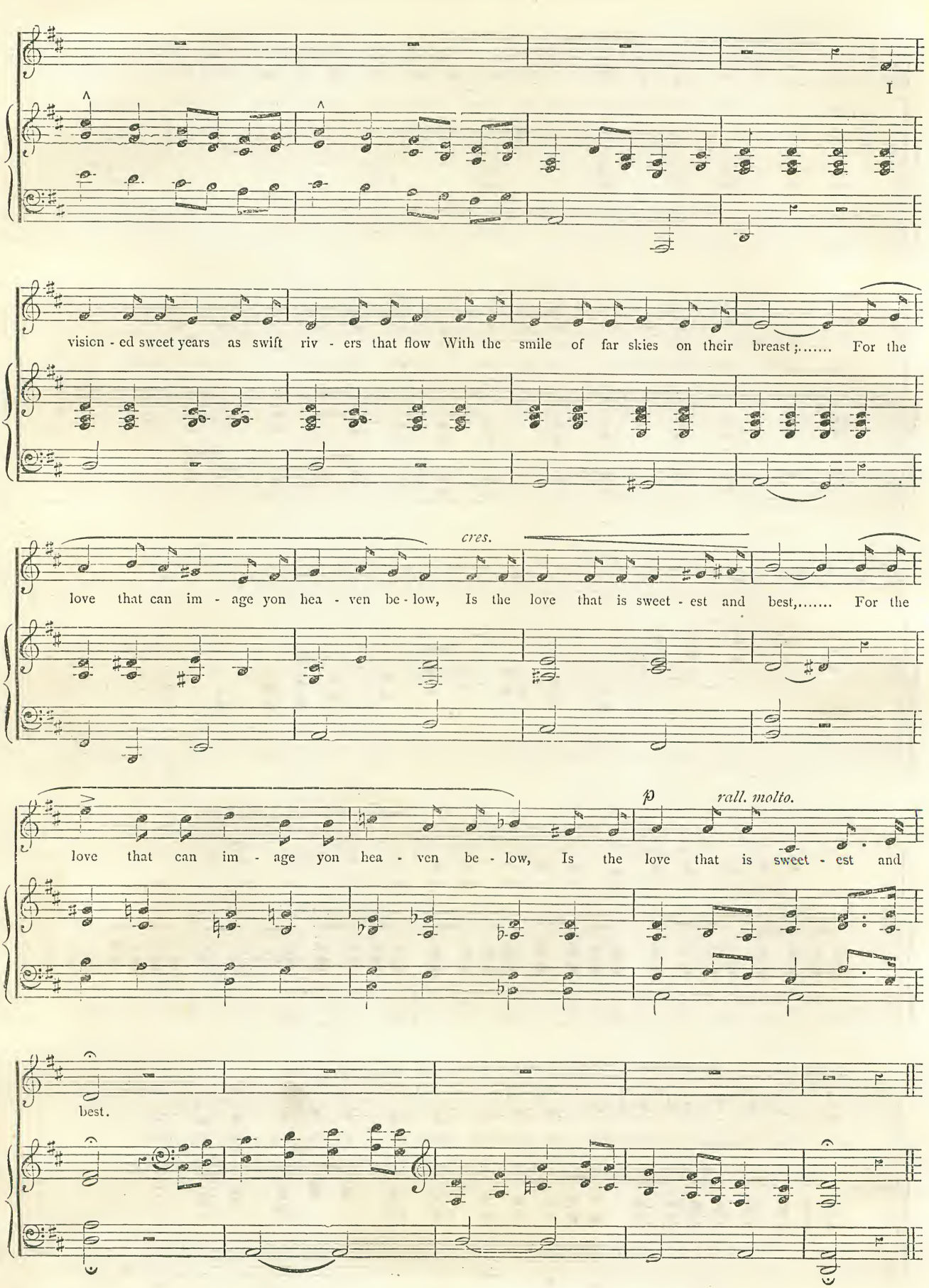
LOVE'S SUMMER DREAM.

WORDS BY G. W. GILBART SMITH.

MUSIC BY LADY WILLIAM LENNOX.




cres.
f
place of its sun - shine, shall gar - ner in - stead The gleam of thy love in mine heart— And in
rall.
p
place of its sun - shine, shall gar - ner in - stead The gleam of thy love in mine heart.
The
più mopo.
trem - u - lous yule of the year may be chill, But my soul shall be ca - dence and chime; For the
rall. p con espressione.
pulse that is tuned to love's gen - er - ous thrill, Throbs not to the foot - fall of time.


I
vision - ed sweet years as swift riv - ers that flow With the smile of far skies on their breast;..... For the
cres.
love that can im - age yon hea - ven be - low, Is the love that is sweet - est and best,..... For the
p
rall. molto.
love that can im - age yon hea - ven be - low, Is the love that is sweet - est and
best.

HOW TO OBTAIN GOOD COFFEE.

WE have generally been accustomed to have France held up to us as *the* country for really good coffee. Within the last few years this old dictum has certainly been vastly modified, for not only has Vienna almost outrivalled France, but in England great improvements have been made, although, even now, at many hotels, railway refreshment-rooms, and on steamboats, the coffee is an abomination.

In winter it is well worth while for housewives to give their earnest attention to the making of this beverage, as coffee possesses considerable heat-imparting properties, and to most constitutions it is harmless and far more lasting in its effects, and conveys more caloric to the system than an equal quantity of alcohol—that is to say, if it is strong and properly made. An impression seems to exist in England that there is some secret mystery attached to coffee-making above the comprehension of ordinary mortals. There is no secret whatsoever, and it only requires care and common sense to make the best coffee in the world. Without going into recipes, the following broad principles should be impressed on a housewife. First, have coffee; a great deal of the stuff we drink is not coffee at all. I should strongly advise the coffee to be entirely without chicory; the chicory may add somewhat to the strength, but at the loss of the flavour. Chicory is a good deal used in France, and also in Rome, but it is best not employed at all, as the low price of it, compared with coffee, offers an inducement for the introduction of an overdose. Those who have the means of roasting coffee-berries at their command should always buy them unroasted, and perform the operation themselves. When they are roasted, care should be taken to keep them in an air-tight receptacle, the best form being wide-necked bottles with glass stoppers; for coffee, like tea, quickly catches up foreign flavours and scents, and all possibility of contamination should therefore be carefully avoided. Highly sensitive in its raw state, it is far more so when roasted; even ship-cargoes of coffee have been completely spoiled, due to their being inadvertently stowed in company with spirits, pungent spices, and fruits.

Every Continental cook and housewife roasts her own coffee, and yet our cooks, as a rule, resolutely set their faces against this. If the mistress would only take the trouble of superintending this operation once or twice, she would soon find that there was no mystery, and that only care was needed to roast it to a nicety. If not sufficiently roasted, the true flavour will not be extracted, and if roasted for too long a time it becomes bitter. Various machines are used for roasting; but the simplest is perhaps a frying-pan. The coffee should be previously washed, then place the beans in the pan over not too fierce a fire, and stir them gently with a spoon until they are of a dark mahogany colour, but not black; take them off the fire, and allow them to cool. No interval should elapse between roasting and grinding, and the oftener it is roasted the better. For all ordinary purposes twice a week is sufficient. No one who desires good coffee can get on without a coffee-mill, which is easily obtained at a trifling cost in any size. It is a bad plan to let the grocer grind the berry, and send it home at his convenience; for this means a lapse of time between the grinding and the making, which is quite fatal to the preservation of the aroma. In many eastern countries the beans are pounded in a mortar instead of ground. Coffee beans should be kept in a dry place, and are greatly improved for keeping a long time.

Neat-handedness and judgment, so necessary for cooking an omelet, are quite as much required for the perfect making of coffee. As soon as the coffee is ground no time should intervene before the boiling water is poured upon it, and even in applying the water there is something in the dexterity with which it is done. More strength is obtained by simple boiling than by any other plan; but we must take care not to overboil it. The water must be boiling. If the coffee is put in all at once, the coffee-pot or pan should be placed over a gentle fire and just allowed to come up to the boil two or three times, and each time quickly removed. Before letting it settle, pour out a cup or two of the liquid, and return it immediately to the vessel, or else pour in half a cupful of boiling water. Then place it near the fire for a few minutes and pour it out gently, or strain it through a fine filter or flannel bag into the coffee-pot for the breakfast-table. In France they usually merely filter; but it makes the coffee less strong. If we wish our coffee to be extra clear, a raw egg should be mashed up, shell and all, in a slopbasin full of coffee-powder, and boil as before.

Professor Liebig's method of boiling half of the coffee for a few minutes, and then putting in the other half without letting it boil, has its advantages. The first half of the process extracts the strength, and the latter preserves the aroma.

Of all the coffee machines in use, perhaps none is simpler than the French percolator, which consists of one coffee-pot on the top of another, the upper being for the making of the infusion, the lower for the infusion itself when it has filtered through.

Those who like to see their coffee made on the breakfast-table can use the pretty French invention for making coffee, consisting of two glass globes, one above the other, with a spiral lamp beneath. The water is placed in the lower globe, and is forced up by the heat to the coffee, which is in the upper globe. The lamp is then removed, and the coffee flows into the lower globe, from whence it is drawn off.

The Viennese have perhaps the best coffee machines, notably the Non Plus Ultra. The Napier Coffee-pot, a Glasgow machine, is very simple and most expeditious. Both of these are very suitable for the sideboard. The latter is specially useful for being able to warm coffee a second time; for we have only to light the spirit-lamp under the glass globe in which the coffee has been left. The mouth of the globe, however, must be tightly corked up to preserve the aroma when it is left standing in the globe, but it must be removed before the spirit-lamp is lit.

A little muslin bag containing coffee, and fitted into the top of the coffee-pot, and the boiling water poured on, makes very excellent coffee.

Some eccentric people infuse it cold, allowing it to stand for a long time, and heat it just before serving it; but this is rather too elaborate a method to be frequently adopted.

The Germans make their coffee as above described, except that they use a flannel bag instead of a muslin one. They pour the boiling water on, and let it boil up once, and then serve. The water runs through the bag into the lower part of the pot, so that the liquid is quite clear without fining. This is one of the most economical ways of making coffee; but plenty of coffee must be put in.

Coffee is often so weak that it will not admit of boiled milk. It is an entirely mistaken economy to think that we can make up for the want of a sufficient amount of coffee by infusing a small quantity for a long time. Whether brewing for few people or many, the infusion must be strong and bright. For each cup two or three good teaspoonfuls of coffee are not too much; but, of course, it is a matter of taste. There is no better breakfast beverage than a good cup of *café-au-lait*, and whether intended for that or *café noir*, it should be equally strong.

The Eastern or Arabic fashion of making coffee is the simplest and most primitive of all; it only consists in pouring boiling water upon the coffee in a tin pot and letting it boil for a minute. This is not likely to become a favourite method with us, as the grouts would remain at the bottom, but with the Eastern peoples, since they pulverise the berry, their residuum is a delicate, soft, almost toothsome one, resembling in consistency soft chocolate. Connoisseurs have had many disputes as to whether coffee should be ground or pulverised. Brillat Savarin, king of the gastronomes, held a council of his friends and disciples, who decided, after mature deliberation, in favour of pulverisation, as yielding the fullest flavour of the aroma.

As to the choice of the berry, this again is a matter of individual preference; but generally a mixture of several sorts, as with tea, produces the most satisfactory result. The best "Mocha" coffee has now become an entire fallacy, for we have more of this breakfast or cigarette-accompanying beverage from Madras, Central America, and Ceylon, than any other parts. In France the perfect mixture is said to be composed of equal parts of Mocha, Bourbon, and Martinique coffee.

We do not drink as much coffee as we might with advantage, and only perhaps on this score is much blame to be attached to us as a coffee-making nation. It matters little nowadays of what nationality coffee makers are, provided there is skill and common sense, coup'ed with the practice that makes perfect.



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

IVY would require a thorough knowledge of arithmetic and book-keeping, by single and double entry, but the particular ways of each house would have to be acquired, for each has its own methods of management, and also of book-keeping.

MARINA.—The first Triumvirate in Rome were Julius Cæsar, Crassus, and Pompey. This union of three men exercised the sovereign power in the empire.

M. E. M. would obtain full information as to the Kindergarten by writing to the secretary of the Froebel Society, J. Fenton, Esq., 8, John-street, Adelphi, W.C. But there are many Kindergartens in America. *Could* you not inquire where you are?

DICKENS.—We are constantly giving information in our correspondence columns on this subject. Your best way is to select your hospital, and write to the lady superintendent or the secretary. Try St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, or St. Thomas's, for the "Nightingale Fund."

A MONTHLY SUBSCRIBER.—We think it a very great misfortune to you to leave college at fifteen years of age, when you are just in a position to profit by your studies. As the college is only five minutes' walk from your home, the walk cannot make much difference to your health; and inaction and idleness are very likely to bring on sickness. As to the expense, in the present day parents can hardly afford to think of that, as education is so important that other less important things must be renounced in order to fit their children for life.

HOUSEKEEPING.

SEACLIFFE.—You *do not say who* you are. If a maid servant, after asking the visitor's name, you precede them to the drawing-room. If your visitors know the way to the drawing-room, being intimate friends, they may precede you. The 5th February, 1858, was a Friday.

H. B.—The best way to wash silk stockings is to make a lather of soap and hot water, and when cool, wash the stockings in it, rinsing in tepid blue watet. The water should be soft, if possible. The 8th August, 1829, was a Saturday.

LOTTIE.—Stains for colouring boards, like oak, mahogany, or walnut, may be procured at any oil and colourman's, by the pint, quart, or gallon. Dilute as required with water, apply with a brush, and then varnish, or polish with turpentine and beeswax, as you please.

PANSY.—There is nothing better for cleaning plate than whiting, finely powdered, so as to be quite smooth. Make into a paste, and apply wet, allowing it to dry on, and then rubbing off, and polishing with a leather.

CHARITY.—To take the grease out of boarded floors, make a paste of fuller's earth and soda and water. Spread it on the boards, and leave it a day and a night. Then scour the place with hot water. Grease may be removed from carpets in the same way, but in this case, when the fuller's earth is dry, it should be brushed off with a stiff, hard brush.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TWO SISTERS.—After all we have already said on the subject, your inquiry was needless. For a little girl of fourteen years old to go out at any time of the day with a man, and unknown to her parents, would be a shameful act—most undutiful and indiscreet. The term "fast" could not apply to it in reference to such a little girl, and so untrustworthy a child should be sent to a strict school, or given a watchful governess to teach her her duty and nip her forwardness in the bud. But to go out with a man after nine at night is an aggravated act, for which she should be severely punished, especially when she took advantage of her parents' absence from home.

STAMPS.—The Christian Church, when it sprang out of the Jewish, very naturally, and doubtless under divine sanction, instituted the perpetual commemoration of our blessed Lord's resurrection on the "first day of the week," "when the Sabbath was past" (St. Matthew xxviii., St. Mark xvi., St. Luke. xxiv., and St. John xx.), the whole work of our redemption being on that day completed.

SAD WORRIT.—Under the circumstances which you name, we think that to a physical cause, rather than a moral one, the state of your feelings must be traced. Take courage, for the friendly attitude of the worthy man's family towards you should be taken as a providential interference on your behalf, and seems to us as God's way of meeting your troubles and helping you into a more wholesome condition of mind.

JUNE.—Ink is so cheap, you need not make it at home. See our indexes for chilblain remedies.

ROSENCRANTZ.—A series of articles on heraldry has commenced in the G. O. P. The helmet with the visor raised denoted baronets and knights: that with the vizor closed, esquires and gentlemen. The crest rising from a coronet, called a "crest coronet," was borne on their helmets by noblemen in the time of Henry V of England.

ALICIA.—We are in a transition state as regards underclothing, in consequence of the greater attention now being paid to hygiene. In former times a dozen or more of each garment was considered a medium amount for a *trousseau*, and the dresses, cloaks, and bonnets, etc., were of a quality and number to suit the means of the bride's father. There could be no fixed rule. Now all undergarments are so changed we could not give any fixed statement respecting them, nor rule as to numbers.

ANXIOUS TO DO RIGHT.—We have frequently answered your question. Where there is no express injunction in holy Scripture, much freedom is left, and individual conscience must guide you; but that without judging the liberty and conscientiousness of others. You are not old enough to go into society, and when you are you will have to consult the wishes of your parents, which often proves a greater test and trial of Christian humility, filial duty, and consistency than to exercise your own independent opinion and will. The recreation you name could not in itself be evil, though its accompaniments and associations might often be so. "Let your moderation be known unto all men." There is a very comprehensive meaning in that rule. You may dress your hair like a grown person at seventeen.

BOAR'S HEAD is thanked for her letter respecting the independent chieftainship of the Breadalbane Campbells, as regards the Argyll family, their motto being a different one from that of the latter branch of the family—*i.e.*, "Follow me."

LONGING TO DO RIGHT.—As the only questionable point in the matter consists in the late hours, accessories, surroundings, and expenses entailed, the mere recreation itself, in your own home or a friend's, under different circumstances, need not offer any difficulty nor trouble your mind. We must beware of doing more harm to others than good, and must exercise tact, and make our home example attractive to brothers and sisters, not repellent.

WHITE ROSE.—We believe that the future state of the redeemed will be one of perpetual progression, and by no means one, as it were, of stagnation. There will be ever new wonders to learn, fresh work to do, higher degrees of bliss and beauty and perfection to attain. This, we believe, is the generally received idea.

ESTELLE LAMONT.—We also have read the statement you have enclosed respecting Joan of Arc and her marriage with the Chevalier d' Armoise, subsequently to the generally reported and cruel act perpetrated upon her by her own countrymen. It is pleasant to believe that such abominable ingratitude was not evinced towards her, and it is well that so foul a blot should not rest on the pages of French history.

HEAVY HEART may feel quite at rest on the subject of her distress. The Articles of the Christian Faith, held alike by the whole of Orthodox Christendom throughout the world, of every form of church government, are certainly not the Thirty-nine Articles in the prayerbook of the Church of England. They include the Fall of Man, the Redemption by the Sacrifice of the Cross, the Trinity in Unity and Unity in Trinity of the Godhead, the perfect Divinity of Christ united to a perfect Manhood, an Eternal existence beyond the grave, the Institution of the Sacraments, a living Faith in Christ, united to the "fruits" meet for Repentance," etc. All these doctrines, or Articles of the Christian Faith, were what the bishop required you to believe. The petition for "daily bread" in the Lord's Prayer is a comprehensive one, and relates to the food essential for body and soul.

B. F. G.—Your eyelids appear to be in an unhealthy condition. You should have advice for them, and let your eyes rest as much as possible until they have recovered. Possibly their condition may be attributable to a low state of the general health.

DAISY.—Your verses require much correction, as you have neither counted the syllables nor kept the emphasis on the right syllable in all the respectively corresponding lines (1st and 3rd, and 2nd and 4th); and you change about the metre in the several verses. You should study the art before you attempt to write.

TRYING TO DO RIGHT.—We imagine that all young people who undertake the trouble of teaching in a Sunday-school are seeking to serve God practically, as well as in profession. They are Christians, however faulty and feeble they may be, endeavouring to work in God's vineyard, and praying "to will and to do of His good pleasure." Congregationalists and Independents are one and the same. They hold no specially distinctive doctrines, but hold them in reference to church discipline. They maintain that each congregation is independent of all others in religious matters, and that there is no absolute need for councils and synods.

GLADYS SANDRINGHAM wishes to know which would be the easier examination to pass, for the Excise or for a chaplain in the Army. We imagine the question to be a joke, as to become a chaplain, a man must be in holy orders, of course.

YUM-YUM.—Kingsley's "Heroes" would give you plenty of information respecting Heathen mythology in a very agreeable way

LOTTIE.—You would render good service if you sent the quilt to Dr. Barnardo's Homes for Friendless and Destitute Children; office, 18 and 20, Stepney-causeway, E.

NATALIE.—Your general health needs attention to ensure a cure, but by force of will you can perfectly conceal any appearance of shyness. Do not begin to fidget and work about your hands the moment anyone speaks to you; remain still, and turn your head quietly round, just as if you were a wax dummy in a hairdresser's shop window. Make no faces and do not laugh nervously when there has been nothing amusing in the remark made. A perpetual giggle, when no joke provokes it, looks so weak, and makes others uncomfortable.

L. G. H.—You would require a still to make rose-water, for which you would have to pay tax.

MABEL BOVEY.—The slang expression, "by Jove," is simply a Heathen form of oath. Jove was another name for the god Jupiter. In the same way vulgar men and boys say "by Jingo," a name derived from Jenco in the Basque language, meaning evil one. Both are forms of swearing.

A BRIGHTON ROSE.—Catgut for the strings of violins, harps, and guitars, and for the cord used by clockmakers, etc., is made from the intestines of sheep and sometimes of the horse, etc. The best strings are known as Roman strings, and are made in Italy. They are nearly as clear and transparent as glass.

MADGE WILDFIRE.—The only real way to rid yourself of either rats or mice, is to find out and stop up their holes, thus preventing their coming into the house. Use cement and broken glass for the purpose.

WHITE LILY.—Coloured light is produced by coloured glass, instead of white over the gas or oil lamps, pink glass for sunset light, and yellow for morning.

PERPLEXED DUMBELLS.—A widower usually wears a deep hatband, for half a year, when he changes it to one a little less deep. The articles on gymnastics have already appeared in vol. v., p. 516, under the title of the "Physical Education of Girls."

NAUGHTY CHUM CHAM.—1. Your friend had better consult a doctor, as we could not answer such a question, nor could anyone else, without seeing the patient. 2. We are not obliged to answer any questions; our doing so is gratuitous, and threats would certainly not induce us to do so. You have two answers now.

A VERY UNSATISFACTORY PUPIL had better get Bell's book on the hand, which is most interesting. Write "enclosed," not "inclosed."

SWEET SEVENTEEN (?) should consult a doctor. Black lace may be revived by dipping it in black tea with a little ammonia in it.

SWEET FOURTEEN (?).—The best cure for a toothache is to be had from a dentist. The best preventive is to keep your feet dry.

NELLIE.—There are several reasons for a red nose. One is tight-lacing, and another is indigestion. If the latter, you had better consult a doctor.

UNDINE has "prayed, and almost despaired of a God," because "she has hairs on her chin!" Truly a weak-minded girl, and a sad state of things when tweezers are not expensive and easily obtained. Try tar soap, and go to your "mammy" for further advice.

E. F.—In reply to a letter received not long since, we direct attention to the fact that there is a Manchester branch of the Colonial Emigration Society for the benefit of the northern and midland counties, under the direction of Miss Emily Faithfull. Interviews may be obtained daily, Saturdays excepted, from 11 to 2 o'clock, and on Mondays from 7 to 8 p.m., at 9, Albert-square, Manchester (secretary, Lieutenant-Colonel Savage). Miss Faithfull was the first to promote the employment of women in this country many years ago, when her printing press was worked by some five-and-twenty of them, under the special patronage of Her Majesty the Queen, and she has much experience in all such matters, which will be at the disposal of intending emigrants who apply to her.

HENRIETTA DESMOND.—1. The phrase, *Fortiter et celeriter*, means "strength and speed." 2. Pronounce desultory as "dess-ul-tor-y," Wycherley as "Witcher-lee," Caulfeild as "Caw-feeld," Congreve as "Con-greeve," Berlioz as "Bear-le-oze," Cowper as spelt, but by one family it is pronounced as "Coo-per," Adonais as "A-don-nay-is," and Donizetti as "Don-netz-et-tee."

JOHN'S KITTEN.—The 6th May, 1853, was a Friday; the 21st July, 1867, was a Sunday.

LADY ANNIE.—The 4th December, 1866, was a Tuesday; the 2nd February, 1868, was a Sunday.

A YOUNG MOTHER (New Zealand).—We thank you heartily for your kind, encouraging words, and hope we may continue to supply such information and advice to our readers and correspondents as you and your friends may find helpful.

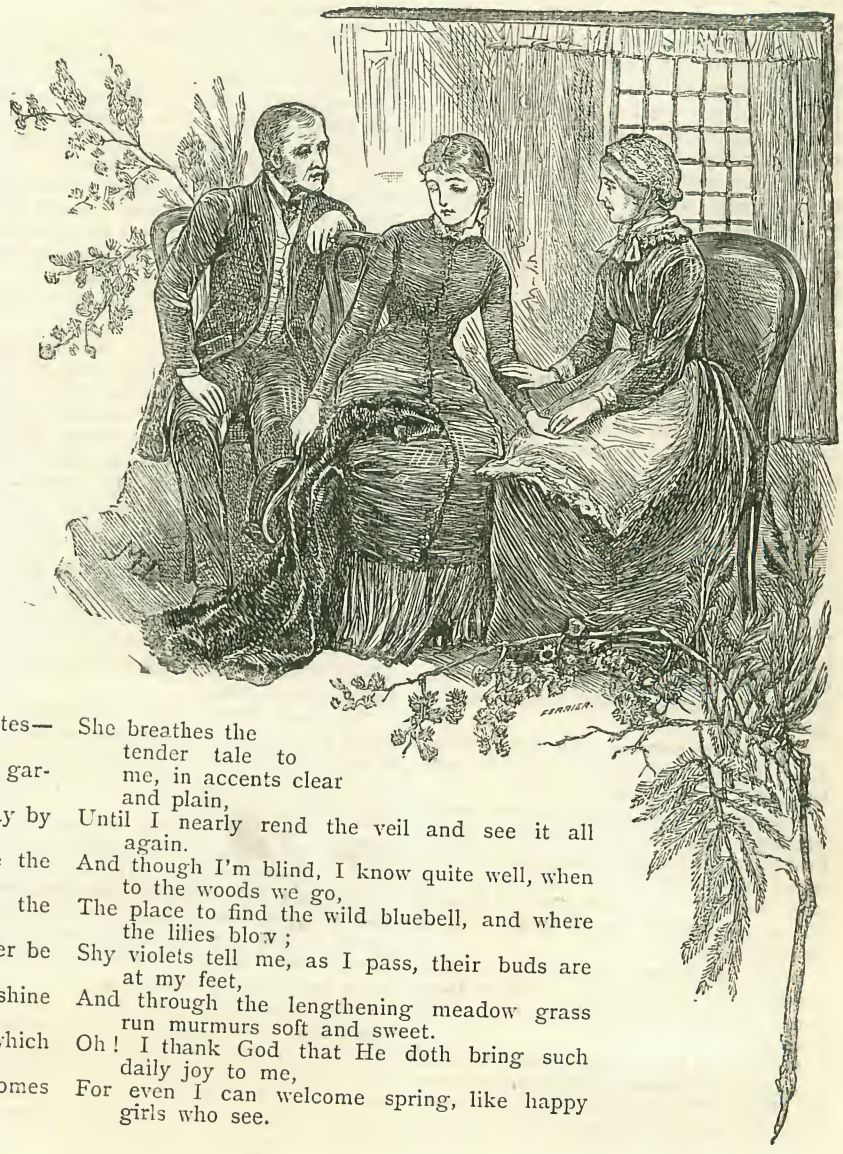
PEN AND INK.—If you have neither picture nor poem to contribute to your friend's album, perhaps you could give a well-pressed spray of pretty seaweed, or some leaves, or bouquet of gracefully-arranged flowers, and write your initials and the date underneath them.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. VIII.—No. 377. MARCH 19, 1887. PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE BLIND GIRL AND THE SPRING.

BY SYDNEY GREY.



YES, it is true that I am blind (it
was not always thus),
But oft it comes into my mind how
God can comfort us.
For if of some good gift bereft, we
bend before His will,
He ever has a blessing left which
should our sorrow still.
This very morn I found it so; scarce
had the day begun,
Ere with small pattering, restless feet
that hither swiftly run,
The children came in joyous mood,
and shouted, "Spring is here!"
And when they led me through the
wood, I knew that she was near.
I felt her breath upon my cheek, and
while we walked along,
A thousand times I heard her speak
the rustling leaves among,
In tones as though a harp had thrilled
beneath an angel's touch,
And all my soul with rapture filled;
yet when I said as much,
The others laughed and whispered
low, "Nay, nay, it is the wind!"
To them, perhaps, it might be so;
but ah! if folks are blind,
They learn in every sound that floats
around their pathway dark—
The breeze, the brook, the glad bird-notes—
some hidden voice to mark.
Therefore when spring begins to don her gar-
ments fresh and gay,
Because I cannot look upon her beauty day by
day,
Nor see the pointed crocus flame above the
garden mould,
Nor watch the snowy tips that frame the
daisy's heart of gold;
Because unto my longing eyes may never be
displayed
The changeful glory of the skies, warm shine
and soothing shade,
Nor the great sun's far reaching rays which
crown the day with light,
Nor yet the star-lit purple haze that comes
before the night;
She breathes the
tender tale to
me, in accents clear
and plain,
Until I nearly rend the veil and see it all
again.
And though I'm blind, I know quite well, when
to the woods we go,
The place to find the wild bluebell, and where
the lilies blow;
Shy violets tell me, as I pass, their buds are
at my feet,
And through the lengthening meadow grass
run murmurs soft and sweet.
Oh! I thank God that He doth bring such
daily joy to me,
For even I can welcome spring, like happy
girls who see.

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MERLE'S CRUSADE.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Aunt Diana," "For Lilias," etc.

CHAPTER XXII.

UNCLE KEITH.

I HAD been obliged to defer my visit to Aunt Agatha for more than a fortnight, and it was not until an early day in October that I could find a leisure afternoon. *I believe that only* very busy and hardworked people really enjoy a holiday—listless and half occupied lives know nothing of the real holiday feeling and the joyousness of putting one's work aside for a few hours of complete idleness.

I felt almost as buoyant and lighthearted as a child when I caught sight of the old bridge and the grey towers of All Saints. The river looked blue and clear in the October sunshine; there were barges floating idly down the stream; a small steamer had just started from the tiny pier; two or three clumsy-looking boats with heavy brown sails were moored to the shore; there was a man in a red cap in one of the boats; two or three bare-legged urchins were wading in the water. There was a line of purple shadow in the distance, little sparkles of sunlight everywhere, yellow and red leaves streaming, a little skiff with a man in white flannel coming rapidly into sight, omnibuses, cabs, heavy waggons clattering over the bridge. Beyond the white arches of the new bridge the busy hum of workers, the heaving of great cranes, the toil and strain of human activity.

The sight always fascinated me, and I stood aside with others to watch until a well-known figure in the distance recalled me with a start. Surely that was Aunt Agatha crossing the road by the bridge; no one else walked in that way—that quick, straightforward walk, that never seemed to linger or hesitate, that could only belong to her. Yes, it was she, for there was the dear woman holding out her hands to me, with the old kind smile breaking over her face.

"I came to meet you, Merle; I did not want to lose one minute of your company, but I was a little late after all, dear child. What a stranger you are, all these months that we have not met!"

"It has seemed a long time to me, Aunt Agatha, so much seems to have happened since I was last here."

"You may well say so," she returned, gravely; "we have both much for which to be thankful. Your accident, Merle, which might have had such grave results, and——" here she checked herself, but something in her manner seemed strange to me.

"We need not walk quite so fast, surely," I remonstrated. "How these people jostle one, and I want to talk to you so."

"And I to you. Never mind, we shall find a quiet corner under the shadow of St. Mary's." And as she spoke we turned into the narrow flagged path skirting the church, with the tombs and grey old headstones gleaming here and there. There were fewer people here.

"Are you sure you are quite well?" I began, rather anxiously "You are looking paler than usual, Aunt Agatha, and, if it be not my fancy, a little thinner."

"Yes, and older, and perhaps a trifle graver," she returned, rather briskly; but I thought her cheerfulness a little forced. "We have not yet learnt how to grow younger, child. Well, if you must know, and this is why I came to meet you, that we might have our little talk together. I have not been without my troubles; your uncle has been very ill, Merle, so ill that, at one time, I feared I might lose him; but Providence has been good to me and spared my dear husband." And here Aunt Agatha's voice trembled and her eyes grew misty.

I was almost too shocked to answer, but my first words were to reproach her for keeping me in ignorance.

"You must not blame me, Merle," she replied, gently. "I wanted you dreadfully; I felt quite sore with the longing to see you, but I knew you could not come to me. Mrs. Morton was in Scotland; you were in sole charge of those children. Unless things grew worse I knew I had no right to summon you. Thank God I was spared that necessity; the danger only lasted forty-eight hours; after that he only required all the nursing I could give him."

"Aunt Agatha, it was not right; you ought to have told me."

"I thought differently, Merle; I put myself in your place—you could not desert your post, and you would only have grown restless with the longing to come and help me—the same feeling that made you hide your accident from me led me to suppress my trouble. I should only have burthened your kind heart, Merle, and spoiled your present enjoyment. I said to myself, 'Let the child be happy; she will only fret herself into a fever to help me, and she must do her duty to her employers. If Ezra had got worse I must have written; when he grew better I preferred telling you nothing until we met."

"I shall never trust you again," I burst out, for this reticence wounded me sorely. "How am I to know if things are well with you if you are always keeping me in the dark?"

"It will not happen again, Merle; indeed, my dear, I can promise you that it shall never happen. If you had been at Prince's Gate I should have summoned you at once, but, in your position, how could I ask you to desert your post, Merle, when those who placed you there were hundreds of miles away?"

I saw what she meant, and I could not deny that she had kept me in ignorance for my own peace of mind. It was just her unselfishness, for I knew how she must have longed for me; we were so much to each other, we were so sure of mutual sympathy and help. Aunt Agatha cried a little when she saw how hurt I was, and then, of course, I tried to comfort her, and I very soon succeeded. I never could bear to see her unhappy, and I knew it was only her goodness to me.

I begged her to tell me about Uncle Keith's illness, and she soon put me in possession of the salient points. He had worked a little too hard, and then had got wet in a thunderstorm, and a sharp attack of inflammation had been the result.

"He considers himself well now," she continued, "but he is still very weak, and will not be able to resume work for another week or two. His employers have been very kind; they seem to value him highly. Oh! he has been so patient, Merle, it has been quite a privilege to nurse him; not a complaint, not an irritable word. I always knew he was a good man, but illness is such a test of character."

"But you have worn yourself out," I grumbled; "you do not look well." But she interrupted me.

"Do not notice my looks before your uncle," she said, pleadingly; "he is so anxious about me; but indeed, I am only a little tired; I shall be better now I have told you and got it over. You have been on my mind, Merle, and then that horrid accident." But I would not let her dwell upon that. We had reached the cottage by this time, and Patience was watching for us; she looked prettier and rosier than ever.

I found Uncle Keith sitting pillowed up in an armchair by the drawing-room fire. I thought he looked shrunken, and there was a pinched look about his features. He had not grown younger and handsomer to my eyes, but as he turned his prominent brown eyes on me with a kind look of welcome, and held out his thin hand, I kissed him with real affection, and my eyes were a little wet.

"Hir-rumph, my dear, I am pleased to see you—there, there, never mind my stupid illness; I am quite a giant now, eh, Agatha? It is worth being ill, Merle, to be nursed by your aunt; oh, quite a luxury I assure you! Hir-rumph." And here Uncle Keith cleared his throat in his usual fashion, and stirred the fire rather loudly, though he looked a little paler after the exercise.

"But I am so dreadfully sorry, Uncle Keith," I said, when Aunt Agatha had taken the poker from him and bustled out of the room to fetch him some jelly, "to think I never knew how ill you were."

"That was all the better, child," he returned, cheerfully. "Agatha was a wise woman not to tell you; but there are not many people in the world, Merle, who would come up to your aunt, not many," rubbing his hands together.

"No indeed, Uncle Keith."

"How do you think she looks?" he

continued, turning round rather sharply. "Have I tired her out, eh?"

"She looks a little tired certainly."

"Hir-rumph, I thought so. Agatha, my dear," as she re-entered with the jelly, "I do not want all this waiting on now; it is my turn to wait on you! I must not wear out such a good wife, must I, Merle?" And though we both laughed at that, and Aunt Agatha pretended that he was only in fun, it was almost pathetic to see how he watched her busy movements about the room, and how he begged her again and again to sit down and not tire herself, and yet she loved to do it. I think we both of us knew that. I was not disposed to pity Aunt Agatha as I had done in former years. Perhaps I had grown older and more womanly in those eight months of service, and less disposed to be critical on quiet, matter-of-fact lives. On the contrary, I began to understand in a vague sort of way that Aunt Agatha was garnering in much happiness in her useful middle age, in her honest, single-eyed service. Love had come to her in a sober guise, and without pretension, but it was the right sort of love after all, no doubt. To youthful eyes, Uncle Keith was not much of a hero; but a plain honest man, even though he has fewer inches than his fellows, may have merit enough to fill one woman's heart, and I ceased to wonder at Aunt Agatha's infatuation in believing herself a happy woman.

We had not much talk apart that day. Aunt Agatha could not leave Uncle Keith, but I never felt him less in the way. I talked quite openly about things; he was as much interested as Aunt Agatha in listening to my description of Marshlands and Wheeler's Farm, and had not a dissenting word when I praised Gay Cheriton in my old enthusiastic way, and only a soft "hir-rumph" interrupted my account of Reggie's accident.

It was Aunt Agatha who walked back with me over the bridge in the soft October twilight. Tired as she was, she refused to part with me until the last minute.

"You must come again soon, Merle," she said, as we parted; "Ezra and I are not young people now, and a bright face does us both good, and your face has grown a very bright one, Merle."

Was Aunt Agatha right, I wondered? Had I really grown happier outwardly? Had the inward peace of satisfied conscience and a heart at rest cast its reflection of brightness? I was certainly very happy just then; my life was growing wider, friends were coming round me, interests were thickening, there was meaning and purpose in each opening day. I no longer thought so much of myself and my own feelings; the activities of life, the needs and joys of others seemed to press and crush out all morbid ideas. I had so many to love and so many who seemed to need me and care for me.

I went more than once to Putney during the next two or three weeks. My mistress was far too sympathising and unselfish to keep me from my own people when they needed me; on the contrary, she was always full of contrivances that I should be spared.

November passed very pleasantly. Mrs. Morton was recovering strength slowly but surely; she was no longer a prisoner to her dressing-room, but could spend the greater part of the day in the drawing-room or in her husband's library.

But she still continued her invalid habits and saw few people. I still sat with her in the afternoon, and either Joyce or Reggie played about the room. When Mr. Morton was absent I came down to her in the evening, and read or talked to her. I prized these hours, for in them I learned to know my sweet mistress more intimately and to love her more dearly.

At the beginning of December Gay came to us. I was looking forward to her visit with some eagerness, though I knew my evenings would then be spent in the nursery, as Mrs. Morton would only need her sister's society; but, to my great surprise, I was summoned to the drawing-room on the evening of her arrival. She had come just in time to dress for dinner, and we had not yet seen her. I could scarcely credit Travers' message when she delivered it.

"Will you please go down to the little drawing-room, Miss Fenton? Miss Gay wants to see you, and my mistress does not care to be left alone."

She started up and came to meet me with outstretched hands. She looked prettier than ever, and her eyes were shining with happiness.

"I am so glad to see you, Merle. I wanted to come up to the nursery, but this spoiled woman—how you have all spoilt her!—refused to be left. She said Hannah would be there, and that we could not talk comfortably."

"Yes, but there was another reason," returned my mistress, smiling; and Gay blushed and cast down her eyes.

"I wanted to tell you the news myself, because I knew you would be interested. Sit down, Merle, in your usual place, and guess what has happened."

I did not need to guess; the first look at Gay's happy face had told me, and then I had glanced at a certain finger. Opals tell their own tales.

"Guess," continued my mistress, mischievously. "Who was the guest who came oftenest to Marshlands?"

"There were two who came most frequently," I returned, looking steadily into Gay's blushing face, "Mr. Hawtry and Mr. Rossiter, but I do not need to be told it is Mr. Rossiter." And Gay jumped up and kissed me in her impulsive way.

I could see that she was pleased I had guessed it.

"I told you it would be no news to her, Vi," she said, breathlessly. "Do you remember our talk in the orchard, Merle, when I told you I was afraid of poverty?"

"Yes, but I knew you magnified your fears, Miss Gay." But she shook her head at that.

"I hate it just as much as ever. I tell Walter I am the worst possible person for a poor man's wife, and if you ask Violet she will agree with me, but I was obliged to have him, poverty and all; he would not take 'No' for an answer."

"I think Walter was very sensible," returned her sister. "I should have despised him for giving it up."

"He would never have done that," replied Gay, with decision, "until I had married somebody else, and there was no chance of that. You are grave, Merle; do you mean to forbid the banns? Why do you not congratulate me?"

"I do congratulate you with all my heart; will that content you?"

"To be sure; but what then, Merle?"

"I ought not to say, perhaps, if you have made up your mind. I like Mr. Rossiter. He is young, but he seems very good. But do you remember what I said to you that evening, Miss Gay, when we were watching the moon rise over Squire Hawtry's cornfields, that your environment just suited you; I can't realise Marshlands without you."

I saw the sisters exchange a meaning look, and then Gay said, in a low voice, "What should you say, Merle, if I am not to leave Marshlands—if my father refuses to part with me?"

"I do not think that would answer. Mrs. Markham would be mistress, and you have told me so often that she does not like Mr. Rossiter."

"There are to be changes at Marshlands, Merle," broke in my mistress; she had been listening to us with much interest, and I wished Mr. Morton could have seen her with that bright animated look on her face. "Adelaide will be mistress there no longer. A young cousin of ours, Mrs. Austin, who was with Adelaide in Calcutta, has just lost her husband. She is an invalid, is very rich, and very helpless, and has no one except ourselves belonging to her. She is very fond of Adelaide, and she has begged her to live with her, and superintend her establishment. She has a large house at Chislehurst, and so Adelaide and Rolf and Judson are to take up their abode with her."

"Things have not been very pleasant lately, Merle," observed Gay, gravely. "Adelaide has set her face against my marrying Walter, and she has worried father and tormented me, and made things rather difficult for all of us. It is quite true, as she says, that Walter is poor, and has no present prospects," continued Gay, "and she has dinned his poverty so incessantly into father's ear that he has got frightened about it, and has made up his mind that he will not part with me at all—that Walter must make his home with us. There was a terrible scene when Adelaide heard this; she declared she would not stop in the house under these conditions. And then Amy's letter came, and she announced her resolution of living at Chislehurst. I do not like the idea of driving Addie away, but," finished Gay, with an odd little laugh, "I think father and I will manage very well without her."

We talked a little more on the subject until I was dismissed, and I had plenty of food for my thoughts when I went back to the quiet nursery.

(*To be continued.*)



EASTER TIDE

A PRAYER.

Lord, by the stripes which wounded Thee,
From death's dread sting Thy servants free,
That we may live and sing to Thee
Alleluia!

EASTER EGGS

THE origin of the practice of connecting eggs with our Easter festival is, I believe, lost in antiquity; but they are said to have been used by the Jews at the Feast of Passover. In some Eastern countries there is a very old custom, which still prevails, of presenting eggs at this season of the year—some say because the egg is an emblem of creation, or recreation, there being a tradition that the world was created in the spring. In parts of Russia people present eggs to one another on Easter day, saying, "Jesus Christ is risen," being answered, "It is so of a truth," or "Yes, He is risen." The Russians also serve red eggs on that day, symbolising at the same time the resurrection and the blood of the Saviour.

At the time of Edward the First the eggs to be given to the members of the royal household on Easter day formed an item in the expenses. Over four hundred eggs, which cost about one shilling and sixpence, were, we learn, distributed on that day. Eggs used to be blessed by the Pope for allotment throughout the Christian world, and the service of Pope Paul the Fifth contains the following curious form of consecration:—

"Bless, Lord, we beseech Thee, this Thy creature of eggs that it may become a wholesome sustenance to Thy faithful servants, eating it in thankfulness to Thee, on account of the resurrection of our Lord."

In some parts of the north of England, particularly parts of Cumberland, decorated Pasch or Pace eggs are still sent to children, so that the present fancy for ornamenting eggs is but the revival of a very old custom. Some young readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER may be disposed to try what they can do in this way. I will, therefore, tell them some of the methods employed; but first let me mention that all eggs to be decorated must be perfectly clean, for the least spot of grease where it was not wanted would spoil the effect aimed at; and they should be boiled hard.

To simply colour the eggs they need only be dipped in water, then placed in a decoction of logwood for the various shades of purple; of cochineal for red, or boiled with onion peelings, or in an onion, for amber, or coloured with spinach juice for green. But superior to these simple colourings are Judson's dyes, which may be obtained of any colour, and can be used as paints on the shells as well as dyes. The eggs are dipped in water before being put in the dye, to make them take the colour evenly. If it is desired to keep part of the shell white—for instance, to have a name or motto in white on a red ground—proceed thus: When the egg is warm after boiling take a small piece of mutton suet, which, being hard, you can cut to a point almost like a pencil. With this draw or write what you wish on the warm egg, which you can then place in the dye. The part greased will not take the colour, but when dry the fat is easily removed, and the white design can be left or filled in with another colour, or with a little gold or silver paint. A pretty way is to grease a delicate piece of moss, a fine fern leaf, or a skeleton leaf, to roll either round a warm egg so as to leave a greasy print on it, and then put it in the colour; but great care must be taken in handling the work not to blur the design. An egg spotted with grease then put in a yellow dye, the grease removed, and then a pale blue dye used, produces an effect that would puzzle a naturalist. Brown and blue dyes answer, used in the same way.

Eggs may be also simply treated by having small leaves or little bits of moss bound on to them with various coloured wools, or ribbons (not fast-coloured ones), before they are boiled, the wool or ribbons being removed when they are dry again; the effect is often very good, but there is great doubt about the results in this way of colouring.

A neater and much better way than greasing the design, for those who do not mind the trouble, is to dye the egg all over, and then to scratch out the motto, or whatever is required white, with a penknife. This is, of course, a much more difficult process, and requires great care.

Eggs dyed pale blue, and a little cloud and sea with a tiny boat painted on them, or dyed yellow and turned into a little sunset picture, with a tree added, are very pretty. They can be done in oil or water colours.

I have seen cupids and like subjects painted on them, but they are quite unsuited for Easter eggs, which are not, and should not be used as, adjuncts of Valentine's day.

For more elaborate work, the eggs, having been boiled hard, can be painted over with gold size, and then covered with gold, or any metal leaf, which may be again painted on with oil paints, or by using a medium and body colours, with water colours.

A gilt egg, with a white lily on it, or a silvered one with a daffodil, looks very pretty; violets and primroses, emblems of spring, are also appropriate, while eggs with butterflies or small birds bearing mottoes painted on them, are much appreciated by children. When painted in water colours, the eggs can easily be varnished. On Easter day I once saw the breakfast eggs which the cook had boiled, some with red and some with blue dye in the water, sent to table in a nest of green moss lined with a little white wool; the eggs

were only cooked the usual time, and were greatly relished by the younger members of the family.

I would recommend the use of Easter eggs to those girls who take Sunday-school classes; they are very good mediums for giving precepts or words of advice; a judiciously chosen motto or text may often do a great deal in helping a child or person to correct a fault, and a motto is more attractive on an ornamental egg than in a book.

I remember a little German book called "Ostereier" (Easter eggs), in which a charming account is given of an Easter festival, when motto eggs were distributed to a number of children. Some of the rhymes given are very pretty; they lose in translation, but are such as "Goodness, not gold, wins love and trust," "For meat and drink the giver thank," "A good conscience makes a soft pillow."

Such sentences as these do for quite small children, but a short verse from a hymn or a text can easily be written on an egg. They look very well coloured pale blue or mottled green and blue, as directed above, and the words written on after with red, or blue ink of a darker colour, and a little ornamentation round. For school-children water colours should not be used in painting the eggs, for the warm and often moist hands of the recipients of these little gifts would smear the paint.

We must now come to another kind of egg I have found much appreciated, as it is eatable, though imitation only. It is prepared thus: Procure some half egg shells which you can colour or not, as you please, but you must cut the edges as smooth as you can with a pair of small, sharp scissors; next take one pound of ground almonds (they can be bought ready prepared), mix with the beaten whites of three, or if small, four eggs, add a teaspoonful of orange flower water, or a little more, if needed, make into a paste, and stir in one pound of fine sifted loaf sugar, and work with a wooden spoon into a smooth paste; next shake a little icing sugar into the half shells, and fill them with the almond paste, scoop a piece out of the centre of each half, and as you put the two halves together insert a preserved apricot (dried) without a stone; if the apricots are too large use half ones, but whether large or small they must be pressed into suitable shapes before they are used, as they have to represent the yolks of the eggs.

When the parts are joined together, a strip of tissue paper should be fastened round the junction with white of egg, and then a ribbon or ornamental paper put round and the shells decorated with a little water colour paint. If preferred, the shells can be used as moulds only, and removed as soon as the paste is dry, but if this is to be done the two edges of the almond paste must be *moistened with* white of egg before they are put together, or they would come apart when the shells were removed.

The almond eggs must be put in a warm, dry place as soon as made; a very cool oven will do to dry them.

If you remove the shells, cover the almond paste with icing sugar that has been well worked with a little white of egg and lemon juice; this is not an easy operation, but if the sugar is well worked before using, it will cover the paste more neatly than if used quickly; if sufficient smoothness is attained the sugar can be decorated afterwards with some harmless colouring, such as saffron or cochineal.

To make sugar eggs, mix one ounce of raw arrowroot with one pound of icing sugar, add the beaten whites of three or four eggs, according to size, and a teaspoonful of lemon juice; work the mixture well; use the egg shells as moulds and proceed as with almond paste, putting anything that is liked in the centre, and joining the halves together with white of egg; dry thoroughly, in some place not warm enough to melt the sugar, before you remove the shells. It is easier to take the halves off if they are slightly oiled before the sugar is sifted into them.

NOTES FOR APRIL.

It is very interesting in the spring to watch the gradual development of a frog from the egg, through the tadpole stage of its existence, till at last it assumes its final form.

The old frogs emerge from their winter hiding places in the mud, early in the spring, and during March their eggs may be found floating on almost every stagnant pond. A group of these eggs in their early stages of development looks like a mass of clear white jelly, containing numbers of black specks, each of which is really the germ of the future tadpole.

In order to watch the development, a group of the eggs should be taken and put in a shallow vessel of water, which, if kept in the house, should have a bell-glass, or some other covering over it, to keep out the dust.

The jelly-like mass which envelopes the future tadpole is so clear that all its changes can be easily watched. First the head appears, then a flat tail, and in course of time the nostrils, mouth, and large eyes, till at length the completed tadpole bursts open its gelatinous covering, and apparently not in the least embarrassed by its new surroundings, begins swimming briskly about, looking for something to eat. The time occupied in hatching varies in different countries, according to the climate, from four days to a month. In England the tadpole does not often appear till towards the end of April.

The following stages are even more interesting, especially for those who can take advantage of the transparency of the parts to watch the circulation of the blood through a microscope.

The body of the tadpole gradually gets broader, while the tail gets thinner and thinner, till it finally disappears altogether; but before that happens its place has been taken by two hind legs, which first appear under the skin and then gradually push their way through. The fore legs next appear, and so on through all the stages of development, till in a longer or shorter time, according to the amount of warmth, light, and food it can obtain, the complete frog appears.

But woe betide the unfortunate tadpole which, first of the shoal, attains to the dignity of possessing limbs, for so ferocious are the later ones, and so jealous of their precocious little brother, that they almost always fall upon him, and, not content with killing, never rest till every morsel of him is eaten. And unless several of the tadpoles assume their final change about the same time, this proceeding is repeated till their numbers are very considerably diminished, or, as sometimes happens, till only one survivor is left, who, having helped to eat all his brethren, instead of meeting with his deserts, is allowed to live on in peace, till some day in the course of his walks abroad, he, in his turn, is snapped up as a delicate morsel by some hungry snake or waterfowl.

Insects and flowers are much more closely connected with one another than we sometimes think.

Not only do many insects depend upon flowers for their food, but many flowers also depend upon the visits of insects to carry their pollen from one flower to another and so continue the life of their species.

There are some flowers, however, whose pollen is carried by the wind instead of by insects, and which are therefore an exception to this general rule. These, not needing to attract insects, are small and insignificant, with neither scent nor honey, but with a very large quantity of pollen. They generally flower early in spring, before the leaves are out, as these would catch the pollen as it is blown along by the wind, and prevent it reaching the flowers for which it is intended. Notice, for example, the flower of the oak, elm, ash, and Scotch fir.

April is a busy month in the garden. Auriculas and polyanthuses in bloom should be watered often, and shaded if the sun is very bright, and sheltered when the weather is cold; tulips also must be sheltered from severe cold, though they may safely be encouraged to grow now.

Seeds of perennials and biennials for flowering next year should be sown now, such as wallflowers, carnations, and pinks. Heartsease for autumn flowering should also be sown, and cuttings taken from old plants. Hardy annuals should be sown not later than the middle of April. Give them good soil, and do not cover the seeds too deeply with earth (some of the smallest kinds should only be sprinkled on the top), and when they begin to shoot up thin out the young plants vigorously; amateur gardeners almost always leave them too close together, but the more room they have the better and stronger they will grow.

If there is no greenhouse, or "heat," half hardy annuals may be sown out in the open garden towards the end of April, and if diligently cared for they will grow well and thrive.

After a warm day, evergreens are benefited by syringing. Ivy that is wished to grow close should be clipped all over; and grass should be cut about once a week, and often rolled. It should not be allowed to get long before cutting the first time, or it will be troublesome to get into order again.

April is the month in which we welcome most of our spring bird visitors. The nightingale and cuckoo have already come and begun their song; the swallow and house-martin will arrive about the middle of the month, and are soon busy making new nests, or patching up old ones. The whitethroat appears towards the end of the month.

During the April showers the whole air seems full of song. Walking through woods ringing with bird music, we are once more reminded of the problem which so puzzled Daines Barrington. "Do the birds all sing in one key? And if not, why do the songs harmonise instead of producing unpleasant discords?" Perhaps it is the distance which lends enchantment and softens the discords. No doubt if all the songsters were in one room, the result would not be quite so happy.

Many eggs, *larvæ* and cocoons of butterflies and moths may be found this month among heaps of dry leaves, on low bushes, or trunks of trees. Grasses and rushes shelter several of the early species, which are already flying about, and some rare insects may be found now which cannot be obtained later in the season.

THE ROMANCE OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

OR,

THE OLD LADY OF THREADNEEDLE STREET.

By EMMA BREWER.

CHAPTER VI.

It is a true saying, that when mothers begin to talk of their children they never know when to stop; and the children, who might otherwise have found favour, are thereby made to appear as uninteresting and vexatious bores.

I will *try to avoid falling into* this error, and only tell you enough to enable you to understand the peculiarities of mine.

You may have noticed how great a variety exists in the characters and dispositions of the members of every large family, and will not be surprised to hear that the same individuality of character shows itself in the family of Funds and Stocks.

In introducing you to the steadiest and most reliable of my children, I feel that I am putting you in the way of deriving real advantage. If, however, you prefer the less worthy, the more daring and speculative, I shall feel that no blame attaches to me.

Have you ever remarked, in your round of visits among your friends, that it is almost possible to tell the character of host and hostess by the people you meet there, and even by the servants who wait upon you—all seem to take the tone of the house? I notice this specially among my children. For example, my "Three per Cent. Consols" and my "New Three's," whom I select as specially suited to be your friends, have the most courteous, kindly, sober and religious class of visitors; on the faces of all, old and young, clergy and laity, there is an expression of repose and security and "well-to-doism" which is charming; while, on the other hand, the faces and manners of those who visit some of my other children are so wild, so haggard, so restless, that you cannot help wishing that some good fairy would give them a soothing syrup, or else insist on their choosing safer friends; but if you ever pay me a visit, and use your eyes, you will see more of this than, as a mother, I can tell you.

Against one thing, however, I am, as your friend, bound to warn you. Listen to no one who proposes to let you have money at a very cheap rate, while at the same time he offers to pay you large interest on it. More I cannot say at present.

Closely connected with me, and in my neighbourhood, stands a most mysterious building, known as the Stock Exchange. Its chief entrance is in Capel-court, Bartholomew-lane.

None may pass within its portals but those specially privileged, still I may tell you something about it without breaking through any of the barriers which the inhabitants have set up between the public and themselves.

This Stock Exchange is an association of about two thousand persons, all men, of course, who meet together in Capel-court, and who agree to be governed by a committee of thirty, chosen from among themselves.

To the outside world, all the members are known by the name of "stockbrokers," but inside the mysterious building they divide themselves into two classes—"stockjobbers" and "stockbrokers."

Whether they be one or the other, their lives, occupations, fortunes and reputations are bound up with the Stocks and Funds. They live for them and they live on them. They determine their value, they study every shade of temper exhibited by the family, they decide their rise and fall, they are their interpreters and mouthpieces, they act also as their bodyguard: none can approach but through them.

These two classes, jobbers and brokers, have a distinct work, which I will try to make clear to you.

To start with, the stockjobber does not deal with the public, but the stockbroker does.

You see stocks and shares are marketable commodities; you can buy them, sell them, or transfer them, and the stockjobber is, as it were, the wholesale merchant, and the stockbroker the retail dealer. Let me explain. If you required twenty yards of black silk, you would probably go to Marshall and Snelgrove or to Peter Robinson for it. You certainly would not think of going to a wholesale house in the City for it; and if you did, the article would not be supplied to you in this way—it is contrary to the etiquette of trade.

Just in the same manner, if you wanted to buy some stock, you would go to a stockbroker for it, and not to a stockjobber—the stockbroker occupying the same position as Marshall and Snelgrove, while the stockjobber stands in the place of the wholesale house in the City.

The stockjobber, or wholesale merchant, is always ready both to buy and sell with the broker. If you give an order to the latter, he darts into the Stock Exchange, and without disclosing the nature of his order to the jobber, inquires of him the price of the particular stock which you wish to deal in. The jobber names two prices: one at which he is prepared to buy (the lowest price, of course), the other at which he is willing to sell (the highest price).

Thus, if the price of Consols was given by him as 100¼ to 100½, it would mean that if you wanted him to take some stock of you he would give you £100 5s. for each £100 of stock; and that if you desired to buy some stock of him, you must pay him £100 10s. for each £100.

These prices are the limits which the jobber sets himself. He is often ready to give more or to sell for less than the prices he at first names, according to what is known as the state of the market.

The profits of the jobber and the broker are not of the same kind; the jobber makes his money out of the difference between the price at which he buys the stock of you and sells it to someone else.

The broker charges you a small percentage on the cost of the stock by way of commission for his services in the matter; this does not include stamp duty or fee, but otherwise he undertakes any incidental service which may be necessary to give you the full proprietorship of the stock.

Stockjobbers, or wholesale stock merchants, are, as you see, very necessary, for brokers could not at all times accommodate their customers; it might be that one would want to sell at a moment when there was no one to buy; as it is, however, all is made easy by the jobbers, who are at all times ready both to buy and sell, and to almost any amount.

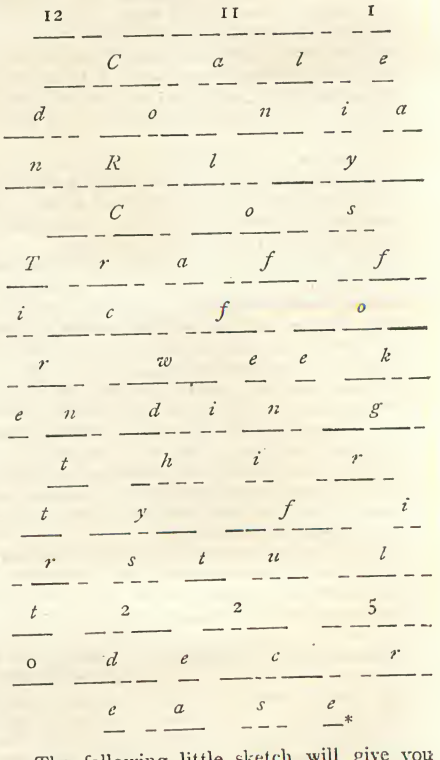
It does sometimes happen that they promise to sell more than they possess, and then they have to borrow and pay for the use of it on their clearing day, which takes place once a month for Consols and similar securities, and once a fortnight for other stocks within the Exchange. It would never do for members of the Stock Exchange to fall short of their obligations.

The mystery that has always hung about this building has greatly increased since it has been in combination with the Exchange Telegraph Company of London, with all its scientific developments and its electric currents. Between this bureau and the Stock Exchange ghostly, silent messages pass the live-long day concerning the health, the value, the rise and the fall of the various stocks and funds, and in a few seconds these mysterious messages are wafted through the length and breadth of the land.

I am a curious, inquisitive old lady, and as there were many points in these mysterious proceedings I could not understand, I went to the bureau a short time back, and begged Mr. Wilfred King, the courteous and clever secretary of the company, to make them clear to me.

I was very interested in what he said about the rapidity with which the messages are transmitted. He assured me that the result of the last Derby was known all over London before the horses had had time to stop after they had passed the winning-post; and, again, that during the last Parliamentary session the debates, by means of this company, were known at the Crystal Palace before they reached the smoking-room of the House of Commons.

As I stood watching the clever instrument pouring out silently and persistently its yards of tape messages, I asked as a favour that Mr. King would cut off a piece, that I might show it to you. You will see that the language is conveyed by means of simple lines, over which he was so kind as to write the letters so represented—



The following little sketch will give you some idea of the instrument and its working:—

I should like you to know more of this

* 12-11-1.

Caledonian Railway.—Traffic for week ending 31st ultimo, £2,250 decrease.

wonderful place; but it belongs to my life only inasmuch as it carries my messages so silently and rapidly that people hundreds of miles away can do business with me in the same hour, and the result is that many thousands of pounds pass through my hands in a day, which might otherwise have remained idle.

You will possibly feel surprised to hear that on an average six millions of pounds* are daily passed in London, without a single coin being used, and without any inconvenience or fatigue; whereas such a sum as this, if paid in gold or silver, would necessitate the carrying backward and forward over many miles some hundred tons weight.

Like many other gigantic transactions, it is brought about in an insignificant building in a court leading out of Lombard-street, and therefore close to my residence.

It is not a mysterious place like the Stock Exchange, but its power of working is so wonderful as to be quite beyond the power of woman to take in.

It transfers more money in one week than the whole quantity of gold coin in the kingdom amounts to; and not the least wonderful thing about it is that the entire work is performed by about thirty well-trained clerks, in the most exact, regular, and simple manner.

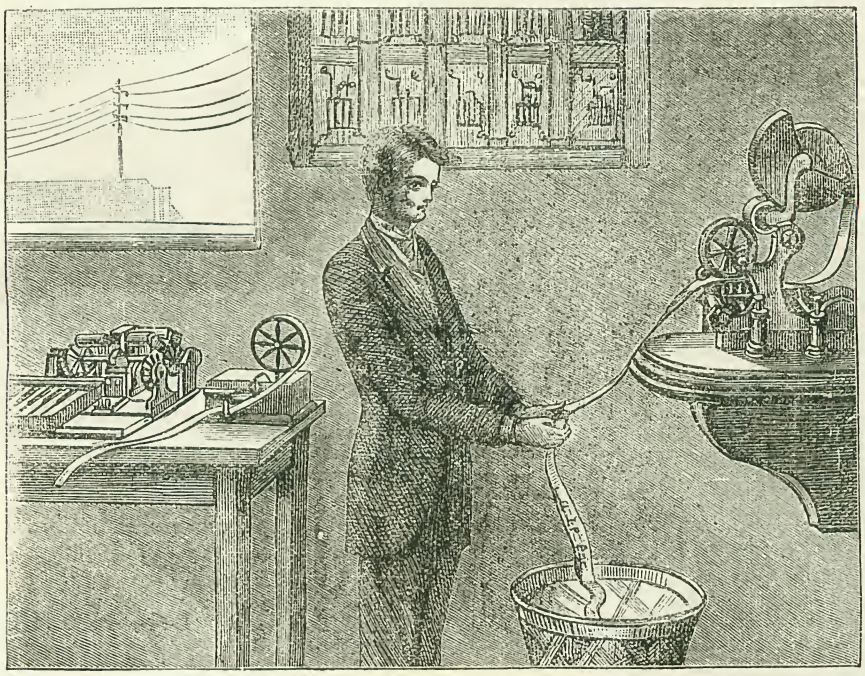
The place I am speaking of is the Bankers' Clearing House—not to be confounded with that in the Stock Exchange. It was established in 1775 by bankers who desired a central place where they might conduct their clearing, or balancing, and their needs led them to the invention of a simple and ingenious method of economising the use of money. Almost all their payments are in the form of cheques upon bankers.

The system of clearing is quite as important in money matters as division of labour is in manufactures, and deserves a much more thorough explanation than I can give here; and my only excuse for mentioning it at all is to show you how wonderfully different my position is now, strengthened as it is by the development of science, knowledge, and experience, from what it was in my early days.

While my transactions have increased a thousandfold, money, labour, and time have in an equal degree been economised.

I thought myself very rich formerly with a fortune of £1,200,000, and I considered that I and my household had a great deal to do in the management of it, and the work which fell to my lot. Dear me! I can call back the picture of even a hundred and twenty years ago. My own house was so small that passers-by could scarcely recognise it; the population of London was only half a million, and there was but one bridge over the Thames connecting my side of the City with Southwark; and as to that mysterious building, the Stock Exchange, it did not exist. You know, also, for I have told you, that my directors only employed fifty-four secretaries and clerks, and that their united salaries did not exceed £4,350. The contrast between then and now is marvellous even to me.

Only look at it. The proprietors' capital is now fourteen millions and a half instead of £1,200 000; I am the Banker of the Government; I receive the Public Revenue; I pay the National Debt; I receive and register transfers of stock from one public creditor to another, and I make the quarterly payment of the dividends. I have undertaken also the management of the Indian Debt, as well as the Funded Debt of the Metropolitan Board of Works. What do you think of that for a woman old as I am in years? You must own that, notwithstanding my age, I am young and vigorous in thought, in action, and in organisation, otherwise how could I get through my work as I do?



"GHOSTLY, SILENT MESSAGES."

My profits, too, are, when compared with those in my young days, enormous. You wanted to know, if I remember rightly, how I lived, and how I obtained the money to pay you your dividends; and whether, in this respect, I was worthy of your trust.

Well, I will tell you a few of the ways in which I make money. I obtain large sums by discounting Exchequer Bills; then there is the interest upon the capital stock in the hands of the Government; I receive, also, an allowance for managing the Public Debt. Up to 1786 I used to get £562 10s. for every million; it was then reduced to £450 a million; and since 1808 I get £300 per million up to 600 millions, and £150 per million beyond—a nice little sum for you to work out.

A further source of income is interest on loans, on mortgages, profit on purchase of bullion, and many other small matters. I am careful, you see, not to have all my eggs in one basket.

For help in all this work I employ between eight and nine hundred officers and servants, whose salaries exceed £210,000 a year.

I think I am a good mistress. I am sure I do my best to take care of all my people, and I am acquainted with every one of them, even with those who perform what is called menial service (I don't like that word; every service is honourable, if well performed); but I do confess that I am extremely strict and particular, and I am intolerant of mistakes, from whatever cause they arise, because they dim the lustre of my honour.

I think on the whole I have reason to be proud of my servants. Indeed, I have a firm belief that no lady in the land is served better or more faithfully.

I think you will like to hear a little about the way I manage my people.

First of all, I make every increase of salary to depend upon punctuality in the morning, knowing as I do its importance. I am equally particular that those living within the house shall keep good hours at night.

Then I do not mind giving occasional leave of absence, if urgently required; but I don't allow anyone to take what is called "French leave" without paying a fine for each day's absence.

When my people get too old for service, I like to feel that they will not suffer want; so I give them a pension in proportion to the salary they are receiving at the time they retire. I spend about £40,000 in this way—a spending which has nothing but pleasure in it for me.

I started a library some time ago for the younger members of my household, by giving them a large room and £500 for books. It has since been kept going by themselves, each subscriber paying eight shillings a year. Between three and eight on certain days in the week you may see numbers of them making their way thither for reading and recreation. Those who prefer it may have books to take home. One of my representatives is always present during these hours, just to show our interest in their recreation.

The kind feeling, however, is not at all one-sided, as I have had frequent opportunities of judging. Times of trouble, panic, and sickness never fail to show me the love and devotion of my people, and that they have not hesitated to sacrifice their lives for my safety is a matter of history.

During the hours of the night, when I take my well-earned sleep, I am watched over by my faithful servants, who take it in turn, two at the time, to keep watch, in which loving duty they are assisted by a company of Foot Guards.

So you see on the whole I am a happy woman, a very busy one, and I think a safe one for you to trust.

(*To be continued.*)

* There passes through the Clearing House annually the incomprehensible sum of £6,000,000,000 a year in the shape of cheques.



ST. GIORGIO, MAGGIORE.

OUR TOUR IN NORTH ITALY.

By TWO LONDON BACHELORS.

Our longing expectations were fulfilled, and we were vouchsafed a lovely evening for our entrance into Venice. By the time the train reached Mæstre all traces of the storm had disappeared, the sky was dark blue, and glittered with innumerable stars and a full moon—just such an ideal night as one would choose for getting one's first impressions of the most poetical city in the world.

From Padua to Mæstre there is nothing remarkable; the same seemingly eternal plain has to be traversed; but as the train draws near to the last-named city one begins to realise that one is really approaching the Queen of the Adriatic.

At Mæstre we began to feel the sea breezes, and as the train rushed on to St. Giuliana we caught glimpses of the far-off lights of Venice reflected in the water. And now commences the vast bridge which takes the train over the lagune. This bridge is between three and four miles in length, and contains 222 arches.

Our excitement was great when we reached the lagune, and the train seemed actually rushing through the water.

At first the buildings of the distant city looked like huge black rocks, though the hundreds of lights reflected in the water told one of the approach to habitation. But as we drew near, the churches, towers, campanili, and palaces became almost distinguishable, telling out black against the starlit sky, and seemingly rising from the middle of the sea—an exquisitely poetical scene, with which no one could be disappointed.

Of course, we can understand that approaching Venice by day is quite another matter. Then the shallowness of the lagune (the water is sometimes not more than three feet deep) is realised; then all the ruin, shabby detail, bad restoration, and bizarre Gothic work of the city are seen at a glance. The beautiful moonlight night, however, told us of none of these defects, but emphasised the strange poetry of this singular city, with its wonderful history and associations, built in the middle of the sea.

The approach to Venice by gondola in former times must have been even more romantic, as the puffing and the screeching of a steam-engine brings one's mind back to the nineteenth century. Though, at the same time, rushing across the lagune in a railway-train at night produces a somewhat remarkable sensation.

The train took about nine minutes to cross the bridge, and then glided quietly into the railway station at Venice. There were only about half a dozen passengers besides ourselves, and there was none of that noise and bustle which is usually so great a nuisance in terminal stations. On alighting from our railway carriage a porter, with true Italian politeness, asked us the name of our hotel, and, conducting us to the side of the canal, handed us over to a gondolier.

Everything helped to make the scene as poetical as possible. The night kept glorious, and there was not a sound to be heard. Our gondolier, a tall, dark man with a thick black beard, was a beau ideal of his class, and the



THE BRONZE HORSES—ST. MARK'S.

hearse-like gondola being drawn up to the landing-stage, the bachelors determined to see a little of Venice by moonlight before going to their hotel.

In a few minutes we found ourselves in the Grand Canal—the great marble palaces rising on either bank, brilliantly illuminated here and there by the beams of a full moon, and the lights from the graceful Gothic windows reflected in the still water in long streams of light; the domes and campanili of the almost innumerable churches piercing the sky, and looking gigantic, from their details being shrouded in the deep shadows of night; while their outlines were made still more prominent and more distinctly defined by the clear, sharp moonlight.

One of these great campanili had an almost startling effect as the gondola passed it. It seemed to interpose itself between the moon and ourselves. We never saw any building which, for the moment, seemed so gigantic. On we went—past the opening of many a narrow canal, looking on one side into impenetrable gloom, and on the other into almost magical light. Here and there was some exquisitely traceried window, illuminated like burnished silver. The plash of the oar and the ripple of the water against the gondola added to the charm of the scene, and before long the strains of distant music enhanced the poetry of that most lovely night.

A huge arch soon came in sight, spanning the great canal. Need we say that this was the Rialto? The gondola shot beneath it, and wound its way along past a sharp curve in the canal through another bridge, and on our right the Church of the Salute came in sight,

sight, and we soon emerged on to the broad and lake-like water of the Giudecca. To our left was a garden, and a little behind it rose the group of domes and the lofty isolated campanili of St. Mark. We knew it was St. Mark's, and were therefore not surprised at its exquisite beauty, though, owing to the intervening buildings, we could only see its domes and campanile. The Ducal Palace, strange to say, did not present so striking an appearance by moonlight, owing to its somewhat box-like outline. But still the deep gloom of its arcades somewhat repaid the mind for the disappointment experienced in its general aspect.

Of course, we looked out for the Bridge of Sighs, which was buried, as it should be, in profound gloom. It was appropriate that this tragic structure should be hidden in the deepest shadow of our first view of Venice, just as we recollect the dome of the Salute forming its greatest light. On the one side was typified human suffering, human woe, tyranny, cruelty, and oppression, and on the other the salvation which came to us through the Healer, whose purity is rightly symbolled in the clear white dome of the church.

These two buildings, so typical of human life, are rightly placed. The one at the junction of the two great canals, where they expand almost into a lake, lifts its marble dome, soaring up to the skies, and everyone asks as they come in sight of it, "What is that?" The answer is, "That is the Salute" (Salvation). Happy omen for a city where such a sign is always visible amidst the surrounding gloom! The other building, half concealed, and skulking away over a gloomy canal, like secret sin deep buried in the human heart. We know it is there, and that its loathsome presence will be found when sought for, and though the gloom of night may for a time conceal it, yet with the daylight it will be visible, carrying with it condemnation.

More mundane thoughts, however, filled our minds, and we began to realise the fact that in ordering our gondolier to take us a "bit of a round of Venice" before landing us at our hotel, we were running serious risk of going to bed supperless, if not of being shut out altogether. So we directed him to retrace —we can't say his steps, but let us say his course—and, after passing down one or two narrow canals, we found ourselves at the steps of our hotel.

It was not, however, without a sigh and a kind of feeling almost approaching to dread that we left the bright moonlight of the Grand Canal to penetrate the dark, silent, and gloomy little streams that run between the high walls of the houses. Gloomy they are at all times, these narrow quayless canals, but how infinitely more so in the night, and how their lugubrious aspect impresses itself upon one after emerging from the beautiful scenes which we have just attempted to describe.

The first thing we did on arriving at our hotel was to see whether any of our friends had written to us, and we were pleased to find quite a goodly pile of letters awaiting us. How pleasant it is to hear from our friends when abroad, and how doubly dear those friends seem to us when hundreds of miles separate us from them.

A rather doubtful compliment this. But is it not always true that "distance lends enchantment?" When absent from those we like, we are inclined to think over their good qualities and those characteristics that we admire, and to forget all those differences of opinion and little waywardnesses that are so irritating to us when we are with them. Of course, it is different with those we really love; even then, however, absence intensifies the affection, but from a different reason, arising from an almost nervous anxiety for their health, happiness, and prosperity.

After reading our letters, we began to discuss our first sight of Venice, and we both agreed that, up to the present, our fondest expectations had been more than realised. Little did we think that the morrow would bring its disappointments—that in the short space of twenty-four hours we should underrate Venice, as much as we now exaggerated its beauties—and that we should not gain a correct and "lasting" impression of its peculiar and unique character, until many days had passed away. In fact, one does not entirely form one's impression of Venice until it has been left, thought over, and compared with other places.

From the city itself we called to our memory the wonderful history of Venice, at one time the first maritime power in Europe, and so like our own country in many ways.

Our girls may remember the importance of Milan and Verona during the periods that the Viscontis and Sforzas ruled the former city, and the Scaligers the latter. The history of these two cities, however, is simply insignificant when compared with that of the great republic of the Doges.

Venice is said to have been founded about the year A.D. 450, by the inhabitants of Aquileia, Padua, Altinum, &c., who were driven out of their cities, and their homes utterly destroyed by the cruel Attila, who was at this time overrunning Italy. The persecuted inhabitants flying before the barbarians, as a last resource crossed the lagune and built a town on the islets which had formed in the Adriatic.

Goethe says, "It was no idle fancy their colonists fled to these islands; it was no mere whim which impelled those who followed to combine with them; necessity taught them to look for security in a highly disadvantageous situation, which afterwards became most advantageous, enduing them with talent, when the whole of the Northern world was immersed in gloom. Their increase and their wealth were the necessary consequence. New dwellings arose close against dwellings, rocks took the place of sand and marsh, houses sought the sky, being forced, like trees enclosed in a narrow compass, to seek in height what was denied to them in breadth. Being niggard of every inch of ground, as having been from the outset compressed into a narrow compass, they allowed no more room for the streets than was absolutely necessary for separating one row of houses from another, and affording a narrow way for passengers. Moreover, water was at once street, square, and promenade. The Venetian was forced to become a new creature, and Venice can only be compared with itself."

The colonists, under the protection of the Byzantine Empire, must have grown in importance and prosperity, though their early history is very obscure, and it was not until the commencement of the ninth century that Venice became a really important city.

The exact date of the election of the first Dux or Doge (Paulucius Anafestus) is not known, but it must have been either at the end of the sixth or the commencement of the seventh century. The year A.D. 809 was important for Venice, as the colonists in that year defended themselves against Pepin, the son of Charlemagne, and throwing over all foreign influence, they commenced their career of independence.

The next important event was the bringing of the body of St. Mark to Venice in A.D. 828. The evangelist was thenceforth made the patron saint of the city, and his emblem, the lion, became the arms of the republic. The Venetians had not as yet made foreign conquests, but the great Doge, Enrico Dandalo, who went to the Fourth Crusade, conquered Constantinople in 1204, and commenced the grand era of Venice. The breaking up of the Byzantine Empire was a great opportunity for Venice, the republic gaining possession of several islands in the Greek Archipelago, together with numerous cities on the Adriatic.

As can well be imagined, the growing power of the republic was watched with jealous eyes by the other Italian States, especially by Genoa, at this time very powerful. The rivalry between the last-named city and Venice caused innumerable wars and misery to both combatants. At first Genoa was successful, but the Doge Andrea Dandolo completely defeated the Genoese in 1352, an event which made Venice the most powerful city in Northern Italy.

The successor to Doge Andrea Dandolo, Marino Falieri, by secret means endeavoured to upset the government of Venice and make himself king. His plot was discovered, however, and he was beheaded on the Giants' Stairs in the Palace of the Doges.

The Genoese were at war again with the republic in 1379; but a lasting peace was concluded in 1381. From this year until about 1450 Venice carried everything before it; Verona, Padua, Vicenza, and numerous other North Italian cities, were added to the republic, and by the year 1420 the whole of the east coast of Italy surrendered to the power of Venice. But perhaps the grandest victories were those gained over the Turks, as in these wars Venice undoubtedly saved Italy the calamity of a Mohammedan invasion.

It was during the years 1370 and 1450 that Venice was building up her commercial prosperity, which at the latter date had made her the greatest maritime and commercial city in the world.

But as in individuals, so in countries. We go on increasing in health and strength up to a certain age, after which comes the inevitable decline. "First from age to age we ripe and ripe, and then from age to age we rot and rot." The decline of Venice is soon told. The capture of Constantinople by the Turks in 1453, and the discovery of the new Indian sea-routes were terrible blows to the republic, from which, indeed, it never recovered. The Turks, with whom the Venetians were always at war, proved in the end victorious, and took possession of the eastern colonies of the republic.

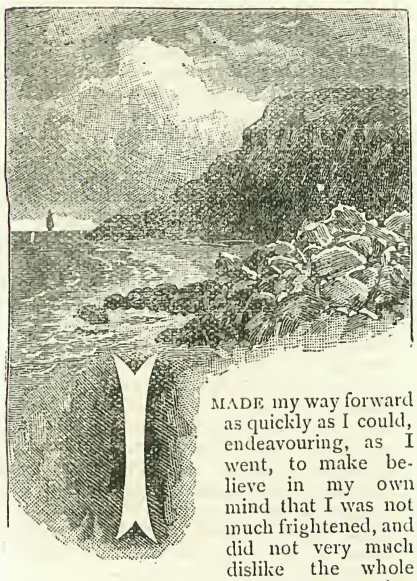
And then came the great shame of Venice's history—the alliance with the Turk against the Christian powers, the sacrifice of Rhodes, and the selfish abandonment of that great Christian hero, Lisle Adam; while, as a modern writer says, "the Venetians and other merchants were trafficking their goods and their souls at the same time with the enemies of the Church, and dishonouring their Christian calling." A sad Nemesis was, however, in store for Venice, and, notwithstanding her crimes, we cannot read unmoved of the last Doge embracing the banner of St. Mark and then flinging it into a grave over which a solemn funeral ceremony was performed. Napoleon, who regarded neither art, poetry, nor history, when they stood in the way of his ambition, was approaching Venice. Resistance was impossible, and the banner which had led the Venetians to so many victories must not fall into the hands of the invader, so, with tears and sighs, it was reverently placed in the grave.

(To be continued.)

UNCLE JASPER.

By ALICE KING

CHAPTER III.



I MADE my way forward as quickly as I could, endeavouring, as I went, to make believe in my own mind that I was not much frightened, and did not very much dislike the whole situation—in fact, that it was rather an amusing and interesting one. But, after all, it was an extremely poor, thin make-belief indeed. The darkness grew thicker and thicker, the outlines of surrounding objects more and more indistinct; the wind rose higher and higher, and went sweeping by with a wild, dreary wail; the rain began to stream down as if a couple of rivers or more were being emptied from the sky on to the earth. I had brought no waterproof with me, I had only on a mantle of light summer cloth, and, as well may be supposed, I was soon enjoying the comfortable certainty that I was getting wet through as rapidly as I could. Yes, there was no denying it; it would decidedly be better to be in bed than here, even if I was expecting next morning the arrival of the ugliest ogre uncle that ever appeared in a fairy tale.

I felt a most real and lively inclination to sit down and cry; but as there were some small shreds of heroism still hanging about me, I did not do it—I persevered onward, instead. Things were, however, becoming most uncompromisingly worse and worse. Hitherto there had been at the side of the road fences of some kind, the dim outlines of which had been, in a certain degree, a guide to me; but now I had got out on to an open common, where there was nothing round me save an expanse of what seemed immeasurable darkness, and where the wind and the rain beat upon me more violently and pitilessly than ever. I soon became aware, too, of another very unpleasant fact: I had evidently got off the road, for I could feel the damp, spongy ground of the common underneath my feet. I tried to find my way back to it, but all in vain; I seemed only to get into wetter and less solid ground.

It was so dark now, I was so completely enveloped in thickest blackness, that I could not have seen even a stone wall had it been in front of me; but it would have been some consolation, some reassurance, only to have felt it when I stretched out my hand before me; instead of that, however, when I extended my arm it went groping about helplessly in illimitable space. The storm appeared to be finding a cruel pleasure in playing me all sorts of unkind tricks, for now it flung the folds of my mantle over my head, and now it poured a waterspout down my back. The ground under my feet was growing every minute more swampy, and sometimes I sank in ankle deep; two or three times I found that, by way of a little change, I had stepped into a gutter, which caused a refreshing shower of muddy water to come splashing upward to meet and mingle in friendly amity with the raindrops that pelted down from above. The sprites of earth and air may possibly have found much satisfaction in this meeting, but most decidedly I did not, nor did my luckless petticoats and stockings.

All at once I found myself making a most undignified descent from an upright position; I had stumbled over some object which was lying in my way. There was no saving my untrustworthy feet; the next instant I was lying prostrate on the dripping grass, with my head in what seemed to be a shallow puddle. I was going to try to pick myself up again as quickly as I could, when there rose around me a series of long-drawn-out, horrid, incomprehensible sounds, each of which appeared to strike a rough note in a discordant gamut, while in among them there was a tumultuous, confused jangle of bells, as if a hundred tambourines were ringing together. Then there came a sensation of having my face swept with a drenched mop that was composed of very long, shaggy hair, and was passed and re-passed over my cheeks and forehead, and used my eyes and mouth in a most unpleasantly free-and-easy fashion, and after that I was trampled upon by a succession of small, but by no means airy feet—a process which it is far more agreeable to describe than to feel. This over, there followed a noise of scampering and rushing and hurrying across the common, until footsteps and bells all died away in the far distance, mingling with the chorus of the storm.

My head was so dizzy and bewildered after this adventure that I lay still for two or three minutes, utterly oblivious of all Miss Dolly's well-instilled principles with regard to damp ground and rheumatism. When, however, I had recovered myself sufficiently slowly to rise to my feet, I began to realise what had happened. I had fallen in with one of the numerous herds of goats which we had often seen in our drives, and which, no doubt, frequented the common. I must have stumbled over one member of the flock as they lay huddled together, and this must have startled and aroused the whole band. Yes, it was all plain enough now. It was a horribly prosaic, unromantic incident, and a horribly uncomfortable one at the same time.

If ever a young lady made vows never again to run away from any of her relations—no, not even from a forty-seventh cousin—it was I, Beatrice Warmington, that night. On I went, wading through the heavy, marshy ground, shivering with external cold, yet at intervals hot with inward fear. There seemed no possible way out of my self-incurred difficulties. The darkness was as dense as ever, the storm as unrelenting. I had completely broken down, and was sobbing bitterly. What was to become of me? And the wind answered mockingly, "What?"

My situation appeared to me, in truth, to be growing one of real danger. I was becoming so weary that I did not think I could drag my tired limbs much further; a half-stupor was creeping over my brain, and my senses were beginning to be partially numbed and blunted with terror and fatigue. It seemed to me that I must soon sink down and glide into unconsciousness. I heard in the wind the voice of Lily calling me, half sadly, half reproachfully; and with the thought of Lily came the thought of prayer. But prayer had never been to me what it was to Lily; I could not lean on it as she would have done in my situation. I strove to get hold of words which would tell of my sorrow for my rebellious wilfulness, which would be a cry to my Father above; but they slipped away from my lips, and would not come when I wanted them, as they would have come like helpful angels to Lily.

I was now evidently beginning to descend a slope of some sort; I could tell that from the feeling of the ground as I trod it. The earth I was walking upon appeared to be less swampy than it had hitherto been, but it was more slippery. Before long this slipperiness became something that there was no contending against; my feet lost all power of stopping themselves; I was sliding swiftly downward, as if I was upon ice. Whither was I going? The question flashed confusedly through my bewildered brain in the midst of the storm and the darkness, and still I flew forward at always increasing speed. All my senses began to float into a dim whirlpool, and I could scarcely take firm hold of any distinct idea.

Suddenly there was a sensation of extreme coldness up as high as my waist, and at the same time a consciousness that my involuntary downward flight had ceased; I was standing still again at last, but where was I standing? I stretched out my hand, and bent forward; I could feel water round me. Now that I was at last still, I could collect in some measure my shattered intelligence; I reflected for some moments, and came to the conclusion that I must have slid down the sloping side of the common, rendered especially slippery by the rain, and must have landed in some stream which ran at the bottom of the declivity.

I was wet up to my waist, but at least I was off the common at last; I groped about cautiously with my hands, keeping my feet firm where they stood. I soon found the bank of the stream, which must, I felt certain, be but a shallow and a narrow one; I made a spring in the direction in which my hands had gone, and was quickly, with a great feeling of thankfulness which thrilled from heart to brain, standing once more on solid ground that was neither swampy nor slippery.

I had apparently now reached again some road; it was still too dark for me to distinguish anything, but the wind and the rain were less violent here than they had been on the open common. This made a small improvement in my condition, but still there seemed no more hope than there had been before, of my getting out of my difficulties. I moved onward, it is true, but it was quite without there being any distinct notion in my mind of any end or object in my proceeding forward. However, anything was better than standing shivering there by the stream; movement would, at least, keep me warm.

I had advanced thus some little distance, when my further course was impeded by some object in front of me. I extended my hand, and what it touched was a cold iron bar; I

moved my arm from side to side, and still it was iron bars with which my inquiring fingers came in contact. It must be an iron paling of some kind, I thought, and then began, while I lent wearily against the bars, to ask myself vaguely what kind of places are generally enclosed within such a fence.

While these questions passed through my mind, the bars suddenly began to give way before the pressure of my whole weight, which I was supporting upon them; the circumstance nearly caused me another fall, but I saved myself just in time. Then I made a discovery that sent a gleam of indistinct hope flashing through me; what I had been leaning against was an iron gate, I could feel its fastening now quite clearly, and hear the little click it made as I moved it up and down with my finger. Did not the existence of such a gate warrant the notion that some house must be near at hand? The gates into fields are not generally like this gate, I argued.

I advanced some steps, and then I became aware of another fact; I was certainly standing underneath trees; I could hear the wind in their branches, could feel the raindrops that dripped from them. I was pausing in doubt and new uncertainty, considering what I might infer from this, when, borne on the wind, there reached me a sound which was like the sound of voices. My heart gave a great leap, all my senses went into the sense of hearing; I listened as eagerly as if I had been catching the rarest notes of music; yes, voices were decidedly drawing nearer and nearer to me, and with the voices there approached a glimmer of light.

"If we can't get in by the glass door, we shall by the store-room window."

Such were the words that reached my ears, spoken in a man's voice in French.

"We'll get in quick enough if we can only reach the house," said another man's voice, in the same language, and a very rough, harsh voice it was this time, too.

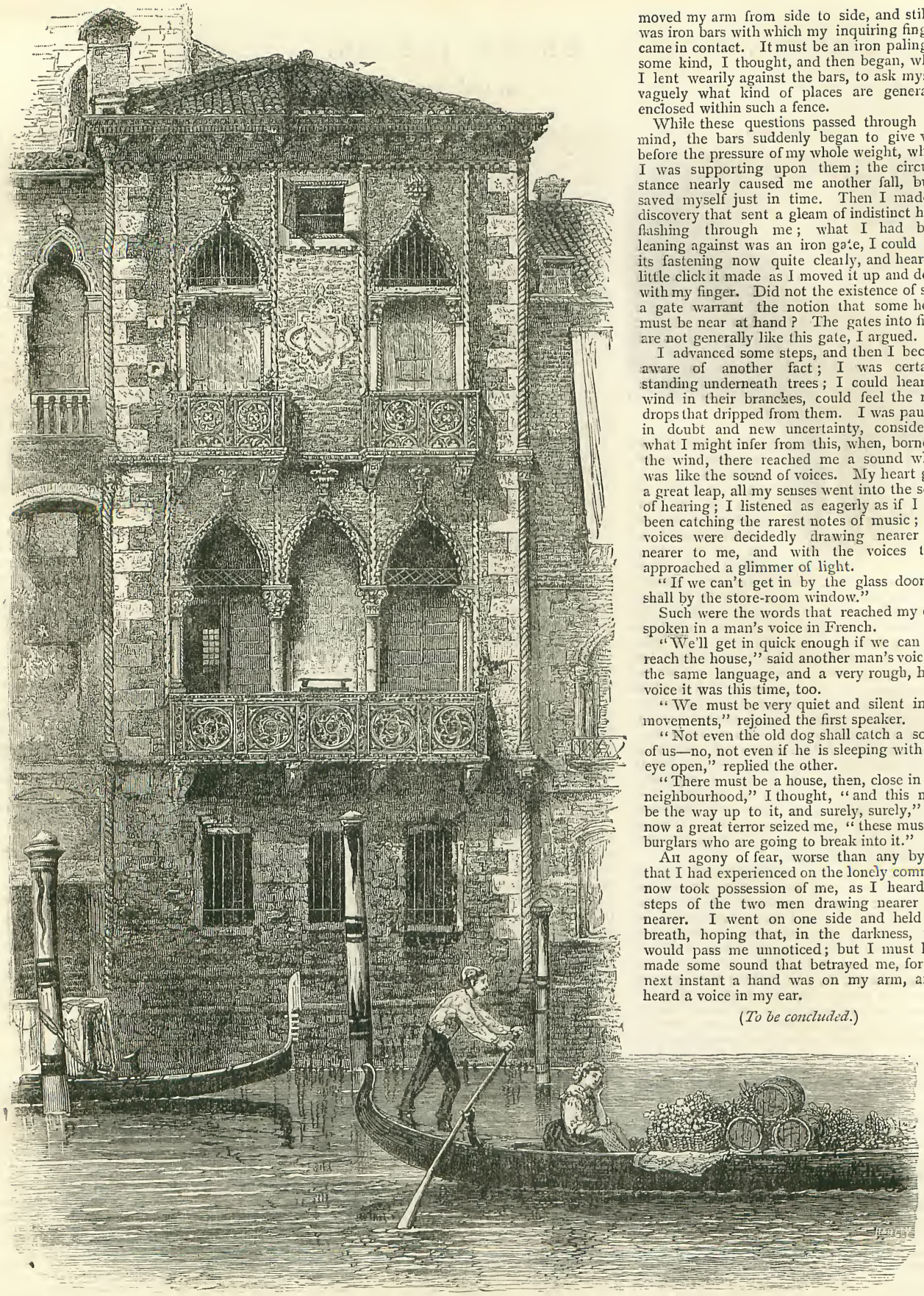
"We must be very quiet and silent in our movements," rejoined the first speaker.

"Not even the old dog shall catch a sound of us—no, not even if he is sleeping with one eye open," replied the other.

"There must be a house, then, close in this neighbourhood," I thought, "and this must be the way up to it, and surely, surely," and now a great terror seized me, "these must be burglars who are going to break into it."

An agony of fear, worse than any by far that I had experienced on the lonely common, now took possession of me, as I heard the steps of the two men drawing nearer and nearer. I went on one side and held my breath, hoping that, in the darkness, they would pass me unnoticed; but I must have made some sound that betrayed me, for the next instant a hand was on my arm, and I heard a voice in my ear.

(*To be concluded.*)



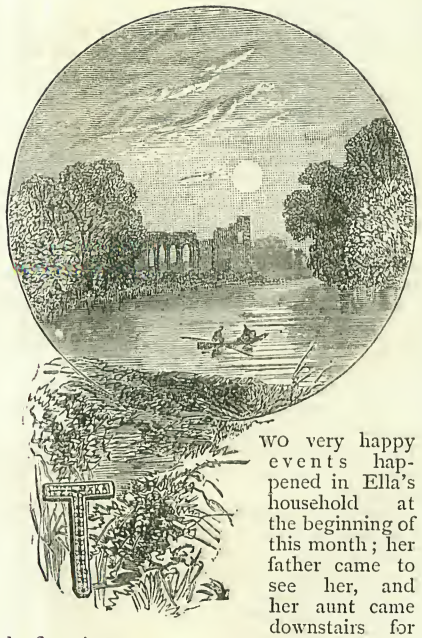
ON THE GRAND CANAL, VENICE.

"SHE COULDN'T BOIL A POTATO;"

OR,

THE IGNORANT HOUSEKEEPER, AND HOW SHE ACQUIRED KNOWLEDGE.

By DORA HOPE.



Two very happy events happened in Ella's household at the beginning of this month; her father came to see her, and her aunt came downstairs for the first time.

Mrs. Hastings had been feeling rather anxious about her daughter for some time. The young housekeeper had had a good deal of worry and anxiety, and her letters had quite unconsciously betrayed the fact that she felt in low spirits. Her depression soon disappeared, however, when her father came, and his strong common sense and masculine way of ignoring the little trials of housekeeping were as good a tonic to her mind as the sharp walks he took her were invigorating to her body.

Thinking her looking pale and languid, Mr. Hastings inquired as to her daily exercise, and found that on many days she did not go out at all, except to feed the fowls, or gather a few flowers from the garden, as her household duties took her so long that she felt she had no time for walks. Mr. Hastings considered that this quite explained her want of colour and appetite, and insisted that it must be altered. In vain Ella pleaded that it was impossible for her to go out always, and would be still more so when the nurse left. Mr. Hastings was quite unmoved by all her arguments, and insisted on her promising to take some open air exercise every day, even if it were only a quarter of an hour's run up and down the quiet lane behind the house.

He also planned in his own mind to send Ella's two brothers, Robin and Norman, to Hapsleigh for their Easter holidays. They were good boys, who would not make unnecessary noise in the house, and they would supply a complete change of thought for their sister.

Nor was this the only alteration Mr. Hastings urged in Ella's daily routine. In her restless anxiety about her aunt and the housekeeping, she had entirely omitted all her own studies. The piano was rarely opened, and all the useful books her mother had packed up for her still lay untouched at the bottom of her trunk. Mr. Hastings strongly disapproved of this, and pointed out to Ella that not only was it a great pity for her to lose the knowledge she had spent so many years in acquiring, but that it was very bad for her health, both bodily and mental, to give up all interests in life, save the cares of a household; nor would she be an agreeable companion for her aunt or their visitors if she had no topics of conversation more interesting than the difficulties of servants, or the best food for fowls; it was quite imperative, therefore, that she should set apart a certain time every day for reading and music.

Mr. Hastings was quite ready to acknowledge that Ella would find it difficult to manage, especially at first; for her inexperience in household matters made her twice as long over them as she would otherwise have been; but she felt she could do it if she made effort, and a little conversation with her father soon convinced her that it was well worth exerting herself for.

In order to make her studies as easy as possible to her, before leaving Hapsleigh Mr. Hastings went through the library with Ella and chose out a selection of books which he thought she would find interesting as well as instructive, for he held very strongly the theory that unless a book interests us, it is waste of time to read it, for though we may imagine ourselves to be getting a great deal of information, if the facts do not take sufficient hold upon the mind to interest it, the knowledge is as soon forgotten as acquired. He was very careful, therefore, in advising a course of reading for Ella, to consult her taste, and to select only those books which she would really enjoy reading.

Nor was this the end of Mr. Hastings's suggestions, for Kate had commissioned her father to explain a new enterprise of her own. She had joined a water-colour sketching club, and, without waiting to consult her, had proposed her sister's name also as a member. Each member was expected to send in an original sketch once a month, the subject being proposed by each in turn. The sketches having all been sent in to the secretary, they were then submitted to a professional artist, who put his initials on the back of the one he considered the best, and wrote a short criticism on each. The portfolio was then sent the round of the members, who each in the same way marked the one they liked best.

Kate had sent a supply of all the necessary materials by her father, with an injunction to Ella to be sure to send in a trial sketch in time for the next month.

Mr. Hastings's visit came to an end all too soon, but not till his loving counsel had done Ella good in every way. His experience smoothed over all her difficulties with an ease which seemed to her almost marvellous, while she was encouraged to fresh exertions by the unstinted praise he gave her for the manner in which she fulfilled the duties of hostess.

To Ella's surprise, when her aunt heard of these new schemes for study she took a deep interest in them, and suggested that Ella should read her instructive books aloud to her. The fresh subjects of interest quite roused the invalid, and Ella had the great satisfaction of finding that the little mental stimulus they produced not only helped to soothe the irritability and restlessness which troubled her, but that as the mind naturally re-acts upon the body, she was actually better in health for it; while, for her own part, Ella found that her aunt's sharp intelligent remarks often cleared up points which would otherwise have been a difficulty to her.

In the sketching, too, her aunt took a great interest, and once, when Ella was lamenting over an effect she could not catch, abruptly asked why she did not get Mr. Dudley to help her.

Ella felt shy of asking him; but shyness had no chance of thriving in her aunt's presence, and Sarah was despatched to ask if he would have half an hour to spare that afternoon. He soon showed Ella where she was wrong, and henceforward was always ready to give her just the advice she needed; and as the weather grew warmer, and made outdoor occupations possible, she was surprised at the many charming "bits" he found for her to sketch in the flat, uninteresting country in which Hapsleigh was situated.

Soon after Mrs. Wilson's new servants arrived, Mrs. Moore, the widow woman whom Ella had engaged as cook, asked her if she might "make so bold as to say, could she not have family prayers for them in the morning; for, not being a very good scholar herself, she could never manage to read her Bible, and Sarah, though a nice steady girl, was not so fond of her Bible as to care to sit and read it to her."

Ella was a good deal dismayed at this suggestion, but promised to think it over and consult her aunt. This was a mere matter of form, for she was sure that her aunt would approve of the suggestion, so that the decision really rested with herself. She felt sure it was the right thing to do; but she was really very bashful, though she dared not say much about it at Hapsleigh, and this seemed to her taking so much upon herself. And what should she read? and when?

A very short reflection decided her that it must be done somehow, and for the rest she had no choice but to consult her aunt.

Mrs. Wilson warmly approved of the idea, but seriously added to Ella's discomfiture by remarking—

"You had better begin to-morrow, my dear. I wonder we none of us had the sense to think of it before; and, nurse, if you will begin from to-morrow to give me my breakfast punctually, we will have prayers here in my bedroom directly afterwards. Yes, my dear," she went on, in reply to an exclamation of dismay which Ella could not altogether repress, "it is so long since I have attended a service I feel a perfect heathen, and need to be read to quite as much as Mrs. Moore."

And having once taken the idea into her head, nothing would induce Mrs. Wilson to give it up; though, on nurse's advice, she agreed that they should meet in the evening instead of the morning, as being a more convenient time for an invalid.

Mrs. Wilson had one or two books of prayers in the house, but as they were old and most of them rather too long, she told Ella to look through the books beforehand, and select a prayer each day, marking with a pencil which portions to omit. At the same time she talked over with her the most suitable portions of the Bible to select for reading.

"You know, Ella, that, as St. Paul tells us, the whole Bible is given us for our instruction, yet some portions are not easily understood unless a rather long passage is read at a time, and as that cannot be managed at daily prayers, it needs care to choose a portion

which gives a complete thought in a small compass, so that those who, like Mrs. Moore, get no other reading during the day, have something definite to carry away with them."

It was with considerable inward trepidation and a trembling of voice she could not altogether control that Ella made her first attempt at conducting the family prayers the next evening; but she struggled to forget herself, and as she went on her voice grew steadier, till, when they all repeated the Lord's Prayer together in closing, she was able to join in the spirit of the prayer as simply as anyone present.

It was with sincere pleasure that, a few days afterwards, Ella helped her aunt downstairs for the first time; but her delight that her patient had advanced so far towards recovery was mingled with a certain amount of nervousness lest she should find anything to disapprove of in the rooms, which she had not seen since she was first taken ill. For several days the servants had been expending a good deal of hard work on polishing the furniture and rearranging all the ornaments of the sitting-rooms, and Ella had exercised all her skill in arranging flowers to make the rooms look bright to welcome the invalid, so that Mrs. Wilson could not but be pleased, and she expressed her approval with a warmth which greatly gratified Ella, and which sent Sarah into the kitchen with a beaming face to tell Mrs. Moore that –

"Missis do seem pleased like, and she says to me, 'Sarah,' she says, 'I never saw that bookcase look so bright before; why, you must have got a patent polisher.'"

This well-earned praise was very gratifying to all the household, and spurred them on to fresh exertions.

Ella's interests just now were chiefly centred in the fowls. She took the greatest care of the sitting hens, and brought her aunt each day a minute report of their welfare. When the time drew near for the chickens to appear, her eagerness became so great that she would have disturbed them a dozen times in the day to see how they were getting on but for the exhortations of her aunt.

The hens were allowed to remain on the nests the whole of the day before the chickens were due, but were well fed, and had a plentiful supply of water given them. When the day for hatching came, Mrs. Moore refused to go near the nests till late in the afternoon, but at last when she and Ella approached them very quietly, so as not to disturb the hens, a gentle peeping sound announced that some chickens had already broken their way into the outer world. They found, indeed, that one hen had hatched all her chickens, but the other had still two eggs unbroken. Mrs. Moore removed the hen which had finished her work, and while Ella went into ecstasies over the fluffy round balls, she made the mother dust herself well with the ashes sprinkled about, and then escort her lively children to a clean new nest, while the old one was burnt and the box which had contained it was put into the open air to sweeten.

The mother hen was given a good meal of barley and plenty of water, but no food was given to the chickens.

In answer to Ella's remonstrances, Mrs. Moore explained that chickens need no food for from twelve to twenty-four hours after they are hatched, and, indeed, are much better without anything.

Mrs. Moore then brought a basin of warm water (heated to 105 degrees), and placing it near the other nest, deftly removed the two still unhatched eggs without disturbing the hen, and put them in the water. In a few minutes one of the eggs began to bob about in a curious manner, whereupon Mrs. Moore took it out and returned it to the hen. The other one remaining still, she held it close to Ella's ear, and shook it for her to hear the fluid contents shaking about, proving that the egg was useless.

The shells of the hatched eggs were then removed, and Ella was much interested in noticing that the two ends of each shell had been laid one inside the other, so as to take up the least possible space; but Mrs. Moore could not answer her questions as to whether it is the chicken or the hen who does this, whether it is done deliberately, or as the result of the chicken's struggles to free itself from the shell.

The next morning the last egg was hatched, and the two "hen-wives" congratulated each other on having fifteen eggs hatched out of sixteen set.

For the first day or two the chickens were fed on hard-boiled eggs, chopped up and mixed with breadcrumbs or oatmeal; and for a time they needed such constant feeding that Ella's generous mind was quite satisfied, and the chickens soon knew her so well that when she appeared they would come running to meet her, and flutter up all over her dress and into her lap.

The hens were put into coops and brought into the garden, and as long as they were too young to do mischief, the chickens were left loose to run about where they liked near the mother's coop.

It was in the midst of these cares and pleasures that Ella's two brothers, Robin and Norman, came for their ten days' visit. Robin was nearly sixteen, and Norman fourteen, and, considering their ages, they were good, considerate boys. For the first night and day after their arrival they were extremely subdued, and afraid of disturbing their aunt, but this unnatural quietness soon wore off, and Ella found her powers of mind and body fully exercised in supplying them with amusements which would not excite or tire her aunt too much.

Happily the weather was fine, and the boys delighted in long excursions into the country after mythical rare ferns, herons' nests, or other treasures. Frequently Ella went with them, and she told Mrs. Mobberly much to that lady's amusement, that they made her feel like a child again.

Mrs. Mobberly, being very anxious to encourage the feeling in Ella, that although she had reached the mature age of eighteen her youth was not quite a thing of the past, came in several time to spend a few hours with Mrs. Wilson, so that Ella was set free for a long day's excursion with her brothers.

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

Hints for Travellers.

Take one-fourth more money than your estimated expenses, and have a good supply of small change.

Acquaint yourself with the geography of the route and region of travel.

Arrange, if possible, to have but a single article of luggage to look after.

Dress substantially. Better be too hot for two or three hours at noon than be cold for the remainder of the twenty-four.

Arrange, under all circumstances, to be at the place of starting fifteen or twenty minutes before the time, thus allowing for unavoidable or unanticipated detention by the way.

Do not commence a day's travel before breakfast, even if it has to be eaten at daybreak. Dinner or supper, or both, can be more healthily dispensed with than a good warm breakfast.

A sandwich eaten leisurely in the carriage is better than a whole dinner bolted at a railway station.

Take with you a month's supply of patience, and always think thirteen times before you reply once to any supposed rudeness, insult, or inattention.

Do not suppose yourself specially and designedly neglected if waiters at hotels do not bring what you call for in double-quick time. Nothing so distinctly marks the well-bred as waiting on such occasions.

Comply cheerfully and gracefully with the customs of the conveyances in which you travel, and of the places where you stop.

Respect yourself by exhibiting the manners of a lady, if you wish to be treated as such, and then you will receive the respect of others.

Travel is a great leveller; take the position which others assign you from your conduct rather than your pretensions.

Good Reasons for Learning Singing.

The following eight reasons why everyone should learn to sing are given by Byrd in his "Psalms, Sonnets, and Songs," etc., published in 1588:—

1. It is a knowledge easily taught and quickly learned, where there is a good master and an apt scholar.

2. The exercise of singing is delightful to nature, and good to preserve the health of man.

3. It doth strengthen all parts of the breast, and doth open the pipes.

4. It is a singularly good remedy for a stuttering and stammering in the speech.

5. It is the best means to procure a perfect pronunciation and to make a good orator.

6. It is the only way to know where nature has bestowed a good voice . . . . . and in many that excellent gift is lost because they want art to express nature.

7. There is not any music of instruments whatsoever comparable to that which is made of the voices of men, where the voices are good, and the same well sorted and ordered.

8. The better the voice is, the meeter it is to honour and serve God therewith; and the voice of man is chiefly to be employed to that end.

"Since singing is so good a thing,
I wish all men would learn to sing."

An Antipathy to Cats.

—People who have a strong antipathy to cats detect their presence by the odour, in circumstances which would be thought impossible. A lady in my study, one day, suddenly remarked, "There is a cat in the room." On my assuring her there was none, she replied, "Then there is one in the passage." I went out, to satisfy her. There was no cat in the passage, but on the first landing, looking through the railings, there, sure enough, was the cat.—*G. H. Lewes.*

DR. ZIMMERMAN'S DAUGHTER.

THE name of Zimmerman has been familiar to me almost from my first being able to read. In catalogues of libraries, or of books for sale, the last entry is usually "Zimmerman on Solitude." I do not like solitude, and I always fancied that a book about it must be very dull; so I never knew anything about Zimmerman and his book beyond the title.

But I have lately found, in an old book published at York in 1810, an account of Zimmerman's daughter, which I have read with much interest. The title of this book is "True Stories and Anecdotes of Young Persons; Designed, through the Medium of Example, to Inculcate Principles of Virtue and Piety" In fact, it is a little book of Christian biography, and among the examples of virtuous and pious young persons is the daughter of Dr. Zimmerman. The page is headed, "A Tribute of Paternal Affection," and this tribute proves that, whatever else Dr. Zimmerman may have been, he was a most fond and devoted father. It seems that he lost this only and beloved daughter, a very amiable, accomplished girl, in the summer of 1781, when she was twenty-five years of age. Here is what her father says of her, a record well worth reproducing for the benefit of others, even now after more than a century has passed.

"May I be permitted," says the sorrowing father, "to give a short account of one whose memory I am anxious to preserve? The world was unacquainted with her excellence; she was known to those only whom she has left behind to bewail her loss. Her sole pleasures were those which a retired and virtuous life affords. She was active, always gentle, and compassionate to the miseries of others. Diffident of her own powers, she relied with perfect confidence on the goodness of God, and listened attentively to the precepts of her fond parent. Though naturally timid and reserved, she disclosed the feelings of her soul with all the warmth of filial tenderness. For me she entertained the most ardent affection, and convinced me, not by her professions, but by actions, of her sincerity. Willingly would I have resigned my life to save hers, and I am satisfied she would as willingly have given up her own to preserve mine. One of my greatest pleasures was to please her, and my endeavours for that purpose were most gratefully returned.

"From her early childhood she had been the victim of ill-health; but, though of weak frame of body, and deeply afflicted, she bore her sufferings with steady fortitude and pious resignation to her heavenly Father's will. Soon after our leaving Switzerland for Hanover she fell into a deep decline, which too soon deprived me of the comfort of this beloved child. From the knowledge I had of her constitution, I apprehended that the disorder would prove mortal. How frequently did my wounded, bleeding heart bend me on my knees before God to supplicate for her recovery! But I concealed my anxiety from her observation.

"Although sensible of her danger, she never discovered the least apprehension. Smiles played around her pallid cheeks whenever I entered the room. Even when worn by the fatal disease, and under most afflicting pains, she made no complaint. Her decay became evident to the eye, but to the last hours of her life she preserved a serenity correspondent to the purity and composure of her mind. Thus I beheld my dear, my only daughter, at the age of twenty-five, after a tedious suffering of nine long months, expire in my arms.

"During our short residence in Hanover, where she was much respected and beloved, she composed some religious pieces, which were afterwards found among her papers. About the same period she also wrote many letters, which were always affecting, and frequently sublime in the expressions of her feelings. The last words that my dear excellent child uttered were these: 'To-day I shall taste the joys of heaven!'"

Such is the memorial tribute. The love of a father and daughter is always beautiful, and in this case is unusually touching. The perusal of what the good man wrote has made me think of him with softened feeling. I know nothing about his life or history, save what appears in this account of his daughter, after reading which I could even look at his book on solitude with complacency!

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

B. IGNORAMUS.—You cannot say, "No one knew I was here but her," because you are speaking in the nominative case, which answers to the question "who"—viz., "Who was there?" "She was;" not "her was." In the accusative case the personal pronoun "her" is employed—viz., "Of whom did you borrow it?" "Of her;" not "of she;" the accusative answering the word "whom"

A. R. B.—A visitor requested us some time since to draw attention to the Training Home for Governesses, 81, Mildmay-grove, N., at which the fee for board, lodging, and laundry for three months is only £6. We think this might suit you, especially as the foundress undertakes to find situations for the students. The Kindergarten system is included in the course of training. Address the directress.

MOLLY M.—Friendless and homeless girls and others needing a short training in the ordinary work of a general servant are received at a payment of 5s. a week, at Breydon House, North Quay, Great Yarmouth. Address the lady superintendent, Mrs. H. E. Buxton. Every effort is made to place the girls in suitable situations on leaving the institution. They cannot remain there after the training is over.

DOROTHY.—We fear there is nothing to be done, if you cannot spell, but to purchase a little dictionary, and always look out every word of which you have the least doubt. We are glad you find our dress articles so useful.

BEEAHUDHU AND INNISTORE.—The action of the rays of the sun does put out a fire by rarefying the air, and so causing it to flow more slowly towards the fire. The air which really does reach the fire at the time also affords no nourishment, because rarefied air contains less oxygen than the same quantity of condensed air. We should imagine the steel chain would have no effect unless you were struck by lightning.

PURPLE CLEMATIS should write to the secretary of the College of Preceptors, 42, Queen-square, Bloomsbury, W.C.

A COUNTRY LASSIE.—The 12th February, 1886, was a Friday. We do not know the school you mention. It is probably a private one. Why not write yourself direct?

ANXIOUS.—Perhaps a Kindergarten school would suit you better.

GLAN MENAI.—1 *Kinder* is one word in German, and *garten* is another, so the word is "Kindergarten." 2. Tancredi is an Italian name. The most famous bearer of it was Tancred, son of Marquis Odo the Good, of Sicily, born 1078. He assumed the cross in the First Crusade, 1098, was created Prince of Galilee, and died of a wound at Antioch, 1112. He was "a very perfect, gentle knight," and in him was embodied the chivalrous spirit of the Crusades.

F. E. N. (Bishop's Stortford).—There is a good arithmetic society, including algebra, for particulars of which write to Miss Frances Mason, hon. secretary, care of Mr. Horwood, 62, Green Lanes, London, N. French and English correspondence is likewise undertaken by this society. We thank F. E. N. for information respecting her Pledgdon Bible-class Society, to which we gladly draw the attention of our readers.

HOUSEKEEPING.

VIOLET and ROSE.—Put a little turpentine on the spots of paint; or if that be not successful, try benzine colas.

SIDNEY R.—We can only advise you to hang curtains between the pillars in your drawing-room. With some flowing draperies they will look less stiff.

BLUE-EYED BURKIE.—Hominy porridge would be quite as nutritious as any other, and would provide a change from oatmeal. You could also try polenta, made from Indian meal or maize in the same manner as oatmeal porridge.

IRENE.—It is still the fashion to hang curtains over looking-glasses, as you describe. The curtains should match those in the windows or the trimmings of the dressing-table.

MADGE.—To take rust from steel ornaments we should advise you to cover them with sweet oil, well rubbed in, and after 48 hours to use finely-powdered unslacked lime. Rub in until the rust disappears.

F. O. writes to us to say that spots of mildew on the leather covers of books that have been kept in a damp room may be removed by rubbing them with dry crusts of bread.

DEVONIA has only to set the milk in clean pans for the cream to rise. Once a week is the usual time for churning, and every two or three days the pans are skimmed. The cream need not be sour to churn into butter.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JIM'S DARLING.—Your mother should see that the two children obey you, and if they need punishment she should inflict it, not you. Your spelling and writing are both very defective.

RED BERRIE.—"Genius" appears to us to mean originality and creative power; talent does not imply originality. We generally apply the word to those who ably interpret the ideas and carry out the discoveries of others.

JANET MORETON.—Stopped teeth sometimes last for years if well done. If the stopping should come out, it ought to be at once replaced.

DAISY NAOMI seems to need a tonic. We advise her to read the articles by "Medicus." Cod-liver oil would probably be of service to her. Naomi needs a doctor's advice as to her digestion.

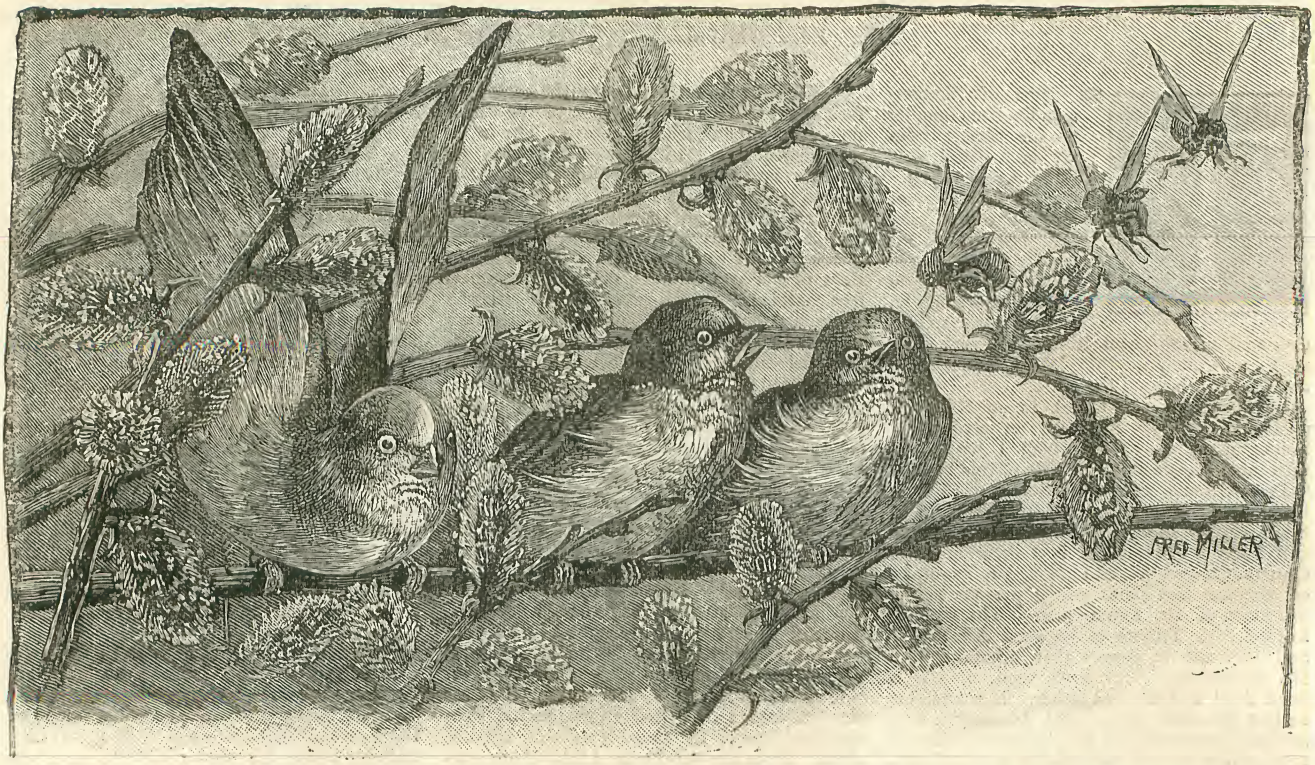
ALYS and MABELLE.—"Nigel" is pronounced as it is spelt; the last syllable as the first in "gelatine."

K. M. W. is anxious that others who, like herself, have lost their voices, should know how much she has benefited from the treatment by the electric battery, which she obtained at St. Thomas's Hospital. She hopes not only to recover her voice completely for speaking, but also for singing.

MONA —The lines, "Break, break, break! On thy cold grey stones, O Sea!" are by Lord Tennyson. They have been several times set to music, and you can obtain the songs at any music-seller's.

FAIR ROSAMOND.—When you first observed that the strange man made a habit of occupying the same seat as yourself, you should have gone elsewhere. Now you have habitually sanctioned the liberty he took, seeing you without a chaperon or companion, and this has made your case difficult. You can only say that you acted indiscreetly in the first instance in allowing yourself to be drawn into conversing with a perfect stranger, and that you regret that you must withdraw from further intercourse, unless properly introduced and suitable references be given. Even were he thoroughly respectable, he may be in no position to pay his addresses to you in point of fortune.

FOUR MAIDENS.—Young ladies in England have their names put on their mothers' visiting cards, unless under peculiar circumstances. If they have no mother, their names would appear together—*i.e.*, Miss Smith—Miss Belinda Smith.



SARNIA.—Your school children, whom you train to sing in the choir of your church, would be rendered more efficient were they to sing through a few ordinary scales for a few minutes previously to practising the chants and hymns. It would only extend the time some five or ten minutes beyond the hour hitherto devoted to the lesson once weekly. There would be no necessity for consulting them on the subject, nor even drawing attention to the brief prolongation of the time. Were you to propose an extra day for practising, they might grumble or find difficulty in attending.

MIGNONETTE.—The 20th of April, 1868, was a Monday. Many thanks for your nice letter.

D. E. S.—Messrs. Cassell publish a "Guide to Female Employment in Government Offices."

MAUDE must make inquiries, and try to find some writing, copying, or needlework. She gives us no indications of what she can do, so is evidently not a practical young person.

ALICE ROCKHAMPTON.—1. The words, *Ricordo di Napoli*, mean "a remembrance, or memento, of Naples." 2. We should think lemonade a very good summer drink.

H. S. G. H.—The 28th August, 1852, was a Saturday, and the 5th January, 1864, was a Tuesday.

SCOTCH LASSIE.—We should advise you to take a situation as cook-housekeeper. Your writing does not seem good enough for a clerk.

NATALIE METZ.—In writing such articles, a doctor makes use of his acquired knowledge, of course. How do you suppose a doctor could prescribe with success if he did not know about every portion of the human organism and its use and functions?

PHYLLIS H.—You may use the tweezers, but we do not think you should try anything else.

THISTLE sends us a letter of inquiry as to how she can earn her own living. She says, "I have no special talent for anything; I am no musician, I have no accomplishments, I am a bad writer, I dislike teaching, also nursing, and I cannot learn languages." We see nothing left but domestic service or matrimony, and Thistle had better begin to learn cooking and housekeeping, so as to be prepared for either position.

AN ANXIOUS ONE would do well to try the Dental Hospital and have advice about her teeth.

MAUDE C.—Felt hats, if good enough, can be re-dyed and blocked without much expense. The 4th Feb., 1869, was a Thursday.

NESTA.—The 15th March, 1871, was a Wednesday; and the 28th February, 1874, was a Saturday.

AUDREY GALLOP.—The German *Auf Weidersehn* means the same as the French *au revoir*. We have no similar idiom in English, the meaning being, "a wish for our next meeting."

A JUNE ROSE.—Most young girls if short-sighted prefer eyeglasses to spectacles, but it is quite a matter of individual preference.

BUSY BEE must go through the usual course of submitting her story to the various publishers. There is no royal road to literary success.

MAKIE.—We could not give space for such a quantity of statistics. Buy a "Whitaker's Almanack." The story you mention about the Queen has been recently contradicted, we believe.

EMMELINE KENNEDY.—1. The distance from Rydal to Ambleside is given differently in guides and gazetteers—viz., as two miles, a mile and a quarter, and a mile and a half. You say it is a "short mile," but you will allow it is not a matter of very vital importance. A quarter of a mile from the shores of any lake may be very truly described as being on or near the banks of that lake. You will understand that we are not called upon to visit each locality and test the correctness of gazetteers and guides, so we are quite willing to believe your statement correct. 2. The poet Wordsworth had, as you say, an only daughter, Dora; married to Mr. Quillinan. She died in 1847, leaving no family. Mr. Quillinan had, however, two daughters by his first wife, who was a daughter of Sir Egerton Bridges. This poor lady was burnt to death. Mr. Quillinan himself died suddenly in 1857.

CECIL.—The lines you quote are from a short poem by Lord Byron.

CONSTANT READER.—Colour-blindness is, unfortunately, very common, and more especially among men. It is rare among women. Red and green are the colours which, through some defect in the eyes, are the more generally confounded. Sailors and soldiers have to be carefully examined to ascertain their ability to distinguish signals, and engine-drivers likewise.

NORA, THE ANXIOUS.—You had better apply to Mrs. Houston Smith respecting situations as mother's help; office, 409, Oxford-street, W.

A. M. B.—We quite understand your difficulty in understanding our Lord's statement (St. Mark xiii. 30, and St. Luke xxi. 32). It may be explained in more than one way. If He referred to His Second Advent, you must remember that the term "generation" is sometimes employed to denote the nation as a whole, and in this sense this is true, as we see in reference to the Jewish people, who exist to this day, notwithstanding the cruel exterminating persecutions to which, through all the subsequent centuries, they have been subjected. If the statement referred to the destruction of Jerusalem, the term "generation" bore the signification which we put on that term, for those standing by (very many of them) lived to see that prophecy fulfilled. Our Lord's discourse referred to both events, although the two prophecies are rather unaccountably run together by the evangelists in their record of them.

MARROW BONES repeats an old query, which we have ceased to answer. Read "The Art of Letter-writing," vol. i., page 237.

SANDOWN.—The few holidays accorded to the banks include Christmas Day and Good Friday, and though national, they are properly called bank holidays also. Christmas Day was a great festival of the ancient Romans, but the day was observed by Christians to commemorate a very different event.

SARAH.—The man who made use of such an expression as that to which you refer is certainly very profane, and wanting in the feelings of a gentleman towards those in whose presence he spoke. It is a species of swearing of a very low class and horrible kind. If these girls allowed such language to be used without denouncing its gross profanity and the personal insult to themselves, as listeners, they showed want of common self-respect, not to speak of reverent feeling.

ELLENNETTE.—Perhaps it would be of some service to have the old boards planed, then well saturated with turpentine, and, when dry, painted thickly with two or three coats of paint. The vermin will scarcely be able to penetrate this, if any survive the turpentine bath. We have not tried this plan, but should do so under the same distressing circumstances. Some have found the use of a kettle of boiling water very effectual. We should use this first, then the turpentine, and then the paint.

INCOGNITO.—The *Ides* in the Ancient Roman Calendar were eight days in each month. The first, denominated the *Idus*, fell on the 15th of March, May, July, and October, and on the 13th of the other months. The *Ides* came between the *Calends* and the *Nones*, and were reckoned backwards. Thus, the 14th of March, May, July, and October, and the 12th of the other months, was called "the day before the *Ides*. In the calendar of the "Breviary," and in the Chancery of Rome, this needlessly complicated mode of reckoning is still retained.

A CHESHIRE CAT.—When the reflecting surface is concave the contiguous reflected rays themselves intersect, and as we pass along any line on the surface—say the line of intersection, by a given plane—the reflected rays by their ultimate intersections form a plane curve. By varying the plane of section an indefinite number of such curves result, and these all lie upon the surface known as the caustic, to which every reflected ray is a tangent. A concave lens must of necessity render originally parallel rays divergent. The principal focus of the convex lens is the point at which the rays which pass through it, near and parallel to its axis, converge. The science of optics is one that needs to be taught.

BUNCH OF GRAPES.—1. We do not hold ourselves bound to inform our readers of the why and wherefore respecting our plan of conducting our paper. 2. If the terra-cotta be very dirty, sponge with turpentine, and then with soap and water.

M. S. O.—No further continuation of the article on "Paper Boxes" was given in the G. O. P. "My Work Basket" is continued at intervals as space will permit.

PARTICULAR.—From Angus's "Handbook of the English Tongue," we quote the following with reference to your query;—"In old writers, and occasionally in modern print, 'an' is sometimes erroneously placed before semi-vowels or vocal 'h,' as 'an usurpation,' 'an historical account.'" Thus, you see that "a historical account" was right. You should get the book in question; it is published at 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.



VOL. VIII.—No. 378. MARCH 26, 1887. PRICE ONE PENNY.



SHOPPING IN THE RAIN.

APRIL SHOWERS.

As light and shade show off each other,
And tears and smiles look well together,
So we love our April showers,
That christen all our favourite flowers.

A sunny sky begins the day;
  Clouds gather soon, and Nature weeps;
The sun comes out with cheerful ray,
  With golden light the landscape steeps.

Life is made up of April showers;
  Clouds and sunshine fill our days;
Grief and joy ring in the hours
  And form the theme of all our lays.

All smiles would only make us weary;
All tears would make our life but dreary.
We want the leaves, we want the flowers,
That come to us with April showers.

G. C. H

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THE SHEPHERD'S FAIRY.

A PASTORALE.

By DARLEY DALE, Author of "Fair Katherine," etc.

CHAPTER XXII.



THE conversation at supper naturally turned on the carnival at which they had just been present, Mr. de Courcy, who had been to most of the foreign carnivals, declaring this was second to none, except Venice, though the fact that the Lewes saturnalia were rather a demonstration against Roman Catholicism than a *bonâ fide* carnival detracted from its merits from his point of view, an opinion Mr. Leslie shared with him, remarking that if such scenes as that which had occurred with Father McCarthy that night were to be repeated, the sooner the Fifth of November festivities were put an end to the better.

The allusion to Father McCarthy recalled John Shelley to Mr. de Courcy's memory, and to Rex's chagrin he began to question Mr. Leslie about this shepherd, whose presence seemed to have such a salutary effect on the excited mob. Was he a Catholic? Where did he live? Had he any family? In short, there is no knowing where his inquiries would have led him to if Rex had not interrupted him.

"Father, what is the De Thorens' crest?"

Rex's eye had suddenly been caught by the crest on the handkerchief Fairy wore round her neck, and partly to stop the conversation about the shepherd and change the topic to heraldry, in which Mr. de Courcy was an authority, partly because it struck him that this crest was like the baron's, he asked the question.

"De Thorens' crest! A lion rampant, holding a cross-crosslet in his dexter paw. Why?"

"Only because the crest on Fairy's handkerchief looked very like it," replied Rex.

"Indeed! Allow me to look; crests often resemble each other so much that only an expert can detect the difference," said Mr. de Courcy, putting up his *pince-nez*, and peering across the table at Fairy.

"Oh, yes, that is their crest; perhaps they are connections of Mademoiselle Fairy's."

"Oh, no, I have no—I mean I don't know anyone of that name; I never heard it before that I know of. Oh, yes, I have though; De Thorens was the name cut on the handle of Dame Hursey's umbrella, which John and Jack picked up the night she was killed. How funny," said Fairy, recovering her equanimity, which had been a little disturbed by Mr. de Courcy's question.

"Funny, indeed; it is an extraordinary coincidence. Fairy, where did you get that handkerchief from? Just take it off and hand it to Mr. de Courcy, that he may be quite sure there is no mistake about the crest," said Mr. Leslie, sharply, for already he suspected they were about to have the mystery of Fairy's birth solved.

Fairy obeyed without answering the question, saying in an undertone to Rex, "What a pity you called attention to my handkerchief! I shall have to answer if Mr. Leslie asks again, and then my poor little story will have to come out before your father."

"Oh dear me; yes, that is De Thorens' crest, and here is his coronet—he is a baron—in the other corner. There is not the slightest doubt about it; I would swear to it in any court of justice," said Mr. de Courcy, in his broken English, examining the handkerchief.

"Fairy, where did you get this handkerchief? Answer, child, quickly," said Mr. Leslie, impatiently.

"Don't be so impatient, Frank; Fairy thinks you are angry with her," said Mrs. Leslie, seeing Fairy coloured up to the roots of her golden hair and looked, as she felt, very much embarrassed, for if she answered the question Rex might be vexed with her, and if she delayed to do so, Mr. Leslie certainly would.

"I think you are all very disagreeable, making me take off my pretty handkerchief, almost my only possession, and all asking questions about it, don't you, Mrs. Leslie?" said Fairy, knitting her pretty brows, and pretending to pout and turn the cold shoulder on Rex, who was the author of her discomfiture.

"Yes, I do, dear, and if I were you I should decline to answer."

"Don't be ridiculous, Agatha; this is no trifling matter. Tell me, Fairy, dear, and don't think I am rude or cross, was not that handkerchief one of the things you had on when you were found?" said Mr. Leslie.

"Yes; I thought it would do to wear instead of lace, but I wish I had left it at home," said Fairy, feeling very much annoyed at her story being mentioned before Mr. de Courcy.

"And that Indian shawl you had on to-night was the one you were wrapped up in, I know, for I remember seeing it at the time. Just get it, one of you girls," continued Mr. Leslie, ignoring Fairy's feelings in the most remorseless manner in his excitement.

"Here it is," said Maud Leslie, picking up the shawl which Fairy had thrown on a chair, and handing it to her father.

"Now, Mr. de Courcy, you recognised the crest, perhaps you have seen this shawl before. I may as well tell you, for sooner or later you must learn it, that our little Fairy here was picked up eighteen years ago last midsummer, wrapped up in this shawl and with that handkerchief among other fine garments, on a doorstep. That she was the child of rich parents was evident from her clothes, but who she was or where she came from has remained a mystery ever since. Now you will understand my excitement when you recognised the crest as that of someone you know."

"As that of my most intimate friend. De Thorens is a neighbour of ours, and we are on most intimate terms. Rex there looks upon the baroness as a second mother; but I can't make head or tail of this story, for the strange part of it is, Arnaud—de Thorens, I mean—once had an infant daughter, and sent her to England in a yacht under the care of his brother Léon, to be nursed, because in those days he was jealous of his wife's affection for the child. The yacht was lost, and poor Léon de Thorens and the infant were drowned with all on board. I came over to England with the baron to make inquiries when Rex there was a little boy of three or four years old. It must be just about eighteen years ago, but I remember it all as well as if it were yesterday."

"Where was the yacht lost?"

"Off Harwich. It left Yarmouth the day before, and it was to Yarmouth that we went to make inquiries, but we did not learn much, except that an English sailor deserted the yacht there, and caused poor Léon to remain in the harbour a day or two longer than he otherwise would have done."

"What was the name of the English sailor, do you remember?" asked Mr. Leslie, who was mentally trying to find the ends of this tangled skein prior to unravelling it.

"John Smith: he had been a year or two with Léon."

"And where did the yacht sail from in the first instance?"

"From Carolles, a village close to the Château de Thorens. From what we learnt at the time, we arrived at the conclusion that they came straight from Carolles to Yarmouth, and were returning when they were lost, being unable, I imagine, to find a home for the child, or rather, having been deserted by this Englishman, who had promised to place it out to nurse with some friend," said Mr. de Courcy.

"On the contrary, I feel convinced this John Smith, as he called himself, George Hursey as he really was——" began Mr. Leslie, who was tremendously excited; but a little cry from Fairy interrupted him.

The topic of her parentage was always

a distasteful one to Fairy, and the present discussion, raising, as it did, such wild hopes, and at the same time causing both her and Rex anxiety and dread, lest, on hearing her strange story, Mr. de Courcy should withhold his consent, proved too much for the poor child, and she fell half-fainting into Rex's arms at the mention of George Hursey, whose mother had always been suspected of knowing more than she chose to say about her.

"Do be quiet, Frank; I thought it would end in this. Poor child! Here, Mr. Reginald, bring her into the drawing-room; Mr. Leslie is so excited, he will go on talking about it. We will leave him and your father to themselves till they have finished discussing it," said Mrs. Leslie, helping Rex to lead Fairy away.

"Poor little Fairy, she'll soon be all right again," said Mr. Leslie, too much accustomed to fainting fits to be alarmed. And then moving to the fire, he continued to explain his conclusions to Mr. de Courcy, first of all telling him the story of George Hursey and his poor old mother's death, which need not be repeated here.

"Now my firm belief is this: either George Hursey left the yacht at Yarmouth with the child in his charge, and travelled here with it, which is most improbable, or he landed somewhere near here with the child, left it on John Shelley's doorstep, and returned to the yacht, and went on to Yarmouth, though why he deserted there I don't yet see. But stop a minute, I believe I do. The baron no doubt intended to pay handsomely for the child, didn't he?"

"Oh, yes, he assured me Léon had a purse of, I forget how many francs, to be given to the woman with whom it was to be left, and if more was required he would send it when he knew where the child was."

"Then I have it. George Hursey left the child and decamped with the money, and confessed it to his mother six years ago, when he met her, as we know he did, on Mount Harry. He was afraid she would forget the name, and carved it on her umbrella-handle. The poor old dame was killed the same evening, or Fairy would have discovered her parentage six years ago!" exclaimed Mr. Leslie, who was in high glee, not only on Fairy's account, but at having solved the mystery so entirely to his own satisfaction.

"You feel certain, then, that she is De Thorens' long-lost child?" asked Mr. de Courcy, still a little sceptical, for he had always taken it for granted that the infant was drowned in the Hirondelle; moreover, Fairy's story was quite new to him; he had not, like Mr. Leslie, been waiting for its solution for eighteen years.

"As certain as I am that Rex is your son. Does not the handkerchief with the De Thorens' crest prove it? If not, Mrs. Shelley has, I am sure, kept the rest of the clothes, so there will be no difficulty in proving the identity. There is that shawl, and I remember the child had a costly quilt round her; she seemed to have been caught up out of her cradle—at least that was my impression."

"But so she was. De Thorens took her himself without his wife's knowledge, and though she has forgiven him years ago, and I fancy forgotten all about it, I doubt if he has ever forgiven himself."

"That settles it to my mind; Fairy is the De Thorens' child. The question now is, how are we to prove it and to make them believe it?"

"What do you say to letting me take the shawl and handkerchief and the rest of the clothes over, and showing them to the baron and baroness? If they recognise them it will be sufficient; if not, I will return them at once."

"Excellent; there could not be a better plan, that is, if you are prepared to go at once, for we ought not to lose a day; if not I will go myself, and take Rex with me to interpret."

But Mr. de Courcy, who began to feel as sure as Mr. Leslie that Fairy was the baron's daughter, wished to have the pleasure of bearing the good news to his friend, and professed his willingness to start the next day, an arrangement which the young people greatly preferred, as Rex was not to return with his father, and thus they would have a few more days together.

"Would you like to go back to Lewes for the bonfire, Fairy?" asked Mr. Leslie, putting his head into the drawing-room door, where Fairy was lying on the sofa, attended by Rex and Mrs. Leslie.

"Don't be so absurd, Frank, you have completely upset the child, and now you want to drag her back to Lewes in the cold. Why, you'd kill her!" *indignantly* exclaimed Mrs. Leslie.

"I hope not," said Mr. Leslie; "I want to restore her to her parents first. But we won't talk about that any more to-night. It is high time all these girls went to bed; I am sure that is the best place for the shepherd's fairy, after all the excitement she has been having this evening. So good-night, girls; and Agatha, come into the dining-room with Rex after you have dismissed the children."

(*To be continued.*)

ARTISTIC KNICK-KNACKS.

THERE are many ways in which, by a little care and trouble, our homes can be made pretty, and I want to tell you now how to decorate some little things in a simple way. There are three designs shown in our coloured plate: first, a milking stool; second, a pair of bellows; third, a toadstool table.

Suppose we commence with the milking-stool. Take the pattern, and enlarge it to the size required for the stool. We have frequently shown how designs can be enlarged.

Take a piece of tracing paper (it will most likely cost you twopence), and trace all the lines carefully with a rather soft pencil. Next turn the tracing paper with the pencil side next the wood, get it carefully in the centre, and fasten it down with drawing pins. Again go over the lines, pressing hard on the paper. When you have done this you should have a very fair impression on the top of the stool. Now go over these lines again carefully with your pencil, looking at the pattern to rectify any mistakes.

The next thing is to get a tube of Indian red (oil paint, threepence), a little turpentine, and if you want it to dry very quickly, you may use three or four drops of terebine.

Of these you can get more than you require for twopence each at the nearest oilshop.

Then you will want a plate or tile, an old knife, or, better still, a palette knife, if you have one.

These things being ready, put out some paint on the tile, with a little turpentine (not too much, or the paint will rub off when you have finished), and add, if you like, a few drops of terebine, then mix them together with the knife till smooth. Now take a brush (fitch or camel hair)—you should have two, a large and a small one—and placing the pattern beside you, paint the stool just like it, beginning with the parts between the leaves and stems, and leaving the veinings and small marks on leaves and berries till the last. These you will do best with the small brush.

If it looks thin and shows the colour of the wood through, give it a second coat when dry. It must be done exactly like the first. You may consider the top finished if it be well covered, and proceed with the legs and under part of the stool.

Place the stool high; you will then be able to get at the under side without rubbing off the paint above.

Paint all the rest of the stool red, unless there are any turned rings on the legs, when it would look well to leave these rings the natural colour of the wood. It is now quite finished, and you can put it away till dry.

If your stool should be smaller, and there is not room for all the design, it would be better to omit the outer border; if bigger, you might either widen it or put another beyond. A little care will make the pattern fit and look well.

The toadstool (hawthorn design) will look well painted in the same way. They are of different sizes, but for a small one you might use the design for the milking stool, as the toadstool is for a large size.

In doing the stand, leave the natural colour of the wood showing, as in the small drawing, to represent grass. The veinings may be painted black, if you so fancy.

The design for bellows (buttercups and daisies) is a large size, but there is room to push the border closer or leave it out altogether if too big. It is to be painted just in the same way.

Designs painted on wood in this way will wash and wear for years, though I have generally cleaned mine with breadcrumbs, as you would a drawing.

N. C. A. P.



THE BROOK AND ITS BANKS.

By the Rev. J. G. WOOD, M.A., Author of "The Handy Natural History."

CHAPTER VI.



My previous remarks on the life-history of the campagnol show how one creature is dependent upon another, and how, when the habitation of the campagnol is abandoned by its excavator, a tenant is sure to be found as soon as the dwelling is vacated.

Such is also the case with the burrow of the water-vole, should the animal fall a victim to the pike or heron, and a more fitting or picturesque tenant cannot be found.

This is the KINGFISHER (*Alcédo hispida*), a bird which is far more plentiful than is generally suspected.

It may seem somewhat strange that the most brilliantly coloured of our British birds should be able to pass its life and rear its young in the vicinity of human habitations, and yet that its existence should be unknown to the resident population.

Yet I have seen this to be the case, even the country people who lived within a few hundred yards of a Kingfisher's nest hardly being able to believe their eyes when I showed them a handful of the eggs.

To the frequenter of the Brook and its banks hardly any sight is more familiar than that which is so admirably described by Faber:—

"There came
Swift as a meteor's shining flame,
A kingfisher from out the brake,
And almost seemed to leave a wake
Of brilliant hues behind."
FABER: *The Cherwell.*

As the bird darts along its horizontal course just above the surface of the water, its flight is so swift that it looks just as if a blue streak had been drawn through the air.

Fortunately for us, the Kingfisher is one of the few brightly-coloured birds which lose none of their brilliance in flight.

Those who have watched the humming-birds when darting through the air with speed even more rapid than that of the Kingfisher, or hovering before some flower into which they are plunging their long tongues, say that they give scarcely any indications of their gemlike plumage, but look as sombre of hue as the brown humming-bird moth, which is so plentiful in the autumn.

But the Kingfisher looks, when on the wing, as bright, or, if anything, even brighter, than it does when at rest.

Possessed though it may be of the most vivid blues, greens, red, and white, these colours are so artistically blended that even those who know the bird intimately can seldom state the exact colouring of each part, but are obliged to give a general idea of it, and say that it is green above and red below.

I know the bird well enough, and have more than once described its colours; but even now I should not choose to write the details of its hues without reference to the bird itself, or some description which had been written by a competent observer.

No one afflicted in the least degree with colour-blindness, a malady which is far more common than is generally supposed (as is shown by the reports of examinations in colour which have to be passed by candidates for the army, navy, and appointments on the railways), would make anything of the description of a Kingfisher.

Without going into needlessly minute details, we may say that the head and back of the neck are deep green, relieved by a number of blue spots upon the tips of the feathers. The shoulders are dark green, and the rest of the back is verditer-green, the tail being dark blue. The wings are coloured like the head. When the bird is darting along on its arrowy flight, the eye cannot separate these colours, and, brilliant as is the tinted streak when the sun is shining, it is impossible to say whether the hue be green or blue.

If we turn the bird over, and examine the under surface, we shall see that the throat is nearly white, and the remainder is ruddy chestnut. There is also a conspicuous white streak passing from the eyes to the back of the neck.

Though these colours are so remarkably arranged, the general effect is that of bluish-green upon the back and red below, and it is very strange to find so many people who must have seen the bird make the most extraordinary mistakes when they mention its colour. No one would expect that Mary Howitt, for example, who is essentially a poet of the country, would have written of the "scarlet plume" of the Kingfisher. I fancy that at the time she must have been thinking of the woodpecker.

Now let us try to watch the Kingfisher as we have watched the water-vole, the campagnol, and the water-shrew.

There is not the least difficulty in doing so, as the Kingfisher is, when understood, a bird which has but little fear of man, and, indeed, seems to prefer the neighbourhood of human habitations.

I have seen it darting over the surface of the water in the desolate "creeks" of the mouth of the Medway, and rather wondered to see it so far from human habitations. But, I afterwards learnt that upon some of the many islands which are formed by these creeks, and which, from the level of the water, appear to be totally deserted, there is a series of small settlements, only approachable by boats at high water, on account of the deep mud which surrounds their banks.

If, while sitting quietly on the bank of our brook, we catch a glimpse of the blue-green flash of a Kingfisher's back, and will remain where we are without moving, we shall be tolerably certain to see the bird again, and probably be able to track it to its nest, or at all events to its favourite fishing spot.

As its name implies, the bird lives almost entirely on fish, which it catches in a very ingenious manner.

Selecting some object which overhangs the water, it takes its perch upon it, and with its big beak sunken on its breast, awaits the approach of its prey.

Suddenly, it may be seen to drop from the perch into the water, and to emerge with a fish in its beak. Returning to the perch, it bangs the fish against it, throws it up in the

air, catches it with its head downwards, and swallows it.

When anyone sees for the first time the Kingfisher catching its prey, and has taken his ideas on the subject from illustrated books, he is always surprised at the manner in which the bird catches the fish.

Artists invariably represent the Kingfisher as darting at its prey with its head downwards, just as if it were a diver taking a "header" into the water. Whereas, the bird simply lets itself drop into the water. Then there is a great splashing, and presently the bird emerges with its prey.

It always has some favourite perch, so that when it is once seen in the act of fishing, it may be watched whenever the observer can spare an hour.

It might be imagined that on account of its brilliant hues, the Kingfisher must be very conspicuous on its fishing perch. This, however is not the case. I have often passed a place where the bird was sitting, and have been startled by its sudden rising.

Brilliant as it may be, it is singularly inconspicuous. Though the statement may seem a paradox, all practical lepidopterists know that there is nothing so difficult of detection as a white moth on a black fence, and *vice versa*, and perhaps on the same principle, the brilliant colours of the Kingfisher are a safeguard to the bird.

I have already stated that just as a thrush has a favourite stone on which to break the shells of his snails, so the Kingfisher always has his favourite perch from which he watches for the fish first, and against which he can bang them into insensibility when caught. Seated on this perch, he really seems to feel that he is "monarch of all he surveys." Another passage from Faber's "Kingfisher" (containing a playful allusion to the bird's name) may be appropriately quoted here:

"Thou hast a fair dominion here, Sir King,
And yon tall stone beneath the alder stem,
Seems a meet throne for a gay crowned thing
That wears so well its tawny diadem."

It is to be wished that all poets had been equally observant, for they really seem to vie with each other in depicting the bird in so absurd a fashion that no one could recognise it.

Perhaps we need not be very much surprised when Cowper (essentially the poet of the town) describes the Kingfisher as catching its prey in the ocean, or when Savage, another poet of the town, ranks the Kingfisher among the songsters; but, it is more than startling when Shelley, of all poets, represents himself as having seen two Kingfishers clinging with their backs downwards to a branch, and *feeding upon its berries*.

Poetry and fact are as much at variance with each other regarding the nesting of the bird. Many of my readers will remember the graceful legend of Alcyonë, the daughter of Neptune and wife of Ceyx, who for love of her drowned husband plunged into the sea, and was changed into a Kingfisher, together with him. Since that time, the Kingfisher has always lived near water, and always with a single mate.

Around this legend many others were accreted, especially as regards the manner in which the bird makes its nest and rears its young.

It was thought to build on the sea-shore a very light and fragile nest, which, when finished, was launched upon the waves. As so fragile a structure would be shattered to pieces by the slightest storm, it was thought that from seven days before the winter solstice to seven days after it, the weather was perfectly calm. This period was known by the name of "Halcyon days," a term which is frequently used by those who have no idea of its derivation.

When the bird had hatched its young and abandoned its nest, the mysterious nest itself (which, from the description was evidently the empty shell of the sea-urchin, surrounded with its multitudinous spines) was considered a very valuable medicine.

Those of my readers who would care to follow out the subject will find much quaint and interesting information in Pliny's Natural History, Book 10, and in Ovid's Metamorphoses, Book 2, "Ceyx et Alcyone in Aves."

The real nesting place of the Kingfisher is in a singularly prosaic locality, namely, in a hole in the ground, mostly, but not always, in the bank of the brook. Still more prosaically, the Kingfisher will always, if possible, take advantage, as I have already mentioned, of the deserted hole of a water-rat, so as to save itself the trouble of burrowing.

Within this burrow, and at no great distance from its mouth, the nest of the Kingfisher is made. The material is supplied by the bird itself, being nothing but the bones of the fish which it has eaten, and which have been ejected as is the custom with predacious birds. These bones are arranged into a circular shape, and upon them the eggs are laid. I have seen an assertion to the effect that the object of this bony platform, for it scarcely deserves the name of nest, is to keep the eggs from being swamped in case the river should rise after heavy rain. But, as the thickness of the nest is seldom more than an inch, and often much less, it could be no protection to the eggs in case of a flood, which might raise the level of the water several feet. It is simply intended as a platform on which the eggs and newly-hatched young may be kept from contact with the cold ground.

Those who care for making collections of birds' eggs always consider that a Kingfisher's nest is a prize. The bird is wonderfully prolific, hatching seven or eight young, and being capable of furnishing twice that number of eggs, if they be taken a few at a time. The colour of the eggs is almost invariably said to be glossy white. So it is in a cabinet, but not in the nest. When newly laid, the eggs are of a delicate pinky hue, the yelk being partly perceptible through the diaphanous shell. But when the eggs are "hard set" they are whitish-grey, and when "blown" for the cabinet they become white, like notepaper. I have, however, contrived a plan by which the lovely translucent pinkness can be perfectly restored. Here is the plan.

First, empty and thoroughly wash out the interior, not by a hole at each end, a practice which destroys the exquisite contour of the egg, but through a single hole in the middle of one side. This is very easily done. Get a piece of common glass tube from a chemist, about fourteen or eighteen inches in length. About three inches from one end hold it in the flame of a spirit lamp, if you have one, or, if not, in the flame of a gas burner. You must bring it very gradually to the flame, or it will break. When it is red hot, draw your hands apart steadily and rather slowly, and you will be able to draw out the tube in two pieces, each with a pointed end. Take the longer of the pieces, and break off the point at any spot which will leave an aperture sufficiently large to admit an ordinary darning needle. This we will call the "washing tube."

Now make in one side of the egg a hole just large enough to admit the point of the washing tube easily. For this purpose there is nothing like a sailmaker's needle, which is triangular and can be used as a drill by being twirled between the finger and thumb.

Next, with a long darning needle (which is easier of management if the eye end be thrust into the handle of a camel's hair brush) break up the yelk entirely, and stir it up with the white. Now suck some water into the washing tube, introduce the end a very little way into the egg, and blow the water into the egg. This must be done very gently and steadily, and by degrees the entire contents will be washed out by the same hole. Put the egg aside until it is thoroughly dry, which will probably occupy several days.

Now take some white wax, melt it, and mix it very thoroughly with powdered lake or carmine. It should be several shades darker than the intended colour of the egg, as the shell will lessen the depth of hue. When it is well mixed, heat it nearly to boiling point, and heat also the egg and a washing tube. Now draw up some of the hot wax into the tube, and blow it into the egg. A very little wax—say the third of a saltspoonful—will be amply sufficient for one egg.

Next hold the egg over the spirit lamp or gas, or before a fire, and keep turning it between the fingers until the coloured wax is equally distributed over the inner surface of the egg. When you see that all streakiness has disappeared, withdraw it very carefully from the heat, and allow it to cool, taking care to keep turning it until the wax has set.

The effect is magical. The opaque, dead whiteness, which was as the pallor of a corpse compared with the glowing tints of the living being, will have disappeared, and in its place will be found the original pinkness, restored as it was before the egg was emptied of its coloured contents.

The same process will restore the colour of the eggs of the swallow tribe, wrens, etc., the ground hue being naturally a delicate pink, which degenerates into dead white when the eggs are emptied.

Now, if the reader should wish to prepare an object which will be an ornament to any museum, he can do as the late Mr. J. Gould did many years ago, and procure a perfect nest of the Kingfisher, with the eggs. Here is the plan which he employed, and which the reader can adopt.

By means of a stick measure the distance of the nest from the entrance of the burrow, and then cut down carefully upon it from above. Should there be any portion of a nest in the hole, remove it, so as to force the bird to begin afresh. Replace the sod carefully, and take precautions that it shall not be broken in by anyone inadvertently treading on the spot.

Watch the burrow, so as to be quite sure that the birds are still at work, and wait for at least three weeks. Then take with you an abundant supply of cotton wool, a small dark-coloured plate, and an ordinary butcher's knife, such as can be bought for sixpence. Now with the stick fill the whole of the burrow with cotton wool, and then remove the sod above the nest. When Mr. Gould did so, he found that he had secured the parent bird, as well as the eggs and nest. By means of the knife scrape away the earth under the nest, and gradually insert the plate. With judicious handling you will then have been able to remove the nest uninjured. Empty the eggs, and line them with coloured wax, as has already been described, replace them on (for we can hardly say in) the nest, cover them with a suitable glass, and you will have an object of much beauty and surpassing interest. It will be as well to place the eggs very carefully on their sides, so that the single hole through which they were "blown" shall not be visible, and also to fasten them to each other with a tiny drop of diamond cement or gum tragacanth, so that they shall not be shaken apart by any casual jar.

The chief obstacle to success lies in one word—

Boys.

Should the nest be made in any bank to which boys can have access, your operations cannot escape their prying eyes, and, even though they gain nothing, they will take a mischievous delight in thwarting you. So, unless the brook should run through your own grounds or through those of a friend, I do not recommend the attempt at procuring a perfect nest of the Kingfisher.

Now for a word as to the nature of the hole in which the Kingfisher makes its simple nest. Some observers have said that the bird always employs the deserted burrow of the water-rat, while others are as positive that it always makes its own burrow, one writer stating that he has watched the Kingfisher for thirty years, and has "never seen an instance of its taking up with the abode of its most deadly enemy, the water-rat."

As is often the case in Natural History, the Kingfisher here plays the part of the shield with the gold and silver sides. The bird can and does make its own burrow, but it also does avail itself of the deserted burrow of the water-rat. Why the water-vole, which, as we have already seen, feeds on vegetable substances and has been execrated by the river-side agriculturist for robbing his stores of beets, turnips, beans, grapes, etc., should be termed the most deadly enemy of the Kingfisher, is more than I can understand.

Here again is an example of the wonderful manner in which the life-history of one animal is linked with that of another. We have seen how the swoop of the kestrel upon the fieldmouse gives a home to the humble bee, and we now see how the stroke of the heron's beak upon the water-rat's head assists the Kingfisher in preparing a dwelling-place for her young.

It is scarcely necessary to mention that the material of the nest must necessarily depend upon the nature of the food. Although a bird which inhabits the bank of an inland brook will find an abundant supply of fish, and therefore will form its nest wholly of their bones; another bird, which lives under different conditions, is obliged to accommodate itself to them. Thus, when the Kingfisher inhabits the banks of tidal rivers, the "shells" of shrimps are found to be mixed with the fish-bones. I have no doubt that if we were to open the burrows of the Kingfishers which I have so often seen among the creeks of the Medway, we should find that the nest was constructed almost entirely of the remains of shrimps and other small crustacea.

We have not yet quite finished with the Kingfisher, concerning which there still survives a superstition quite as remarkable as that which once existed respecting the "halcyon days" and the wave-borne nest. When the bird is killed and stuffed, its skin is supposed to possess the power of denoting the direction of the wind. I have several times seen in rustic cottages the stuffed skin of a Kingfisher suspended from a rafter by a thread fastened to the point of its beak, and, on inquiry as to its object, have been told that the breast always pointed in the direction of the wind.

Some centuries ago a similar custom prevailed, except that the bird was stuffed with extended wings, and suspended by the middle of its back. Its beak was then supposed to point to the wind. Dryden, for example, alludes to this superstition in his "Hind and the Panther."

> "And here his corpse, unblessed, is hanging still,
> To shew the change of winds with his prophetic bill."

Many such passages might be quoted; but I will content myself with one from Shakspeare. In *King Lear* time-servers are described as men who

> "Turn their halcyon beaks
> With every gale and vary of their masters."

The Kingfisher is one of the birds which, as far as is known, sings only upon the wing. Perhaps some of us might not be likely to call the sharp, quick cry of the bird by the name of song. But we must not judge other creatures by ourselves, and the short scream of the flying Kingfisher may be as sweet a melody to its mate within her burrow as is the song of the soaring skylark to his spouse upon her nest amid the grass.

I have never been fortunate enough to see the brood of young Kingfishers sitting near the nest, and hungrily piping for their food. But those who have done so have always been delighted with the sight, and I only hope that my readers may watch the Kingfisher in its haunts with better success in this respect than has hitherto fallen to my lot.

I cannot take leave of the Kingfisher without an allusion to the diminution of its numbers, which is caused by the fashion of using the stuffed skin as an article of feminine adornment.

The humming-birds suffer greatly from the demand for their skins. I have before me a figure drawn from the specification of a fashionable milliner for a lady's evening dress. It is trimmed with long rows of stuffed humming-birds, and there are even several humming-birds on her fan. This is bad enough. But the skins are those of the male birds only, the females being too dull of colour to be used as ornaments. Consequently, none of the skins are those of mother birds, whose young are left to die of hunger. But as the plumage of the female Kingfisher is quite as beautiful as that of her mate, a Kingfisher's skin on a lady's dress, or in her hat, may well be the representative of seven or eight young birds which have been starved to death.

(To be continued.)

TINNED MEATS: THEIR VALUE TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

By A. G. PAYNE, Author of "Common-sense Cookery," "Choice Dishes at Small Cost," "The Housekeeper's Guide," &c.

PART IV.

THE subject of tinned meats is a much larger one than many persons will suppose. Indeed, there are probably few grocers whose business it is to trade in tinned provisions who are aware of the vast variety of meats, and by meat we include fish, that can be obtained in tins. For instance, suppose you were to go to your ordinary grocer and ask him if he has some tinned tripe, tinned whitebait, and some tinned sage and onions to oblige you with, as you happen to be out of these articles, the man will probably stare, and in his innermost thoughts will either accuse you of intoxication or insanity. Still, these goods are to be obtained in London, and can be obtained, should any grocer take the trouble to apply to some very large provision merchants who deal in tinned goods in a wholesale manner. The reason why these goods are never met with at ordinary grocers in this country is that they are almost entirely made for the purpose of exportation. It would be quite possible to be asked out to dinner in some central part of India, and to find the table supplied with fresh filleted soles and whitebait, the former of which had been caught off Dover and the latter off Blackwall. I will, however, enlighten you on the subject by giving you a list of the various articles which can be obtained in tins, about which you have probably never heard except in their—so to speak—natural state. The following can all be obtained in tins, but, as I have said before, are usually kept for exportation to foreign countries, though they can be obtained in this country if they are ordered specially through any ordinary grocer. Of course you have all heard of fresh salmon in tins. To this you may now add fresh trout, fried eels, stewed eels, fresh lobster, Blackwall whitebait, fresh cod, fresh cod roes, fresh haddock and mackerel, as well as filleted and fried soles, and fresh turbot. Among the vegetables which will probably be unknown to exist in tins to most of our readers, we may mention beetroot, tinned onions, carrots plain, and also carrots with gravy, parsnips, and turnips, as well as sage and onions.

Under the head of beef we can obtain in one pound and two pound tins the following variety: beef à la mode, boiled beef, boiled beef and vegetables, brisket of beef, corned round of beef, minced collops, ox cheek, ox cheek with vegetables. Also, in addition to ordinary tinned roast beef and spiced beef, with which you are mostly acquainted, you can get in tins stewed beef, stewed kidneys, stewed rump steak, as well as fresh tripe, and tripe with onions.

Under the heading of mutton, in addition to the ordinary Australian mutton, we can have boiled mutton with vegetables, haricot mutton, hashed mutton, Irish stew, lamb and green peas, and, strange to say, we can have tinned mutton chops, and, I almost shudder as I mention it, we can have Scotch haggis in tins.

We are often told that tinned goods are specially useful for long voyages. We will suppose a rough day in the tropics and a seasick passenger. Imagine the steward proposing under these circumstances a tinned Scotch haggis! The idea is too horrible!

Under the heading of veal we can have in tins boiled veal as well as boiled veal with vegetables, calf's head with ham; veal minced, roast and stewed with green peas; veal collops, and veal cutlets. Hams are also tinned whole, and in the remotest parts of India York hams can be served, varying in weight from ten to fourteen pounds, whole, either cooked or uncooked, thanks to this wonderful invention. I have simply run through a list of goods that can be obtained in tins, though at the same time I would remind you that in this country, practically speaking, most of them are no use, as they can be obtained cheaper and better in their natural state. Still, we must remember that, as I origi-

nally stated, one great advantage rising from the use of tinned meats is that the superfluities of one country supply the deficiencies of another; and that while we can enjoy the juicy apricots and peaches of the sunny south, as well as the ripe and luscious West India pineapple, it is satisfactory to think that far away in distant lands, perhaps thousands of miles from the sea, and in some parts of the country almost inaccessible, our fellow countrymen can at times sit down to a dinner which will recall to them the long-lost but never-forgotten ways of home. I will mention a few more articles that can be obtained in tins, in England, for the benefit of those that are far away; mutton cutlets in gravy as well as with tomato sauce; pork cutlets with tomato sauce and sauce piquante. Also poultry and game. We can have duck and green peas in tins, boiled and roast fowl in tins, roast grouse, as well as roast hare and jugged hare; partridges and pheasants in gravy, and rabbit and onions; also we may have hashed venison and roast venison.

I shall not refer to more than one or two of all these articles that I have mentioned. Among tinned goods, however, there are two which are common to both England and America, but which are at a prohibitive price in one country, and in the other are exceedingly cheap; I refer to oysters and lobsters. A tin of oysters can now be obtained in this country for a little over sixpence, and they contain at least some two or three dozen—I do not know exactly how many. The oysters as they are—plain—are almost uneatable; but at the same time we should recollect that good natives in the present day cost at least three shillings a dozen. We must remember, too, that originally when placed in the tin, before being hermetically sealed, these oysters were as good as ordinary fresh ones would be in this country, though perhaps not equal to natives. The reason of the shrivelled state of the oysters when taken out of the tin is owing to the necessary heat that had to be used when sealing up the tins. The little oysters are shrivelled and tough; indeed, they are not unlike, both in feel and consistency, to the tips of the fingers of some very dirty white kid gloves. For all that, they are exceedingly useful for cooking purposes, and enable us to make oyster soup, oyster patties, and oyster cutlets at a maximum of goodness and a minimum of expense.

Quoting from what in my opinion is the best cookery book ever written, "Francatelli's Modern Cook," I will give you the commencement of his recipe for oyster soup:—"Four dozen of oysters will suffice for eight persons." You will now be able to calculate what oyster soup would cost were you to proceed in the old orthodox fashion of making soup by following the recipes given at a time when oysters were sold at fourpence a dozen.

I will now endeavour to explain to you how to make oyster soup, sauce, and cutlets with the help of one or two tins of oysters, without using any fresh oysters at all, reminding you at the same time that I do not for one moment wish to persuade you that this soup, sauce, and cutlets will be equal to what could be obtained from fresh oysters; but I simply give a receipt for a very nice dish, which is practical if we use tinned goods, but which is only adapted for very wealthy people if made from fresh oysters. Indeed, there are very few persons, even among the wealthy classes, who would be justified in ordering four dozen oysters at three-and-six a dozen to make soup for eight people.

First with regard to oyster sauce. In the present day codfish is very cheap—at times exceedingly so. I have myself during the past year bought codfish at less than a penny a pound; but then I was residing at a quiet little village on the coast, and when I bought a codfish weighing thirty-six pounds for half-a-crown, I was giving the poor fishermen a better price than they unfortunately obtain from that wealthy clique who oppress the poor and who decrease the food supply of the country at large. However, it is not for us to judge these men, for we are taught, "He that oppresseth the poor to increase his riches shall surely come to want."

There are few nicer dishes than codfish and oyster sauce; but, as I have said, codfish is very cheap, and often the oyster sauce will cost a great deal more than the fish. I will now describe a simple method of making some oyster sauce from a tin of oysters. Take a sixpenny tin of oysters and open it, and pour the contents into a small enamelled saucepan. If you have by you some very good stock indeed (clear white stock, which makes a hard jelly when it is cold), add a couple of tablespoonfuls of this to it. The sort of stock you require would be the white jelly that can be obtained by boiling veal, or sometimes the jelly that will run out of a large boiled fowl or boiled turkey after it has been cooked and allowed to get cold in the dish. However, stock is not really necessary. Take rather more than half a pint of milk, and boil it till it froths up. The milk must be boiled separately. Add this boiled milk to the oysters and the liquor which was in the tin. Now thicken the sauce with some butter and flour previously mixed together, and stir the whole over the fire till the sauce gets of the consistency of double cream, or, say, rather, custard. Now pour the contents of the saucepan into a small wire sieve, and rub every atom of it through the sieve with a spoon. Of course, this will make the sauce a little thicker. The oysters, which were hard and uneatable, when reduced to a pulp by being rubbed through the sieve, help to increase the oyster flavour of the sauce. Now add about a teaspoonful of anchovy sauce. This is absolutely essential for the sauce, whether made from fresh or from tinned oysters—the anchovy sauce increasing the flavour of the oysters at least threefold. This oyster sauce, which is, comparatively speaking, cheap, will be sufficient for eight or ten persons. Of course, the quantity can be increased by the addition of a little more milk; but it is a great pity to make sauce for fish in such quantities that half of it goes down to the kitchen, more often than not to be thrown away. This is often the case with melted butter.

The oyster sauce can also be improved with the addition of what may be called a slight suspicion of nutmeg and half a teaspoonful of lemon-juice. The lemon-juice should not be added till the last thing of all, as it has a tendency to make the sauce curdle. A little pepper should be added, and a very little cayenne; but this is a matter of taste. If you add some anchovy sauce, the probability is that it will not require any salt at all.

Those who have never tried oyster sauce in this form I would strongly advise to make the experiment, following these directions implicitly.

Of course, the first question that naturally arises is, "But where are the oysters?" Still, I would remind you that this oyster sauce is a great deal better than the ordinary oyster sauce generally met with in private houses. In the first place, the oyster sauce I have given you will have a very strong flavour of oysters, although there are no oysters; while the ordinary sauce you meet with consists of oysters served up in some melted butter or thickened milk, which contains very little oyster flavour at all.

If you want perfect oyster sauce at a minimum cost, you should first of all make the sauce, as I have directed, from the tinned oysters, and then add to them, say, half a dozen or a dozen large cooking oysters, which should be opened over a basin to catch all the liquor they contain. They should then be scalded, their liquor added to the sauce, and the oysters themselves cut into two or three pieces and added to the sauce at the last moment.

The best way to scald oysters is as follows: Open the oysters, so as to catch all their liquor, and throw them into a small copper saucepan or an enamelled saucepan. At any rate avoid an iron saucepan. If their liquor is not sufficient to cover them, add a very little water, so that the oysters are just covered. Then place the saucepan on the fire and watch it. As soon as the water comes to the boil, give the saucepan a shake round, and let it boil very gently for about a couple of minutes, and then the oysters are done. Whenever you use oysters for cooking purposes, remember they must always be scalded. At the same time, if you, so to speak, over-scald them—that is, let them boil longer than sufficient for the outside to set—they would in time by boiling resemble in appearance and flavour our old friends in the tin. I need scarcely add also that were it possible to add a little boiled cream to our sauce, of course the improvement would be very considerable. Persons who live in the country, where cream is plentiful, could often enjoy first-rate oyster sauce by means of a tin of oysters.

Again, suppose you want a larger quantity of oyster sauce than I have given, and yet do not wish to buy oysters to put in the sauce when it is finished, there is another "make-shift" which you can resort to, which will make the sauce exceedingly nice and agreeable, although of course it is not oyster sauce proper, that is, sauce containing oyster. In addition to opening a tin of oysters, open also a tin of mushrooms. Small tins of mushrooms, as I have before stated, can now be obtained for sixpence, or even less. Add the liquor of the mushrooms to the oyster liquor, and mix it with the oyster sauce. Then take the mushrooms and chop them up into small pieces, but not too finely, and serve these up in the oyster sauce. By adding a little extra anchovy sauce the oyster flavour so strongly predominates that these pieces of mushrooms convey the idea that you are eating pieces of oyster.

Suppose you are having a few extra dishes, you might use part of the mushrooms to add to the oyster sauce, and the other part of the mushrooms to make some other dish, such as *sole au gratin*, as we have described in our last article. The same principles hold good in making oyster patties and oyster soup, as in making oyster sauce. If we want to make oyster patties from tinned oysters, we must strain off the liquor from the oysters and also from the tin of mushrooms, and then chop up the oysters and mushrooms together; we must add less boiling milk to the mushroom and oyster liquor, make it rather thicker, add rather more anchovy sauce in proportion, and a good deal more of black pepper. The pieces of chopped oyster and mushroom can then be added to this sauce and the patty-cases filled. Remember, however, to fill the patty-cases with the mixture hot just before the patties are wanted for warming up, otherwise the pastry would be burnt before the oyster forcemeat inside had time to get hot through. Recollect, also, in warming up oyster patties that have been filled, to take off the top of the patty, scoop out the inside, and put it—say in a saucer—in the oven to get hot. When the oyster forcemeat is hot, if it is too dry add a little drop of milk to moisten it; then place the hot forcemeat back in the cases, and put the patties in the oven sufficiently long to make the pastry hot.

(*Concluded on page* 414.)

DRESS: IN SEASON AND IN REASON.

By THE LADY DRESSMAKER.

I HAVE lately seen an appeal in the papers, from a lady interested in working women, begging ladies to have their spring dresses made at once, so as to avoid the dreadful crush which comes so heavily on these poor people, as well as on their employers, in April, May, and June. The idea is a sensible as well as kindly one, for at the middle or end of March we know pretty well what our future fashions will be; and, indeed, in Paris, by the middle of February I have known spring bonnets talked about and already worn. In England, Easter is generally our time for making spring changes of dress, in deference to the old axiom, "Till May be out, ne'er cast a clout." However, there is one reason why young women and girls are obliged to delay their purchases till April, whether they like it or not, and that is, that their quarter's allowance is paid on April 1st or 15th. But I quite agree with the writer of the letter I have quoted as to our duty to spare the over-worked and over-pressed whenever it is possible.

This year we are not quite so early as usual—in fact, at the end of February many of the best London shops had only just concluded their winter sales: those wonderful sales, where, if you only know how to go about it, you may obtain such valuable aid in dressing economically and yet well. The two rules in going to them appear to be, to go quietly, and set to work in a leisurely way, and not be hurried into your choice, and to make up your mind clearly and distinctly as to what you want before you go; and, I may add, do not buy articles at haphazard because they are cheap.

At the present moment dresses of navy-blue, in serge and ladies' cloth, with small jackets to match, and bonnets or hats of straw of the same colour, are very generally worn. By their neat and trim look they may be considered as generally tailor-made. The outer jacket has sometimes the cuffs and collar of fur of a dark colour. The skirts of these dresses are long, and plainly draped, and very generally quite untrimmed. Grey is also popular in tweeds, and is trimmed with grey fur. There is also a new reddish shade of heliotrope, which may be trimmed with velvet or fur, and looks extremely well with a velvet underskirt of a darker shade. Green also is represented in these



GOWNS AND JACKETS FOR SPRING WALKING DRESS.

half-season gowns, and is dark and of a shade akin to the old rifle-green.

A great number of black bonnets are worn, and, in fact, the doubtful in mind about their headgear cannot go wrong in selecting a beaded bonnet, as they are worn at all times, and especially in the spring and autumn, when the addition of a few bows of scarlet, ruby, or cream velvet makes them look pretty and seasonable.

The other day I saw a young lady very busily occupied in covering the crown of a bonnet with the small leaf-like particles of a brown fir cone, which she was fastening on in regular rows, one by one, slightly overlapping, with strong glue. The trimmings of the brim and the bows in front were to be of brown plush or velvet. Hats, also, are decorated in this novel manner, and look pretty enough, though I should fancy they would be rather heavy to wear.



MARCH WINDS AND APRIL SHOWERS.

The large Gainsborough hats, with feathers and plumes and a pointed crown, will be worn this summer, but they are not well suited to any but tall people. There will be some very pretty small toques which will become the shorter in stature. The fancy for straw bonnets still continues; those most liked are fine Dunstables in navy-blue and black, trimmed with velvet of the same colour. All the trimmings are worn in front, and all seem to be erect and spike-like, the loops and ends of ribbons being set upright, and perhaps between two jet wings, or two pointed ears of velvet, between which the bows of ribbon stand *upright*. A simple white wing or a white quill feather is often seen on these small bonnets, and looks very well. The floral bonnets in the shop windows show that, as usual in the spring, the fancy strays to flowers as the right trimming of the season. Yellow is the predominant colour, but violets are very little behind in favour, and white crocuses, snowdrops, and lilac are seen in plenty. The flowers are positively loaded on the bonnets—in wreaths round the face, large bouquets just at the back of the bows in front, or a huge plastron just over the face. Some of the new bonnets have pinked out ruches of coloured silk, as a wreath round the face; *and a pompon of the* same in front. The remainder of the trimming is of black lace, or jetted net. Strings are seen on all the really handsome bonnets; but still I notice that there are many made without them. I think most women have found out for themselves that the absence of them is very unbecoming, and trying even to a young face.

The new colours are old rose—an old-fashioned pink, with a shade of yellow in it—mastic, mordore (a kind of copper colour), and a new brown called tobacco, straw, maise, poinsettia, artichoke, green, lizard green, mulberry, pineapple, and all shades of moss-greens. Poinsettia is a shade of vivid red, artichoke is a bluish green, and pineapple a clear yellow. Orchid-mauve will be a very popular hue this year, both for dress and millinery.

In a small way, one of the most sensible ideas of the winter season has been to have a bodice of black velvet or velveteen trimmed with black lace and bugle trimmings, so as to look dressy and stylish to wear in the evening over a skirt of any material or of any age. This will be found to save many a dress (and this plan in itself is a good thing), as well as a great help to those who never seem to have anything to wear.

Polonaises and bodices made of watered silk, ribbon and lace insertion sewn together in stripes, have been much worn, and are very pretty and stylish. Later on I daresay we shall see them worn out of doors. The rage for jetted bodices and jetted mantles is as great as ever, and black silk dresses have quite returned to favour; everyone wears them, and black satin seems to have fallen rather into the background. Certainly, nothing wears and looks so well as our old favourite—black silk.

Many ladies are now having their black lace dresses made up clear, with the draperies arranged so that they can be worn over any skirt. The latter is an excellent plan, as the same lace draperies worn over different colours make a change of gowns. This fashion will probably be much adopted in the summer, and will be a great help to those obliged to think of economy.

There seems no doubt that in our new spring materials stripes and plaids are pretty equally represented. The stripes may be in two shades, or in two contrasting colours. None of the woollen materials are so coarse nor so rough-looking as those used last year, and some of them are beautifully fine and light in their texture. Very thin silks, such as Corah, Tussore, and other Indian silks, are making an appearance, and they will be combined with woollens and velveteens. A great deal of Roman satin will also be used. This material, so long used for furniture and for needlework, was adopted some time ago by the "high art" people for dresses, and now the world in general has been taken by its really good qualities, amongst which are the beauty of its folds in draping, and the length of its wear and general usefulness.



NEW SPRING BODICE IN LOUIS XI. STYLE.

White muslin, either in floral designs or checks, is being used for young girls, and *moiré*, which used to be considered a married lady's material only, is now being used to unite with muslins, either coloured or white, for young girls. I think that these two materials will probably be used for the dresses of the spring weddings for both the bride and bridesmaids. Roman satin also has been very popular, and will very likely continue to be so.

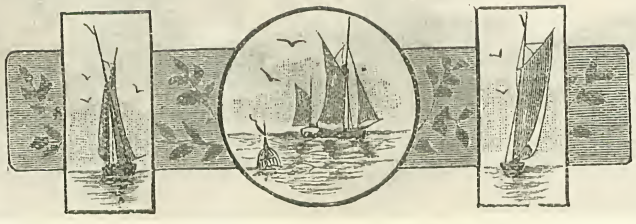
Veils are worn of gauze or tulle to match the bonnet in colour, and generally have small chenille spots on them. Many young ladies fancy white veils, but I do not think them very becoming or even pretty.

In March winds and April showers I have tried to show the prevailing method of making ulsters and redingotes. Plaid is the most popular material for them, and they are generally lined at the sleeves and down the inside of the fronts with a colour to match. Some hoods are seen, but not many, as they look out of place to the eye when the garment on which they are worn is too tightfitting. As will be seen by this and by our other sketch of the gowns and jackets for spring, there is little or no change in the shape and style of jackets; they still have waistcoats. Many of the newest are made to button across the front, in the style they were worn last spring exactly, and this fancy for buttoning bodices across the front is very likely to be more used for bodices as the season advances. Even the new polonaises are said to show the same taste, but, for the home dressmaker's sake, I must give one warning: do not try and make one of these cross-cut patterns, for they are difficult to cut, and nearly impossible for the inexperienced hand to fit.

The second figure to the left in the sketch of "Gowns and jackets for spring walking dress," shows the Louis XI. bodice, which is the newest and prettiest of the new spring bodices. It has bretelles on the front, which are cut round at the back, and a straight-cut cuff. The paper pattern consists of eight pieces—front, back, side-piece, two sleeve-pieces, cuff, collar, and bretelle. Great care must be taken in the fitting, and especially in the taking-in of the seam at the side of the front, where the front is fitted to the waist.

All paper patterns are of medium size, viz., thirty-six inches round the chest. No turnings are allowed, and only one size is prepared for sale. Each of the patterns may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker, care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate-hill, E.C.," price 1s. each. It is requested that the addresses be clearly given, not omitting the county, and that stamps may not be sent, as so many losses have occurred. Postal notes should be crossed only to go through a bank, but not filled up. *All patterns already issued may always be obtained*, as the Lady Dressmaker only issues patterns likely to be of constant use in making and altering at home, and she is particularly careful to give all the new hygienic patterns for children, and both old and young ladies, so that all her readers may be aware of the best methods of dressing themselves. The following in hygienic underclothing have been already given: Combination garment (drawers and chemise combined), princess petticoat (under bodice and petticoat combined), divided skirt, under bodice, instead of stays; pyjama, night-dress combination. For children—princess frock and petticoat and stays combined.

Also, housemaid's and plain skirt, Zouave jacket and bodice, polonaise with waterfall back, Bernhardt mantle, dressing jacket, Princess of Wales jacket and waistcoat, small mantelet with stole ends, Norfolk blouse jacket with pleats, ditto with yoke, blouse polonaise, princess dress, or dressing-gown, Louis XI. bodice with long fronts.



TALITHA CUMI!

By SARSON C. J. INGHAM.

Author of the "White Cross and Dove of Pearls," "Dr. Blandford's Conscience," "Selina's Story," &c.

Talitha! Talitha cumi!
Maiden, arise from thy slumbers light,
Ere the dews are gone, the heavy night
Left on the lilied fields and flowers;
Thy couch cheats the fountain and garden bowers;
The Ruler awaits thy step in the hall,
Thine ear has been deaf to thy mother's call,
Talitha! Talitha cumi!

Talitha! Talitha cumi!
But the child awoke from unrestful dreams,
And closed her eyes on the sun's broad beams;
Her senses bound by a leaden chain,
Her brows close knit by a gathering pain;
Neither laughter nor song from her to-day
Shall charm the winged hours; in vain ye pray,
Talitha! Talitha cumi!

Talitha! Talitha cumi!
Three suns have risen, three suns have set,
The child nor riseth nor answereth yet;
Swift fever shoots through the swollen veins,
She murmurs of fountains and summer rains;
Her parched lips know not her mother's kiss,
She heeds not her father's grief, I wis;
Ah! Talitha! Talitha cumi!

Talitha! Talitha cumi!
The Ruler has gone in haste to seek,
One who can bring the rose to her cheek;
And laying His hand on her whitening brow,
Can foil the enemy nearing now;
For have not His works noised His fame abroad?
Be He Son of Joseph, or Son of God.
Talitha! Talitha cumi!

Talitha! Talitha cumi!
The hours wear on, and the come and go
Of the tide of life is dull and slow;
Fainter is the attesting sign
Of spirit in the dissolving shrine;
So cold! so cold! and so scant the breath—
Nor Jairus, nor Jesus of Nazareth
Are here to forefend the Angel Death,
Talitha! Talitha cumi!

"Talitha! Talitha cumi!
Child of my heart they have said—Arise!
Who open the portals of Paradise;
They close them on thee, and nevermore
Shall I see thy form at the golden door;
Ah, God! that I may not go with thee,
For never wilt thou return to me,
Talitha! Talitha cumi!"

Talitha! Talitha cumi!
Oh Rabbi Jairus 'tis over now:
The word has passed and the heart must bow,
Already the mourners are in the hall;
They will wail and pipe till the shadows fall.
Why trouble the Master? The throng doth press;
There are many for Him to hear and bless.
Talitha! Talitha cumi!

Talitha! Talitha cumi!
The throng may press and the throng may surge;
Thinks Jairus now his suit to urge?
Upon his brow a cold sweat stands;
Forward he spreads beseeching hands.
But Jesus speaks, and He says, "Believe.
Fear not" (for all who ask receive).
Talitha! Talitha cumi!

Talitha! Talitha cumi!
Hark! how the minstrels' cries bewail
The maiden passed beyond the veil.
Within, the true heart-mourners weep;
Silent their grief as waters deep.
"Mourn not," saith Christ, "the departed soul.
The damsel sleeps, and shall be made whole."
Talitha! Talitha cumi!

Talitha! Talitha cumi!
Faith upward looks, with face as meek
As the fair child's o'ershadowed cheek.
The minstrel-crowd laugh His words to scorn:
"Let death be sleep, and let night be morn."
He turns, and back their footsteps rush,
Warned to approach not the burning bush.
Talitha! Talitha cumi!

Talitha! Talitha cumi!
A holy presence seems astir
Amid the hushed and perfumed air.
How beautiful in the sunset's glow
This lily, with her breast of snow!
Jesus in His takes the passive hand,
And speaks in love's right with love's command—
"Talitha! Talitha cumi!"

Talitha! Talitha cumi!
Truth is it that she only sleeps;
A warm hue over the forehead creeps,
The eyes, unveiled, drink the golden light,
And rest on His face with conscious sight;
The delicate bosom throbs and heaves;
Each member the quickened life receives.
Talitha! Talitha cumi!

Talitha! Talitha cumi!
The damsel has risen from her bed,
And broken blessings are poured on her head.
"Give her something to eat," the Master saith,
"Nor scare the child with the thought of death.
Long fast she hath kept; let not her mind
Traverse the scenes she hath left behind.
Talitha! Talitha cumi!"

Talitha! Talitha cumi!
Who is this Jesus, at whose word
The gates of Hades are unbarred?
What is the quickening power that lies
In garments' hem, in hands and eyes?
The Prince of Life! the Christ of men!
The Promised Seed! the glad Amen!
Talitha! Talitha cumi!

* * * * *

Talitha! Talitha cumi!
Wake, maiden, wake, to a heavenly birth,
Shake off from thy wings the dust of earth;
The Prince of Life with enlivening breath,
Summons the soul from her sleep of death;
From portals drearier than the tomb,
Enfolding aye a more awful gloom.
Talitha! Talitha cumi!

Talitha! Talitha cumi!
Doth the King's daughter slumber still?
'Neath the touch divine lies she stark and chill;
Noise it not forth with the pipers loud,
Nor weave on your looms her judgment shroud;
Jesus can raise her, the dead in sin,
All glorious make her—without, within.
Talitha! Talitha cumi!

Talitha! Talitha cumi!
And when the dead soul awakes and hears,
And drops on His feet repentant tears;
A greater miracle has been done,
Than the eye e'er saw 'neath Judea's sun,
Oh! Thou Prince of Life, say unto me
Not once, but on through Eternity,
Talitha! Talitha cumi!





"'OH! PLEASE, PLEASE, HAVE PITY ON ME,' I STAMMERED, CRYING WITH FRIGHT."

UNCLE JASPER.

By ALICE KING.

CHAPTER IV.



HO goes here?" said the man who had just now been the first speaker.

"It is a woman, by Saint Pierre!" cried the man with the rough voice, holding up the lantern he carried, so that they could both get a view of me.

"Oh! please, please have pity on me," I stammered, crying with fright. "I am a poor girl who has lost her way."

In my terror and confusion I spoke in English, forgetful that the men had been talking in French, and that most likely they would not understand a word I said. I had scarcely, however, recollected this fact, and was about to repeat my words in French, when, to my surprise and relief, one of the supposed burglars began to address me in English, and, moreover, with the unmistakable tone and manner of an English gentleman.

"What can we do to help you?" he said; "did you wander in here in the darkness? Do you live near here?"

His kind words and manner gave me immediate courage and reassurance; this was most certainly no burglar, whatever he might have been saying just now.

"I was coming from Cannes, and I lost my way in the storm," I said.

"You live in Cannes," he repeated. "What a long way from home for you to be so late at night, my poor child!"

The light of the lantern, which now fell upon me, showed him my young face and figure, and the sight, no doubt, caused those last words. He was evidently very much surprised at my situation, but, circumstanced as I was, I could give him no explanation of it; I could not well tell him that I had run away because I did not choose to like my Uncle Jasper. I therefore made no answer to his last words, but asked—

"How far is it to Villemont Station from here?"

"Villemont is some way off; you are not even upon the road to it. Did you want to go there?"

"Yes, I did, rather," I answered, hesitatingly.

"I think the best thing I can do for you," he said, after a few moments' thought, "is to get you a lodging here for the night, and then, in the morning, I will see you safe to Cannes, or Villemont, whichever you may want to go to."

His voice was so kind as he spoke, that, for the first time, I gathered courage to try if I could see anything of him in the yellow beams of the lantern; then I perceived that he was certainly quite an elderly man; his beard was grey, his figure a little bent; his face, as far as I could discern, was full of friendly sweetness. Altogether there was something father-like in his manner and appearance that inspired my confidence.

He evidently was aware that I was looking at him anxiously, for he said—

"My child, you may trust me. I am an English gentleman."

"Oh! I shall be so obliged if you can help me," I faltered, hardly knowing what to say.

"M. Burgon," he said, turning to his companion, who had lately remained silent, holding up the lantern and speaking now in French, "your daughter will be able, will she not, to get ready a room in your house for this young English lady to-night, and to attend upon her, and give her some dry clothes?"

"Minette will do all she can for her, I am sure, monsieur, since you ask it," replied the man with the rough voice, which, however, had no unkindly tone in it now that I came to hear it close at hand; "besides, she will be glad to help and shelter the poor demoiselle. Her mother's illness makes her especially busy, I know, just at present, but that won't hinder her doing an act of Christian hospitality to a lonely, wandering stranger, such as this young lady seems to be."

"Ah, M. Bourgon, though I have not known you and Minette long, I am sure you have both good hearts," said the gentleman.

"M. Bourgon is the farmer at whose house I am lodging for a few days," said the Englishman, now again turning to me. "The house is not far off; come with us, and we will show you the way; his daughter will be very kind and attentive to you, I know."

Thus invited, and encouraged and reassured by all I had heard, I hesitated no longer, but followed my two new friends. They led me on till I could see in front of us a dim mass, for the storm was clearing away, and it was getting a little lighter; this was no doubt the farm.

"We must not enter by either the front or the back door," said the Englishman, addressing me in our own language again; "we were not expected till later. M. Bourgon and I have been paying a visit at a château near here; they will not be looking out for us just yet, and as Madame Bourgon is very ill, we must not disturb her by knocking. There is a little glass door at the side of the house, which we hope to find unlocked, but if it is not, we must make our way in through the store-room window, which, M. Bourgon says, is secured by no inside fastening. We must be very quiet, and move and speak very softly when we get into the house, for Madame Bourgon is most likely asleep, and we might do her irreparable harm by awaking her suddenly."

Here, then, was the key to those burglarious words which I had heard just now, I thought, with a laugh at my own fears, as, the glass door being found unlocked, we entered the house through a room that was dignified with the title of library, on account of the few books of the family being neatly arranged there.

We were soon met by Minette, the farmer's daughter, a bright-looking young woman, with lively dark eyes and a good-tempered red mouth. She was surprised at the early return of her father and their lodger, but a good deal more surprised at the sight of me, the unexpected guest whom they had brought with them. While the English gentleman was explaining my case to her, and asking her to give me the desired hospitality, I was able to observe him in the light of the lamp that shone in the farm kitchen into which we had now entered, and I found the favourable impression his appearance had made on me in the uncertain rays of the lantern increased. I had never in my young life seen a face that had so completely written out upon it a character full of calm sweetness, and active, manly intelligence. He might certainly be called an elderly man, as far as grey hair and lined forehead went; but there was a sunny serenity in his smile which was almost boy-like. As for M. Bourgon, his face, too, was much gentler than his rough voice.

Minette treated me with the most helpful kindness. Her face showed the most sympathetic interest as she listened to my story, and she set about at once doing all she could for me in my present condition. She dressed me in dry clothes, arraying me in her Sunday suit; she gave me a steaming hot *tisane*, which she prepared most skilfully, and which she assured me would preserve me from all bad effects from my wetting; she finally established me in a warm, comfortable bed. I did not see much more of my new English friend that night, for Minette took me entirely into her own possession. I fell asleep almost directly my head was on the pillow, I was so tired out with all I had gone through that night, so that I had no time to think over my situation, or determine what I would do to-morrow.

Next morning, however, when, after a night of sound sleep, I sat, feeling none the worse for yesterday's adventures, enjoying the good breakfast which Minette had provided for me, the question as to my future proceedings could not well fail to be forcibly borne in upon me, With the morning light there had returned a touch of my rebellious wilfulness. I disliked terribly the idea of going back a penitent to the Villa Chantilly in my soiled dress and mantle, which all Minette's efforts, in the way of scrubbing and brushing, had only been able to make barely respectable; still, after all, I had had too severe a lesson, with regard to such proceedings as mine of yesterday had been, to make up my mind to recommence them to-day. I was sitting turning over and over these reflections, with a somewhat rueful face, no doubt, while my eyes were fixed absently on my empty coffee-cup, when my friend, the English gentleman, entered the room.

I suppose the expression of my face gave him the notion that I was suffering physically, for he said, kindly—

"You feel ill, I am afraid, after last night. No wonder."

"No," I answered, a little gloomily, "I have nothing of that sort the matter with me, thank you."

He looked at me as if he would have liked to ask more, but as I was silent his kindly delicacy made him change the subject.

"You said last night you came from Cannes; do you know the town and neighbourhood well?" he asked.

"I have been there for several months; I know it intimately," I replied.

"Do you know a house called the Villa Chanton, or Chantard, or some such name as that?"

My heart gave a great bound; words struggled up towards my lips, but could not reach them.

He mistook my silence for a wish for further details, so he continued—

"It is a very pretty house, I believe, lying out of the town; there is a lady living there, who has the charge of two girls; they are English."

"The Villa Chantilly," I breathed, rather than spoke.

"Yes, yes, that is the name," he exclaimed; "I am going there to——"

But here he was interpreted by Minette entering the room, and crying out joyfully, when she beheld him—

"My mother is so much better this morning; how can I thank and bless you enough for prescribing for her, M. Rosebury?"

An instant after that I was sobbing on his breast, and murmuring—

"Uncle Jasper, dear Uncle Jasper."

* * * * *

The rest is quickly told. Uncle Jasper was coming to look for Lily as well as for me, and this was how it came about that he was.

Lily's Uncle George, of whom she had spoken to me, had gone young to India, to follow his profession as a doctor. There he had married, and the lady who was his wife was none other than my mother's elder sister, who had gone to India with an aunt who had brought her up. As has before been said, I had never heard even of this sister of my mother, who had died while my mother was yet a child, and Lily, on her side, had never heard from her parents the maiden name of her uncle's long dead wife; thus we were both quite unconscious of the connection there was between our families.

After his wife's death, which was deeply mourned by him, Uncle George had gone to Australia, where his relations had almost lost sight of him, though he was working bravely there, in a very retired region, at his profession. There a rich old man, called Rosebury, had taken a great fancy for him, and when he died had left him all his money, on condition that he would take his name. The old gentleman had always called him by his second christian name, Jasper, and not by his first, George; thus he came to be called, not George Elsmere, but Jasper Rosebury.

On his way from England, Uncle Jasper had lost Miss Dolly's address at Cannes, so he had taken lodgings at the Bourgons' farm, which had been recommended him by a friend, in order that he might make inquiries in the neighbourhood.

Lily and I both found our girlhood's home with Uncle Jasper, a home where good deeds were angels guarding the door; a home where prayer and praise made music; a home where, with two such guides as Uncle Jasper and Lily, I found my way, at length, to the Rock of Ages, and learned to set my feet firmly thereupon.

Lily and I have both now homes of our own, homes where our husbands call us lovingly their stars, and children's voices and laughter make our sweet home choirs; and Minette Bourgon, who is the *bonne* of my two little girls, is now on the lawn outside, sitting with them on the grass in the sunshine, and telling them the story of the night when she first saw their mother.

[THE END.]

(*Continued from page* 407.)

In making oyster soup from tinned oysters, you will not want any mushrooms at all; all that is required is more boiling milk. The only difference between oyster sauce and oyster soup is that the sauce is thicker and more concentrated. To make oyster soup really good it requires the addition of a little cream, bearing in mind that the cream must be boiled before it is added to the soup.

Oyster cutlets make an exceedingly delicious entrée. They are, however, rather difficult to make. First take a tin of oysters and a tin of mushrooms, and proceed exactly as if you were going to make the inside of some oyster patties, only do not make the mixture quite so thick with butter and flour. Now add to this mixture sufficient gelatine to make the whole set, when it is cold, into a very hard jelly. Take a flat tin, and pour this mixture into the tin to the depth of about a quarter of an inch, having first rubbed the tin with a little butter. Let this set till it is quite cold. It will now have the appearance of a cake of blancmange, a quarter of an inch thick. Now with a knife cut this cake into little round ovals, about the size of a picnic biscuit. Take these ovals out and throw them into a little flour. The remains of what was left in the tin can be melted and allowed to set again, so that there is no waste. Having dried these little oval cakes in the flour so that they are not shiny on the outside (for this purpose, if the weather is very cold, it may be necessary to expose them for a few seconds to a slight heat, such as the steam from a jug, in order to make the flour stick); next take some breadcrumbs, which should, if possible, have been made the day before in order that they may be dry. Dip these little oval cakes into a well-beaten-up egg, and then cover them with breadcrumbs. Now put them by in the larder in a cold place to get dry. When the egg and breadcrumbs are dry, proceed to egg and breadcrumb them a second time, that is, dip the cutlet into a little more beaten-up egg and some fresh breadcrumbs. Now plunge them into some smoking hot fat till they assume a light golden brown colour. If the fat is sufficiently hot this end will be achieved in about a minute. Test the fat by throwing into it a little piece of bread, and if the bread is not brown in half a minute you know that the fat is not sufficiently hot. The cutlets can now be served in a dish ornamented with a little bright parsley. The principle is as follows: When the cutlet is plunged into the boiling fat by means of a frying basket, the egg and breadcrumb instantly set and form a little hollow bag, in the inside of which is the now liquid oyster forcemeat. When these cutlets are placed on the plate and broken with a fork, a little gush of delicious oyster fluid runs out on to the plate. This may be considered a high-class entrée, and I can assure you can be made extremely good from a sixpenny tin of mushrooms and a sixpenny tin of oysters, which would be sufficient for a party of ten.

Tinned lobster is not nearly so useful for cooking purposes as tinned oysters. You can, however, make lobster cutlets from tinned lobster, if you have by you some lobster butter. Lobster butter is the coral of a lobster pounded in a mortar with sufficient butter to make a paste, and with sufficient cayenne pepper to enable it to keep. When, therefore, you find that lobster coral is plentiful, be sure you get your fishmonger to let you have some. Make the lobster butter, and put it by for use. It is exceedingly useful for making lobster cutlets from tinned lobster, salmon cutlets from tinned salmon, as well as adding to lobster sauce and shrimp sauce.

I very much regret that space will not permit me to describe the delicious and elegant-looking sweets that can be made at so small a cost from tinned apricots, tinned peaches, tinned pears, and tinned pineapples. Pineapple makes exquisite fritters, as well as ices and pineapple pudding. Perhaps I shall be able to revert to this subject on some future occasion.

HOW TO MAKE A PAIR OF PAPER BELLOWS.

HAVING shown you in a previous volume how to make a paper box, we shall make a pair of paper bellows. Will they blow the fire? That they will if you make them large enough. They will raise a strong breeze, and perhaps might answer in an emergency: supposing, for example, that Tom has knocked a hole in the kitchen bellows.

We shall begin with a small size, big enough for the fireplace of a doll's house.

Take a square piece of paper, and be careful that the paper is of a sort that does not crack readily.

Double it by making two of the corners meet, then open it out; double it again by making the other two corners meet, but instead of opening it out, catch the paper at the fold between the finger and thumb of each hand and press it into the form shown in fig. 1. In this figure the paper is shown a little open, but the artist has done that so that you may understand it better: the paper really should be pressed on the table as flat as can be. Now fold the point *a* to *e*, and also the point *b* to *c*.

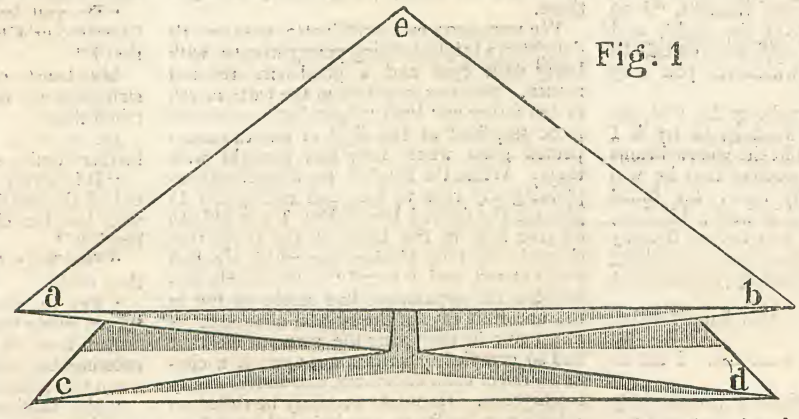


Fig. 1

Turn the paper over and fold the point *c* to *e* and then *d* to *e*. You have now a diamond-shaped piece of paper like fig. 2.

Fold *a* to *b*—fig 2, of course—and open out; fold *a* to *c* and open out; fold *d* to *e* and open out; fold *d* to *f* and open out. All this folding will leave marks shown in the figure by dotted lines.

Turn the paper over and fold the other side, which you will find looks just the same as this one, in precisely the same way.

Now turn to the side you operated upon first. Take the parts shown by the letters *a x z* and *d x z* one after the other between the finger and thumb and pinch them hard. They will fall naturally into the form given by the folds, and will form what we may call the handle of the bellows on one side.

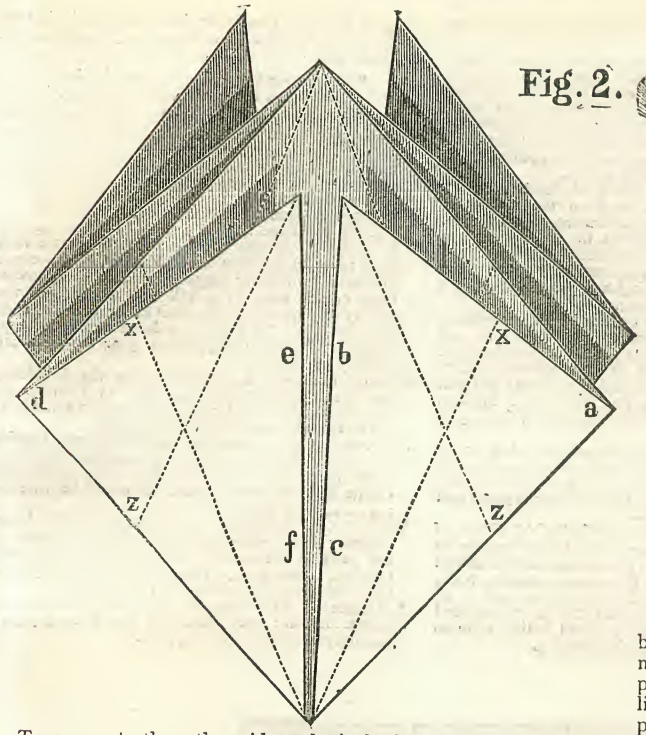


Fig. 2.

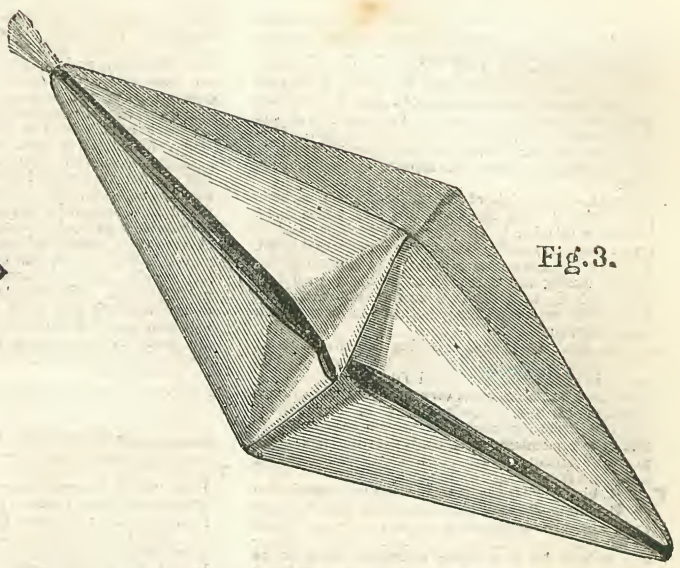


Fig. 3.

Turn over to the other side and pinch the corresponding pieces of the paper in the same way. This will make the two sides of the bellows the same. You may fasten the two pieces of the handle with little bits of gummed paper, but that is not necessary. The complete bellows is shown in fig. 3. Lay hold of the handles and pull the bellows open. It will fill with wind; shut it, and the wind will be driven out by the little opening from which the blast is issuing in the engraving. If the witches ever stop selling winds in bags, as they say they do, this little article might come into extensive use. Anyhow, you will say it is a clever contrivance, and we'll all give three cheers to the memory of the person who invented it.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

MARION.—Give your name clearly to the servant before going in, and leave your husband's card on the hall table as you come out.

J. B. LAURIE.—Although the ceremony of creating a knight is now performed by the sovereign alone, it was not so at the time of its institution—presumably in the tenth or eleventh century. At least, at the time of the First Crusade it was a religious ceremony, for which honour the young aspirant had to prepare by prayer, long vigils, and fasting. The ceremony was performed by a bishop after high mass, and the would-be knight had to make a solemn vow that he would "speak the truth, succour the helpless and oppressed, and never turn back from an enemy." The training in arms began at the age of fourteen, and the young aspirant became eligible for his knighthood at twenty-one. Some articles on heraldry appear in this magazine. From them you may learn as much as you may care or need to know.

GUNHILDA.—We should think a girl of seventeen, who could teach the rudiments of English, etc., would be worth from about £15 to £20 per annum as a nursery governess.

HATTY.—In the present difficulty of getting situations, we should advise you to take any good one that offers, either in a school or a private family. You do not mention your capabilities, so we could not offer any advice.

HOHENSTANFEN might get advice on any subject connected with emigration for teachers from the Colonial Emigration office, 13, Dorset-street, Portman-square, W.; office hours, 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.

ONE OF ENGLAND'S DAUGHTERS.—At the London School of Medicine for Women, in connection with the Royal Free Hospital, the course of study is four years, winter and summer sessions. The fees for the whole curriculum of lectures is £80; fees for the four years' hospital instruction, £45. There is an entrance scholarship offered annually in September, value £30. The address is, 30, Henrietta-street, Brunswick-square, W.C. Prospectuses, with every information, can be obtained from the dean of the school, or from Mrs. Thorne, hon. secretary, at the school.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PUSSIE.—We cannot tell you of the diseases induced by the bad habit of eating anything not designed for food. You must be already in a very unwholesome condition. The best means of curing yourself of the habit would be to tell your mother, and request her to put a stop to it at once, if you have no strength of mind and will to cure yourself of such nasty habits.

JUDY C.—1. If a verb be used to denote a noun, it is incorrect even if a technicality. 2. Suppers are very unwholesome. The best you could take would be a cup of milk and a biscuit.

VOX ET PRÆTEREA NIHIL.—1. Some girls do not grow till of age, but all are supposed to do so. Their bones are not hard till then. 2. We are not familiar with your quotation. There are many books of quotations to be had, and you have more leisure than we have to search for passages from obscure writers, if still thought worthy of notice.

CHATTAHOOCHEE (Florida).—1. You ought to provide yourself with a friend to act as "gooseberry" for you if you walk with any man to whom you are not engaged. 2. Persons who suffer from sea-sickness should eat something about half an hour before embarkation, and should there be a swell or rough sea, they ought to lie down at once on so doing, and on deck, if possible, to get fresh air.

A CLERK is, we fear, but a superficial and hasty judge of others, when she puts down the English working girls whom she met as a lot of "empty-headed, chattering monkeys," adding, "anyone could learn all that was in them in ten minutes." We wonder what they thought of her! The disposition to be pleased and to derive enjoyment from everything and everybody is a very blessed one, and "A Clerk" must cultivate it herself.

TROUBLED ONE.—Apparently you have a very delicate skin. We cannot give you any further advice than that we have already given. We do not think that you will fail to obtain a situation because your face may be caught by the fire on coming in after exposure to the cold outer air.

LADY MIRANDA; A WHITE SWAN.—The metamorphosis of animals is the name given to the changes to a greater or lesser extent which many animals undergo in passing from the egg to the mature and adult state. The egg of the butterfly or fly, or of a beetle, gives origin to a caterpillar or larvæ, which after passing its existence in the work of nutrition, next assumes a quiescent state, and becomes the resting chrysalis or pupa, from the elements of which the adult insect or *imago* is finally formed. The period at which the eggs are hatched varies greatly. In some cases a few hours in summer, in other cases the eggs deposited in the autumn are not hatched till the succeeding spring or summer. 2. The "Wicks of Baiglie" are in the neighbourhood of Moncrieff Hill. Sir Walter Scott mentions it in the "Fair Maid of Perth," as the spot from whence the finest view of Perth was to be obtained.

AN INQUISITIVE GIRL.—See articles on "Girls' Christian Names," in vol. iv., pages 39, 301. The names Walter (ruling the host), and William (helmet of resolution), are derived from the old German. Henry (head of a house) also, while Harold (a champion) is Anglo-Saxon, and Robert (bright in fame) is also old German.

LIZZIE C. H. and LOTTIE.—Rosewater is made by means of a still, and the manufacture of it in this manner is liable to a tax.

IVY.—Ivy is preserved by pressing between sheets of blotting-paper, just as flowers are treated. You will find directions in some of our volumes by reference to the indexes. The tinted ivy, which is found in beautiful varieties, especially in the Isle of Wight, should be sought in the autumn. The tints are due to the process of fading and decay; but there are beautiful variegated kinds in white and green which grow in these varieties from the first. After being pressed and dried, they should be slightly varnished with a solution of gum-arabic, or with Canadian balsam varnish. You can get this from a chemist.

CHAMPION.—There are little manuals published containing all the rules of lawn-tennis. Ask for the latest, as new rules and modifications have grown up of late, for which we cannot give space.

CAEDMON.—A medical man holding a doctor's degree (M.D.) should be addressed in speaking to him as "Doctor So-and-so;" a surgeon as "Mr. So-and-so." Say "Mr. So-and-so" to your principal.

MARY P. (India).—We have no doubt you are right, so far as the plural of the word "Mussulman" is concerned. The English dictionary makes it "Mussulmans;" but in England we fear it would be thought pedantic, and "Mussulmans" becomes too often "Mussulmen" in the vulgar tongue. Many thanks for your interesting letter.

UNE PAUVRE ENFANT.—The scum which rises from boiling jam is produced by the sugar, and is good to eat if you like it. Peter Martyr was an Italian Protestant reformer, his *name being* Pietro Martire Vermigli, born 1500, became a Protestant 1542, professor at Oxford 1548, returned to Strasbourg 1551, died 1562. Peter Martyr is a translation of his Italian Christian name.

HILDEGARD.—1. The 15th Oct., 1879, was a Saturday, 2. The emblematic leaf of Wales is that of the leek, which plant they wear on St. David's Day.

A WOUNDED HEART.—We sympathise with you, and are glad that your trouble has led you to seek the only happiness that is unalloyed and enduring in the love and service of God. You should get some person of high character and influence, a mutual acquaintance, to have an interview and explanation with your friend's husband, and to clear you of the false charges so unkindly made against you. Perhaps, however, he is really jealous of your friendship, and has sought an excuse for separating you from his wife.

MODESTIA.—The origin of the stripes on the barber's pole, painted with alternate red and white lines, has some allusion to the fact that barbers used to act as surgeons, and to bleed those who needed them. It is said that a pole was placed in the hand of the patient during the operation of bleeding, and that afterwards the tape bandage was wound round the pole, which was then hung out at the door as an advertisement.

SIS.—We think we remember seeing the rhyme about "The mill never grinding with the water that is past," in a collection of rhymed Turkish proverbs.

HARRY had better read the very copious notes usually attached to Longfellow's "Song of Hiawatha," which will perhaps assist her in comprehending it. She must remember that it deals with the habits and mode of living of the North American Indians, which are not well known to most people.

C. C. K. kindly writes to us to say that the description of Brighton—"Land without trees, sea without ships, and a set of castors in the middle"—in allusion to the Pavilion which had then been recently built—was written by a peculiar character, who wrote poetry under the name of Clio, his real name being Rickman. He was living in 1826 or 1827, and had very much the appearance of Paul Pry, in dress, etc. We thank our informant.

INQUISITIVE.—All fruits are vegetable productions, but they constitute a distinct class in the vegetable kingdom. Fruit is usually eaten with sugar, and so-called vegetables with salt. Tomatoes are eaten with the latter, and usually with meat as a vegetable, not ever with the dessert course, which seems to decide the question as to the general opinion of its character, though some call it a fruit.

FOOLISH FIFTEEN.—"The Old Red Sandstone," by Hugh Miller, is a good book on the subject of geology. Also our own publication, by Dawson. We do not recommend works by the author you name to our girls. See our answers to correspondents under Educational for the information so often given in reference to book-keeping and shorthand writing as a means of earning a living.

DORA P.—We are shocked to hear of such persistent misconduct, and wilful annoyance of such kind and good parents. We have no advice to give, but that from henceforth you leave off this improper conduct and pray for God's grace to aid you. Why did you not profit by the warning they gave you? In thus displeasing and showing rebellion towards them, you sin against God.

TARTAR.—1. We do not advertise phrenologists. 2. A little bran in hard water will soften it. Use glycerine on the backs of your hands before you dry them, and do the latter thoroughly. Your writing is good, and not in the park-paling style.

NORA.—There is or is to be a Work-girls' Home of Rest, which accommodates about thirty inmates, at Walton-on-Naze, Essex. There now exists a central institution at 138, New Kent-road, London, S.E., for aiding work girls, and a home attached to it, where those out of employment can be boarded and lodged for a small sum. You had better write to the secretary for all further information.

GRACE SCOTT.—Your poem has some merit, but we do not agree with the sentiments expressed in verse three, viz.—

> "Ah, in our world is given no blessing
> That bears not woe for its stern alloy!"

Besides, alloy cannot be stern. We could name many unalloyed blessings. Surely the privilege and ability to serve others in word, act, or gift is unalloyed with woe. And there are higher blessings still, religious and spiritual, as well as temporal blessings, that are certainly unalloyed. We wish you to enjoy, and grace to appreciate, many of them.

MAB.—If you have any toys, dolls, and dolls' clothes for distribution, you could scarcely do better than send them to the care of the Santa Claus Society, instituted for helping hospital children by contributions of this kind. You will find a notice of the society at page 160, in the G.O.P. for Dec., 1886, in the answer to "J. F. C." A large number of toys were distributed the previous year amongst six London hospitals.

CHERRY RIPE.—In the name Goethe the diphthong "oe" must be pronounced as "eu" in French; for example, in the word *bleu*, and the second syllable as in the French word *thé*, the "h" mute.

ST. ANN'S.—The certificates for which you inquire must have been lost in the post, as they were certainly despatched from our office. We could not return MS. of competitions. It would be wise to take a copy for yourself.

MERMAID.—You should apply to some of the large shipping firms who own passenger vessels, such as the Allan's (Liverpool), Cunard's (do.), Donald Currie's, Green's, etc. They will each inform you of their own respective terms and requirements.

A LOVER OF FLOWERS.—If you have the botanical paper, use it; but otherwise the blotting-paper, carefully changed, does very well.



NEW PRIZE COMPETITION IN NEEDLEWORK.

CLOTHING FOR THE POOR.

THE Editor, in view of the prevailing distress amongst children at the Board schools and throughout London, especially for clothes, has decided to institute a Prize Competition, so that the readers of the G.O.P., while showing the improvement in their plain needlework and being rewarded for it, may also benefit the poor and needy. The work, after being judged, will be carefully distributed, either through the children's hospitals in the poorer quarters of London or through the mistresses of Board schools. The last day for sending in articles will be Wednesday, August 17. The stitches must be regulated by the directions in the articles on "Plain Needlework" which have been given in vol. vi. The specimens of stitches to be shown are sewing, stitching, hemming, running and felling, buttonholes and gathers, stroking and setting in. The calico to be used in all cases should be stout and unbleached, everything being clean, but not washed after making; neatly and properly made and well fitting according to their dimensions. The sizes must range from the clothing required by children of four years old up to twelve. All trimmings should be avoided, and the choice of a shape is open to our competitors, provided the stitches are contained in the garment made. Boys' unbleached calico shirts, girls' unbleached calico chemises or drawers, winsey or flannel petticoats with a plain stay bodice, are the articles intended for the competition. In case the petticoats are selected, herring-boning must be added to the stitches. The stays may be joined to the petticoats or not, as our competitors choose; if not joined, the buttons must be put on them, and buttonholes worked on the band of the petticoats. The lining of the stays, which should be covered with winsey or list, and bands of the petticoats must be of unbleached calico. The Editor does not intend that the price of the materials in any age or size shall exceed a shilling or eighteen pence, as he wishes all his girls to help to clothe their poorer brothers and sisters, and he also wishes the competition to be a lesson in careful and thoughtful shopping, that the best value be obtained for the money laid out. He hopes this, as well as the cutting out, will be done personally by the girls.

Machine work will not be admitted; all seams must be on the inside; all linings must sit smoothly and be straight to the thread; the necks and wrists must fit, the first being large enough and the latter not too small.

The tickets must in all cases be carefully sewn to the articles, and must bear the age of the intended wearer, the age of the competitor herself, her name and address, and also the signature of a teacher or minister certifying that the work is her own, and that in it, as well as in the cutting out, she has been aided by no one.

There will be a Prize of One Guinea awarded to the most successful competitor of every age from twelve to twenty-three years, and certificates of merit of the first, second, and third class will be awarded to girls of any age who may obtain the requisite number of marks.

The Girl's Own Gold Medal Brooch will be awarded to the Champion Prize-winner, or the one who does best for her age, in addition to her guinea prize.

GIRLS OWN PAPER ❋ MAY 1887



DESIGN FOR DECORATION OF GIRLS SITTING ROOM FRED MILLER

VOGELSANG & KAISER, CHROMO LITH. MUNICH

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. VIII.—NO. 379. APRIL 2, 1887. PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE SHEPHERD'S FAIRY.

A PASTORALE.

By DARLEY DALE, Author of "Fair Katherine," etc.



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"'FAIRY, THIS IS THE BARON DE THORENS.'"

CHAPTER XXIII.



A FEW days after the Lewes Carnival the Baroness de Thorens asked her husband at their one o'clock *déjeuner* if he would drive with her that afternoon to Parc de Courcy, to call on Madame de Courcy, who would be all alone, and very glad to see them. The baron consented, adding that perhaps De Courcy and Rex had returned, and he should be pleased to hear about their visit to England and this wonderful carnival.

"There is not the least chance of that; Rex won't leave England until he is obliged, I am sure," returned the baroness, but the words were hardly out of her mouth when the De Courcys' carriage drove past the windows.

"Why, here is De Courcy and madame also; they have come to *déjeuner*, Mathilde. Order the last two courses to be brought back, while I go and receive them," said the baron.

"Poor Rex!" thought the baroness; "I am afraid the murder is out now, and his father, of course, has most wisely put his foot down on this foolish entanglement. No doubt they have come over to tell us all about it, so I must pretend I know nothing, and that it is all news to me."

Of course so long as the meal lasted, and the servants were in the room, nothing was talked of but ordinary matters, the carnival, about which the baron was very curious, being the principal topic, but when the baroness was about to lead Madame de Courcy to her boudoir for a private chat, while the gentlemen went to the smoking-room, to her surprise M. de Courcy said he had something very important to say to her and the baron, and might they all go to some room where they would not be interrupted?

"Certainly, come to my study; leave your bag here till we come back, De Courcy," said the baron. But M. de Courcy persisted in taking the black leather bag which he had brought into the *salle-à-manger* with him to the study, and the baroness wondered more and more what was going to happen.

"My friends, I have some very startling news for you; indeed, so important do I consider it that I hurried back on purpose to announce it, for if my suspicions are true, it is news that will not only surprise you exceedingly, but will also, I trust, bring you great happiness. I think it only right to prepare you in some measure for the extraordinary thing I am about to reveal. First of all, madame la baronne, will you kindly tell me if you recognise this handkerchief?" said M. de Courcy, producing Fairy's handkerchief, carefully wrapped in silk paper, from his breast pocket.

"It looks like one of mine. It is; see, there is the crest and coronet; Arnaud gave me a dozen lace ones soon after I was married, but I have lost two, one years and years ago, and one at a ball, not very long ago. This must be the one I lost at the ball, I expect; where did you find it?" asked the baroness, as she examined the handkerchief.

"In England, round the throat of the prettiest little girl I ever saw in my life. But wait, I have some more things to show you. Did you ever see this shawl before?" And M. de Courcy opened the bag and produced the red and gold Indian shawl in which Fairy had been wrapped when she was conveyed on board the Hirondelle; but before the baroness had time to answer, the baron rushed forward and, seizing the shawl, exclaimed, "*Ciel!* De Courcy, where did you get that from? Why, it is the shawl I wrapped my poor little girl in the night Léon took her on board the Hirondelle."

"Oh, Arnaud, it can't be; it may be like it, it is very like a shawl I once had, but it can't be the same," said the baroness.

"I am certain it is; if you had asked me ten minutes ago what the shawl was like which I put round the infant I could not have told you, but the instant I saw it, though I was not thinking of her, I recognised it, and now I could pick it out among a thousand. Has there been some of the Hirondelle's wreckage picked up without telling me?"

"Not that I know of; but see if you recognise any of these things." And M. de Courcy emptied the contents of his bag—the baby linen, the coral and bells, and the fragments of the blue satin quilt which remained after Jack's shaving case had been cut out.

It was the baroness's turn to exclaim now, for one or two of the little garments were her own handiwork, whereas the coral and bells was a present from Madame de Courcy, who at once recognised it.

"They are my lost darling's things; I remember the quilt was blue satin trimmed with swansdown and lace. Oh! M. de Courcy, where did you get them from? How wicked of those English people to keep them all these years, when Arnaud offered to pay a fabulous price for any salvage from the Hirondelle," exclaimed Madame de Thorens.

"But they are not salvage; they were never lost; they——"

"Never lost! then the child was not drowned either. Speak, De Courcy, is it true? Was she saved?" asked the baron, turning very pale and trembling visibly.

"Yes, she was; she is alive and well; I have seen her, and a lovely little——" But before M. de Courcy could get any further, the poor baron sank into an easy chair, and, burying his face in his hands, burst into tears.

Madame de Courcy promptly left the room, and her husband followed, thinking Arnaud was best left alone with his wife, who was already kneeling by his side, more concerned at his emotion than at the astounding piece of news she had just heard, and had not yet been able to take in.

A few minutes later the baroness came out of the study for some wine, and to ask the De Courcys to wait until the baron was well enough to hear further particulars.

"He is very much upset just now; he tells me this has been the secret hope of his heart ever since poor Léon was lost, and to have it realised at last is almost greater joy than he can bear. But tell me, M. de Courcy, is my little one pretty?"

"*Madame, c'est un ange, elle est tout à fait charmante*," said M. de Courcy, enthusiastically, and with that the baroness was obliged to be content for the present.

As soon as the baron had recovered himself he sent for the De Courcys and Père Yvon, that the poor old priest might share in the family joy and hear full particulars as soon as the baron himself.

And then M. de Courcy told the story of Fairy's being found on John Shelley's doorstep, just as it had been told to him, beginning with his first meeting her at the carnival and being so struck with her, and how at supper Rex had called his attention to the crest on the handkerchief, and how then the whole story had come out, and Mr. Leslie had put it all together, and how he was convinced of Fairy's identity, whether her belongings were recognised or not.

"And to crown it all, Rex is madly in love with her; and I don't wonder at it," said M. de Courcy.

"Is she a Protestant?" asked the baron, quickly.

"Yes, I think so; in fact, I am sure she is," said M. de Courcy.

"But so is Rex, so that won't matter, Arnaud," said the baroness.

"It matters to me, for it is my fault; there never was a De Thorens a Protestant yet; but it is a judgment on me, for, doubtless, she has been taught to hate the Catholics," said the baron, with a sigh.

"I don't think she has, for the shepherd who brought her up is beloved and respected by the Catholics as well as by everyone else at Lewes."

"And who is she like, M. de Courcy? You say she is very pretty. How I long to see her! Is she like any of her brothers?" asked the baroness, to whom the question of religion was by no means so important as it was to her husband.

"She is not like anyone I know; she has her father's eyes, and in figure she is like madame la baronne, only smaller; she is *petite* altogether, with golden hair and an English complexion—a delicate pink and white; but you will soon see for yourselves, as I suppose Arnaud won't rest until he has her here."

In this M. de Courcy was quite right; nothing would do but the baron must go at once to England and fetch his long lost daughter home, it never once occurring to him she might be unwilling to leave the shepherd's family, where she had spent her life, or that they might be sorry to part with her. There was no electric telegraph in those days to prepare Fairy for her father's arrival, and

when one afternoon the hotel fly drove up to John Shelley's door she had not the remotest idea whom it contained.

Fairy had insisted on going back to the Shelleys the day after the carnival. The events of that evening had so unsettled her that she felt she would rather be at home, as she called the shepherd's house, than even at the Leslies'; moreover, she had a vague idea that her life there was nearly at an end, and she wished to spend all that remained of it with the Shelleys. Rex could and did come and see her there. And on hearing the startling discovery which had been made at the supper table, Mrs. Shelley did not go to Liverpool, but packed Jack off before Fairy returned, promising to join him later on as soon as all this business was settled. One thing was certain, she would never care for Jack except as a friend, whether she turned out to be the child of this French baron or not. Mrs. Shelley felt sure she would end in being the wife of this French gentleman.

When the baron's fly drove up, Rex and Fairy were sitting in the kitchen over a large wood fire, while Mrs. Shelley, with her back towards them and her sleeves rolled up to her elbows, was making a beefsteak Sussex pudding for supper, to which meal Rex had begged to be allowed to remain instead of going back to Oafham Park for the late dinner there.

"Dear me, here is a carriage; it looks like the fly from the Crown. Just run to the door, Fairy; my hands are all over flour," said Mrs. Shelley.

"I'll go, Mrs. Shelley. Shall I say 'Not at home?' I think I had better under the circumstances," said Rex, signing to Fairy to keep still, and dashing to the door, which he threw open, and drawing himself up like a grand London footman, was about to exclaim "Not at home," when, to his amazement, the door of the fly was violently kicked open, and the baron descended.

"De Thorens! Where on earth do you spring from?" asked Rex, in French.

"Rex, *mon cher*, where is she? Where is my little daughter? Tell me, is she here? Is this John Shelley's?" eagerly exclaimed the baron.

"Yes, this is John Shelley's, and Fairy is here, if you mean her," replied Rex.

"I mean the child he found on the doorstep eighteen years ago; she is my daughter."

"Come in; here she is. Fairy, this is the Baron de Thorens, who has come to see his long-lost daughter," said Rex, in French, ushering the baron into the kitchen, where Fairy, who had heard and of course understood the conversation, though the baron spoke very fast at all times, particularly when he was excited, was standing, trembling with excitement, all the colour fleeing from her face till she looked like a little marble statue.

Even a stranger, who knew nothing of her history, on being introduced to this scene would have felt that this delicate little creature was strangely out of keeping with her surroundings. The sanded brick-floor, the clean but bare deal table and wooden form, the dresser, with its common crockery, the two wooden armchairs, and the little three-legged stool, Fairy's usual seat, were all suitable enough to the homely figure of Mrs. Shelley, as she stood making pastry, but they formed a strange background for the miniature Venus who had so long been the light of the shepherd's house, and if the shadow of a doubt as to her identity had ever crossed the baron's mind, which, as a matter of fact, it never had, it would have been dispelled the moment he caught sight of her.

"*Mon enfant! ma fille! mon ange!*" exclaimed the baron, seizing Fairy's hands in his, and after a long, hungering look at her, drawing her to his breast.

"*Mon père,*" whispered Fairy, half laughing, half crying, and if she had searched the English and French languages, or if she had made a most eloquent speech, she could not have hit on anything to say which would have pleased her father so well as those two simple words, "*Mon père*"; the sweetest music could not have charmed his ears as those first words he ever heard his daughter speak now did.

"Who is the gentleman, Mr. de Courcy? What are they saying? What does it all mean?" asked Mrs. Shelley, wiping the flour off her hands with a vague idea that a great sorrow had entered with this handsome French gentleman for her and John.

"He is Fairy's father; it is the Baron de Thorens, Mrs. Shelley," said Rex, as the baron sat down in one of the wooden chairs, and taking Fairy on his knees poured out a torrent of French expressing his joy and delight at having found his long-lost treasure, lost by his own cruelty. And then followed some vehement self-reproaches, which Fairy would not listen to, but put one of her little white hands over her father's lips.

Both father and daughter were too much absorbed in each other to pay any attention to anyone else at first, until a half-suppressed sob from Mrs. Shelley startled Fairy, and, looking up, to her astonishment, she saw Mrs. Shelley had thrown her apron over her face, and, sinking down on the wooden form, burst into a flood of tears. Ever since she could remember, Fairy didn't think she had ever seen Mrs. Shelley cry before. She was not a woman given to weeping, and, half-frightened, Fairy slipped from her father's arms and ran across to her foster-mother.

"Mother! mother! what is it? Don't you understand?—this is my father! You always said he was a gentleman, you know, and now aren't you glad I have found him?"

And Fairy pulled down the apron, and, with her own sweet caressing ways, tried to soothe the poor woman.

The baron now began to pour out a volume of excuses for his rudeness in not having observed madame before, which Rex interpreted, while Mrs. Shelley sobbed out—

"To be sure, I am glad, child; at least, God knows I ought to be; but how John and I are to live without you, He only knows, after all these years!"

"But, mother, I am not going away yet," said Fairy, who began to see that some conflicting duties were in store for her; for even as she stood by Mrs. Shelley the baron had come round and caught hold of one of her hands, and she felt she was literally, as well as figuratively, being pulled in one direction by him and in another by her foster-mother.

"Don't tell her that, Fairy," said Rex, in French, "for the baron will never rest till he gets you to the château."

"Indeed, I shan't. Mathilde—your mother, that is—my child, is longing to see you," said the baron.

"What does the baron say? Does he want you to go to-night, Fairy? You must wait till John comes home," said Mrs. Shelley, guessing from the baron's manner he was urging Fairy's departure.

"No, mother, no; he only says mamma wants to see me."

"To be sure she does, child. Who would have thought that I, of all people in the world, could have behaved in this way before a gentleman. If John were to come in he would not know his wife," said Mrs. Shelley, rising, and going mechanically back to her pudding, as if to find solace for her grief in manual labour.

"Will you explain to Mrs. Shelley, my darling, how sorry I am that I cannot speak English to tell her that I know it is all my doing, having brought this sorrow upon her, and that anything she or her husband like to ask, except to leave my little daughter with them, I will gladly do, though I can never repay them for all their kindness to my little one."

The baron said a great deal more to the same effect, which Rex translated for him instead of Fairy, and then, at the baron's suggestion, they sat down, and, with Fairy and Rex as interpreters, he and Mrs. Shelley each told their own story of Fairy's loss and discovery by the shepherd; after which Rex proposed that he should take the baron to the Leslies', knowing well enough he would never eat Sussex pudding, neither could he fancy him sitting down to supper with the shepherd and Charley Shelley, though in Fairy's company Rex thoroughly enjoyed the prospect himself. In the evening the baron and Mr. Leslie could walk round, and discuss with John Shelley Fairy's departure.

Fairy, who in her heart of hearts would have preferred to go with her new-found father, agreed to this, knowing it would please the shepherd and his wife, and feeling that her stay with them could be counted by hours rather than by days, a conjecture which Rex told her when he came back was quite correct, for the baron was all anxiety to carry her off at once to her own home, and Fairy, though sorry to leave her kind foster-parents, was anxious to see her mother and brothers and the château, of which Rex had already told her so much.

Strange to say, John Shelley, to out-

ward appearances at least, bore the parting, or rather the separation, for he purposely avoided all formal leave-takings with Fairy, better than his wife. He never murmured or complained; all he said, when he came home and heard Fairy's father had come to fetch her, was, "God knows best; His will be done;" and, but for his more than usually tender manner to Fairy that evening, she might have thought he rejoiced at her joy as fully as he pretended to do. His wife frankly told him she could not make him out: he, to whom the child had been as the apple of his eye, to sit there smiling as cheerfully as if she were to live with them for ever, instead of going to her own parents the next day, for the baron could not be persuaded to delay his departure beyond the morrow.

But John only smiled and said, "So we shall live together for ever one day, Polly, but it won't be on this side of the grave." And never once did he murmur at her going, though for months afterwards he always put Fairy's little three-legged stool in the place where she used to sit in front of the fire after supper, and then he would gaze into the burning wood lost in thought. Unless Mrs. Shelley spoke to him now and then, some tears would roll down his weather-beaten cheeks, and then his wife knew he was thinking of Fairy. For eighteen years she had been the light of his life; no wonder, then, that he missed her. Whenever she used to go to stay at the Leslies' he counted the days till she came back, and then often complained of her absence; but now that she had gone for good and all, as his wife expressed it, he never uttered a word of complaint. Mrs. Shelley confessed she could not make her husband out. He even rebuked her for her constant remarks, that it was very hard to flesh and blood to bring up a child for eighteen years as your own and then one day for its own parents to come and take it away for ever; and yet in her heart of hearts she knew John was more wounded at Fairy's loss than she was. She still had her three sons to interest her, although two were away from home. Charlie was never absent for a night, and Willie was expected home soon to remain in England for a year or two, while Jack, although it was now a settled thing that the rest of his life was to be passed in America, was the pride of his mother's heart.

And Fairy, how did she bear the parting?

In the first place, it is always easier in all separations for those who go than for those who are left behind; in the next, Rex went with her, and lastly the entirely new life, her new found parents and brothers, all of whom vied with each other in making the most of her, although in this respect the baron undoubtedly carried off the palm, so occupied her time and thoughts, that it was impossible for the Shelleys to fill her mind to the same extent as her memory dwelt in theirs.

(*To be concluded.*)

A WISE LETTER.

By the Author of "How to be Happy Though Married."

If there be any readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER who are not acquainted with Dean Swift's "Letter to a Very Young Lady on Her Marriage," I should like to bring it to their notice, for the advice it contains is not altogether out of date now; and though the Dean's hints show that he is not gallantly blind to the faults of the gentle sex, yet they are shrewd and often very much to the purpose. The letter was contributed to the *Tatler*, a periodical which was started by Steele in 1709. Swift begins by telling his correspondent that he had always borne a friendship to her father and mother, and that for some years past the person she had chosen for a husband was his particular favourite. Though he writes in this way, it does not follow that the Dean had any particular young lady in view, for he was wont to practise all kinds of literary deceptions and disguises. More probably he desired to give advice, not to any individual very young wife, but to everyone who comes under this description.

The young lady is told that as her parents rather neglected the cultivation of their daughter's mind, she must do her best to remedy this deficiency. A wise man wants a wife to be a reasonable companion and a true friend through every stage of his life. It is, then, her duty to qualify herself for the position. The young wife's husband has an excellent understanding and an amiable temper, but she is told that, nevertheless, she will in time grow indifferent, and perhaps contemptible to him, unless she can supply the loss of youth and beauty with more durable qualities. "Pray, observe how insignificant things are the common race of ladies when they have passed their youth and beauty, how contemptible they appear to the men, and yet more contemptible to the younger part of their own sex. . . . Whereas I have known ladies at sixty, to whom all the polite part of the court and town paid their addresses, without any further view than that of enjoying the pleasures of their conversation."

The young lady is to improve her mind for some hours every day by reading and making extracts from history and travels. She is to correct her taste and judgment by cultivating the acquaintance of persons of knowledge and understanding.

"As little respect as I have for the generality of your sex, it has sometimes moved me with pity to see the lady of the house forced to withdraw immediately after dinner, and this in families where there is not much drinking, as if it were an established maxim that women are incapable of all conversation. In a room where both sexes meet, if the men are discoursing upon any general subject, the ladies never think it their business to partake in what passes, but in a separate club entertain each other with the price and choice of lace and silk, and what dresses they liked or disapproved at the church or playhouse. When I reflect on this, I cannot conceive you to be human creatures, but a certain sort of species hardly a degree above a monkey, who has more diverting tricks than any of you, is an animal less mischievous and expensive, might in time be a tolerable critic in velvet and brocade, and, for aught I know, would equally become them."

If the Dean lived in these days of the higher education of women, we hope that he would not be called upon to speak in this way, and yet his words are not altogether unmeaning, even to us.

It is to be feared that the art of reading aloud is almost as much neglected by ladies now as it was when Swift complained, as he does in this letter, of the same neglect. He advises the very young wife to read aloud, more or less, every day to her husband.

"It is usual in young wives, before they have been many weeks married, to assume a bold, forward look and manner of talking, as if they intended to signify in all companies that they were no longer girls, and consequently that their whole demeanour, before they got a husband, was all but a countenance and constraint upon their nature, whereas, I suppose, if the votes of wise men were gathered, a very great majority would be in favour of those ladies who, after they were entered into that state, rather chose to double their portion of modesty and reservedness."

With this it is interesting to compare what Charles Lamb says in his "Bachelor's Complaint of the Behaviour of Married People." "Nothing is to me more distasteful than that entire complacency and satisfaction which beam in the countenances of a newly-married couple; in that of the lady particularly, it tells you that her lot is disposed of in this world, that you can have no hopes of her. It is true I have none, nor wishes either, perhaps, but this is one of those truths which ought, as I said before, to be taken for granted, not expressed."

The very young wife is cautioned to avoid the company of "bold, swaggering, rattling ladies," whose supposed wit and humour lie "in rude, shocking expressions, and what they call running a man down." We agree with the Dean when, after giving some illustrations of these "rapid," slang-loving persons, he says:—"I have often thought that no man is obliged to suppose such creatures to be women, but rascals disguised in female habits."

But the matrimonial mentor is perhaps a little too strict in preaching total abstinence from female acquaintances, and we are not quite sure of the wisdom of saying, "I advise that your company at home should consist of men rather than women. To say the truth, I never yet knew a tolerable woman to be fond of her own sex." These men acquaintances, however, are to be of her husband's choice, "and not recommended to you by any she companions; because they will certainly fix a coxcomb upon you." If the very young wife

must have female acquaintances, her only safe way of conversing with them is by a firm resolution to proceed in her practice and behaviour directly contrary to whatever they shall say or do. "For instance, in the doctrines they usually deliver to young married women for managing their husbands, their several accounts of their own conduct in that particular, to recommend it to your imitation, the reflections they make upon others of their sex for acting differently, their directions how to come off with victory upon any dispute or quarrel you may have with your husband, the arts by which you may discover and practise upon his weak side: when to work by flattery and insinuation, when to melt him with tears, and when to engage him with a high hand: in these and a thousand other cases it will be prudent to retain as many of their lectures in your memory as you can, and then determine to act in full opposition to them all."

On the subject of visiting, the Dean says that half a dozen acquaintances are enough to visit, and that it will be sufficient to see them twice a year. It is dangerous to have confidants, especially when it is a waiting-maid who is admitted into the cabinet council of her young mistress.

There are some affectations and disagreeable habits to be avoided by the very young wife. Instead of thinking it becoming to be what ladies now call "nervous," she should rather be ashamed of cowardice. It is "something very capricious, that when women profess their admiration for a colonel or a captain on account of his valour, they should fancy it a very graceful and becoming quality in themselves to be afraid of their own shadows, to scream in a barge when the weather is calmest, to run from a cow at a hundred yards distance, to fall into fits at the sight of a spider, an earwig, or a frog. At least, if cowardice be a sign of cruelty, as it is generally granted, I can hardly think it an accomplishment so desirable as to be worth improving by affectation."

Then follow some remarks about dressing too fine and paying too little attention to personal cleanliness, which are clinched with the saying of one who is called a "pleasant gentleman," concerning a "silly woman of quality." The "pleasant gentleman" said that "nothing could make her supportable but cutting off her head; for his ears were offended by her tongue, and his nose by her hair and teeth."

As regards fashion, Swift is not unreasonable enough to expect the very young wife to be out of it, but "to be the last and least in it." Probably he and Pope often talked of this matter.

The latter, in his "Essay on Criticism," speaking of literary style, says—

"In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold,
Alike fantastic if too new or old;
Be not the first by whom the new is tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside."

"I expect that your dress shall be one degree lower than your fortune can afford, and in your heart I would wish you to be an utter contemner of all distinctions which a finer petticoat can give you; because it will neither make you richer, handsomer, younger, better natured, more virtuous, or wise than if it hung upon a peg."

The last piece of advice given is about the spending of money; a most important matter; for, as it has been said, any fool can make money, but it takes a wise man or woman to spend it rightly. "I think you ought to be well informed how much your husband's revenue amounts to, and be so good a computer as to keep within it in that part of the management which falls to your share; and not to put yourself in the number of those polite ladies who think they gain a great point when they have teased their husbands to buy them a new equipage, a laced head, or a fine petticoat, without once considering what long score remained unpaid to the butcher."

We have seen that some of the remarks in this letter are a little hard on the fair sex, but our best friends flatter least, and we may be sure that Dean Swift could have written even less agreeable truths to a young husband. He seems, however, to have given more study to the ways in which wives make or mar domestic felicity. We all know his famous saying, that "the reason why so few marriages are happy, is because young women spend their time in making nets, not in making cages." Certainly, a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, and girls are quite justified in trying, in all ways consistent with modesty and self-respect, to net husbands. Still, she is the really fine woman who can not merely net the affections of a husband during the honeymoon, but who can cage and keep them throughout a long married life.

MERLE'S CRUSADE.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Aunt Diana," "For Lilias," etc.

CHAPTER XXIII.

RINGING THE CHANGES.

IT pleased me greatly to hear that Gay would be mistress of Marshlands; I could not imagine the place without her bright presence. She would still have her pets around her, her bees and chickens, and her brown mare Bonny; the tame pheasants would still follow her up and down the terrace, the pigeons fly on her arms and shoulders; she would ride out with the old squire, and sing to him of an evening, and Walter Rossiter would be a son to him in his old age. I thought it would be an ideal life, and I found out that my mistress thought so too.

She often talked to me about it when we were left alone, and of her young sister's happiness, and when Gay had a leisure hour she would run up to the nursery, and chat about her future, telling me everything she thought I should like to hear.

After a week or two Mr. Rossiter came to Prince's Gate, and then I saw little of Gay; my nursery duties occupied me, and she was too much engrossed with her lover's company to give me much of her time.

Mr. Rossiter had brought a sad piece of news with him, that I was sorry to hear. Mr. Hawtry had returned from Venice, bringing his cousin with him to the Red Farm; but a few days ago he had met with an accident in the hunting field; his mare had thrown him in jumping a gate. It was a young mare he had lately bought, and she had not been properly broken in; the result had been a broken leg to her master. Gay could not quite tell me how it had happened. Mr. Hawtry was too good a horseman to be easily thrown, but he had fallen in an awkward place, and it was only by a miracle he had not been killed.

His cousin, Edgar Hawtry, was nursing him; but it was likely to be a tedious affair.

I noticed that Mrs. Morton and Gay seemed to take this accident greatly to heart; they were always alluding to it and looking eagerly for bulletins from Marshlands. "There would be few men more missed than Hawtry," I heard Mr. Rossiter say one day when he and Gay were in the nursery playing with the children. "I should not be here now if Edgar were not with him; but he is a famous nurse, Mrs. Cornish tells me."

I was glad to think that poor Mr. Hawtry was not left alone, to miss his mother and Miss Agnes. He was so strong and active, so full of life and energy, that we could not imagine him a prisoner to his couch. I had heard a great deal of this young artist cousin, whom he had nursed through a long and dangerous illness in Venice. He was a light-hearted, handsome young fellow, and I was glad to know that he was at the Red Farm taking care of Mr. Hawtry.

Mr. Rossiter and Gay left us a little before Christmas. Mr. Rossiter's duties recalled him to Netherton, and Gay could not well remain longer. Mrs. Markham was to accomplish her flitting with the New Year, and then Gay would assume her position as mistress of Marshlands.

She came to us again early in February to get her trousseau, and remained three weeks. Her wedding was fixed for the end of April. I saw a good deal of her during those weeks. She would take us with her in

the carriage sometimes when she went on her shopping expeditions; sometimes we helped her with her purchases, until Reggie grew restless and I carried him out.

She was very sweet and humble in her happiness, and would often tell me how little she deserved it. "Do we ever deserve it?" she said once, as we were driving through the park one late afternoon. Reggie had fallen asleep on my lap. Joyce sat opposite, looking at the twinkling gas lamps and the pale radiance of distant water. Gay leant back in her place a little wearily, but her eyes were shining in the dusk. "I do not think any of us deserve it, Merle; it is a free gift to all of us, for which we must be thankful."

"Yes," I returned, briefly, for I would not interrupt the solemnity of her mood by any ill-timed compliment; and yet, in my heart, I believed no one deserved happiness more. It would not be wasted on her, I knew that; she was one of those who receive with both hands and then give it back again to others. I knew she and Walter Rossiter would lead noble lives together, doing their duty simply and without effort, not looking for large results, but carrying good seed with them and scattering it broadcast with no niggardly hand.

Theirs would be a bright sunshiny home, I was quite sure of that—a home where generous hospitality would be exercised, where the poor as well as the rich would be feasted.

When Gay said presently in a moved tone, "How good I ought to be, and how happy I ought to make others when I am so blessed myself!" I knew she was speaking out of the very fulness of her young heart that was overflowing with happiness, and I thought how nice it was to hear her. I liked to see the simplicity with which she grasped the meaning of life—to be happy—yes truly, for to that end we were created, and to benefit our fellow creatures.

It was a little hard to say good-bye to her, but she comforted me with the assurance that she meant to have us all down at Marshlands that summer. Their honeymoon was to be a brief one, she told me; but neither she nor Mr. Rossiter liked to leave the squire long alone.

"We must not be selfish, Walter says," she finished, brightly; "and as he declares our honeymoon is to last for life, I do not see that it much matters where we spend it;" and then she gave a happy little laugh and went away.

It was a great disappointment to my mistress that neither she nor her husband could be at the wedding; but circumstances prevented it, for with the May sunshine another little human blossom appeared at Prince's Gate—a baby girl, to take the place of the dead Muriel.

I do not know why I shed tears when the baby was first laid in my arms. Perhaps I realised that my beloved mistress had lain long between life and death, and that to the household it had been a time of terrible suspense; but when I saw my mistress's pale face irradiated with the purest happiness, the feeling passed.

"Alick has promised me that I may call her Florence," she whispered. "Is she not a lovely baby, Merle; more like Reggie than Joyce?" But she smiled when I assured her the baby resembled her.

The birth of little Florence made necessary changes in the household; it added another to the nursery. Reggie was now two and a half years old, and was growing a fine healthy boy, and I thought I was justified in pleading for the sole charge of the baby. But it was decided that the nurse, Mrs. Morris, a very pleasant, respectable woman, should remain for the next few months, and after that I should have my wish; Hannah could then be promoted to the care of Reggie, and an under-girl could be added if necessary. Hannah gave up her room to Mrs. Morris, and took a smaller one that had been used by Rhoda, but I still kept possession of the night nursery.

I was a little adverse to Mrs. Morris's company at first, but after a time I grew reconciled to it. She was a sensible, well-educated woman, and could be more companionable to me than Hannah, and baby Florence was my delight.

From the first, she was more with me than with her proper nurse. Mrs. Morris pretended to grumble when I snatched her away on every possible occasion, but I could not resist the pretty cooing creature. I would have given up my night's rest gladly to watch over her. Even my mistress smiled when she paid her first visit to the nursery and saw me in the rocking-chair with baby on my lap and Mrs. Morris amusing Reggie at the window.

When she grew stronger she came daily to the nursery and sat with us for an hour or so. She told me once, when we were alone together, a very rare thing now, that her husband employed a secretary for two or three hours in the day, and that he no longer required her services.

"I was a little sorry at first," she confessed, "because I was afraid he would need me less, until he told me that he had done it for my sake. He thinks I ought to be more with the children, Merle, that Joyce should learn her first lessons from me; we have been arranging the day's duties. You have no idea how thoughtful he is for my comfort; he says I am not strong enough to lead such a busy life. The children are to be with me for an hour or two before luncheon, and I am only to devote my afternoons to people in general. He has refused all invitations this season, and at the beginning of July he means to send us all down to Marshlands; it seems Gay insists on it."

I was pleased and thankful to hear this. I was looking forward to our visit to Marshlands with an intensity that surprised myself. It seemed almost too good to be true that my mistress would be with us. I longed to see the young Mrs. Rossiter in her happiness, to revisit our old haunts, to spend our afternoons in the orchard, to go over to Wheeler's Farm and see Molly. Perhaps we might even re-visit the Red Farm.

Mr. Hawtry was all right again. He knew that he had been away for change of air and scene with his cousin and was back again at the Red Farm. He seemed to be frequently at Marshlands, for Gay always mentioned him in her letters. He was very busy and very well, making improvements on his farm and building more labourers' cottages. Luke Armstrong lived in one of them.

Hannah used to quote largely from Luke's letters, as we walked in Kensington Gardens in the bright June mornings. Sometimes it was about a piece of furniture Luke had picked up cheaply, an eight-day clock, or a chest of drawers, or a round table that would come in handy. Molly had been sending him a heap of useful odds and ends out of the storeroom at Wheeler's Farm—a brass fender and a Dutch oven, a striped red and black cloth and some china cups and saucers that Hannah was "fine and proud of," as Molly said. Luke was for ever hinting in a modest sort of way that the cottage was nearly furnished.

I had been helping Hannah with her sewing all the winter, and we knew the result would gladden Molly's heart. Hannah's savings had been invested wisely. The great painted box in Hannah's room held quite a store of sheets and table linen, not to mention piles of neat garments all ready for use. I knew what all Luke's hints meant; both he and the cottage were ready for the young mistress, and in her simple, loving way Hannah was ready, too. I wondered sometimes if Gay—young Mrs. Rossiter I mean—had taken half so much pride and pleasure in her trousseau as Hannah did in the contents of that old painted box. I was quite aware that the grey French merino that had been her mistress's Christmas gift, still lay there wrapped in whitey-brown paper with the half-dozen hem-stitched handkerchiefs that had been my present, carefully hoarded for future use.

Hannah blushed a little guiltily when I asked her about the grey merino.

"It does not seem to matter what gowns I wear when Luke is not by to see them," she returned, simply; "I only care to be clean and neat, so I am saving all my pretty things until we are married. There is the blue print Molly sent me, and some collars and cuffs from Lydia lying there with the merino. Molly has promised me my wedding dress," continued Hannah, bashfully. "We have talked of it already, though I have not made up my mind to wed just yet, for all the nonsense Luke talks. It is to be grey, too," she went on. "Luke has a fancy for grey gowns; and it is to have silky raised spots on the stuff, like Miss Gay's, only not so fine."

"Yes, indeed, but I daresay the stuff one will be just as pretty."

"Mother was married in a Japanese silk dress; Molly has a bit of it still in a workbag; but Molly says she does not hold with silk dresses and silver spoons for working folk. There is Martin of Scroggin's Mill has promised Lyddy a gold watch and chain and a silk gown that will stand alone for richness, but Molly says Lyddy is far too sensible to be bought at that price."

"Indeed I hope so, for Lydia's own sake."

"Oh, there's no fear of Lyddy taking up with Martin," returned Hannah, confidently; "she is bound to be single, like Molly. Folks cannot all be mated, Molly says, and it is best to be content with a solitary lot than wed a fool. Molly never had much opinion of menfolk. She says they want a deal of waiting on, and are fine and helpless compared to women."

Molly's strong-minded views somewhat amused me, but she was certainly a tower of strength to her young sisters. One could not help sympathising with Hannah's happiness; she was so simple and honest; she had such faith in her lover's perfections; she so thoroughly believed in herself and him.

After a time I grew almost as much interested in the cottage arrangements as Hannah did. I was quite excited when Luke brought home a pig to inhabit the new sty by the kitchen garden, and spoke of investing his next week's wages in a cock and some hens. I found Hannah nearly crying for joy all day over a letter from home. Molly had coaxed her father to spare the brindled cow as Hannah's marriage portion.

"Is it not good of Molly?" she cried, drying her eyes on her apron. "To think of my having Buttercup for my very own, and of the sweet new milk for Luke's porridge that she will give us every morning. It makes me cry with happiness, Miss Fenton, to think how proud Luke will be. Molly has been a mother to us girls ever since I can remember, and we have not been half good enough to her."

I grew a little wearied at last of Hannah's ecstasies over the brindled cow, though I reproached myself for selfishness; but to hear too much of other people's happiness without sharing it is rather like sitting before covered dishes at a feast, and hearing one's neighbours discourse on the separate flavours. Ah, me! what self-seeking humans we all are! I think it made me just a little restless to hear Hannah's talk, until baby cried, and I took her on my lap, and she looked at me with her pretty blue eyes, and began to coo, as she always did when I sang to her.

I had not been to Putney for some time, and it struck me that a cosy afternoon with Aunt Agatha would do me good. Perhaps it was the heat, but I certainly felt a little restless. We were to start for Netherton in another ten days, and I thought I could be more easily spared just now. I thought it would be nice to surprise Aunt Agatha with an unexpected visit. When I told my mistress this she seemed amused.

"You had much better let Mrs. Keith know beforehand, Merle. Suppose you were to find her out: that would be a serious disappointment to you both."

But I refused to entertain this objection; I had never found Aunt Agatha out yet.

"Very well, do as you like," she replied, pleasantly. "It is rather a hot afternoon; but I see you have made up your mind. You are just a little homesick, Merle, and want a comfortable talk with your aunt. If your uncle could see you home, I have no objection to your remaining all the evening. Mrs. Morris will look after Reggie."

I shook my head over this proposition. Uncle Keith was very kind, but I could not trouble him to escort me. My mistress was very particular about this. She would never hear of my being out late alone.

"It is all very well for Hannah or Travers," she would say, "but in your case it is different." And, indeed, in many other ways she watched over me as though I were a young sister.

It was an intensely hot afternoon, and I was thankful to put on my coolest dress. It was rather a light-coloured stuff, that Aunt Agatha had given me in the spring. Hannah and I had made it up with Travers' help; but though it was a very pretty gown, I thought it rather unsuitable for daily wear, and so I put it by for festive occasions. I always took particular pains with myself when I went home. I knew Aunt Agatha would eye me critically, and would grumble if I looked dowdy or shabby. She was a woman who loved pretty things, and it was an unpardonable offence in her eyes for young persons to be negligent of their appearance.

"Depend upon it, Merle," she would say, "there is something unhealthy in a girl who professes not to care how she looks. It is our duty to make the best of ourselves. A woman cannot help being plain, but she need not shock our eyes by tastelessness or untidiness."

"I think I shall please Aunt Agatha this afternoon," I thought, as I looked at myself somewhat critically. The dress was pretty, so was the bonnet, though I had trimmed it myself.

I was in very good spirits as I left the house. It might have been cooler, certainly; and the second-class compartment felt unusually stuffy; but I forgot the heat when the river came in sight—it was so bright and sparkling in the sunlight.

The cranes were at work as usual, huge blocks of stone were quivering in the air, the white arches with their iron girders spanned the river, there was the usual noisy traffic in the High-street, the grey old churches stood like silent sentinels in the midst of hurry and toil; the clock chimed, then a bell tolled, "in the midst of life we are in death," it seemed to say; a funeral came over the bridge in the sunshine, some children stood gaping on the footway, a carriage passed it somewhat rapidly; the coachman had a satin favour. I wonder if the bride turned her head away from the sad sight?

Mrs. Morton's speech somewhat haunted me as I came up the narrow, flagged way leading from the town. Suppose, after all, Aunt Agatha should be out, I knew I should be grievously disappointed. Perhaps, after all, it was foolish to chance it. I slackened my steps instinctively, as though I feared no welcome awaited me at the cottage. As I walked between the garden walls, with rose scents wafted to me every now and then, the shadeless sunshine oppressed me, the stones felt hot to my feet, and a cloud of dust whirled suddenly round the corner.

I really thought my apprehension was true when Uncle Keith opened the door; he looked so excessively surprised to see me; his manner, too, was rather confused.

"Hir—rumph, my dear! this is a very unexpected pleasure. Who would have thought of such a thing! Agatha will be delighted."

"Aunt Agatha is in then?" I asked, eagerly.

"Oh, yes, she is in; but—hir—rumph—the fact is, my dear, she is engaged just at this moment. We did not know who it was, and she asked me to excuse her to any visitor. Shall we go into the dining-room for a few minutes until she is ready?"

I would rather go upstairs and take off my bonnet, Uncle Keith," I returned, quickly; "it is so hot, and I shall be glad to get cool," but he stood still on the mat, looking after me, and I heard him clearing his throat more loudly than usual as he went back to the drawing-room.

I was glad to hear the front door shut presently, and ran down at once without looking to see who the mysterious stranger might be. If I had taken that trouble, I should have seen Uncle Keith in his old felt hat and gingham umbrella, walking rapidly towards the town, intent on some domestic business, and should hardly have burst into the room in that unceremonious fashion.

"Oh, Aunt Agatha," I exclaimed, reproachfully, "why did you not come up to me?" and then I stood transfixed with astonishment. There was a tall gentleman standing by the window talking to Aunt Agatha, who turned round abruptly as I opened the door. It was Mr. Hawtry!

I suppose I must have looked very stupid, standing there, unable to speak in my surprise; for he certainly laughed as he came forward and shook hands with me, and yet he seemed a little nervous too.

"I see you do not believe your eyes, Miss Fenton, and yet it is really I, myself, Roger Hawtry." And then he laughed again. Yes, I was sure he was nervous.

"My dear child, what good wind has blown you to us this afternoon?" exclaimed Aunt Agatha, putting her arms round me. "I had no idea who the visitor was until Ezra told us just now."

"It was Uncle Keith then who went out," I stammered, for I was unaccountably confused. "He told me you were engaged; why did he not say it was Mr. Hawtry? He pretended it was somebody on business." But here I stopped, for Aunt Agatha was making a funny face as though she was trying to keep grave, and Mr. Hawtry had become very red all at once and turned to the window.

'Why should I not have business with your friend Mr. Hawtry, Merle?" Why did she call him my friend, I wonder. Had she forgotten my position and his? Aunt Agatha was never awkward; she had more *savoir faire* than most people.

If it were not incredible, I could almost have believed she was nervous too.

"Oh, I don't know," I returned, rather lamely; "you and Mr. Hawtry are strangers." But at this he came forward again.

"This is my first introduction to Mrs. Keith, certainly," he said, quickly; "but I cannot allow we are strangers, Miss Fenton. You have already made me so well acquainted with your aunt, that I ventured to do myself the pleasure of calling upon her. I consider we know each other quite well now"

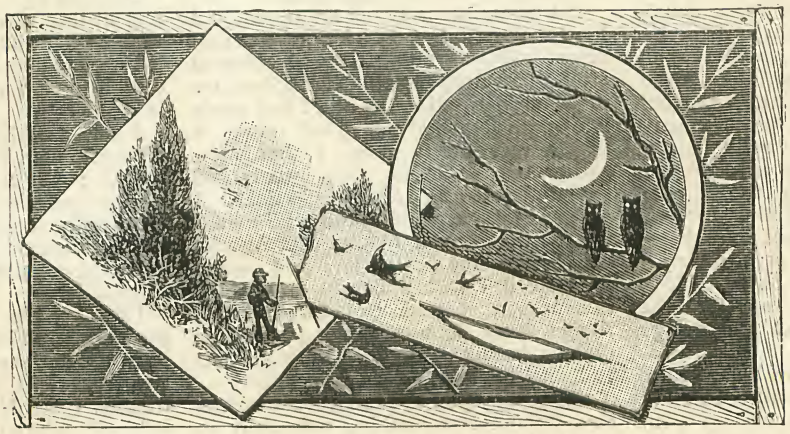
I thought Aunt Agatha looked pleased at that. She had a pretty colour this afternoon, as though she were excited, and yet I have heard Uncle Keith say that if the Queen were to call on his wife she would not be discomposed; but there were several little signs that told me she was not quite at her ease.

"I must see about tea," she said, getting up a little abruptly. "I dare-say you can amuse Mr. Hawtry for a few minutes, Merle. He can tell you all about Mrs. Rossiter."

"Oh, yes," I returned, carelessly, "I shall be so glad to hear all the Netherton news. Have you been to Wheeler's Farm lately, Mr. Hawtry, and seen Molly? And how is Luke Armstrong getting on? And is the cottage pretty?"

"Am I to answer all these questions?" he pleaded. "And which am I to take first? By the bye, your friend, Mrs. Rossiter, has sent you a message. I did not know I should see you to-day, or I would have brought it with me. It is a floral message, Miss Fenton, and tells its own story."

(To be concluded.)



TWO GREY EYES.

CHAPTER I.



EAR me! How very tiresome, to be sure. These gipsy vans are always in the middle of the road, and they never move out of the way to let anyone pass," and the speaker impatiently blew a little gold whistle hanging from her watch chain.

Lady Maude Leslie certainly looked as if the smallest delay or stupidity on the part of others would worry her own energetic spirit beyond all endurance. She was a stylish, bright looking little woman, with a firmly set mouth, small and piercing eyes, and a decisive but not unpleasing countenance.

"It is really most annoying, and I particularly want to get home before it is dark," she continued in a vexed tone, as she was obliged to rein in her ponies, and make them walk behind the lumbering cart.

"I'll get out and wake the fellow up," suggested her sandy-haired, impudent-looking little son. "He must be asleep," he added, as he suited the action to the word, and uttered a perfect war whoop in the ear of the unfortunate driver.

"Thank you, Brian, that is better—quite five minutes' delay," fussed Lady Maude, as a flick of her dainty whip made the pretty little Shetland ponies toss their manes and dart forward.

"What a lazy chap the fellow was," observed Brian, as he arranged the rug to his liking, though much to the discomfort of the third occupant of the pony carriage. She was a very interesting looking girl, though not exactly beautiful, with a solemn, almost sad expression on her youthful face. She had a perfect mane of chesnut hair, which hung loosely round her shoulders, and two dark grey eyes which almost told their owner's thoughts out to the world.

"Poor boy! He looked so tired, and he is very young to lead such a life," said Marjorie's soft, clear tone, for her pity had been aroused by the young gipsy's wistful glance towards the happy-looking trio in the pony cart.

"Bah! he's sure to be a regular thief—all those gipsy fellows are. Why doesn't he work honestly for his living?" somewhat brusquely answered Brian, with all the unreasonableness of a thirteen-year-old schoolboy.

"Perhaps he does not know any better, or perhaps his father makes him steal," suggested Marjorie.

"Oh, Madge! how ridiculous you are—just like a girl," contemptuously retorted Brian. "Of course he is a thief if he is a gipsy, unless he's anything worse."

"But why should he be?" persisted she. "Oh! if I only had the chance I would like to teach those sort of people, and make them better. They must have as much good in them as anyone else, only they never had anyone to tell them what is right!" Her grey eyes flashed, and the heightened colour on her cheek showed that she was not always quiet and passive; but the next instant she seemed half ashamed of her excitement, and tried to laugh, saying, with all the consciousness of her two years' seniority, "But, then, of course little boys never understand those things."

"I'm not a little boy," began Brian, indignantly. But his mother interrupted him with—

"There, there, children! don't quarrel about such a silly thing. Of course Marjorie does not mean all she says—as if anyone in their senses would think of going among tents like those." And Lady Maude pointed with her whip to the gipsy encampment, which was in a field close by. "But here we are, home at last. Brian, jump out when we come to the lodge, and warn John that the gipsies are quite close to Horley Copse, and I am afraid they will be after our pheasants."

While the message was being given, the lady turned to Madge, and said—

"I wish you would keep your plebeian notions to yourself, Marjorie. I know they arise from your good nature and want of thought, but it is very *infra dig.* to entertain such ideas, and it is not my wish that you should do so."

Marjorie did not answer, but turned aside to hide the tears which rushed to her eyes, and sat silently, with an aggrieved, half-sulky look on her face; while the ponies trotted briskly home through the park, and Brian made up for her silence by asking innumerable questions, hardly waiting for his mother to answer them.

Poor girl! hers was an uncomfortable, though not exactly an unhappy existence. She was not Lady Maude's daughter, although she lived at Thornleigh Hall, and studied with Muriel and Kathleen, and was treated like the rest of the innumerable family of Leslies. She was the only child of Colonel Howard, brother-in-law of Sir Eric, and lived with her cousins because her father was in India, whence he had sent his daughter to be educated in England two years ago. Marjorie was devoted to her only surviving parent, who had been father and mother in one to her as long as she could remember; and it was no small grief to her to be separated from him and sent into the midst of a large, merry, thoughtless family, with whom she had nothing in common; and who, on their side, could make nothing of the shy, sensitive girl, dubbed by the boys "a queer fish;" while Lady Maude and her two eldest daughters thought her wild and untrained, and did not see that the way to win her heart



"THE MERRY CIRCLE IN THE SCHOOLROOM."

would be to sympathise with her "plebeian ideas" instead of condemning them. On the whole, poor Madge got on best with harum scarum Kathleen, who was always in a scrape of some sort; and the boys liked her well enough in their rough way, partly because she was always their willing slave, partly also because they could generally manage to "get a rise" out of her! Sir Eric, also, at once took to his little niece, whose eyes and winning ways, which nobody could bring out except her uncle, reminded him of another Marjorie, now lying buried far away in India. So she was not really as miserable as she imagined herself to be, and if the boys were only at home all the year round, and if her cousins, Muriel and Aileen, would only leave her alone instead of telling her to be more *comme il faut*, and talking about "wild Indian ways," she would have been quite happy. As it was, she thought herself the most ill-used personage in the world, and did not, perhaps, exert herself to conciliate others, and be contented, as much as she might have done.

"Tea is ready! Tea! tea! tea—a—a!" was the shout which greeted the ears of our three friends, as they entered the wide old doorway of Thornleigh Hall.

"Charlie, my dear boy, what a dreadful noise!" cried Lady Maude, hastily putting her pretty gloved hands to her ears.

"Never mind, mother darling, I really can't help it, and everyone is so deaf this afternoon," pleaded Charlie, a tall, handsome lad of sixteen, with laughing blue eyes and curly, fair hair, as he slid down the balusters, and, putting his long arm round his little mother's waist, marched her upstairs.

Schoolroom tea was a very large and noisy affair in the Leslie family, especially in holiday time, for besides the addition of the three boys, the absence of the governess compelled Muriel to take the head of the table, and she was able to maintain very little order. To-night, as Charlie and Marjorie entered the room, a perfectly deafening noise was going on.

"Charlie, do make them be quiet," said Muriel, in despair. "I know something will be broken directly."

"Order!" shouted Charlie, springing on to a chair, and brandishing a teaspoon. "It's all you small children," he added, with more justice than grammar. "Brian, what are you doing?"

He might well ask, for that young monkey was engaged in pouring the contents of the cream jug on to Kathleen's curly head, the untidiness of which was proverbial. She jumped up with a scream, and rushed at Brian, who eluded her grasp and danced away; and a desperate chase would have ensued had not Marjorie interposed and induced Kathleen to swallow her wrath in silence, while Charlie forcibly reduced Brian to a state of quietude, and temporary peace was restored.

"Such a nasty tramp attacked us in the woods to-day," observed Muriel, who was engaged in defending the sugar-basin from Brian's greedy hands. "He followed us ever so far, and I believe he would have forced us to give him some money—Brian, you must not have any more. I have put in four lumps already—if Eric had not appeared on the scene."

"He was certainly a dangerous-looking character," observed Eric, the son and heir to the Thornleigh estates, who had just entered the room. He was at college, and therefore much revered by the rest of the family; but he always escaped from drawing-room tea as soon as possible, and rejoined the more merry circle in the schoolroom.

"He was a gipsy, I think," said Kathleen. "I saw some up Horley Copse to-day, and Brown was wishing he could send them away, but they are not on our side of the hedge."

"Gipsies are a bad lot—Butter please, Kathy—they ought to be exterminated," remarked Charlie, with a wise air.

"They must live somewhere, I suppose," said Marjorie, speaking for the first time.

"They should live in houses, then," promptly replied Charlie, with a surprised look.

"Why don't people tell them so, then, instead of continually running them down?" went on Marjorie.

"Oh, Madge fell in love with a young gipsy scamp this afternoon, and wants to convert him," broke in Brian, with a grin on his freckled countenance.

A shout of derision greeted his speech, and poor Madge hastened to say, with blushing cheeks—

"Well, he was so pretty, and had such lovely brown eyes, and he looked so hungry and——"

"Oh, Marjorie Daw! that's worse and worse!" laughed Charlie, the tears running down his cheeks.

"I expect his brown eyes were engaged in taking in your watch and its probable worth," said Eric, with his own eyes twinkling, as he tried to hide his amusement by fondling a little downy appearance on his upper lip, destined in course of time to become a moustache.

"Pray start directly, and give him something to eat," said Brian, handing her the loaf with mock politeness.

Marjorie looked from one to another in utter bewilderment, uncertain whether to laugh or cry. She would probably have done the former, thanks to her two years' training of teasing boys, had not Muriel said, with a contemptuous curl of her lip—

"I don't think it is anything to laugh at; you will let us all down with your vulgar ideas. Is that what you used to do with Uncle Henry in India?"

This implied slight on her father did more to wound Marjorie than the shaft directed at herself, and she sprang up with flaming eyes—

"Papa never does anything wrong or unkind, as you do! As if I ever wanted to come and live with you at all—I hate the place and everyone in it!"

And with that she rushed out of the room, and banged the door.

"What a temper," said Muriel, with an uncomfortable laugh.

"I think it is a shame to be so unkind, and she is so fond of Uncle Henry," said impulsive Kathleen, with an angry look at Muriel.

"Bravo, Kitty! Can't you go and comfort her a bit?" suggested good-natured Charlie.

"Settle it among yourselves. I wish you children wouldn't quarrel, that's all," observed my Lord Eric, as he strolled out of the room.

The room was soon left empty, with the exception of Brian, who leaned against the mantelshelf with his hands in his pockets, whistling carelessly to hide his inward feelings of compunction at having been the first to laugh at Marjorie.

"How is she?" he asked Kathleen, as his sister re-entered the room a minute later.

"She won't open the door. I am sure she is crying," said Kathleen, ruefully.

"Never mind, Kit. Come and help me with my holiday task. She will be all right soon.'

Ah! there is many a thoughtless Brian in the world who cannot understand that there are some sensitive natures, quick to receive and slow to forget, on whom a wound inflicted means a wound that has to be cured by time—aye, and that often leaves a scar behind. And that sobbing figure in the dark room upstairs has yet to learn that people do not mean all they say; and it were surely foolish to remember such idle taunts, spoken in an instant without thought.

(*To be continued.*)

SALADS IN FRENCH COOKERY.



THERE is nothing, perhaps, more marked in the difference between French and English cookery than the proportion of salads which a French cook, as compared with an English one, will send to table during a given time, we may even say all the year round. At an English table a salad appears only now and then, or, if lettuce be eaten continuously during the season, it is rarely dressed, whereas at a French table the dressed salad is an article of almost daily consumption. By dressed, we mean mixed with vinegar and oil besides the condiments used for seasoning. It is astonishing to what extent in England the prejudice exists against oil as an article of food. How common it is to hear someone say, "I cannot digest oil in a salad, I am obliged to mix it with cream instead." We are not prepared to say which of the two, cream or oil, is, according to chemical analysis, the more digestible, but we can testify, both from hearsay and experience, that good oil, even in cases of weak digestion, has been found to be both nourishing and beneficial. We have, however, succeeded in converting some English friends to our ideas about the advantages of oil in salads.

A lady who had never tasted oil, and who imagined that she could not digest it, while living abroad during a very hot summer, enjoyed a mixed salad nearly every day as she enjoyed nothing else, and felt greatly benefited by it. Another lady we have heard say that, being rather dyspeptic, the first time she partook of a mixed salad at supper, it was with apprehensions of troubled slumbers and bad dreams. To her surprise, no unpleasant effects ensued, and so she continued, year after year, to enjoy the salad as often as it appeared at table, which was at least three or four times a week.

We hear and read much nowadays about the advantageous effects of vegetables upon bodily health. In diseases of the blood, such as rheumatism, gout, etc., as well as in skin-diseases, the judicious use of vegetables is allowed to be highly beneficial. With reference to this, it is well to keep in mind that in a salad all the natural juices of the vegetables are retained, and nothing is lost, as

in the boiling of them. The lettuce is so pre-eminently the plant used for salad, that among French-speaking people it rarely gets its generic name, *laitue*, but is generally called *salade*. As compared with our own country, the consumption of lettuce in some continental countries is enormous. Perhaps the difference in climate may partly account for this, the greater heat in those countries causing a natural craving for cooling food, or it may be that the lettuce growing more rapidly in a warmer climate, is more tender and succulent than it is with us, and therefore more inviting as an article of food. Whatever be the reason, the fact of its greater consumption abroad is noticeable, for even the poorest housewife would think herself badly off if she could not buy a pennyworth of *salade* to give a zest to the daily meal.

The early spring and long continued fine weather allows the lettuce to be eaten in France and some other countries during six months in the year. Even at the end of October we see fields planted out with young lettuce. For those who can afford the expense, it may be procured during the rest of the year, as it is even grown under glass in winter. A French cook will, however, as we have said, find something all the year round with which to make a salad. We may enumerate tomatoes, cress, mustard, watercresses, endive, purslane, a plant little known in England, but much used in French cookery, and even the humble dandelion. All these may be eaten raw, but salads in winter may be also made of cooked vegetables, and these may be varied according to pleasure.

The best kind of lettuce for salad is the cabbage or any close variety, as the white or yellow leaves inside are crisp and delicate, and therefore much prized by lovers of salad. Lettuce growers often tie up the plants for the purpose of blanching the leaves. To make a good salad the leaves must be well washed and pulled to pieces with the fingers (never cut with a knife), and then drained by being swung some time either in a wire basket or in a coarse towel. The sauce for mixing may be varied according to taste and resources, but may in general be specified as consisting of three or four parts of oil to one of vinegar, with salt, pepper, and, if liked, a little mustard.

For an extra good sauce we give the following recipe:—Take the yolk of a hard-boiled egg, along with the yolk of a raw one; put them on a plate; begin mixing with a wooden spoon (always turning in the same direction), adding a little salt, pepper, and made mustard, and then put in three or four tablespoonfuls of oil, drop by drop, or at least as slowly as possible, varying with vinegar, one spoonful of which is usually considered sufficient. We have often seen a glass of claret put in instead of vinegar, to the great improvement of the mixture. If always turned in the same direction it will be, when finished, a kind of *mayonnaise*, and must afterwards be well incorporated with the salad by means of a fork and spoon. The white of the hard-boiled egg should be cut in small pieces, and put into the bowl along with the leaves before the mixture is added. The proportions of oil and vinegar may be varied according to taste, and any particular flavour may be given by a sprinkling of young onions, or mustard and cress, tarragon, etc.

Salad-mixing has been called an art. Be that as it may, it is certain that no two persons ever succeed in producing exactly the same flavour; and any one who has acquired a reputation as a salad mixer will always be called upon to display his skill as occasion occurs. Due proportions being taken, the great secret of making a good salad is to stir the mixture well. In connection with this there is a well-known saying, which may be translated thus: "For a salad a spendthrift should put in the oil, a miser the vinegar, a wise man the seasoning, and at last a madman should mix all together." The madman's part, we suppose, indicates the amount of turning and mixing required. The salad mixture, with eggs in it, which we have described, may be thought too expensive for daily use; but it is of itself satisfying, and may be eaten with nothing else but bread-and-butter. If used with cold meat it will not only give a relish to it, but will make it go much farther. Oil and vinegar without eggs will, however, make a very good salad mixture. In hot weather the mere appearance of the fresh green leaves often provokes appetite where none exists. It must be kept in mind that where the appearance of the salad is a consideration, the mixture must not be added until it is required to be eaten, as the leaves very soon get soft after the operation of mixing. The salad, however, loses nothing in flavour and wholesomeness by being mixed a little while before it is brought to table.

French cooks generally serve salad at luncheon or supper along with cold meat, but at a dinner of any pretensions it always forms one of the courses, served with roast fowl or game, or, failing these, with ham, pressed meat, lobsters, etc. It is considered the correct thing to serve with fowl, but it gives a relish to almost any dish.

Those who can command a supply of fresh ripe tomatoes need never be at a loss for an excellent salad. We are convinced that few are aware how delicious tomatoes are when eaten raw in this manner. After the lapse of many years we have still an agreeable recollection of the taste of a tomato salad made by a *gourmet*, but we regret to be unable to give the exact recipe for the sauce with which it was mixed. All that we remember is, that the salad-mixer used claret as well as oil, and that he certainly did not hurry over the preparation. When finished, however, all at table declared that the time had not been lost, and that it was indeed "a dainty dish."

When lettuce becomes scarce towards the beginning of winter, it is often replaced, at a French table, by endive as a salad. It is a little harder than the lettuce, but is also generally liked. A French cook will even make an appetising salad with the remains of cold boiled vegetables. These are good eaten cold, mixed with the sauce we have described; but we think they are better as generally served, that is, warmed up before the mixture is added, and served hot. The foundation of these salads is generally potatoes, and one of the best is potatoes with a mixture of either green French beans or white haricot beans. It is understood that these vegetables must have been previously cooked. In this way a salad may be as varied as there are vegetables to choose from, and no good cook will ever throw away any cold vegetables left from dinner which may thus be warmed up for supper.

It must not be forgotten that to make a good salad both the oil and the vinegar should be of the best quality, and that the mixing ought to be done with a wooden or horn fork and spoon. For the vinegar, any which has contained pickles may be used, if its particular flavour is not objected to.

In our remarks about the wholesomeness of a salad, we omitted to mention that the oil in it not only promotes digestion, but is in itself nourishing food, while the dash of vinegar supplies that appetising sharpness which gives a relish to whatever is eaten along with the salad.

VARIETIES.

Watching a Philosopher.

When Sir Isaac Newton went to live in Leicester-place, his next-door neighbour was a widow lady who was much puzzled by the little she observed of the philosopher. One of the fellows of the Royal Society of London called upon her one day, when, among other domestic news, she mentioned that some one had come to reside in the adjoining house who she felt certain was a poor, crazy gentleman.

"He diverts himself," she said, "in the oddest way imaginable. Every morning when the sun shines so brightly that we are obliged to draw the window-blinds, he takes his seat in front of a tub of soapsuds, and occupies himself for hours blowing soap-bubbles through a common clay pipe, and intently watches them till they burst. He is doubtless now at his favourite amusement," she added; "do come and look at him."

The gentleman smiled, and then went upstairs, when, after looking through the window into the adjoining yard, he turned and said, "My dear madam, the person whom you suppose to be a poor lunatic is no other than the great Sir Isaac Newton, studying the refraction of light upon thin plates, a phenomenon which is beautifully exhibited upon the surface of a common soap-bubble."

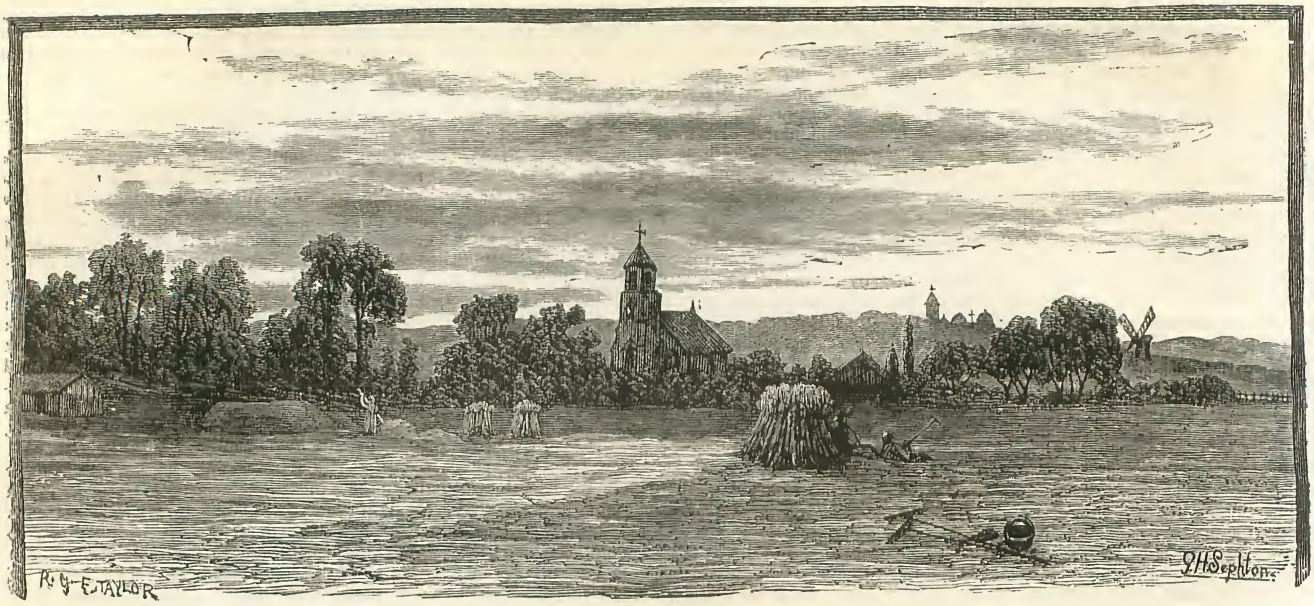
This anecdote serves as an excellent moral not to ridicule what we do not understand, but gently and industriously to gather wisdom from every circumstance around us.

Secret Writing.—A mode of secret writing was popular among school boys and girls some years ago. Holes were cut at irregular distances in a doubled sheet of paper, and this paper was afterwards divided, leaving two sheets exactly similar in their perforations. Each correspondent retained a sheet, and when desiring to write to the other laid the cut sheet on a blank sheet of paper and wrote the real purport of the epistle in the spaces left by the holes. The blanks were afterwards filled up (to make sense if possible), and the real meaning could at once be deciphered by the possessor of the twin sheet laying it over the letter, when the words intended to be read would appear through the holes. The drawback to this style of cypher was the difficulty, if not the impossibility, of filling up the blanks with sufficient neatness to escape detection.

Hard at Work.—She who works more than all others will excel all others.

Answers to Floral Emblems and Arithmorems (p. 375).

1. Violet. 2. Clematis, or Traveller's Joy. 3. Marigold. 4. Almond. 5. Balm. 6. Colchicum. 7. Lily. 8. Lilac. 9. Acacia. 10. Clover.



RONDINO IN G.

FOR PIANOFORTE.

C. A. MACIRONE.

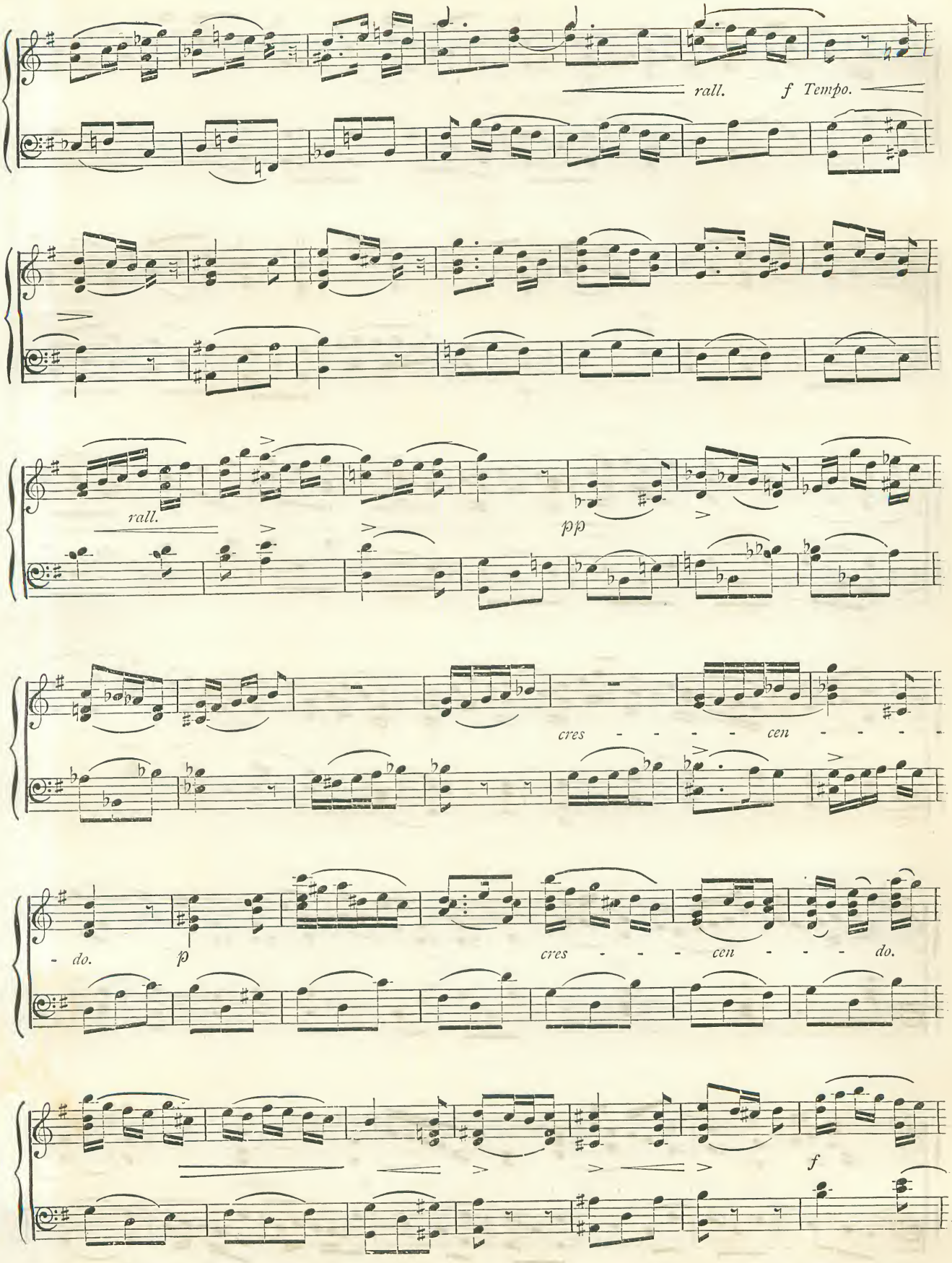
M.M. ♪ = 100.
Allegro con grazia.

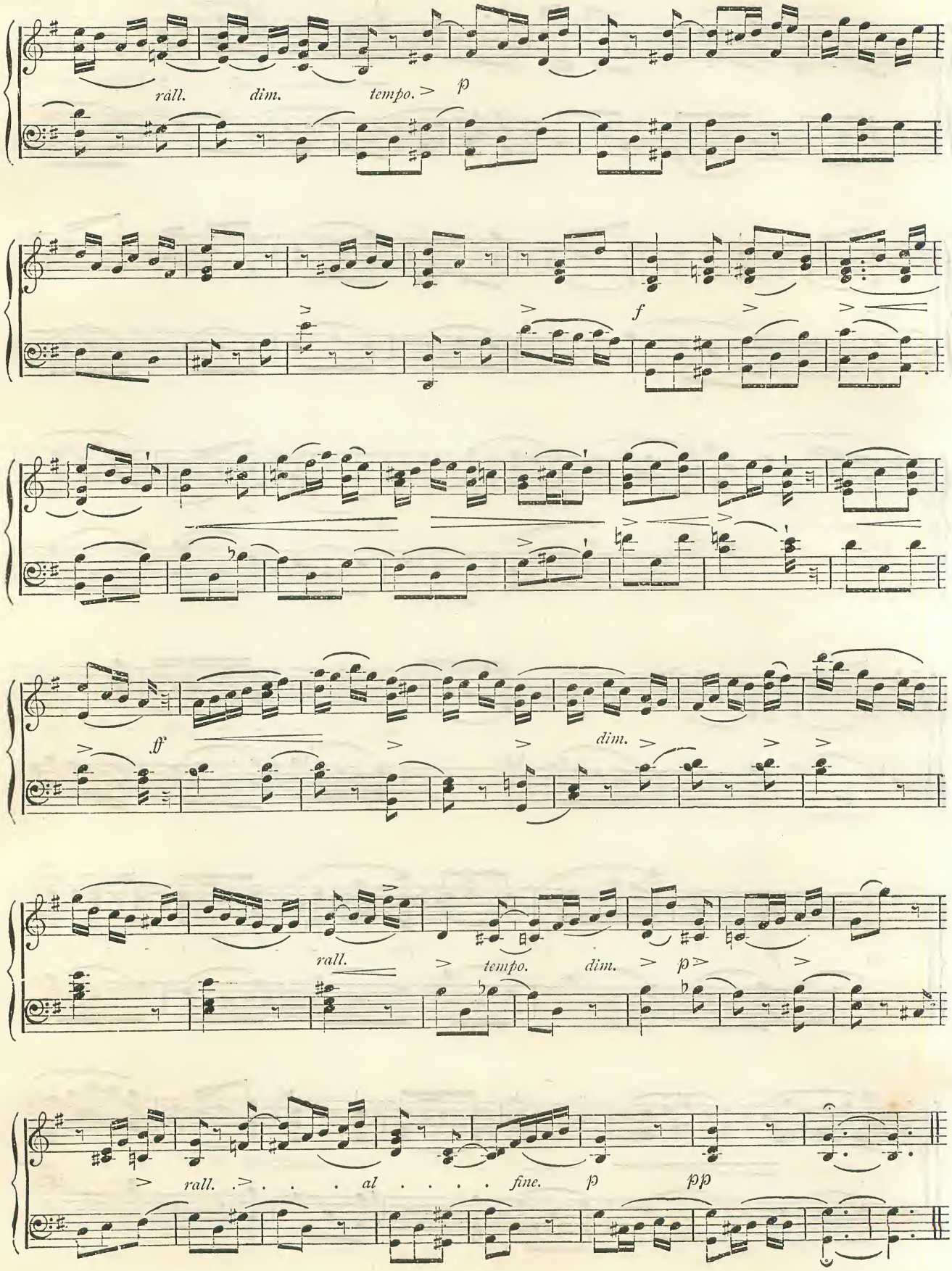
PIANO.

p

rall. *tempo.*

pp *f*


rall.
f Tempo.
rall.
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cres - - - - cen - - - -
- do.
p
cres - - - cen - - - do.
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rall.
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tempo.
dim.
p
rall.
al
fine.
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pp

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

ANATOMY.—Write for all such particulars to the secretary of the Zenana and Medical Mission Home, Dr. G. Griffith, 71, Vincent-square, Westminster, S.W.

J. G. O. and ANXIOUS had better place themselves in communication with Miss Leigh, Avenue Wagram, Paris, or with Mrs. Furze, who keeps a home for governesses at 3 Bis, Rue Galilee, Avenue Kléber. She charges 14 francs a week for board and lodging. Perhaps you would do well to write to the English Chaplain of the British Embassy Church, in the Rue d'Agnesseau, as he takes great interest in the subject of English girls in French schools, and has written a pamphlet on the subject.

CURIOSITY.—It is very essential to dot the letter "i," as distinguishing it from the strokes constituting the "m," "n," and "u," very generally so carelessly made by writers of running hands. Disraeli, in his "Curiosities of Literature," in exposing a forgery, says, "Besides that there were dots on the letter 'i,' a custom not practised till the eleventh century," the being able to establish a date thereby, insignificant as a dot may seem, having proved most valuable in detecting the fraud in question.

M. J.—We sympathise with you in reference to the underbred, and at least thoughtless practice of which you complain, viz., that of writing to the secretary of any benevolent institution for information and a printed prospectus without enclosing a stamped envelope. This practice robs the society of the (perhaps) very limited means at its disposal, and proves a loss to those who are benefiting by its instrumentality. When only shilling subscriptions (or little more) are asked to confer membership, pence become matters of importance. We wonder that girls should be so mean as to ask for information, etc., and omit to pay the return postage; and not to become members after all.

FLO.—With reference to the authenticity of the Holy Scriptures, we strongly recommend you to procure the "Bible Handbook," by Joseph Angus, D.D., published at our office, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C. The subject is too wide to admit of being properly discussed in such narrow limits as an answer in these columns. Read the book we recommend in a humble and teachable spirit, and with prayer to God for His own divine teaching.

WORK.

DOROTHY VANE.—As a rule, there is very little demand now for ladies' work. Everyone wishes to do her own, and persons wishing to sell must seek the openings for themselves by working trade orders.

SPARROW must shake the fringe out while the linen is wet, and she will find it will look quite well and smooth.

GREEN, MERLE.—This subject of home-work advertisements has been discussed in the daily press, and we can only give you the same advice that we give to all our readers—*i.e.*, to keep your money in your pocket, and do not waste it on such doubtful things.

BLANCHE.—Why not use the imitation astrachan trimming for your half-worn jacket? We think "Harris tweeds" are only made in yellows or browns. Copy a dress made after the same style.

RYEDALE.—Herringbone-stitch is the proper one for flannel, and should be always used where a rough edge needs to be sewn down.

EVELYN GRACE.—We do not see how you could hope for success when you did not follow the recipe given you! When two hours was given as the time for boiling the leaves, why did you exceed the time, unless you had had previous experience in doing them, which you do not seem to have had?

SOAP.—We know of nothing better than steaming the plush first, to take out the spots, and then lightly brushing with a soft brush, so as to restore the smoothness.

COOKERY.

LOUIE M. B.—Grate two ounces of cocoanut, mix it with a quarter of a pound of powdered white sugar and the whites of three eggs, beaten up to a strong froth. Drop the mixture on white paper so as to form little round cakes; place in a baking-tin in a slow oven, and in about ten minutes they will be made. Then cut them out. We thank you for your recipe, and still more for your good wishes, which we heartily reciprocate.

ENGLISH GIRL.—We think that "Every-day Meals," by Mary Hooper (Kegan Paul), would suit you. Boys and girls grow until they reach maturity, *i.e.*, at 21 or 22 years of age, until which time the bones are soft. But there are exceptions to most rules, and many are stunted in growth, or grow much too fast and run the risk of consumption in consequence, their growth being completed while still in their teens, and even as young as fifteen or sixteen.

MARY.—Early dinners are more wholesome than late ones, simply because the digestive powers are in sympathy with all the other bodily powers, and are not too fatigued to do their work at an early hour of the day, but, on the contrary, are at their best. As the night approaches, rest rather than the heaviest meal in the day is what the body needs, and the later the hour the lighter the meal should be.

MISCELLANEOUS.

GLADYS.—A schoolgirl of fifteen should devote her thoughts and energies to her education. We suppose your parents are still paying for it, in which case the duty is a still greater one; but, in any case, even if you were of age (twenty-one), you ought to be ashamed of yourself for encouraging a silly, unreasoning love for a strange man. Have you no common sense nor self-respect? We do not know what "griffin-like style of beauty, awfully handsome," may be. That of some ferocious, murdering bandit, perhaps. You have no business to be looking at strange men at all, bandit or not.

B. V. R. R. (Nova Scotia).—1. A "hennery," as you term it, would prove lucrative, as well as interesting, to you if well read on the subject, and if you have a nice dry, sunny, and spacious enclosure, on a gravel soil and free from draught. 2. "Tea-trimmings" is not an expression employed in English polite society. What do you mean by it? It sounds very vulgar. We add sugar and milk, or cream, to tea, as a rule.

A. E. I. (Barnsley).—We recommend you to consult your rector as to a good reliable lawyer, and say that you have no money to pay the expenses of the latter unless he can recover them by successful work out of the estate.

SCOTCH ROSE.—1. The request which your pupils have asked you to convey to us is such as no Editor of a magazine could possibly entertain. They are due on a certain day weekly or monthly, and this day could not possibly be "hurried." 2. The circumference of the dials of Big Ben and the length of the hands are as follows:—The four dials are each 22½ ft. in diameter, and the hands weigh 2 cwt. the pair; the minute hand is 16 ft. in length, and the hour hand 9 ft.; the figures of the hours are 2 ft. in height, and are 6 ft. apart; and the pendulum is 15 ft. long.

J. WILLIAMS.—There is a Home of Rest at Buckingham Cottage, Bickley, Kent, for school teachers, postal and telegraph clerks, and women employed in business, etc., where they can have rest and change at a small expense. The charge is eight shillings per week for board and lodging. The fare from Victoria to Bickley, third class, is ninepence. Application should be made to Miss Lyell, 9, Cornwall Gardens, S.W. There is another Home of Rest at Wimbledon, the St. Michael's Club, 41, The Broadway; terms, payable in advance, nine shillings and sixpence per week. References are required. Hon. Sec., Mrs. Henry Kingsley. There is also a Servants' House of Rest at 96, Tontine-street, Folkestone, at from seven to ten shillings a week, for those desiring sea air; address, Miss Bass, 14, Victoria Grove, Folkestone.

IRIS.—We regret to say that the composition you sent us is not poetry. We acknowledge your good wishes for the continued success of the G.O.P. Accept our own on your behalf.

M. B. (Chesterfield).—You would do well to send the parcel of knitted stockings to Dr. Barnardo's Home for Destitute Children; offices, 18 and 20, Stepney Causeway, E. No less than some 900 children are housed and cared for, free, in these Homes, which are, in every respect, dependent on the contributions and subscriptions of charitable people.

LORNA.—The London Schools Swimming Club for girls has classes at the baths, King-street, St. Pancras, and at 2, Queen's-road, Bayswater. The Women's Union Swimming Club is at 36, Great Queen's-street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C. Apply in each case to the secretary, by letter or in person. 2. You had better select some handwriting that you like, and set yourself to copy it. Your writing seems in a transition state, and you do not seem able to form it yourself.

MILLY BUCK.—We are informed that there are no vacancies in the company's offices. Perhaps you might get employment as a book-keeper instead of as a governess.

GRATEFUL ELYNE.—With weddings in the afternoon, the entertainment consists of the ordinary afternoon tea, coffee, cakes, bonbons, etc., with a wedding-cake in addition. The bride and bridegroom may leave when they like, of course.

JUMBO'S letter is one of the comforting ones we sometimes get, which shows that our labours have not been in vain. She has tried our advice about health, and is much better, and is anxious that others should lead lives conformed to hygienic rules.

A SPANISH LOVER.—We should write to the lady by her full address with Christian name and surname, and enclose it in a letter to the postmaster, asking him (if the name be known to him) to deliver it. Enclose a directed envelope and a post office order for a small sum for expenses.

MISS MIGNON.—The name Pall Mall is a corruption of the French for a game somewhat similar to croquet, and spelt *Palle Maille*. This game used to be played in a long alley near St. James's, and was vulgarly called Peil Mell by those unacquainted with French pronunciation. It has retained its sound, although the "a" in each word is retained likewise, as in the French. Your inquiry as to why such a word as "corpse" should not be used in poetry, sufficiently proves that you do not understand the difference between the beautiful and attractive and the reverse! Perhaps you would think the word "bunions" a pretty and poetical word to introduce into your next verses?

FERN.—You should say, "Between you and me;" reverse the order of the personal pronoun. You could not say, "Between I and you." As words run more or less into each other, it is necessary to study what is euphonious. For example, "an useful hint" is not so, but "a useful hint" is not objectionable.

INQUIRER.—The passage in 2 Samuel viii. 4 is said to be a mistranslation of the original Hebrew, which means that David "disjointed (or took to pieces) the chariots" (all but 100), not the poor horses, as in our translation, *i.e.*, "David houghed all the chariot horses," which would have been a cruel act.

HOPEFUL.—We are sorry to hear of your unhappiness at home; but perhaps it may be a discipline for you, and through it you may find both faith and patience, so do not want to run away too soon. There are few conditions in life so bad that they may not be relieved and brightened by prayer and trust in God. You must not forget that the command to Christ's faithful soldiers and servants is, "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

A LONELY GIRL OF EIGHTEEN appears to be well suited, by her training, for a situation as undermatron or housekeeper in a house of business.

A. L. E. B.—Dipping the bulrushes in strong salt or alum and water might prevent their opening.

H. H.—There are plenty of advertisements of paper mills purchasing paper in the daily papers. Write to one of them.

KATHLEEN.—Someone has been hoaxing you by telling you that the Queen will send you £5 for "a birthday textbook quite filled up!" How could you be so silly?

A FATHER'S HELPMEET.—We can only suggest that there is a lack of proper ventilation in the room in which you work, and also in your bedroom. Are both well aired in the morning? You should be sure to get out every day, and try a month's course of cod-liver oil, or get some tonic of steel or iron from a doctor.

MURIEL and ONE IN NEED.—We can give no further advice than that already supplied by "Medicus," and in our answers. We could not do more than give more or less general advice to perfect strangers, otherwise we should act as quacks, and "play with edged tools." How could we be ensured against mistaking the causes of disease in various individual cases?

OSBURGA, MAUDE, and Others.—We do not know to what questions these injured and warlike young damsels so ferociously refer, as they do not vouchsafe to repeat them; but we would not on any account stand in their way if they carry out their alarming threat of "making a notice of it in other papers." We will oblige them with an adaptation of a passage from the ponderous pen of Dr. Johnson for use next time. What a pity they did not think of it themselves!

> "'Ye scribblers of the Gop.,' read our Hurlo Thrumbo,
> 'Turn it betwixt your finger and your thumbo,
> And, being quite undone, be quite struck dumbo!'"

GERTY JUSTICE writes a very unbecoming and objectionable letter. She pronounces an opinion upon what she knows nothing about. We include as many domestic servants amongst "our girls," although our correspondent apparently doubts it, as those belonging to the higher classes, to which she ignorantly remarks, "our title is unsuitable." Did she think "The Young Ladies' Own Paper" would be preferable? When taking a situation, an arrangement should be made as to doing outdoor commissions, when running up and down stairs, bed shaking, etc., prove insufficient exercise. As to insufficiency of time for rest and recreation, much depends on the maid herself, and lack of method and quickness may be the cause. Give hearty and willing work to your mistress, "not as eye-servants," but "with goodwill, doing service as unto the Lord," and your faithful work will be appreciated, and you will have the "answer of a good conscience," which is of more value than wages.

JARNO.—There is some prettiness and fair promise in the verses you send us; but we do not quite gather from them the moral to be taught. Life should not be all play, though all work and no play is productive of dulness. Life also may be very bright with but a small amount of play if there be a foundation of that peace and that hope which belongs to all whose "treasure" is laid up where "no thieves break through and steal."

LUCY E. GUINNESS.—We are much obliged for the extract, but could not use it.

DAWKINS.—We have read both your nice letter and your poem with much interest. The latter possesses more merit than is usual with amateurish verse, and proves that you have an ear for rhythm. At any rate, the habit of putting your thoughts into verse is a harmless one, and we know that to many of our girls it gives an outlet to the "feelings of sadness and longing," as Longfellow calls them, which they would be too shy to tell to the nearest and dearest. With all this, the mind must be kept healthy in its tone; and though our repentance may be bitter, we must have our faces ever set towards the sunrising, and work steadily on in faith and hope. We find our best healing in making a fresh beginning in His strength.

A WRETCHED ONE.—We think you should not lose an instant in recommencing your prayers, whatever have been your faults. Do not forget that God is your *Father, and that He pours blessings* on you every day, and that it is He who is leading you to amendment. As to the other matter on which you write, you had better dismiss it from your mind. Do not make trouble for yourself. God will guide you when the time comes.

C. SCHILLENBERGER.—Children certainly suffer in health and constitution as the result of their parents' sins or indiscretions, as they inherit disease. As to your friend, it is her duty, as one fearing God and desiring to love and serve Him, to conform at once to the ordinances He instituted. "If ye love Me, keep My commandments." "Why call ye Me Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say?" Wilful disobedience is not consistent nor compatible with the love of Christ as your Divine Master.

IGNORAMUS.—No, it is not the right thing for a parlour-maid to knock at the sitting-room doors before entering. She is at liberty to enter freely, but not with reference to bedrooms. At those doors she and all the maid-servants should invariably knock. The waitress should stand at the left hand of the carver or helper of any dish to have the plate served, and she should go to the right hand of the person before whom she has to lay the plate.

LILY M.—To render you eligible for a situation as lady's-maid, you should learn to cut and dress hair. Your hands would also need much attention, as they must be much roughened by housemaid's work. You should study our series of articles on "The Duties of Servants," vol. ii., pages 534 and 646. Those of such a situation are fully given. You had better apply personally or by letter to one of the dressmaking associations to which you refer for terms, etc., as we do not advertise them; they do that themselves. You should get some instruction in millinery, too, and be neat and quick in plain sewing of all kinds.

GEM.—We think you would find all you want to know in the "Englishwoman's Year-book" (Hatchards, Piccadilly, London, W.)

ANXIOUS ONE (Luton).—We have given a series of articles on good breeding under every circumstance of life duties, for all classes, and also on etiquette as it obtains in the highest circles of society. These are of an exhaustive character, and we need only to refer you for them to our indexes. They commenced in vol. i. with the "Art of Letter-writing," and many in vol. ii. Perhaps our "Handbook to the Bible," by Dr. Angus, would suit you. Write to Mr. Tarn at our publishing office.

MORE DECAY'D sends a specimen of her artistic talent, and wishes for an engagement as drawing mistress in a first-class school, but does not want a salary. We do not act as agents, and the ravishing effect produced by the snow on a roof in the sketch does not blind our eyes to the inconsistency of there being no snow anywhere else. It would melt from a roof before it disappeared from the ground. She says she is almost as clever in making poetry. We thank her for not adding to our present stock.

AN INQUIRER.—The scrap-books might be sent to the Cripples' Home, 17A, Marylebone-road, W., or Alexandra Hospital, 18, Queen-square, W.C.

MAIDENHAIR.—Many people complain of difficulty in preserving ferns and other plants during the winter. The gas by night and draughts by day try them so much you had better tell some florist the aspect of the room where you keep them, and consult him as to the care of them and the amount of water they each require.

HELEN STUART.—You will have to be ready to turn your hands to any sort of work if you emigrate. You do not give your address, so we do not know to what office we should advise you to apply. You might do so in person if near Manchester, at the office at 9, Albert-square, Manchester, which is under the direction of Miss E. Faithfull. Interviews daily from eleven to two, except Saturday; on Mondays from seven to eight p.m. You had better write to her if you cannot apply in person.

SARAH.—We do not think your volume of Sir Roger L'Estrange's translation of "Æsop's Fables" is worth quite so much as you have been given to understand. The best method of ascertaining the value is to take it round to several of the best dealers in secondhand books and show it to them. You will find their names and addresses in a London directory.

GERTRUDE ADA.—The word "sovereign" is much the same in most modern languages, except that we have added a "g." It comes from the Latin *Supernus* from *superus*—that is, above, upper, higher, from *supe-*, above.

NANCY.—The address may be put at the left-hand corner of the visiting card, and if there be several sisters, the Misses Smith seems the best form; if only two, Miss Smith and below that Miss J. Smith.

LADY ID. LOUISA J.—Read our article on "Mourning Attire," and that on "The Habits of Polite Society," which give all such information as that which you require. A widower should wear deep mourning for a full year, and a slighter amount for three months afterwards. A daughter should do the same for her mother. The wearing of a ring or two is now very general, even in deep mourning.

CLEOPATRA.—It seems doubtful whether cold sponge baths be good for anyone unless there be a very pronounced reaction afterwards.

SYBIL WESTON.—1. The name maidenhair was given *à propos* of the extremely delicate, hair-like nature of the stalks of that fern. 2. Cricket has become a feminine amusement of late years, and is very good exercise.

JENNIE must apply to our publisher for all such information.

MAYFLOWER.—1. There is only one way to ensure happiness, and that is the "way of holiness," for that is the "way of peace." Accept Christ as your Lord and Master and your Redeemer; pray for a living, fruit-producing faith, and for the enlightening and sanctifying influences of the Holy Ghost, "the comforter;" "pray, and faint not." The result must, before long, be the experience of that unspeakably precious gift, "the peace of God," and "the hope that maketh not ashamed." This is the only way to be happy, about which you say you want to know. 2. We imagine that either you are beginning to practise singing at too early an age, or else trying to make a voice with which Nature has not gifted you. Read what "Medicus" says about the care of the complexion.

TOBY.—Why should you not ride on a donkey at an annual school treat if the ride be paid for? What difference could there be between that mode of conveyance and a drive in an omnibus? Is there anything wrong in riding on an ass? And is a Sunday-school teacher such an exalted personage that nothing but a horse, or a camel, or coach and four would be suitable to her dignity? Take your donkey rides with a clear conscience, and enjoy the treat with a duly grateful mind.

AGNES GEORGE.—You spelt the second word wrongly. The words are, *Quis separabit*, meaning, "Who shall separate us?" the rest of the unfinished quotation being "from the love of Christ?" See Rom. viii. 35. It is the motto of the Order of Saint Patrick.



THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. VIII.—No. 380. APRIL 9, 1887. PRICE ONE PENNY.

ELIZABETH, PRINCESS CARL OF HESSE.

BY THE REV. JOHN KELLY, Translator of "Hymns of the Present Century."

PART I.

THE life of Princess Carl of Hesse connects the downfall of the first French Empire, seventy-two years ago, with our own time. She was born in Berlin on the day the Battle of Waterloo was won—the 18th of June, 1815, and died at Darmstadt on the 21st of March, 1885. Connected as she was with our own Royal Family, by the marriage of her son, the present Grand Duke of Hesse, with the late Princess Alice, her life must in some aspects and relations have a special interest for English readers. But it is chiefly interesting from the beauty of her own character, from her simple and sincere Christian faith, and her abundant labours for the good of others. Never called, as she might have been, had her husband lived only a short time longer, to share a throne, her whole life was, in harmony with her unobtrusive disposition, a comparatively secluded one. All the more worthy is it of record, and all the more fitted to furnish a bright example to women of every degree. She did what she could in the circumstances in which she was placed. None can do more, and none ought to do less.

Princess Elizabeth's father was Prince William of Prussia, youngest brother of King Frederic William III., and uncle of the present Emperor of Germany. Her mother was Princess Maria Anna, daughter of the highly-gifted Landgrave of Hesse-Homburg, Frederic V.

Among the names which Princess Elizabeth received when she was baptised on the 3rd of July was Victoria. This was given to her in remembrance of the Battle of Waterloo. Among her sponsors were the English and Prussian commanders in the memorable conflict, the Duke of Wellington and Marshal Blücher, as well as Bülow, in whose corps Prince William had served on the occasion at the head of a brigade of cavalry.

The life of the household of Prince and Princess William was simple and orderly. The forenoon was devoted to work and instruction, which was followed by outdoor exercise. Dinner was at four o'clock—tea at seven. After tea it was the custom of the Prince to read aloud, while the ladies were busy with some kind of handiwork and the children were playing in a neighbouring room. At nine o'clock all assembled at supper, and punctually at ten o'clock all were dismissed to bed. On Sundays the family attended Divine Service in the Cathedral, and sometimes in the Bohemian Church, of which Gossner, and the parish church, of which Arndt, were the ministers.

In her tenth year Princess Elizabeth was placed in the charge of a governess, without being withdrawn from her mother's oversight. Princess William was careful to be as much as possible with her daughters, and to interest them in everything that she herself was doing, in order to accustom them betimes to useful work and prepare them for their future life.

In her twelfth year Princess Elizabeth was thus introduced into active Christian work. At Pankow, in the neighbourhood of Berlin, an institution for foundlings and poor orphans was established by the wife of Pastor Weisse. The Royal Family warmly sympathised with the undertaking, assisted it liberally, and, by the King's permission, Princess Elizabeth became the patroness of it, and it was called after her. The Princess was present at the opening of it on the 5th of May, 1826. Her autograph, written on this occasion, is still carefully preserved in the institution. She founded a sewing society among her friends to work for it, and continued to take a deep interest in it till the end of her life.

The favourite places of holiday resort for the family were Homburg, the Princess William's native place, and the Castle of Fischbach, in the Hirschberg Valley in the Riesengebirg, in Silesia, which became



PRINCESS CARL OF HESSE.

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Prince William's property in 1822. At this latter place they mingled freely with their neighbours, among whom were the Countess Reden, whose heart, hand and house were ever open to all believing Christians, and who was for many years the president of the Bible Society of Buchwald, the Princess Radizwill and her daughters, Prince and Princess Reuss, and Count Anton Stolberg of Wernigerode. The whole circle was closely connected with the congregation of Moravian Brethren at Herrenhut. The members of Prince William's family mingled also freely with the villagers, shared their innocent amusements, and took part without any ceremony in their rustic festivities, and Princess Elizabeth took a great interest in the younger children. She told them stories, and sought, as far as her own knowledge enabled her, to teach them the geography and history of Germany, and other subjects.

With all her natural cheerfulness, the Princess was not lacking in earnestness of disposition.

She had a very tender conscience, and was more ready to accuse than to excuse herself. In a letter to her pastor in Berlin, the Court Preacher, Dr. Strauss, she wrote: "You will certainly ask how it is with me. I am just as I was—a deep sinner on whom the Lord has had compassion, and whom He would draw to Himself. I must learn to love Him more. Do not think that I have no love to Him; no, I believe in Him and love Him with my whole heart, but I feel that He requires more love from me."

The Castle of Fischbach was a centre of attraction for all the members and relatives of the Royal Family, who paid longer or shorter visits to it.

The great Prussian statesman, Baron von Stein, thus recorded his impressions of the life and society there:—

"In this Schmiedeberg* Valley there is a remarkable circle of noble and distinguished persons. Nothing can be more perfect than the picture of family happiness, founded as it is on peace, religious feeling and intellectual culture, of the possessors of Fischbach. May it long continue undisturbed under the protection of Divine providence, spreading its beneficent saving influence on all who stand in any relation to them."

The visits to Fischbach were prolonged as much as possible. They continued sometimes till December. The return to Berlin was always looked forward to with a shudder by the Princess Elizabeth. She was glad to meet her friends again, and delighted to resume her attendance on the religious teaching of her pastor, Dr. Strauss; but confinement to the streets of a town was distasteful to her.

From 1824 to 1829 Prince William filled the office of Governor of the federal fortress of Mayence. In 1830, in consequence of the great agitation produced in Germany, and particularly in the Rhine districts, by the Revolution in France, in which Charles the Tenth was driven from the throne and Louis Philippe chosen to be King of the French, Prince William was appointed Governor General of the Rhine Province and of Westphalia by the King of Prussia. To his daughter, the Princess Elizabeth, life on the Rhine was full of interest. When sailing down the river she asked the men at the wheel about every place and every castle they passed. In Cologne the magnificent cathedral excited her admiration. From her bed in the country house which they occupied in summer she could see the seven mountains quite distinctly. From Cologne Prince William made frequent journeys with his wife and family into different places under his government. To Münster, the capital of Westphalia, they paid a long visit. The ancient buildings, the Castle, the Cathedral, and the various churches, greatly interested them. By their sympathy with all the charitable institutions of the city they won the hearts of the population, and on leaving a special address of thanks was presented to the Prince.

On the return of the family to Berlin at the beginning of the year 1832, Princess Elizabeth's confirmation took place. Her religious training at home, and the five years' course of Biblical instruction which she had received, had prepared her for it. She had experienced the truth and power of the doctrine of justification by faith alone, and the more deeply she felt her own inability the more earnest she was in prayer. The rite was performed by Dr. Strauss,* the Court Chaplain, in the presence of the King, the whole Court, and the Ministers of State, on the 17th of April. After answering the questions put to her distinctly, the Princess read the following confession of faith, which was drawn up by herself:—

"*I believe in God the Father.*

"My Lord and my God, Thou hast created all things—me also! I would give Thee thanks for it, but how shall I do it? I can never fulfil Thy law, and would praise the All-holy One! My heart is restless, for it longs for happiness which it does not deserve, and cries out with the old Church father, 'Thou hast created me for Thyself, and my heart is restless till it finds rest in Thee.' I would find this rest, but where? I have not got it in myself, the world cannot give it to me. I have need of a Redeemer; I pray God to reveal Himself to me.

"*I believe in Jesus Christ, His only-begotten Son, our Lord.*

"O Son of God! I believe that Thou hast redeemed me, for Thou hast died upon the cross to redeem me from the guilt, punishment, and power of sin. Thou art my Prophet, my High Priest, and my King. For my sake Thou hast endured the bitterest pains. Thou wouldst redeem even me; therefore, I pray Thee, Lord Jesus Christ, fill my heart with love to Thyself, that I may know and believe in Thee with my whole soul, that I may be worthy one day to behold Thee face to face.

"*I believe in the Holy Ghost.*

"O Holy Spirit of God! apply to me the redemption which I need, and which my Saviour has purchased for me. Work in me the calling by Thy Word—conversion, repentance, and faith, and progressive sanctification. Govern me, I beseech Thee, that I may attain to the righteousness that avails before God and evermore see how I must show gratitude by my works and in my life that He has permitted me to be partaker of His Gospel, and that I can be blessed in no other way than through faith in Him alone. I pray the Lord Jesus Christ that He would once more confirm the true faith in me, in order that I may freely confess His grace till death, and that I may taste the bliss of heaven from eternity to eternity. May the Triune God vouchsafe this to me! Amen."

In the year 1835 while the family was at Fischbach, a visitor came to the Castle whose appearance caused no little trepidation to Princess Elizabeth at the time, but who notwithstanding was received with high favour, and came to stand in the closest and most important of all relationships to her. We cannot do better than give her own account of the event:—

"On the third of this month Mamma received a letter from the Grand Duchess of Hesse-Darmstadt, saying that her son, Prince Carl, would arrive here about the 6th of December. You can imagine our fright. I started at every sound. I had begun to calm down; then it was suddenly announced on the afternoon of the 7th 'He is coming.' My heart sank within me from fear. He came, saw, and conquered. I learned to know and venerate him. In one word, yesterday, on the 10th of December, at seven o'clock in the evening, I accepted him, with the firm hope and confidence in God that we shall be happy. He is too good. We have many kindred inclinations. He has a very handsome face, is tall, somewhat thin, fair, with whiskers, twenty-six years old, embarrassed—this, however, less now, and therefore handsomer. His friend and confidant, Herr von Trotha, came with him. The King, the Crown Prince, and Adalbert know about it. In the Castle everybody suspects it, but no one speaks of it. Wonderful to say, I am quite unembarrassed, and yet quite happy. Already I love him much, and have also been able to speak my mind freely to him, for we always pass the afternoons together. Pray God that He may give me strength to make him happy who has devoted himself to me with his whole heart. I tremble already at the thought of the separation. You know I never desired a great match; I said that to him when he hinted at something of the kind. He spoke so beautifully to me when he made the offer, committing all to God! Oh, I am not worthy of him! He loves a quiet, domestic life; and for this reason, as he said, he felt himself at home with us at once. God bless him from eternity to eternity!"

The impression which the Princess received of her future husband's character on her first meeting with him is fully confirmed by the testimony of her biographer, Dr. Bender, Principal Chaplain at the Court of Darmstadt.*

The greater part of her time between her betrothal and her marriage was passed at Mayence, not very far from her future home. Here she was visited by the members of the family into which she was about to enter. The Grand Duke Louis II., his wife Matilda, who was a daughter of King Louis of Bavaria, and his heir, the Grand Duke Louis, came from Darmstadt to see her. Visits were also paid to Homburg and Fischbach.

In September, 1836, she wrote:—

"A month more, and my wedding comes off. How strange! How my heart swells! Everything is confused in my head. I can only pray God to strengthen me to overcome everything—embarrassment, feeling, anxiety, and, above all, parting!"

Before leaving Fischbach, she went with her parents to Holy Communion. The marriage took place in the Castle at Berlin, at seven o'clock in the evening of the 22nd of October, 1836. On the 7th of November, at three o'clock, the newly-married couple made their public entry into Darmstadt. They were received by the authorities and the people with every demonstration of loyalty and affection. Though she naturally dwelt much on her past in her old home, and had occasional fits of melancholy, yet Princess Carl could write to her former pastor, Dr. Strauss: "I cannot cease to praise and thank the Lord for all His grace and mercy to me. I do not know how I have deserved it all."

On the 12th of September, 1837, her eldest son, the present Grand Duke of Hesse, was born. At his baptism he received the names Frederic William Louis Charles.

In July in the following year the Princess Carl paid her first visit as a wife and mother to Fischbach. Since leaving it after her engagement with Prince Carl a very interesting event had happened. Four hundred and fifty Tyrolese peasants had come from their native

* Schmiedeberg is a neighbouring town.

* In the Protestant churches of Germany, the ordinary pastor performs the rite of confirmation.

* To Bender's Life of the Princess the present writer acknowledges his obligations for the biographical materials of this sketch.

valley to settle in the neighbourhood. They had left their homes because they could not obtain liberty to worship God and have the Gospel preached to them according to their consciences. The King of Prussia had listened to their petition to be allowed to settle in his dominions, and had arranged for their reception in the Silesian Highlands.

The first batch of them, numbering 120 persons, had reached Michelsdorf in September, 1837, where they had been received by the pastor at the head of his congregation. The remainder arrived in the course of a few days, and were everywhere well received and hospitably entertained by the people. The town of Schmiedeberg was fixed on as their first meeting-place and place of abode. When the last stragglers had come up, a thanksgiving service for their preservation on their journey was held in the church. The young people among the immigrants were supplied with Bibles, which were distributed to them at the Town Hall, and arrangements were made for their education. Classes for teaching reading, writing, arithmetic, and singing to ninety grown-up people who needed the instruction were established. Instruction was also given to the Tyrolese women in different kinds of work. The Countess Reden took the principal burden of the arrangements upon herself, and organised a women's society to carry them out. The pastors in Schmiedeberg, Buchwald, and other places in the neighbourhood, held conferences, conducted meetings for prayer and instruction, and so confirmed them in their faith.

The Prince and Princess William sympathised deeply with the new settlers, and took the liveliest interest in all that was done for them. On Sunday, the 12th of November, 1837, the immigrants were formally received into the fellowship of the Protestant State Church, in presence of the Prince and Princess, and of the Countess Reden—their "mother," as the Tyrolese settlers called her, on account of the interest she had shown in their welfare.

The history of these people is interesting. They came from the valley of the Ziller, in the district of Innsbrück, in the Tyrol. The influence of the Protestants of Salzburg had been felt in their valley in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and continued even after the Gospel had been completely suppressed in Salzburg. Traders from the valley returned from their journeys in different countries full of Protestant ideas, and brought back Luther's translation of the New Testament and other good books. Bibles became heirlooms in many families. Thus the love of Protestant truth was kept alive. While outwardly adhering to the Romish Church, the people had a private religion of their own. A secret congregation was formed. At last the discord between their secret convictions and their outward conformity to the rites of the Romish Church became intolerable. Attempts were made to obtain liberty to form a Protestant congregation, but in vain. Liberty was granted them to leave their own valley and settle in some other part of the Austrian Empire, where there were non-Catholic congregations already. As they did not wish to use the liberty thus granted them, they looked abroad for a place of refuge. A deputation was sent to Frederic William III. of Prussia to ask him to receive them. Like his predecessor, King Frederic William I., who permitted the 20,000 exiles of Salzburg who were driven from their homes by Count Firmian, the Archbishop, in 1731, to settle on the Lithuanian plains, Frederic William III. received the 450 exiles of the Ziller Valley. Land was ultimately bought for them near Erdmannsdorf, where they were settled, and before the lapse of a year fifty-seven houses were ready for their occupation. The colony was called Zillerthal.* The cost to the Government was 140,000 thalers,† repayment of which was not required.

In January, 1838, the Princess Elizabeth received a full account of the new comers from Dr. Strauss, whom the King had employed to carry on the necessary negotiations with the Austrian Government, and as one of the commissioners for effecting the settlement of the people in the Riesengebirg.

In her reply she wrote :—

"How I envy you in having been at dear Fischbach, with my parents and brothers and sisters, and among the people from the Valley of the Ziller. How manifestly the Spirit of God must be among them! I have a strong desire to see them."

This desire was fully gratified during her visit in July, to which reference has been made.

During the following ten or eleven years the record of the life of the Princess tells of joys and sorrows, of births and deaths, and changes of many kinds, all of which were received by her in a truly Christian spirit.

Among the joyful events were the births of two sons and a daughter, and the marriage of Prince Carl's sister with the Czarewitch of Russia, afterwards the Emperor Alexander, father of the present Emperor.

Among the sorrowful were the deaths of her mother, the Princess William, her uncle, the King of Prussia, her father-in-law, the Grand Duke Louis II. of Hesse, and, in 1849, of her brother, Prince Waldemar.

(*To be concluded.*)

* Ziller Valley.
† The value of a thaler is about three shillings in English money.

VARIETIES.

An Odd Story.

A few years ago two gentlemen, who had been left executors to the will of a friend, on examining the property found a scrap of paper on which was written, "Seven hundred pounds in Till." This they took in the literal sense, and examined all his apartments carefully, but in vain. They at last wound up his estate, sold his collection of books, which was a considerable one, to a bookseller, and paid all the legacies.

The fact of the writing on the scrap of paper was often discussed between them, and about seven weeks afterwards one of them recollected that among the books sold there was a folio edition of Tillotson's sermons. It might be that this was what was alluded to by the word "Till."

They waited on the bookseller and asked if he had the edition of Tillotson which had been among the books sold to him. On his replying in the affirmative the executors immediately bought it back, and on carefully examining the leaves found banknotes, snugly dispersed in various places, to the amount of seven hundred pounds!

And what is perhaps no less remarkable, the bookseller informed them that a gentleman at Cambridge, reading in his catalogue of this edition to be sold, had written to him and desired it might be sent to Cambridge, which was accordingly done, but the books not answering the gentleman's expectations they had been returned, and had since lain in his shop, open to the handling of all his customers.

What is Life?

I slept and dreamed that life was beauty;
I woke and found that life was duty.

Valour and Prudence.—There are two great virtues which make one willing to pardon many faults: supreme valour in men and extreme prudence in women.

Feeling the Pulse.

In some persons the pulse is much quicker than in others, and the following table must only be understood as showing the average number of pulsations per minute at different ages. The radial artery at the wrist is most convenient for counting the pulse. This is situated about an inch above the wrist joint of the thumb. The pulse is felt by the fore and middle finger together.

Age.	Average No. of pulsations per minute.
Birth	136
5 years	88
10 to 15 ,, ...	78
15 to 20 ,, ...	69
20 to 25 ,, ...	69
25 to 30 ,, ...	71
30 to 50 ,, ...	70

A Practical Wooing.

He was practical, and had been making love on that basis.

She was a little that way herself.

"Can you cook?" he inquired.

"Can you supply everything to be cooked?" she replied.

It was a match.

In a Lawyer's Office.

A Scotchwoman from the country applied lately to a respectable solicitor in Edinburgh for advice. After detailing the circumstances of the case, she was asked if she had stated the facts exactly as they had occurred.

"Ou, ay, sir," rejoined the applicant, "I thought it best to tell you the plain truth; you can put the lees till't yoursel."

A Humble Queen.

The exalted piety and unfeigned humility of Queen Adelaide were never more conspicuous than in the directions she left for her funeral. These directions were as follows:—

"I die in all humility, knowing well that we are all alike before the throne of God, and I request, therefore, that my mortal remains be conveyed to the grave without any pomp or state. They are to be moved to St. George's Chapel, Windsor, where I request to have as private and quiet a funeral as possible.

"I particularly desire not to be laid out in state, and the funeral to take place by daylight; no procession, the coffin to be carried by sailors to the chapel.

"All those of my friends and relations, to a limited number, who may wish to attend, may do so. . . . .

"I die in peace, and wish to be carried to the tomb in peace, and free from the vanities and the pomp of this world.

"I request not to be dissected nor embalmed, and desire to give as little trouble as possible."

(Signed) Adelaide R.

November, 1841.

ART NEEDLEWORK.

By HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.



FIG. 1.—FOXGLOVE CURTAIN DADO.



FIG. 2.—SUNFLOWER CURTAIN DADO.

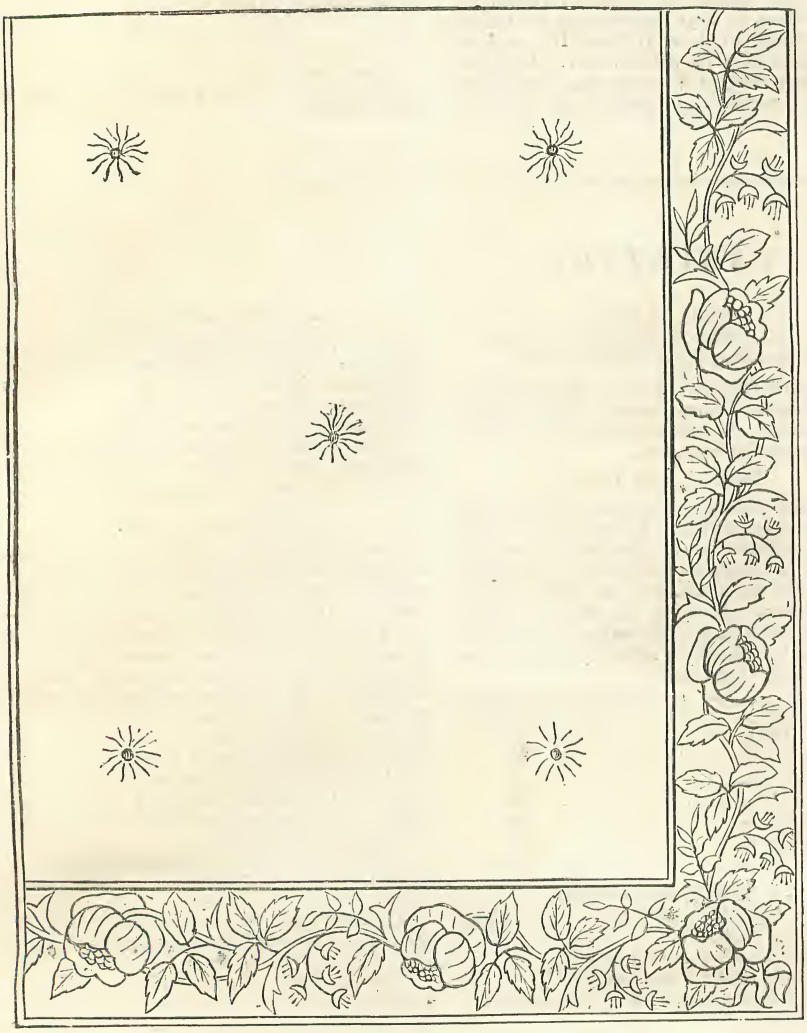


FIG. 3.—CURTAIN WITH BORDER AND POWDERING.

If curtain designs are worked at once on the curtain, they are rather cumbrous articles to undertake, particularly as, in order to look well, they must be worked in frames. The first two of the drawings I give must certainly be worked on the material.

Fig. 1 has a dado of foxgloves (the scale is about half an inch to a foot). The material should be dark blue, on green cloth; or brown, on olive green velveteen; and the border lines are intended to be carried all round. This can be most quickly and effectively done by couching several strands of crewel of two shades, keeping the lights to one side. This looks as well, if not better, than two lines of stem stitch.

The foxgloves are intended to be white, or pale yellow, or you may work them in various colours. They should be solid, and well shaded throughout; but if you do not care to give so much time and trouble as this would need, the leaves might be worked in long and short stitch all round, and the veins in stem stitch, with coarse crewel.

Fig. 2 is intended for *appliqué*, material and colour being the same as fig. 1. The dots between the border leaves are to be worked with coarse gold-coloured crewel. The border will be easy, all the leaves being the same shape. The edges must be neatly covered with couching stitch, and the veins added with coarse crewel. I should also work the petals of the sunflowers. They can be shaded down so much better than in *appliqué*. The centre can be put in with brown velveteen on plush first, and stitched down, the petals being then well worked into it. The leaves can be made of any material you please, according to what you are using for the main body of your curtain. There is not very much work in this design, but the curtains would be very handsome.

Fig. 3 is a much more expensive and elaborate style, if you work it according to my idea in drawing it. The curtain itself is intended to be of diagonal of serge cloth, any colour you like, with the border worked on plush of a rather darker shade of the same colour. The outline of the whole is to be worked with Japanese gold thread, and the lines and veins of flowers and leaves, centres of flowers, etc., also. Then the design throughout is to be worked in shades of silk the same colour as the curtain itself. The double line all round, which will attach the border to the curtain, is gold cord, and the powderings are all in gold thread. This design, if well carried out, will make a very artistic-looking curtain,

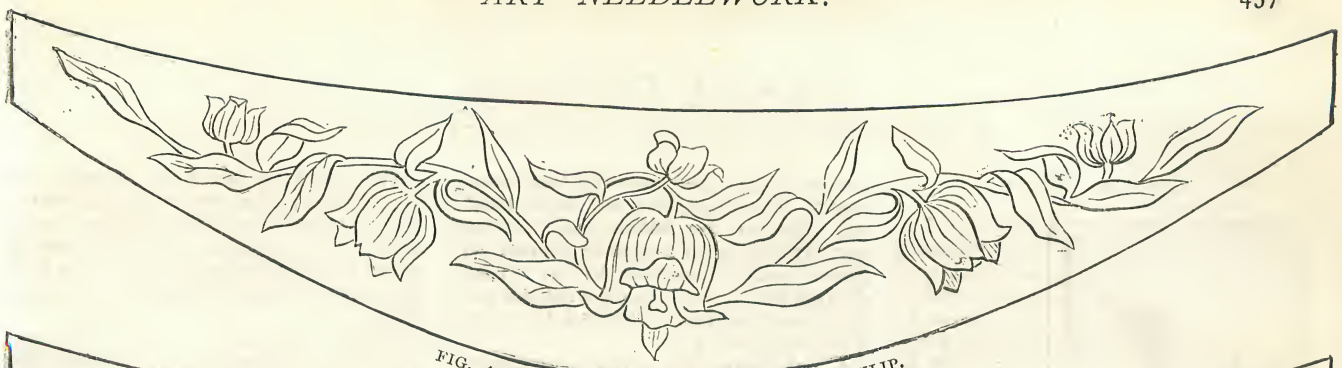


FIG. 4.—CURTAIN BAND. CONVENTIONAL TULIP.



FIG. 5.—CURTAIN BAND. CONVENTIONAL ROSE.

but from the quantity of gold thread needed it would necessarily be very expensive.

Fig. 4 is a curtain band. Curtains having work on them should, of course, have bands to match; but I give you different designs, because worked bands can be used to smarten up plain curtains, or for white ones. This design may be done either by working the flowers solidly, and the leaves in long and short stitch, or altogether solidly, either in silk or crewel, outlined with gold. The material used will depend on that of the curtain you intend to use it for. It could be worked very handsomely in the same way as the border of curtain, fig. 3, and would be very useful to finish off plain curtains of diagonal, especially if worked on plush or velveteen.

Fig. 5. A more simple design of wild rose could be worked on cloth or silk sheeting in the hand, and should be in natural colours. They must be lined with some stiff material, and you can finish them off at the edge with cord, or work round in blanket stitch.

Fig. 6 is a design for a *portière*. I give you but one, as curtain designs, especially those with dados or powderings, will do for *portières* also. You can make this either very simple or very handsome, just as you like. It could be done on diagonal with coarse crewel, the bamboo support being outlined with couching on stem stitch of double crewel, or it could be *appliqué*, which, if worked up a little, would give more of the required effect.

The leaves of the Virginia creeper could be outlined in long and short stitch in different shades, or the whole could be worked solidly in natural autumn colours, and the lily—the great golden lily of Japan — copied from Nature, with the lights put in in silk. This would be very effective, but need a great deal of work. *Portières* are such comfortable-looking things, I wonder they are not more generally used in place of curtains for folding doors and recesses. Plush is certainly the most beautiful material to use, very little work being needed to brighten its rich folds; but velveteen, or even serge, will do very well with a large, bold pattern on one side, and a bird or two. I think you might easily design and work some which would well repay you for your trouble, and if simple and well stretched afterwards you could do without a frame.



FIG 6.—DESIGN FOR PORTIERE.

MERLE'S CRUSADE.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Aunt Diana," "For Lilias," etc.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"REAPING THE HARVEST."



I WISHED Mr. Hawtry would sit down and talk to me in his usual friendly fashion; but he kept fidgeting about the room, taking up books and laying them down all the time that I was plying him with questions about Marshlands and Gay, and Mr. Rossiter.

After the first moment of blank astonishment I was really very pleased to see him. I could hardly now believe it was Mr. Hawtry who was moving so restlessly from the table to the window. He looked browner than ever, and very strong and well, and I nearly forgot to ask after his broken leg.

"Oh it is all right now," he answered, absently. He was certainly very absent, very unlike himself. I think I talked all the faster, because in my heart I felt nervous too.

"You are coming down to Marshlands next week, I hear," he said at last, stopping straight before me.

"Yes, we are all coming," I answered, joyously; "Mrs. Morton and the new baby, and Mrs. Morris."

"Who in the world is Mrs. Morris?" he asked, rather impatiently. It was a droll sort of impatience, but I thought he looked anxious.

"Mrs. Morris is baby's nurse at present. She is going to stay until September; and then I shall take her place, and baby will be in my charge."

"Oh, that is nonsense," he said, quite gruffly, "I cannot allow that for a moment, Miss Fenton." And then, as I looked astonished at this, he said, in an odd sort of choked voice, "I think I want you more than Mrs. Morton does, Merle."

Are we capable of any feeling at all when we arrive at the crisis of our life, when some shock comes to us, upheaving our former world, and overwhelming us with sudden chaos? The numb intensity that seizes upon us seems to deaden all sensation.

My first conscious thought was that I had known all the time what this meant, that it did not surprise me in the least; but this was an entire falsity on my part, arising from complete incredulity. Never had I imagined in my wildest dreams that life held such a gift for me; but I was too much stunned to accept it unconditionally.

I put aside Mr. Hawtry's earnest solicitations that I should try to care for him sufficiently to be his wife, and wasted much precious time in pointing out to him my apparent unfitness for such a position. I remember I sat there with cold hands and burning face, arguing against myself and lamenting my deficiencies till I broke down at last and could not find voice to tell him more.

He heard me with a sort of tender impatience visible in his manner, but he did not interrupt me as long as my voice and courage lasted. When my shame-faced remarks were ended, he said very gently—

"What nonsense you have been talking! I should hardly have believed that such a sensible girl could say such things. Do you want a list of my deficiencies and shortcomings also? Shall we make out a tabular demonstration of each other's defects? No, Merle, this is not the question between us. I respect and honour you more than I can tell you, and nothing you have said can influence me in the least. What I want to know now is, can you care for me sufficiently to be willing to marry me?"

After that there was only one answer possible. I did care for Mr. Hawtry, and I told him so.

His gratitude seemed overwhelming. But I am afraid I was rather stupid and irresponsive. My sudden happiness dazzled and bewildered me, but I think he understood how I felt. He told me he had cared for me almost the first time he spoke to me, and his interest had been excited by my choice of work; that I had seemed to him more real and earnest and self-denying than other girls, but he had respected me too much to intrude himself too suddenly on my life. He had let me go reluctantly, hoping to see me soon again, but his cousin's illness and his own accident had kept us long apart.

"I had plenty of leisure time for thinking of you, Merle," he said, smiling, "when I was lying up with my broken leg. Edgar did his best for me, but with all his good nursing, poor fellow, I thought a woman's hand would have been softer about me. Do you remember my telling you, dear, that I wished Agnes could have known you? I meant to try and win you for my wife then."

I seemed to grow calmer and quieter while he talked to me in this way. He was so very gentle that I soon grew less shy with him; but still it seemed to me wonderful, almost a miracle, that anyone so good and kind should care for me.

We had forgotten Aunt Agatha until Mr. Hawtry—but he told me that I should have to call him Roger—spoke of her. It seems he was telling her all about his hopes when I rang at the bell. He was embarrassed himself at the sight of me.

"Your aunt and I agreed upon one point," he said, rather mischievously, for I had asked him not to praise me so; but he was not able to finish his speech, for Aunt Agatha herself interrupted us.

Mr. Hawtry met her at the door and said something to her in a low voice. I saw her dear face light up and the tears come into her eyes, and then she held out her arms to me.

"Is it really so, Merle, dear child? I wish you every happiness. I know your friend very little, it is true; but all the same, I feel sure we may trust you to him." And then she and Mr. Hawtry shook hands; and I liked the way they looked at each other.

Uncle Keith was fidgeting for his tea, and no wonder, for it was nearly an hour after the usual time. Kind, thoughtful Aunt Agatha! He was walking up and down the room looking at his watch, but he thumped it in his pocket when we entered, and said "Hir-rumph!" and if ever a man looked pleased when Aunt Agatha put her hands on his shoulders and whispered in his ear, Uncle Keith did at that moment.

He wished us joy very nicely, though he cleared his throat a great deal over it, as though he was rather embarrassed, but his eyes twinkled every time he looked at us, and I knew by the way he talked to Mr. Hawtry that he liked him; indeed, they got on very well together.

When tea was over, we all sat at the open bay-window in the drawing-room, talking very happily. Aunt Agatha and I sat hand in hand on the couch, but Mr. Hawtry was very near us.

It was twilight presently, and there was only a glimmer of light in the road outside. The moon had not yet risen, but there was a star or two in the dark blue sky. The room was sweet with scented geranium and roses; a moth flew in at the open window and brushed against us. Some children were singing in the distance. How still and peaceful it was! Aunt Agatha and I grew silent presently while the others talked. It was nice to listen to them; their voices seemed to blend with a dream. A happy dream that was to go on and on. Was it only the evening of the day when Hannah had talked to me about the brindled cow? I had crossed the bridge so carelessly that afternoon in the sunshine, never dreaming that it would lead me to a new life.

The moon had risen when we crossed it an hour later; the whole world seemed bathed in its pure white radiance. Everything was transfigured, even the silent cranes and pulleys and blocks of stone were touched with radiance or

emitted strange shadows. The grey towers of All Saints stood out clearly against the blue sky. Ripples of irridescent light played on the river—silvery gleams of brightness with a margin of blue-blackness. I remembered that we talked little, but that our silence held a world of meaning in it. When Mr. Hawtry spoke, it was of his mother and Agnes. He had dearly loved them, and his was a faithful nature; it did not bury its dead out of sight and cease to lament them. There were household niches left vacant, where the tenderest memories were enshrined.

It promised well for my future that this was the case. The loving son and brother would surely be a faithful husband. I know that I listened to him with a full heart, that all sorts of tender vows and silent prayers and inaudible thanksgivings seemed to frame themselves. As I walked beside him I thought of Gay's artless speech, "Do we any of us deserve our happiness?" Oh, no; she was right; it is a free gift received from the All Father.

Mr. Hawtry bade me good-bye at the door, but our parting was not for long. I knew I should see him in the morning.

Hannah seemed a little startled when she saw me. "How late you are, Miss Fenton; I was just wondering what had become of you," and then her eyes opened rather widely. "Has anything happened, for you look different somehow?"

I had not meant to tell anyone that night; but Hannah was trustworthy and faithful, and I was very fond of her. "Nothing has happened," I returned, with assumed carelessness, "except that Mr. Hawtry was at Aunt Agatha's."

"Mr. Hawtry, miss!" with a shrill crescendo of astonishment.

"Yes; I was very much surprised to see him, as you may imagine; and, Hannah, I expect I shall surprise you too, because I am going to marry Mr. Hawtry."

I shall never forget the girl's look; her rosy face turned quite pale; her eyes were distended with wonder.

"You are going to marry Squire Hawtry, Miss Fenton!" And then in her excitement she kissed me heartily, and a moment afterwards begged my pardon for taking such a liberty. "You must forgive me, miss, for I was almost beside myself with the news."

"Nonsense, Hannah, I have nothing to forgive," I returned, blushingly.

"Oh, but you will be Madame Hawtry some day," replied Hannah, humbly, "and Luke's only a farm servant, and Lyddy also. I must not forget the difference between us. I wish you joy, Miss Fenton, indeed I do. Squire Hawtry is the finest gentleman I know, and Molly says the same. She will be proud and glad when she hears the news that you are coming to the Red Farm."

Hannah's words almost took my breath away. I was glad when she bade me good-night and left me alone with the sleeping children.

I crept softly to the window and sat for some time, looking over the moonlighted gardens. I felt, with a sudden thrill at the remembrance of Hannah's words, that I had not realised it yet. I had only thought of Mr. Hawtry—of his wonderful goodness and kindness. It had not entered my mind that I should spend my life at the Red Farm.

It seemed almost too good to be true. I closed my eyes and tried to imagine it all. Should I ever spend long happy days in that drawing-room, looking out on the bowling green? Should I sit in the porch and see the privet hedge and the walnut tree with the circular seat, and smell the jessamine and clematis?

Squire Hawtry's wife at the Red Farm! No, I could not believe it yet. I remembered how I had sat in the old nursery at Marshlands, dreaming of all sorts of things in the moonlight, until I had fallen asleep. Such a thought as this had never occurred to me. I had imagined myself an old woman, sitting by a solitary fireside; but there had been no Squire Hawtry riding up on Brown Peter then.

It was long before I could sleep that night. Many a girl in my position has felt as I did, loath to close my eyes on that happy day. One sleeps heavily for sorrow, as the disciples did in the moonlighted garden; but joy seems to help to keep our young hearts restless. I wondered the next morning when I should be summoned downstairs. I knew Mr. Hawtry would come early and bring Gay's flowers with him, but he would not ask for me at once.

Presently a message came up to the nursery that Hannah was to take the children into the public garden. I knew what this meant: Mr. Hawtry had told my mistress. I dressed the children as quickly as possible, thinking that I should be sent for every minute; but it was some time before I heard anything; then my mistress came up to me herself, with Gay's basket of flowers in her hand. I saw she was much moved. Her lovely eyes were full of tears as she came up to me.

"Roger has told me, Merle. Perhaps I ought not to have been so surprised. It is not strange, after all, that he should love you; he must have seen for himself how brave and good you were. I like him all the better for loving you." And then she kissed me.

She said a great deal more to me, holding my hand. She was so glad for my sake, so sorry for her own, for she would miss me so out of her daily life; but she would not speak of that.

"Roger is waiting for you in the little drawing-room," she said, at last. "I ought not to detain you any longer. To-morrow we will have a long talk. But he wishes to see Alick first. Do not keep him any longer waiting, Merle."

I went down at once, for I knew he could not wait long, as he had other business. It was strange, and yet familiar, to see him again; but he soon thawed my shyness, and we had a nice long talk. He was going to dine there that night, but he said he should not see me. The next day he meant to take me down to Putney to spend his last evening with me, as he must return to Netherton the next morning.

"Never mind, I shall see you very often there," I replied, cheerfully; for I quite understood the difficulty of seeing each other under my mistress's roof.

"Indeed, I hope so," he returned, with rather a strange smile, "if the Red Farm is to be your home."

But, of course, I was speaking of our visit to Marshlands, but he seemed as if he would not understand; he only assured me very seriously that he would see me as often as possible. His manner troubled me a little, until he begged me not to disturb myself about any future arrangements, as he and Mrs. Morton were considering what to do for the best, and I was only to think of him.

It certainly was rather strange sitting in the nursery that evening and knowing that Mr. Hawtry was downstairs; but I felt instinctively it would be quite as hard for him as for me, so I comforted myself with the prospect of the next day. My mistress came up presently with some beautiful flowers in her hand.

"Roger has sent you these, Merle, to wish you good-night. He was obliged to go early; but I have a message to give you as well. He hopes that you will be kind enough to listen to me very patiently, and that you will accede to our wishes."

I felt this was a little solemn, and my face certainly fell when my mistress said, very gently, that, under existing circumstances, her husband and she herself thought that it would be far better for me not to go to Marshlands next week.

"It is very hard to part with you so soon, Merle," she said, kindly; "but, for Roger's sake, we think it better to leave you behind. You see, your position in our household makes things rather difficult. It is quite true, as Alick says, that in marrying you he is marrying a gentlewoman; but the Netherton and Orton folk are sad gossips, and, altogether, things would be somewhat uncomfortable for you both."

"I do not wish to put Mr. Hawtry in an uncomfortable position," I said, with a touch of my old pride; but she shook her head at me, still smiling.

"You need not be afraid of what Roger says; he simply glories in your work. He is quite willing to publish the whole thing to the Netherton world at once. He told me quite seriously just now that there was not a lady in the place to compare with you. He honours you as only a true man can honour a woman."

The tears came into my eyes. Yes, I knew this. I answered humbly that I did not mean to be proud; I would do as he and my mistress wished.

"Then, if you are so generous, Merle," she said, quietly, "you will not come to Marshlands just now to involve Roger in all sorts of perplexing difficulties; or, at least, if you come it must be as my guest, and not as my nurse."

"Oh, no," I returned, shrinking back, "I was not prepared for this."

"Then, my dear Merle, will you act as a sensible woman? Stay with Mrs. Keith during our absence, and quietly prepare for your wedding. Roger thinks

in October both you and he might be ready."

The idea startled me. What would Aunt Agatha say? But I very soon found Aunt Agatha was quite of my mistress's opinion, and was almost as eager as Mrs. Morton to smooth things as much as possible for Mr. Hawtry. After the first shock of my surprise, I came gradually to the same conviction. Mr. Hawtry said very little to me on the subject; on the contrary, he laughed to scorn the idea that my service was derogatory to him.

"I loved you first because you were so brave and unconventional—because you were unlike any other girl. Why should you say such things to me, Merle?"

And after that I ceased to say them; but how I honoured him for that manly expression of opinion! But his very generosity made demands on me. I knew his home was solitary, and that he needed my companionship. He was too unselfish to press his wishes on me, but he evidently saw no reasons for delay.

I yielded with a good grace at last when I found even Aunt Agatha was against me; but neither she nor Mr. Hawtry knew what it cost me to part so soon with my mistress and the children. It almost broke my heart to see them go without me.

Mrs. Morris had promised to remain until Christmas; but Hannah would be married before then, and I wondered sadly as I drove with my luggage to the cottage who would replace me at Prince's Gate.

"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand." How those words came to me a month later, when one of my old schoolfellows, Helen Transome, wrote to me and begged me to use my influence with my mistress and procure the situation for her.

I knew her sad circumstances would appeal to my mistress's feeling heart. Poor Helen! hers had been a trying life. Her family had suffered great reverses; from wealth they had been reduced almost to indigence. Her father had died, worn out with the bitter struggle, and her lover had given her up for a richer bride.

Helen had borne her troubles with a patience that bordered on heroism; but it had broken the springs of youth. She looked far older than her years warranted, and much of her beauty had faded; but she was fair and gentle-looking, with soft manners, that seemed to win my mistress. Her love of children was evident; she had a quiet influence with them that made itself felt.

"Miss Transome will never take your place, Merle," my mistress said to me, a few weeks after Helen had taken up my work; "but she is very nice and kind to the children, and Mrs. Morris says I shall be able to trust baby to her. I do believe the poor thing looks a little happier already. I went in just now and heard her laughing at something Joyce said. She has such a silvery, pretty laugh."

I knew that my mistress would soon take poor Helen into her heart, and I was glad to think she had found such a kind refuge. We did not speak much of Helen then; I was paying my good-bye visit to Prince's Gate, for two days later I was to be married.

They had loaded me with beautiful gifts suitable to my new position; but I was not thinking of them or of my mistress's last loving speech as I walked across the bridge. It was October again, and the red and yellow leaves were floating on the water; the mellow air and sunshine spoke of harvests garnered in, while the earth rested after her labours.

My harvest had come already, and yet the labourer had worked but a short time in the vineyard, while others would toil until evening. I had done so little and reaped so much. Through the slanting sunbeams, I looked to the distant home where Roger was waiting for me, in that home where, God willing, we should work together, not leading idle lives, but sharing with others a little of our happiness, and where, out of our full hearts, we should surely give "praise continually;" and as these thoughts came to me, I seemed to hear Roger's deep voice echoing "Amen."

[THE END.]



THE QUEEN OF THE MAY.

By A. A. L. MAGRA.

SAY, who shall be crowned as the Queen of the May?
The belle of our village reigns fair Elsie Gray,
Whose bright curls are golden as gorse on the brae.

Her eyes match the hue of a bluebell in spring,
And clear as the skylark's glad note can she sing;
A smile or a tear by her melody bring.

But proud is her mien to those lowly and poor,
No blessing ascends when she passes their door;
No bairn runs with greeting o'er meadow or moor.

Dumb creatures will ne'er from that hand seek caress;
In unerring wisdom they mutely express
Where goodness abounds, although beauty be less.

It gives her more joy to wear jewels and gold
Than lighten the burden of young or of old,
Than leading a wanderer home to the fold.

May-crowns are not earned by the cold and the vain,
Who, passing their neighbour's dire need in disdain,
Assuage neither sickness, nor sorrow, nor pain.

The maid for whom wee ones, unbidden, will pray,
Who fain would strew roses o'er each onward way,
The Queen of all hearts, should be Queen of the May.



THE MAY QUEEN.

THE HISTORY OF HOME.

OR,

DOMESTIC WAYS SINCE THE TIMES OF HENRY VIII.

By NANETTE MASON.

PART II.

THE REIGN OF ELIZABETH.

THE reign of Queen Elizabeth is, perhaps, the most picturesque period of English history. Vigorous national life and increased wealth, refinement, and leisure expressed themselves then in many original ways.

In few things were the progress of the country and its growing riches more clearly seen than in the changes effected in dress. The fashion of ladies' dress in the upper ranks, on its reaching its full development in the latter part of the reign of Elizabeth, is well known to us from the portraits of that illustrious queen. The body was imprisoned in whalebone to the hips; the partelet—a covering to the neck and throat previously worn—was done away with, and its place was taken by an enormous ruff, which, "rising gradually from the front of the shoulders to nearly the height of the head behind, encircled the wearer like the nimbus or glory of a saint." Then came a long peaked and tight stomacher, on each side of which jutted out horizontally a farthingale of enormous dimensions. The dresses were of rich and showy fabrics, worn with the additional finery of lace, feathers, and embroidery.

A round bonnet, like that worn by the men, sometimes took the place of the cap or coif; or the hair was dressed in countless curls, and adorned with ropes and stars of jewels, bugles and beads, and at the close of the reign with feathers.

Ornaments of every kind abounded, and great liking was shown for colour and display. The demand for gems reached an extraordinary height. A writer of the day, who thought it his duty to rebuke the extravagance of ladies who were his contemporaries, tells us that "their fingers must be decked with gold, silver, and precious stones, their wrists with bracelets and amulets of gold and costly jewels, their hands covered with sweet-washed (*i.e.*, perfumed) gloves, embroidered with gold and silver; and they must have their looking-glasses carried with them wheresoever they go;" and he is specially severe on those who "are not ashamed to make holes in their ears, whereat they hang rings and other jewels of gold and precious stones."

A small looking-glass was a common companion with fashionable people of both sexes. By the ladies it was carried either in the pocket or hanging at the side, or it was inserted in the fan of ostrich or other feathers. Masks were frequently worn by ladies; they are said to have been introduced in this reign. The author we have just quoted has a hit at them: "When the ladies," he says, "used to ride abroad, they have masks and vizors made of velvet, wherewith they cover their faces, having holes made in them against their eyes whereout they look; so that if a man knew not their guise he would think that he met a monster or devil."

As at other times, the general fashions for women's dress in the Elizabethan era were just a modification of the style of the court, varying more or less according to the circumstances and position of different classes and individuals.

The Elizabethan costume for men had also marked features, the most noticeable being the large trunk hose and the long-waisted doublet. Of both the hose and the doublet there were many varieties. Doublets fitted the body very closely from the commencement of the reign, and the waist gradually lengthened to its conclusion. Over the doublets were worn coats and jerkins, cut in various fashions. Then there were "cloaks of white, red, tawny, black, green, yellow, russet, violet, &c., made of cloth, silk, velvet, and taffeta, and cut after the Spanish, French, and Dutch fashions."

Silk stockings were a great rarity when Elizabeth came to the throne. "In the second year of her reign," says Stow, the historian, "her silk-woman, Mrs. Montague, presented Her Majesty with a pair of black, knit-silk stockings for a new year's gift; which, after a few days' wearing, pleased Her Highness so well that she sent for Mistress Montague, and asked her where she had them, and if she could help her to any more; who answered, saying—

"'I made them very carefully, of purpose only for your Majesty, and seeing these please you so well, I will presently set more in hand.'

"'Do so,' quoth the Queen, 'for, indeed, I like silk stockings so well, because they are pleasant, fine, and delicate, that henceforth I will wear no more cloth stockings.'"

And from that time to her death the Queen never wore cloth hose, but only silk stockings.

Soon after this, says Stow, a London apprentice seeing a pair of knit-worsted stockings at an Italian merchant's, brought from Mantua, borrowed them, and having made a pair like them, presented them to the Earl of Pembroke, which was the first pair of worsted stockings knit in this country.

A useful invention of this reign was that of the stocking-frame, which had its origin in 1599. We are indebted for it to William Lee, a fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. "Tradition," says Mr. Planché, "attributes the origin of his invention to a pique he had taken against a townswoman with whom he was in love, and who, it seems, neglected his passion. She got her livelihood by knitting stockings, and with the ungenerous object of depreciating her employment, he constructed this frame, first working at it himself, then teaching his brother and other relations." Stow says that Lee not only manufactured stockings in his frame, but "waistcoats and divers other things."

Houses built in the Elizabethan era are the earliest houses, great or small, in which a modern Englishman of any class can live with any degree of enjoyment. "It is from the period of good Queen Bess," says Mr. J. R. Green, "that we can first date the rise of a conception which seems to us now a peculiarly English one, the conception of domestic comfort. The chimney corner, so closely connected with family life, came into existence with the general introduction of chimneys, a feature rare in ordinary houses in the beginning of this reign." The lofty houses of the wealthier merchants, with their parapeted fronts and quaintly figured gables, broke the mean appearance which till then marked English towns. In the case of the dwellings of the gentry, gloomy walls and serried battlements gave place to the pomp and grace of the Elizabethan hall. "We still gaze with pleasure on their picturesque line of gables, their fretted fronts, their gilded turrets and fanciful vanes, their castellated gateways, the jutting oriels from which the great noble looked down on his new Italian garden, its stately terraces, and broad flights of steps, its vases and fountains, its quaint mazes, its formal walks, its lines of yews cut into grotesque shapes in hopeless rivalry of the cypress avenues of the South."

In the furnishing and decoration of house interiors a great advance took place. In houses inhabited by the upper classes the prevailing taste showed itself in richly ornamented staircases, costly wainscoting, quaintly carved chairs and cabinets, and huge chimney pieces adorned with fawns and cupids, and with fantastic interlaced monograms. The floor of rushes became a thing of the past, and carpets came everywhere into use. The wooden trenchers of the earlier yeomanry gave place to pewter; there were even yeomen who owned a fair show of silver plate.

The London of Queen Elizabeth's time was strikingly unlike the metropolis of the present day. The crowded neighbourhood of St. Giles's was then a village in the fields; Covent Garden was an open field or garden; Leicester fields was Lammas land. Moorfields was drained and laid out in walks in this reign. At Spitalfields crowds used to assemble on Easter Monday and Tuesday to hear the Spital sermons preached from the pulpit cross. Cockneys went to Holborn and Bloomsbury for change of air; and houses were there prepared to receive children, invalids, and convalescents.

"In the north," Mr. H. B. Wheatley remarks, "were sprinkled the outlying villages of Islington, Hoxton, and Clerkenwell. The Strand was filled with noble mansions washed by the waters of the Thames, but the street, if street it could be called, was little used by pedestrians. Londoners frequented the river, which was their great highway. The banks were crowded with stairs for boats, and the watermen of that day answered to the chairmen of a later date and the cabmen of to-day."

The rapid growth of London attracted considerable attention and caused considerable alarm. It was thought that moderate dimensions were best, and no doubt they were, in an age when sanitary arrangements were defective, and facilities in obtaining food supplies far from satisfactory, whilst many difficulties of which we can now form but a faint idea existed in connection with labour, the protection of life and property, and many other matters.

The Queen issued a proclamation in 1580 forbidding the erection within three miles of

the city gates of any new houses or tenements "where no former house hath been known to have been." In a subsequent decree she ordered that only one family should live in one house, that empty houses erected within seven years were not to be let, and that unfinished buildings on new foundations were to be levelled with the ground.

Music was popular in the last reign, as we mentioned in our first article, but it was even more so in this.

"During the long reign of Elizabeth," says Mr. Chappell, "music seems to have been in universal cultivation, as well as in universal esteem. Not only was it a necessary qualification for ladies and gentlemen, but even the City of London advertised the musical abilities of boys educated in Bridewell and Christ's Hospital, as a mode of recommending them as servants, apprentices, or husbandmen . . . . Tinkers sang catches; milkmaids sang ballads; carters whistled; each trade, and even the beggars, had their special songs; the base-viol hung in the drawing-room for the amusement of waiting visitors; and the lute, cittern, and virginals for the amusement of waiting customers were the necessary furniture of a barber's shop. They had music at dinner; music at supper; music at weddings; music at funerals; music at night; music at dawn; music at work and music at play.

"He who felt not in some degree its soothing influence was viewed as a morose, unsocial being, whose converse ought to be shunned and regarded with suspicion and distrust." Tusser, writing in 1570, recommends the country housewife to select servants that sing at their work as being usually the most painstaking. He says:

"Such servants are oftenest painful and good
That sing in their labour, as birds in the wood."

The ordinary routine of a young lady's education was "to read and write; to play on the virginals, lute, and cittern; and to read prick-song—that is to say, music written or pricked down—at first sight." Whenever the abilities of a gentlewoman were praised by a writer of that age, her skill in music was sure to be mentioned.

The most common musical instrument of the time was the cittern, which received most attention, perhaps, because it was the most easily played. It was an instrument of English invention, shaped something like a lute, but differing from the lute in being strung with wire instead of catgut strings, and played on with a plectrum of quill instead of with the fingers.

The lute was also much in use; indeed, though now obsolete, being superseded by the guitar, it was once the most popular instrument in Europe. It was a large and beautiful stringed instrument, with a long neck and fretted finger-board. "The tender charm and colouring of the lute-player's tone," says Mr. A. J. Hipkins, "can in these days of exaggerated sonorousness be scarcely imagined."

The worst of the lute seems to have been the troublesomeness of keeping it in tune. One writer on the subject says that a lutenist of eighty years old had certainly spent sixty in tuning his instrument, and that the cost in Paris of keeping a horse or a lute was about the same. On this another authority remarks that the horse would soon be like one of Pharaoh's lean kine.

Lute-strings were very often given to ladies as new year's gifts.

In both the sixteenth and the seventeenth centuries, lutenists, or, as they were sometimes called, "lewters," or "luters," always formed part of the musical retinue of kings and princes, and one at least was ordinarily included in the households of nobles and landed gentry.

The virginals was an instrument with a keyboard, in which strings of brass wire were twitched by small pieces of quill. Some have thought the instrument was named after the queen, but it is more likely that it was so called because chiefly played upon by young girls.

Queen Elizabeth, however, was a skilful performer upon it. Sir James Melvil, in his "Memoirs," tells how one day, about 1564, "after dinner my lord of Hunsdean drew me up to a quiet gallery that I might hear some music (but he said he durst not own it), where I might hear the Queen play upon the virginals. I ventured within the chamber and stood a pretty space, hearing her play excellently well; but she left off immediately as soon as she turned her about and saw me. She appeared to be surprised to see me, and came forward, seeming to strike me with her hand, alleging that she was not used to play before men, but when she was solitary, to shun melancholy."

Popular sports in Elizabeth's day were often of rather a barbarous nature, and the court did not set an example in the way of refinement by the encouragement it gave to bull and bear baiting. On the 25th of May, 1559, the French Ambassadors came to dine with Queen Elizabeth, and after a splendid dinner they were entertained by the baiting of bears and bulls with English dogs. The Queen and the Ambassadors stood looking on till what was then held to be a late hour of the evening, and the foreigners expressed their gratification in such glowing terms that Her Majesty seldom failed in future to provide a similar show for any visitors she wished specially to honour.

In the festivities of Kenilworth Castle, given in 1575, in honour of Queen Bess, part of the programme provided by the Earl of Leicester consisted of a series of bear and dog combats. There were no fewer than thirteen bears assembled, and these had to do battle with what were known as ban-dogs, a small kind of mastiff.

It was in Queen Elizabeth's reign that the first royal licence for a theatre was issued. It was granted in 1574 to Master Burbage, and four others, servants of the Earl of Leicester, authorising them to act plays at the Globe Theatre, on the Bankside. This was the theatre at which Shakespeare and his companions acted.

In those times London was so often visited by the plague that people were afraid of the gathering together of any large assemblages. This dread of pestilence, and a puritanic hatred of plays as well, made the citizens do all in their power to discourage theatrical entertainments. The Queen acknowledged that the first reason was a good one, but she had no objections to plays in themselves, provided proper care were taken to allow only such to be performed as "were fitted to yield honest recreation and no example of evil."

On the 11th of April, 1582, the lords of the council wrote to the Lord Mayor, saying that as "Her Majesty sometimes took delight in those pastimes, it had been thought not unfit, having regard to the season of the year and the clearance of the city from infection, to allow of certain companies of players in London, partly that they might thereby attain more dexterity and perfection, the better to content Her Majesty."

When theatres were established the city authorities took care to have them built without the city bounds.

Prices of almost all articles steadily advanced during the reign of Elizabeth. In a dialogue published in 1581 we find one of the characters thus addressing another:—"Cannot you, neighbour, remember that within these thirty years I could in this town buy the best pig or goose that I could lay my hands on for 4d., which now costeth 12d., a good capon for 3d. or 4d., a chicken for 1d., a hen for 2d., which now costeth me double and triple the money. It is likewise in greater ware, as in beef and mutton. I have seen a cap for 13d. as good as I can get now for 2s. 6d.; of cloth you have heard how the price is risen. Now a pair of shoes costs 12d., yet in my time I have bought a better for 6d. Now I can never get a horse shoed under 10d. or 12d, when I have also seen the common price was 6d."

In 1572 legislation took a vigorous turn for the punishment of vagabonds and for the relief of the poor and impotent. Persons above fourteen being rogues, vagabonds, or sturdy beggars, were on conviction to be "grievously whipped and burnt through the gristle of the right ear with a hot iron of the compass of an inch about, manifesting his or her roguish kind of life, and his or her punishment received for the same." A third offence was punished with death. Offenders under fourteen were whipped or put in the stocks. By the same act charitable provision was made for the poor, aged, and infirm, and the duty of the community was fully recognised in regard to its suffering members. There was more legislation in the same praiseworthy direction in the reign of Elizabeth.

People still moved from place to place with difficulty. There were few wheeled vehicles; everybody who wanted to travel had either to walk or ride on horseback. Ladies, as we mentioned in our last article, rode on pillions fixed on the horse, and usually behind some relative or serving man. In this way Queen Bess, when she rode into the City from her residence at Greenwich, placed herself behind her lord-chancellor.

But a change was at hand. According to Stow, a Dutchman called Guilliam Boonen became the Queen's coachman in 1564, and was the first to bring the use of coaches into England. Stow is incorrect in attributing the introduction of coaches to the time of Elizabeth—they had been in use before; but there is no doubt that at the time he speaks of the employment of wheeled vehicles began to be so common that it then became a prominent public fact. "Little by little," he again states, "they became usual among the nobility and others of condition, and within twenty years became a great trade of coach-building."

By the close of Elizabeth's reign the use of coaches had increased to such an extent that the attention of Parliament was called to it, and a bill "to restrain the excessive use of coaches" was introduced in 1601. It was not passed, however. The employment of coaches in London was a severe blow to the Thames watermen, and Taylor, the poet and waterman, dipped his pen in gall when he wrote early in the next reign against the new-fangled practice, complaining that

"Against the ground we stand and knock our heels,
Whilst all our profit runs away on wheels."

The custom of making presents on New Year's Day by people of all classes to each other was in full force during this reign. A present of some sort was an Elizabethan form of New Year's card. Tenants in the country gave their landlords a capon; an orange stuck with cloves was another common present. Some people gave pins, when ladies were in the case, and very customary New Year's gifts were pairs of gloves. These were much dearer than they are now, and occasionally a

sum of money was given instead, which was called "glove-money."

Many of these presents were no doubt in recognition of favours to come. We conclude that this was the case with a large proportion of the extravagant New Year's gifts made to Queen Bess herself. An exact and descriptive inventory of these for several years has been preserved. They were made to Her Majesty by all sorts and conditions of men and women —great officers of state, peers and peeresses, bishops, knights and their ladies, gentlemen and gentlewomen, physicians, apothecaries, and others of lower grade, even down to the Queen's dustman. The presents consisted of "sums of money, costly articles of ornament for the Queen's person or apartments, caskets studded with precious stones, valuable necklaces, bracelets, gowns, embroidered mantles, smocks, petticoats, looking-glasses, fans, silk stockings, and a great variety of other articles."

Lotteries, so far as can be ascertained, were first started in England during the reign of Elizabeth. The first lottery began to be drawn on the 11th of January, 1569, at the west door of St. Paul's Cathedral, the drawing continuing day and night till the 6th of May. It was composed of 400,000 lots of ten shillings a piece. The shares were occasionally disposed of in halves and quarters, and these again were subdivided for "convenience of poorer classes."

The prizes consisted of money, plate, and goods of various kinds. The highest prize was estimated at £5,000, of which £3,000 was to be paid in cash, £700 in plate, and the remainder in "good tapestry meet for hangings and other covertures, and certain sorts of good linen cloth."

The reason given by the Government for starting what proved to be a long series of legalised swindles was that money was required for repairing harbours and fortifications, and for other public works. The object was praiseworthy enough, but a demoralising means was taken to attain it. Few things can be imagined more harmful to public morals than lotteries.

This first lottery was followed very shortly afterwards by another "for marvellous, rich and beautiful armour," which was also drawn at the west door of St. Paul's.

Alchemy and astrology were practised and believed in. Dr. Dee, a famed astrologer, and professor of the black art, who claimed to hold communication with the world of spirits, was asked to name "a propitious day" for the coronation of the Queen, and the same impostor encouraged Her Majesty to hope that she might obtain from him the elixir of life.

Belief in witchcraft was a growing superstition; it was to reach its height in the days of James I. Penal laws were passed against witches, and many unhappy persons were put to death in consequence of the popular delusion. During the reign of Elizabeth the Anglican divines of what would now be called the high church party steadily resisted the increasing belief in possession and witchcraft, and "by their influence the national liturgy was saved from the disgrace of having a form of exorcism introduced into it."

(*To be continued.*)

THE SHEPHERD'S FAIRY.

A PASTORALE.

By DARLEY DALE, Author of "Fair Kathleen," etc.

CHAPTER XXIV.



FAIRY was soon as important a person in the château as she had been in the shepherd's house; the only one who saw any fault in her was Père Yvon, and he was obliged to confess she certainly was a very good little thing, though a Protestant. Her faith was the only thing that troubled the baron about her, for Père Yvon, who had baptised her before she was taken away from the château, was always urging her father to let him instruct her in the Catholic faith and prepare her for confirmation by a Roman bishop; but on the other hand Rex had agreed to wait patiently for one whole year on condition that Fairy was allowed to remain in the faith in which she had been brought up, and the baron had not the heart to throw any hindrances in the way of a marriage that was so acceptable to both families, as well as purely a love match on the part of the people concerned. And Rex frankly owned he thought no marriage could be perfect where the husband was of one faith and the wife of another. Unity of thought on the subject of religion was, in his opinion, the best and surest foundation for a happy marriage, and the baron was so pleased with the young man for thinking so, that he vowed all Père Yvon's entreaties should not induce him to interfere with Fairy's faith.

Fairy had been christened Marie Rose, but at her own request she was still called Fairy, Rex declaring he should never know her by any other name, and all agreeing that none suited her so well as her own.

The year which the baron had bargained for fled all too quickly for his liking, and at the end of it preparations were made for Fairy's marriage with Rex, which Mr. Leslie was invited over to perform, Maud Leslie coming with him to act as one of the bridesmaids, and afterwards to carry a faithful report of the wedding to the Shelleys, to whom every little detail would, as Fairy knew, be welcome.

But on the morning of her marriage Fairy found Rex, who had been over to England on some mysterious visit, had prepared a surprise for her, and when she opened her eyes on her wedding morning, who should be standing over her bed but Mrs. Shelley.

"Mother," exclaimed Fairy, "am I dreaming; where did you come from?"

That old familiar word "mother," which rose spontaneously to Fairy's lips, was sweet indeed to Mrs. Shelley.

"God bless you, my pretty one," exclaimed Mrs. Shelley, kissing Fairy again and again, "you are not a bit changed. No, my dear, you are not dreaming; it is all Mr. Rex's doing; he said no one should dress his bride but me, for no one could fix that pretty hair as I can; and so as it was not to cost me a penny, John said I must come. And oh! child, how ill I was in the boat; and he has given me the most beautiful silk dress I ever saw; and I am to go to the church with Madame de Courcy's English maid, who is to fetch me after I have dressed you. But there, I am talking of myself instead of seeing after you. Will you get up at once, or will you have your breakfast first, child?"

"I don't want any breakfast; I am so happy. Sit down on the bed and tell me all about everything. How is John, my dear old John, and poor Jack? Have you heard from him? I expect he is rich Jack now; and is Willy at home still? and Charlie, how is he? And the sheep —John's sheep—how are they?"

"Lor' bless the child, she is the same as ever. Won't John be pleased when I tell him she asked after the sheep on her wedding morning," exclaimed Mrs. Shelley, wiping away some tears of joy at seeing how Fairy remembered them all.

"Of course, mother, I remember our sheep with their hornless heads and white faces; but tell me about them all, please; I need not get up just yet."

"Then you must have your breakfast in bed while I talk. It will take me an hour or two to dress you, so I'll ring and you'll please to tell the servant what you wish for, as I can't speak French."

"Oh! how funny it is to have to do as you tell me again; I do as I like here; but you were always strict with me, weren't you?"

"And a good thing for you I was, or you would not have won such a husband as you have, perhaps, if I had spoilt you as everyone else did," replied Mrs. Shelley.

Fairy laughed; and while she ate some breakfast Mrs. Shelley told her all the home news, the principal piece being that Jack was engaged to be married to someone out in Canada, and from what he said Mrs. Shelley thought he was fond of her though not desperately in love. She was the daughter of a surgeon and had a little money, and it was plain enough Jack's mother was

very proud of his engagement. The marriage was not fixed yet, and though Mrs. Shelley did not tell Fairy so, her private opinion was it would not be until Jack had seen the announcement of Fairy's in the papers. Fairy would let no one assist to dress her except Mrs. Shelley, who arranged the pretty golden hair in the simple fashion Rex thought so becoming, and not even the baroness felt greater motherly pride when the bride stood at the altar than the shepherd's wife, as she looked with loving admiration at the child-like figure robed in white satin and lace, a crown of orange blossom on the small golden head, and the brilliant little face in its fresh, youthful beauty, shining under the folds of her bridal veil. Where could one find a prettier, sweeter, better wife than Rex's little Fairy? If only John could see her!

But John was far away following his sheep on the south downs; only from his great heart many a prayer for his Fairy went up that day to heaven. In due time the announcement of the marriage appeared in the English papers, and Mrs. Shelley having returned to England with the Leslies, sent a copy of it out to her son, and by the next mail heard that before she received the letter Jack would be a married man.

This was by no means Mrs. Shelley's only visit to France. In the course of time Fairy had a small family of her own, and as each little stranger made its appearance she insisted on having her foster mother over to stay with her for a few weeks or as long as John could possibly spare her. Once only was Mrs. Shelley obliged to decline; it was when Fairy had been married seven years and her first little girl was born; her first three children were boys, and Mrs. Shelley had helped to nurse them all; this time, however, she wrote to say John did not seem at all well, and she did not like to go so far away from home, anxious as he was she should go if Fairy wished it; but neither Rex nor Fairy would hear of her coming while he was unwell.

The fact was, John was much more ill than Mrs. Shelley cared to tell Fairy just then. Ever since she left Bournmere there had been a change in him; he never complained, but by degrees he allowed Charlie to take more and more of the hardest work off his hands, and latterly when he came home of an evening he would sink into his chair so exhausted that he could scarcely speak until he had taken some food. Sometimes Mrs. Shelley fancied that, though he never audibly wished Fairy were there, he was fretting for her, and when he thanked her for staying with him she knew he felt much more ill than he had acknowledged, and, without consulting him, she sent for a doctor. The doctor looked very grave, and, without telling Mrs. Shelley what was the matter, advised her to give him plenty of nourishing food, keep him as quiet as possible, let him go after his sheep in fine weather if he liked, but never to let him tire himself—in fact, the less he did the better—gratify his wishes as far as possible; and, in answer to all her further inquiries, owned that the shepherd was in a precarious state, and he would not give five pounds for his life.

Fairy's little girl was about a month old when the doctor told Mrs. Shelley this; and a week or two after, John, who only went out on fine days for an hour or so, said, suddenly, one evening—

"Polly, something tells me I shan't be with you much longer; will you think me very wrong if I say I could go happier if I might once more see my little Fairy? I made an idol of her, I know, and God in His mercy took her away from me; but I have tried to bear it patiently, and I think He would not mind me seeing her once more, if only for a few minutes. Do you think she would come to me if she were well enough? If not, I should like to go to her."

"You cross the Channel in your state! Why, John, it would kill you! But, to be sure, Fairy will come if I write and tell her you wish it, trust her for that; if she is well enough, she'll come. Shall I write to-night?"

"No, Polly, no, not just yet; we'll wait a few days and see if I get better. I should not like the child to run any risks," replied the shepherd, who still always spoke of his Fairy as the child.

Mrs. Shelley said no more then, but a day or two afterwards she wrote to Fairy without consulting her husband, and only told him when the letter was well on its way to Parc de Courcy, where, after the French fashion, Rex and Fairy lived with M. and Mme. de Courcy. Contrary to Mrs. Shelley's fears, John was not at all vexed with her for writing without his consent, but even said he thought she had done wisely, and he seemed so much better afterwards, feeling, as he did, sure that Fairy would come to him if it were possible, that Mrs. Shelley almost hoped he might recover after all. But the doctor told her she must not build on this improvement; a reaction would be sure to follow, and might be fatal.

Fairy wrote by return of post to say she was quite well again, and both she and Rex thought she would run no risk in crossing the first calm day, so that in all probability the Shelleys would see her that same week. Rex, of course, would bring her, and if the Leslies could not take them in they would go to the Crown at Lewes. Then followed a host of kind messages to John, telling him his Fairy was coming to cure him in her own magic way, and he must be prepared to be cured, or she should think she was growing old and losing all her old charms.

A few days later, to Mrs. Shelley's intense relief, for John had been listening to every click of the gate for the last day or two, as if expecting Fairy to arrive, and, sinking back exhausted in his chair each time he was disappointed, Mr. Leslie called to say that De Courcy had just come, and Fairy would come round directly she had rested a little and had some luncheon.

The shepherd was so overjoyed at this news he could find no words to thank Mr. Leslie for coming to tell him, and after Mrs. Shelley had, by his directions, dressed him in his Sunday clothes, he sat in his armchair with his hands clasped in front of him, scarcely speaking a word till Fairy's step was heard on the gravel; then he rose, and tottered forward to meet her.

Seven years had not made much difference in Fairy's appearance. She still looked a mere child, in spite of her four babies; but there was a soft, motherly look in the great brown eyes which they had not before possessed, and a gentleness in her manner as she put both her tiny hands in John's which was even more charming than her former sprightliness.

"John—dear, dear John! I am sorry you are ill, and so glad to see you again."

"My little one, how good of you to come so far to see me," said John, his blue eyes filling with tears.

"Good, John! don't say that. Come and sit down in your own chair, and then I will sit on my little stool; and now you can tell me all about everything. I am not going away again to-day; I told Rex I should stay till to-morrow. I can have my old room, can't I?"

And as Fairy spoke she led the shepherd to his chair, and sat down at his feet with her hand still in his; and when Mrs. Shelley came in, an hour or two later, from Lewes, where she had been to get something for supper, she found the two still sitting there; on John's face a look of absolute contentment, on Fairy's one of gentle solicitude.

"How he is altered, mother!" said Fairy, when she had gone to her own old room to take off her hat and jacket.

"Yes, child; he has never been the same since you left. He will never be any better; it is his heart. He may go at any moment, the doctor told me."

"Poor John! And yet I don't think he cares to live, from what he said to me. But this won't do, mother; we must try to have one more happy evening, for I fear Rex won't let me stay after to-morrow," said Fairy.

And they did spend a happy evening, Fairy often making them both laugh at her accounts of how she managed her babies; and then, after supper, John read prayers, but could not be persuaded to go to bed before ten. At last he consented to go, and, standing up, laid his hands on Fairy's golden head, and said, "God ever bless and keep my little Fairy!" And Fairy, moved by a sudden impulse, pulled the rough, honest hands to her lips and kissed them.

It happened that Charlie was gone to a distant sheep fair, and was not expected home till late that night, and at first Mrs. Shelley and Fairy had intended to sit up for him; but after John was in bed, Mrs. Shelley came to say he seemed so tired and exhausted she did not like to leave him, but, as there was no need to sit up for Charlie, would Fairy like to go to bed too? Fairy, who was very tired, finding she could not have the luxury of a chat with her foster mother, elected to go to bed, and slept soundly till day-

break, when Mrs. Shelley called her up.

"He is going, Fairy: come quickly."

Fairy sprang up, threw on a dressing-gown, and ran into the next room, where the shepherd lay quietly breathing his last.

"Oh! John, John! what is it?" said Fairy, in a broken voice.

The shepherd opened his eyes, called back for one moment by Fairy's voice, smiled at her, sighed, and was at rest.

* * * * *

There is little more to add to the history of the shepherd's Fairy. The romance of her life ends with this story, but the memory of the pious shepherd, who had given her a home for eighteen years, remained for years green in the minds of the Sussex people, to whom he was all his life an object of respect and affection. After his death, Charlie married, and succeeded to his father's house and situation, and Mrs. Shelley went to live with Fairy as head nurse to her little ones, who, as they grew older, came to England every year with their parents, and knew no greater treat than to spend a day in the shepherd's old house, where their mother's early days were so happily passed.



TWO GREY EYES.

CHAPTER II.

IT was a glorious autumn morning when pretty Aileen Leslie tripped down the door-steps, followed by Marjorie and Charlie, all three equipped for a walk.

"Which way shall we go?" said Aileen in her silvery tones, as she toyed with her parasol, and was fully conscious all the while that her father and the rector were looking out of the library window—conscious also of her new white dress and stylish hat, with which Madge's simpler attire could not be compared.

A few suggestions were offered, the knotty point was settled, and they started on their walk.

The two Leslies were in the highest spirits, but Marjorie was looking sad and preoccupied. Poor child! she had had no letter by the Indian mail that week.. It was the first time Colonel Howard had omitted to write to her since they parted, and the disappointment was bitter to one who lived from week to week on the read and re-read Indian letters.

Charlie talked enough for her and himself too, however, and he was in the midst of a most exciting school anecdote, to which Aileen was listening with due sisterly attention, when they were both startled by a stifled cry from Marjorie. They looked up, and found they had reached Horley Copse, and were just overlooking the gipsy encampment. Aileen wished to turn back before they were noticed, but Madge arrested her with a glance, and said, in an agitated whisper—

"Look there! Oh, do stop him!"

They looked, and saw a tall, powerful man mercilessly beating a boy, in whom Marjorie recognised the sleeping van-driver of yesterday, and all her pity was aroused.

"Nonsense, child! we must get away as soon as we can. It is impossible to help him, with all those other men about. Come along."

"If I were alone," muttered Charlie, clenching his fists, "I would give that wretch a lesson. But I can't leave you girls alone; and besides it would be absurd to attempt anything with all his friends to back him up. Don't look, Madge. It is horrible."

Marjorie darted one glance at him out of her grey eyes—a mingled look of contempt and determination; and before her astonished cousins could stop her, she bounded out of the trees and appeared before the amazed ruffian.

"Drop that boy this instant!" she cried, in a clear, thrilling tone, flashing her eyes at the man before her. "How dare you be so cruel? Do you call yourself a man, to hurt a defenceless boy ever so much smaller than yourself."

She paused for an answer, but none came. All the gipsies, men and women alike, were astounded by this sudden apparition, who arrived no one knew whence, showed no fear or hesitation, and commanded their leader—a fierce, untamed rascal, to stop doing that which he did almost every day of his life, while the man himself, cowed, as all bullies are, by coming in contact with a fearless spirit, far superior in every way to his own base self, left off beating the boy, and gaped helplessly at the being before him, who seemed to his untutored mind to be an angel sent from heaven to denounce him.

"What do you mean by it? Answer me!" she said, literally entrancing the man by her fiery gaze.

"Who be you?" stammered the gipsy, trying not to disgrace himself before his tribe.

"I am the daughter of a soldier who would scorn to have anything to do with such a coward; for you are a coward, or else you would not stoop to half-kill a child like that." She knelt down by the unconscious boy, loosened his collar, and then said, "Fetch me some water—quick!"

The bully obeyed her like a lamb, forgetting even to send one of his underlings, and watched her, half-admiringly, as he felt his courage coming back. The boy moved, moaned, and muttered, "Tray."

"Who's Tray, and where is your tent?" demanded Marjorie, looking up for the first time.

"Over yonder," growled the man, pointing to a tent some distance from the others.

Madge lifted up the child, and carried him into it without a moment's hesitation. No thought of danger or impropriety seemed to enter her head; her mind was full of compassion for the ill-used boy—compassion which even drove out for the minute all contempt for the gipsy tyrant. She soon discovered Tray; for, as she entered the tent, she saw a splendid retriever chained up, who made frantic efforts, accompanied with whines and cries, to reach his master.

Madge placed her burden on the ground by the animal, who became wild with joy, and then said, as she propped him up with some old coats—

"What is your name, my boy?"

"Eh?"

She repeated the question.

"Jim," in a scarcely audible voice.

"Jim what?"

"Eh?"

"I mean what is your surname?" smiled his patient questioner.

"Ain't got none."

"Oh!" in a rather surprised tone. "Was that your father who was beating you?"

A scowl settled on his features, and he answered fiercely—

"No; sure that he ain't."

"Have you got a father or mother?"

But the shyness or sullenness had returned, and Madge rose with a sigh, saying—

"Well, Jim, here is a shilling for you, and I hope he will not beat you again."

"Madge, what on earth are you doing?" cried Charlie's voice outside, and he confronted her with the two keepers, all three looking as if they thought she was mad.

"It's all right; I am ready now. I stopped him, and that's all I care about."

Marjorie spoke with a recklessness she did not feel; for now her excitement was cooled down, visions of an angry aunt and annoyed cousins rose before her face, and she walked silently home, rather dreading her reception there.

Charlie knew that it was impossible to make her speak when she had that determined look on her face; so he left her alone after he had awkwardly explained—

"It was a shame to leave you in the lurch like that, Madge; but Aileen was frightened, and I had to take her home first."

"Never mind; I didn't want you," briefly returned Marjorie, rather wounding the young gentleman's self-esteem.

Half an hour later she was in the midst of a Babel of voices.

"Madge, how could you go into that horrid tent?"

"I think it is disgraceful of you!"

"How stuck-up you are, Aileen! I think it was very jolly of her to do it." This last from Kathleen was responded to by Charlie—

"I know it was very plucky. You should have seen her order that man about. No one dared touch her. She looked like a queen."

"Queen, indeed! No queen would do such low things."

"Hush, girls," said Lady Maude's decisive tones, as she entered the room in which the above conversation had taken place.

"Marjorie, is it true that you have been among the gipsies?"

"Yes, auntie."

"Indeed! You knew it was wrong, I presume?"

No answer.

"Marjorie, answer me. I am waiting."

Madge looked up with crimsoning cheeks, and answered firmly, as she tossed back her long hair, her favourite habit when excited—

"I have never been taught before that it is wrong to help other people!"

She would have paid dearly for that speech had not Sir Eric at that moment entered the room.

"Why, my little Marjorie, what is the matter?" he exclaimed, in surprise.

A brief explanation followed, at the end of which her Irish uncle knitted his eyebrows, tried to frown, but signally failed, bit his lip, and finally burst into a hearty laugh, as he put both his hands on Madge's shoulders, and cried—

"Oh, Marjorie! Bravo, little one! You have inherited some of your father's pluck, to storm the enemy's camp like that!"

Of course that settled the matter, and Marjorie was inwardly relieved; but she was strictly forbidden ever to go again to the gipsy encampment. Moreover, she felt that very little trust was reposed in her, while the jokes and taunts that were levelled at her were quite ceaseless.

* * * *

"Now, look here, Jim; all as you've got to do is to creep round to all the traps, and bring the game back to me."

"I know that, and I won't do it neither."

"I'll make yer."

"Tom Simmonds, you killed my mother, and you may kill me; but yer can't make me break a promise. I don't care for yer stick; I've felt it afore now many a time."

"Ay, and you'll feel it agin, me lad; and ye won't have no fine lady a-comin' to blarney me this time, close upon midnight."

A blow—ah! and another—and again another. At last a stifled groan and a cry—

"I'll do it! oh, I'll do it!"

* * * *

"Such an excitement!" shouted Brian, bursting into the breakfast-room, where the whole family was assembled.

"Indeed, Brian! That is no reason why you should come into a room like that. And do you know it is past nine o'clock? I never used to be down so late in my younger days."

"I am very sorry, sir; but I really never woke up," said Brian, in a more subdued tone; but he was evidently bubbling with eagerness to tell the news. "But, oh! I must tell you!" he cried the next minute. "I met Brown in the hall, and he says that any amount of birds and rabbits have been stolen in the night, and it must be those gipsies; for he saw some of them running away, and——"

But here he was interrupted on all sides, while Sir Eric, exclaiming, "Excuse me, my dear; I must go and see into this," strode out of the room with true sportsmanlike interest.

"Go on, Brian. Did he catch anyone?" urged the boys, and the girls were no less eager.

"No; they all got away; but Brown hit one or two, and I think John knocked a small boy right over; but he had disappeared when they went back to look for him."

"But if they were gipsies they can be caught," remarked Aileen.

"Not they," returned Brian. "They have all disappeared, tents and all, and not a trace of them is left behind."

Here Sir Eric re-entered the room with a very perturbed brow, and on being beset with inquiries, he explained—

"Well, the villains have escaped us; but I hope to catch some of them. Ten or twelve brace of my pheasants, besides rabbits and hares—the rascals! However, both our men recognised a man they call Tom Simmonds—the fellow who attacked you girls that day, I imagine."

"Oh, yes; I know the man," observed Eric.

"Do you, though? Oh, that's splendid! because I want you to ride over to Seaforth and describe him to the police, and give them all particulars. Will you? Take Fairy; he has not been out this week."

"Was either of our keepers hurt?" inquired Lady Maude, nodding cheerily to her eldest son, as he leaped out of the window and ran down the drive.

"John was bitten by one of their dogs—a large retriever, I believe. He makes rather a fuss about it; but I don't think it is at all serious."

"Why, that's Tray!" cried Marjorie, involuntarily, and then stopped short, blushing crimson.

"Are you mad?" rather impolitely asked Charlie.

"Who's Tray?" demanded Muriel in the same breath.

"Oh, I saw him that day, you know. He—he is a retriever," stammered Madge, ready to sink into the ground with confusion.

Fortunately for her, however, some fresh information here arrived about the poachers, and in the general confusion she managed to slip out of the room.

To her intense relief, no one reverted to the subject all day. The greatest excitement prevailed; for in a quiet country place such a novelty as a poaching incursion was not to be despised, though, in spite of vigilant search and inquiry, no trace could be found of the offenders.

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WORK.

CHERRIE LEWIN.—1. If you value the brush and comb bag worked in coloured silks, we advise you to send it to a cleaner, and not attempt to wash it yourself. 2. We have already given an article on swimming. If you do not particularly wish to be vulgar, which, from your otherwise nice letter we think you do not, never use the slang expression "awfully jolly." It is not correct English, as one word directly contradicts the other.

JOSEPHINE.—We think that the best book on work of every description, which will therefore prove the most valuable to a needlewoman about to emigrate, is without doubt the "Dictionary of Needlework" (Gill, 170, Strand, W.C.). The art of cutting out both dresses and underlinen and every kind of garment, knitting, crochet, and every description of work is included in the instructions given; and the work was written by two writers for this magazine.

BUZZ.—Of course a mackintosh cloak cannot be mended by sewing; but, at a shop where gutta-percha goods are sold, a tin box of a fluid adhesive mixture can be procured for such reparations.

COOKERY.

KATE writes to say that, in order to boil eggs well without trouble, the egg should be put in when the water is fully boiling, and then the pan should be removed to a cool part of the stove, where the eggs will be done to a turn in five minutes. 2. All kinds of recipes for getting rid of snails in the garden are given; but we believe the only way is to go out and collect them at night, when they make their appearance after dark.

IGNORANCE.—Milk puddings made without eggs are more digestible for invalids than those with eggs.

M. B. L. (Ballymoney).—In the first place the jam was not boiled long enough, and also we think that jam keeps best when covered up while quite hot. It never gets mouldy when so done. There is, perhaps, a lack of air in your jam closet.

MABEL.—What are called Victoria sandwiches are sponge cakes cut into slices of about a quarter of an inch thick, with apricot, strawberry, or some other nice jam spread on the top of one slice and covered with another slice pressed down gently upon the first. The sandwich thus made is in the shape of large diamonds, and covered with pink icing, and should be put into a cool oven to set.

HAWTHORN.—The "Girl's Own Cookery Book," price 1s., is composed of articles selected from the G.O.P., and also Phillis Browne's "A Year's Cookery" is good. Both of these would be valuable to you.

LORIE M. BEAL sends the following recipe for cocoanut biscuits, for which we thank her. Grate a cocoanut, add half a pound of white powdered sugar, and mix both well together. Beat up two whites of eggs thoroughly into a froth, then add the cocoanut and the sugar gradually, while still continuing to beat. Mix in sufficient flour to enable the paste to be handled; roll out very thinly, cut into shapes, and bake in rather a quick oven. As it is difficult to roll out the paste, it is necessary to sprinkle flour on the board continually, and on the roller also. Add a few drops of essence of lemon.

TWENTY.—See vol. i., page 3, for cocoanut cake. Cross your "t's," and make better terminal letters, especially an "s," and never say "doctor" (Dr.). "Sir," instead of "dear sir."

POLLIE.—You will find Genoa cake named in the index to vol. iii., p. 432. Our indexes appear little used by our readers, and thus we do not understand why they make such a fuss about them, and their not being supplied when not ordered.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CHERIE ST. AINGE.—To encourage a man's attentions up to the point of his asking and obtaining your father's consent to your engagement was a heartless, selfish, dishonourable course of conduct, more especially as you say that you "disliked him violently" and "detest him," though you "led him on to think you cared for him!" Confess your duplicity to him, and, in fairness to him, and to your father also, do not make the matter hopelessly worse by marrying a true and honourable man with the feelings of detestation which you express.

KATIE.—The son and representative of the poet, Percy Bysshe Shelley, is Sir Percy Florence Shelley, Bart. He has a house at Chelsea, on the Thames Embankment, and Castle Goring, Sussex. The baronetcy was created 1819. He succeeded his uncle, 1844. Sir John Shelley, Bart., is of Maresfield Park, Sussex. The baronetcy was created in 1611.

TEMPEST writes, "What does make people thin?" and, as usual, suggests the use of lemons. Our answer is, worry, poor living, broken rest, overwork, and frequent exhaustion and disease. These conditions may reduce you to a par with the famous "living skeleton," and make your face like a *death's-head within* a short period of time. We should prefer to be fat.

STYRIAN PEASANT.—Flirtation is the counterfeit imitation of honest and honourable love-making. It consists in frivolous, bantering conversation, personal joking, complimenting, and assuming coquettish manners, while all the while it is mere play, and expresses no genuine regard and friendship, nor any intention of an honourable proposal or acceptance of one. On the woman's part it is "bad form," lacking in self-respect, and sometimes intended to mislead a man into an offer of marriage to gratify her own selfish and unprincipled vanity. On a man's it is cruelly dishonourable. It may so mislead as to break a girl's heart, and needlessly humiliate her before others. Talking pleasantly to a man or a woman, if any special devotion be not exhibited, is not flirting. Circumspection is essential on both sides.

ENTERPRISE.—1. We could not give any opinion as to the saleability of the cards you propose to paint. 2. The name Chopin is pronounced as "Sho-pain."

LACK-A-DAISY seems to lack common sense and good feeling, or she would not allow any boy to meet her as she describes, when she has only to say that if he should continue to do so she will speak to her father. Boys of that sort are usually cowards, as well as lacking in principle. "Lack-a-daisy" could also, if in earnest, change her route home, in order to avoid seeing her vulgar companion.

FIDGETTY FUM.—Nervousness, such as that of which you speak, seems to have something to do with the health, and your parents will do well to consult a doctor about you.

VIOLET.—The articles on good breeding, etc., extend through the whole series of the volumes of the G.O.P.

A Fourth-Form Girl.—The story entitled "That Aggravating Schoolgirl" began on page 2, vol. ii.

Jeanie and Etta.—We fear we cannot help you in any way about the missing indexes. The patterns to be obtained are all clearly mentioned; but those you name are not amongst them, so far as we see.

Viola.—Brown is a very good colour for a school dress, or a dark claret.

E. J. Christian must go to Somerset House and inquire her way for herself. All wills are kept there always, since the year 1837, we believe. She should take names and dates with her.

An Anxious One.—Your duty seems very plain before you—*i.e.*, to stay where you are, and to show forth your Christian living where God has placed you. He will, in His own good time, release you if He see fit; but we are generally most blessed in dwelling at home, employed in our domestic duties.

J. W. J. Promise.—We are glad you appreciate our correspondence columns so much. The article entitled "Etiquette for Our Brothers" appeared in the number for November 4th, 1882, at page 74, vol. iv. Write to our publisher, Mr. Tarn, for it, at our office, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.

Miss Julia B.—Yes, there is a society organised for the preservation of our British wild flowers. It is called the Parkinson Society for the Lovers of Hardy Flowers, and was founded in 1844 by the late Juliana H. Ewing, the writer of the story called "Mary's Meadow." The secretary, Miss A. Sargant, 7, Belsize-grove, N.W., will supply all information about it. Members receive a parcel every month containing a work on gardening, etc. The subscription is 2s. 6d. per annum, to be paid on Lady Day.

Myra.—Sir Christopher Wren died the very same year that he completed the building of St. Paul's Cathedral—1710. It had been thirty-five years in course of building, and Sir Christopher died aged ninety. He had done a great work. Fifty-eight churches, inclusive of St. Paul's, were built by him. The extreme height of the latter is 404 feet, just twice that of the Monument, which is 202 feet.

Mena, Aggie, Annie (Melbourne).—There are many small manuals to be found giving the marks on china. Inquire at your bookseller. We have many subscribers who write for the patterns from Australia, as well as India and China.

Marie.—We hope that some day public opinion will be brought to bear on shopkeepers to induce them to give enough rest to their employées. It cannot be needful to make them stand all day long, one would think.

Gladys.—1. Tomatoes may be trained on espaliers against a wall, or tied up to a stake fixed in the ground close to them; or trained, as in Canada, on two parallel lines of small poles, raised about a foot and a half from the ground. 2. Pansies always, we believe, deteriorate after the first or second season of flowering, but we do not think there is any special reason given.

Helen of Troy.—1. Women canter as a rule in riding; men trot. The word "canter" is an abbreviation of "Canterbury gallop," and is an allusion to the easy, ambling pace adopted by the pilgrims to Becket's shrine. 2. Whyte Melville was a Scotch novelist, born 1821, entered the army 1839, retired 1849, Turkish Contingent 1855, died 1878.

F. M. S.—All the authors you mention are constantly writing and publishing books, besides writing for the G.O.P.

Ruby.—Much depends on your own determination in the cure of stammering. You must read aloud to yourself and to others, speak very slowly and distinctly, and be careful to take a full breath before you begin to speak. Beat the time regularly as you speak, just as for music.

Vis.—Your sister could certainly get a separation, and could protect herself and property from her worthless husband, and she could punish him if he were caught.

E. Gould.—The only thing to do is to change your place of residence, as it evidently does not agree with you.

Ivy (Vict.).—We cannot help you to a knowledge of your own mind, but we can advise you to take no steps to bind you; and let any engagement be a provisional one, especially with a man or boy rather younger than yourself. He might change his mind, too.

Poeta.—We regret that our space is too limited to give whole poems as quotations.

Ada G. Humphrey.—Napoleon II., son of Napoleon I., by Marie Louise of Austria, was born on the 20th of March, 1811, and died 22nd July, 1832.

Florrie.—Dipping the lace in strong black tea (cold) will probably restore the colour.

A Poor Man's Wife.—We regret that we cannot help you, as you appear to have no information to go upon about the will of your friend. We fancy you would have been informed if there had been any mention of you in her will, as she knew your address.

A Reader.—1. Medullary rays are the circles formed by the growth made in each year successively in the trunk of a tree, to be seen in cutting it across its length. The age of the tree is calculated by means of them. 2. Chlorophyll is not a plant; it is the substance in the cells of plants, giving them the green colouring which is shown in the stems and leaves—*chloro* meaning green, and *phillon*, leaf. But it is likewise present, giving the green colour to *Hydra viridis*, *Stentor*, etc. Hairs are not plants either, but the botanical name for conical projections from epidermal cells. In the cells of the hairs of the Virginian spider wort, the movements of protoplasm may be seen by the aid of a microscope. The cotton surrounding the seeds of the *Gossipium herbaceum* are hairs, and nettles have stinging hairs, etc. Raphides (from the Greek *raphis*, a needle) are acicular crystals of *calcicum oxalate*, found in the cells of plants, the cacti family, Turkey rhubarb, and many of the lily family. In the geranium and pelargonium they have a radiating arrangement. 3. You should consult the shilling "Directory of Girls' Clubs" for information respecting Scripture unions (Griffith and Farran, St. Paul's-churchyard, E.C.).

Grateful Alice should have thought of these religious difficulties before engaging herself to her intended husband. It is too late to make them now, and as she must act like an honourable woman she had better consider the matter with him. Then, if they truly love each other and desire to serve God, they will not find much difficulty in agreeing, while, perhaps, they may agree to differ.



THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. VIII.—NO. 381. APRIL 16, 1887. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

IN THE DAYS OF MOZART.

THE STORY OF A YOUNG MUSICIAN.

BY *LILY* WATSON.



All rights reserved.] "'I HAVE THE HONOUR TO PRESENT TO YOU THE CHILDREN OF YOUR SON.'"

CHAPTER I.



It was a stormy April evening in the year 1761. The sun had vanished behind a lurid mass of clouds, and the wind was rising fast from the dying day, a wind that shrilled and moaned by turns down the ravine in the Salzburg Alps, as if it were the voice of the spirits that are said to haunt the lonely hills.

"A wild night, a wild night; we shall have a storm," muttered a foot traveller, who, with his cloak wrapped tightly round him, was climbing a path that apparently led further and further from all human habitation. It was a rough road cut in the steep side of a valley. Far down below it a torrent clamoured fiercely, hidden from the traveller's view by the trees and brushwood that clothed the descent to its brink; and beyond the torrent the mountains rose again in wild untrodden wastes, aspiring to the evening sky.

Not a soul could hear the pedestrian's remark, and he made it apparently rather to cheer himself in the awful solitudes, and as a counter-charm against the angry roar of the stream than for any purpose of information. He spoke in German, and an attentive observer, if there had been one within hearing, would have caught the Viennese dialect.

Yet the traveller was not alone; a little way behind him there toiled a rough vehicle, drawn by a sturdy mountain pony, and covered by a species of arched tarpaulin that concealed its freight from view. The road was extremely narrow, and if the pony had not been well accustomed to its task, a wheel might easily have slipped over the brink, with disastrous consequences; more disastrous, indeed, than at first appeared, for suddenly from within the cart came a faint child's voice—

"Are we nearly there, Gottfried?"

The pedestrian turned, and pushing back his slouched hat, showed a kindly, furrowed face—the face of a man of sixty, with grizzled beard, wrinkles on his brow, and a gentle look in his eyes.

"What, not asleep, Blümchen? I hoped thou wast resting."

"I am not asleep," returned the child; "I had to take care of Rudolf. *He* sleeps."

The man approached and looked into the vehicle. The child who had spoken was a girl of about eleven years old, whose ethereal loveliness made her seem a singular burden for so rough a conveyance, although the details of her physiognomy were common enough in Saxon children. Fair hair, shrouded by a pushed-back hood, fell abundantly upon her shoulders; her skin was delicately pale, and her great blue eyes were fixed upon those of Gottfried with a steady, appealing expression. In her lap there slumbered a pretty boy, apparently a year or so younger; dark lashes rested on his flushed cheek, and his brown locks had strayed from the velvet cap. One hand of the child Elsa rested on his shoulder with caressing touch, the other was lightly uplifted, as if to warn Gottfried not to wake him. The instinct of the "little mother" could be read at once in the sister.

"If the wind and the torrent do not rouse him, pretty one, Gottfried's voice will not," said the man, speaking more softly nevertheless. "No, we cannot have far to go; but close thine eyes, for it grows late."

"I would rather take care of Rudolf," said the child, with an air of maternal dignity.

"As thou wilt; but I must go on ahead, or the pony will not advance," said Gottfried. That intelligent animal had discovered at once that its master's attention was diverted, and had slackened its slow pace almost to a standstill.

The road now entered a forest, where the giant firs sighed and shivered in the wind; it seemed as though a very ocean were roaring overhead, and it grew darker and darker.

"I trust Castle Höhenfels is not much farther," muttered Gottfried Werner. "Her Majesty the Empress Maria Theresa might have sent a younger man on such an errand. At my time of life, forsooth! A pretty journey from Vienna to Salzburg, and changing of horses and carriages, and I know not what."

But in reality Gottfried would have been greatly offended and distressed had anyone excepting himself been put in charge of the children of his dearly-beloved master, Conrad von Eberstein, colonel in the empress's army, and only son of Herr Johann von Eberstein, to whose country seat the little company were journeying. And his long and toilsome efforts were soon to meet with a reward.

On emerging from the forest a little cluster of scattered lights higher up the valley, at a spot where a bridge spanned the raging torrent, showed that a hamlet lay there, and on a jutting eminence above the hamlet loomed a dark mass, wherein twinkled one or two stray lights.

"That is the Castle Höhenfels!" cried Gottfried. "Yonder dwells thy grandfather, Fräulein."

"I know," she rejoined; "it looks like an ogre's castle I have read about, it is all so ghostly, so wild. Oh, it is wonderful!"

"You are not afraid?" Gottfried anxiously inquired, preparing to bring to the rescue the stock of anodynes with which good people soothe imaginative children, to the effect that there are "no such things" as ghosts, fairies, ogres, and all the airy host of them.

"No, no," rejoined Elsa, "I am not afraid, but it makes me tremble; the stream speaks so loud in the dark. I have never been anywhere like this before."

As she spoke the slender frame shivered, but she strove almost immediately to compose herself, and drew the cloak more tenderly over the sleeping boy.

"Surely," muttered Gottfried, "these valleys and mountains are not like the streets of Vienna. I had forgot how little the child has seen of the world."

Meanwhile the inmates of the castle perched on the height yonder were all unconscious of the little band of visitors pressing upwards through the gathering night. It was an ancient building, partly fallen into decay, built on three sides of a courtyard, which was approached on the fourth by an arched gateway. From the courtyard one entered straight into a lofty hall; a cheerful fire of logs was roaring up a vast chimney, the walls were hung with faded tapestry and trophies of the chase, and an old oaken staircase, with broad, low steps, led up into darkness. No living creature was to be seen excepting a couple of great deerhounds lying in front of the fire in perfect ease.

One of the doors from the hall on the left led into a room where the chief personages of the household were to be found. Here, also, a ruddy fire raced up the chimney, and in front of it, cast into a vast arm-chair, there heavily slumbered the lord of the castle, Herr von Eberstein. His muddy jack boots and the stains on his dress seemed to show that he had been engaged in some outdoor pursuit, and had not troubled to change his attire before the heavy supper that had flushed his weather-beaten countenance. It is not fair to portray a man under such circumstances! It is enough to say that he was past middle life, of burly frame, with grizzled hair, and bushy eyebrows. An atmosphere of tobacco-smoke filled the room.

In a low window-seat, as far as possible from her father, reclined a slender woman of two or three and twenty, with her face pressed against the pane, looking out into the windy night. This was Herr von Eberstein's only daughter, Lucinda. The oil lamp gave but a dull light, and it seemed that the young lady was terribly weary of the evening, for she yawned again and again in a thorough despairing fashion, that spoke of complete *ennui*. The view upon which she was gazing, though obscured by the gathering darkness, was of wild magnificence, even in its dim outline, for the front of the castle looked down the valley; but if Lucinda had been asked to express her thoughts just then, she would have replied, "One cannot live upon scenery, and with no companion but a father who shoots or fishes all day and sleeps all the evening, and an old nurse-housekeeper, life in a castle in the Salzburg Alps is not a lively thing."

"Had she no books?" some reader may suggest.

But at the time of our story the latter half of last century was not many years old, and the vast mass of fiction that to-day charms the leisure of young men and maidens of every European nation was a thing undreamed of. On the bookshelves in Lucinda's room were some volumes of poets—Gellert, Haller, Canitz, Hagedorn, Drollinger—now slumbering in dusty oblivion, but at that time much in favour. She had learned a little English, and possessed

Shakespeare's plays and "Robinson Crusoe" in that language, but Lucinda did not love reading, and was, in sooth, terribly in want of occupation. Had it not been for needlework, a few housewifely pursuits, visiting the inhabitants of the hamlet below the castle, and the music lessons her father allowed her to take, she would have been completely at a loss how to kill time.

And yet it was a stirring epoch. The Seven Years' War between Prussia and Austria was still raging, in which the Great Frederick was striving to hold the field against Russia, Austria, and France, and the air rang with the news of warfare.

In every department of life on the Continent of Europe—social, theological, political, literary—there was a feeling of unrest. The impulse to freedom of thought, which the Reformation had given to religion, was only just spreading from theology into the sphere of politics and literature. Absolute monarchs, like Frederick the Great and Maria Theresa, were beginning dimly to feel that their day was short, and that their children would hold a different place; or, if they did not feel this, others saw it, and the young and valiant Baron Trenck, in the cell in Magdeburg Jail, to which the tyrannous cruelty of Frederick had consigned him merely on suspicion, crouching on a damp floor, and fettered with sixty-eight pounds of iron, was meditating a passionate outcry of revolt that, when at last it could find utterance, should shake the very heavens with its protest against despotism, and never cease to resound for a hundred years. The seeds of the French Revolution were being sown; the harvest was not to come till twenty-eight years later, and Marie Antoinette was still a bright and happy child.

In the firmament of literature, stars of the first magnitude were about to rise. Goethe was a beautiful and precocious boy of twelve, startling his family circle in distant Frankfurt by his rapid progress in study; while Schiller was as yet an infant.

But in the world of music the stirring of growth was most deeply felt. The rise of oratorio and symphony, so swift and marvellous, were things of present history. The sightless Handel had, two years ago, gone to his rest in England, his foster country, leaving behind him works of colossal majesty that will never die. Glück was producing his German operas at Vienna; and Haydn, in the same city, had lately given his first symphony to the world.

"What do I know or care about such things?" the listless Lucinda would have said. Her father had of late taken up his abode almost entirely at the old castle near Salzburg, and the echoes from the great world arrived but rarely and faintly to her ears. Of gay and facile nature, her heart nevertheless held one real affection, that for her only brother Conrad, who had so intensely displeased his father by a marriage with a public singer at Vienna that for the last twelve years the irascible Von Eberstein would not consent to hold any communication with the couple. Lucinda's mother—the only person who could have hoped to influence the obstinate old man—was dead; and the union between father and daughter was rendered no closer by the bitter thoughts Lucinda cherished in secret.

She had never forgotten her kind, handsome elder brother, and once or twice she had seen him by stealth, but she was too much afraid of her father to do this often. Herr von Eberstein had very strict notions about filial obedience.

How little they knew that the past, with irresistible grasp, was about to lay hold upon them both! Lucinda was just crowning her discontented mood by some rueful thoughts of this same brother when a loud hoarse clang of the courtyard bell re-echoed through the castle and set the dogs barking violently. Herr von Eberstein started from sleep, and Lucinda sprang to her feet. There was a confused clatter of opening doors, clanking bolts, tramping on stone flags, and then a hubbub that seemed as if every member of the household staff were exclaiming in a different key.

"What is it, what is it, Lucinda?" demanded her father. "A pretty hour of night for all this commotion! Go thou and see."

But there was no time, for the door burst open and the old nurse, Bettina, rushed in crying, "O, my master! my master, come."

"What ails the woman?" growled the master, but he followed Bettina and her mistress into the hall. There, indeed, an unwonted sight met his gaze. A fairy girl-figure with golden hair falling against the dark background of her hooded cloak, and large blue steadfast eyes raised to his, stood holding by the hand a little boy. Her protecting air seemed scarcely warranted by their apparently slight difference in age, while the startled dismay of being abruptly roused from slumber was depicted on the little fellow's face as he stared from one to the other. An elderly man in travelling dress stood beside the pair, and an excited eager group of servants crowded in the background, their desire to embrace the children kept in check by their awe of "the master."

"What is this?" roared Herr von Eberstein.

"Gnädiger Herr," said Gottfried Werner, stepping forward and bowing low, "I have the honour to present to you the children of your son."

"You have, have you?" ejaculated the old man, when passion and amazement had let him speak. "And pray, who may you be; who sends you here?"

"I am sent by Her Majesty the Empress Maria Theresa."

In spite of himself Herr von Eberstein was checked and obliged to listen.

"Your Excellency may be aware that your son's wife, the good and talented Ottilie von Eberstein, died of consumption a year ago. These, her children, have been under their bereaved father's charge. But he is called to the war; he can no longer look after them. He is one of Her Majesty's most valued officers; she wills not that these sweet little ones be left to strangers. She bade me, therefore, bring them to you, 'their natural guardian,' as Her Majesty said, when I had the honour of an audience; and I bring you a letter from the Court, recommending them well to your oversight and that of mademoiselle your daughter."

As he spoke Gottfried turned to Lucinda, who was instantly down on her knees before the children, kissing and hugging them with all her might. He then, with another formal bow, handed a letter bearing the imperial seal to their grandfather.

The interest of Maria Theresa in the domestic concerns of her subjects is a matter of history. She held very strong views on conjugal and parental duties, and liked where she could to enforce them. The cruelty and coldness of Herr von Eberstein to his son, a gallant officer in her army, and to his wife, a well-known singer and music mistress of irreproachable character at Vienna, had long excited her royal indignation; and now that her poor favourite Ottilie was dead and her children needing care, she was resolved to bear it no longer. Taking matters into her own hands she assured the colonel that his father ("ignorant country boor *that he must* be!" she said to herself, parenthetically) should be made to hear reason, and placing the children in the care of an old family servant, she despatched them forthwith to their unconscious relatives.

But it is not easy to describe the grandfather's feeling. For twelve years he had been nursing anger against his son. What was in reality the rage of a strong will thwarted, and ambition frustrated, had come to him to seem like virtuous indignation. He looked upon himself as a Lucius Junius Brutus, and only half intended, at some distant date, to forgive his son when he came in sackcloth and ashes to the parental roof. No such humiliation had taken place, and yet, here he was, suddenly ordered to receive and provide for his grandchildren, son and daughter of the woman whose name he detested; ordered to do it as a matter of course, with no tribute to his righteous indignation thrown in. He would not *brook it!* Averting his eyes from the innocent, helpless couple, he cried—

"What should I do with them! Begone where you came from!"

Frightened at the rough tone and words, the little boy burst into sobs and tears. His sister, without a sign of alarm on her own account, drew the pretty brown curls upon her breast, and hushed the child tenderly with her little hand.

"Never mind, Rudolf, dear! Let us have another ride in the cart. *Gottfried* will find us somewhere else to go."

But a murmur of irrepressible indignation broke from the servants. Lucinda started to her feet, and Gottfried exclaimed—

"Mein Herr! the darkness! the rain! It has already begun! the storm is growing! You will not turn the pretty lambs out on such a night?"

No; that he would not. Unknown to himself, Herr von Eberstein's impetuous utterance had been but the gathering crest of a wave that flings itself, broken

and helpless, upon the shore. His indignation was spent in that outcry; it was melting fast. The little boy raised his face from his sister's breast, and looked up. Those were Conrad's eyes!

An unaccustomed moisture suddenly came into the grandfather's own. How should he act? how comport himself in a becoming fashion of sternness before all these people? It would never do; they would not respect him any more. The only course was to fly.

Hastily muttering something that sounded like "Let them stay!" he dashed into the other room, and flung to the door. Had anyone dared to follow him into that solitude, they would have seen the strong man with his arms on the table, his face hidden upon them, and his frame shaken by sobs. The past rose before him in irresistible might; the fountains of the great deep were broken up, and no barrier could avail any more to stay the flood.

Lucinda, bewildered and delighted, was lavishing caresses on her niece and nephew, while Nurse Bettina hastened to make more practical arrangements for their comfort, and Gottfried tried to answer fifty questions at once from the Babel of domestics.

"But can we stay, Elsa?" wailed the little boy. "The man won't let us!"

"Yes he will," replied Elsa, "for he was crying."

(To be continued.)



MUTTON CUTLETS.

By PHILLIS BROWNE, Author of "The Girls' Own Cookery Book."



CUTLETS are amongst the things which everyone who is acquainted at all with cookery is supposed to know all about as a matter of course. "Can she cook mutton cutlets?" a mistress will sometimes ask when inquiring the character of a cook, feeling all the time that the question is on a par with "can she boil a potato?" or "can she make gruel?" Yet even if the answer were in the affirmative, the information given would not amount to much. To say that a girl can cook a cutlet is like saying that she can paint a picture, or write a poem, or make a dress. The question is "how can she do it?" Has she intelligent ideas concerning it? Will she produce a *satisfactory result?* There are many varieties in the way of cooked cutlets, and it is probable that the person who is past mistress in the art of dealing with cutlets could deal with much else, and would command our respect as a culinary authority all the way round.

In proposing to deal with cutlets the question first of all arises, "What is a cutlet?" There seems to be a little confusion in certain quarters as to the meaning of the term. We hear of loin chops, neck chops, loin cutlets, neck cutlets, fillet cutlets, veal cutlets, fish cutlets, chicken cutlets, lobster cutlets, &c. The word cutlet is used indiscriminately. What constitutes a cutlet? and what is the difference between it and a chop? Strictly speaking, I should say that a cutlet is a small piece of meat which has been neatly cut and carefully trimmed. The difference between a chop and a cutlet is that the chop is not specially trimmed. It is cooked as it is cut from the joint, and it furnishes most excellent palatable food, but it is not regarded as an elegant dish. It would, when well cooked, admirably meet the requirements of an invalid or of an unfortunate bachelor, or of an individual who wanted something to eat in a hurry, or of one who liked what was old-fashioned and boasted that he cared nothing for "kickshaws." But that its value is limited, few will deny.

The worst of a chop is that it is extravagant. It is frequently chosen by people who have not very much money to spare, yet it usually proves to be a most costly morsel, and costly because there is so much waste in connection with it. Scarcely anyone who sits down to a chop eats the whole of what is set before him. He takes the rounded succulent tender piece from the top, which is without doubt, when obtained in perfection, a true *bonne bouche*, scarcely capable of being surpassed, but which furnishes only about four or five mouthfuls. Then he picks a scrap or two from the side; then he cuts through the fat; then he pushes his plate away. Probably every mouthful enjoyed has cost three-halfpence. This is how ninety-nine chops out of every hundred which are cooked are disposed of. If people would carve their chops reasonably, cut the meat away entirely from the bone, and take fat and lean together, chops would not be at all objectionable. But it is very seldom that this is done.

The advantage of cutlets is that with them elegance and economy can be combined. Trimmings which are cut off before meat is cooked stand a chance of being made the most of, the fat rendered down, the bones and skin stewed to make gravy. But trimmings which are left from the table are generally thrown away. Therefore, although cutlets are often spoken of as most expensive, they need not be so at all if girls can once master the mystery of preparing them at home. With regard to mutton cutlets, for instance, which is the sort we are now thinking about. The best cutlets are taken from the neck; a neck of mutton bought whole is one of the cheaper joints. Of course cutlets bought ready trimmed for sixteenpence per pound, and the trimmings left with the butcher, are to be ranked amongst the luxuries of civilisation. Economical folks would feel disposed to place them by the side of the purple and fine linen, indulgence in which is synonymous with extravagance. But cutlets taken from the "best end," and trimmed by the cook, with the scrag end of the joint used for Irish stew, hot pot, or mutton pie, and every scrap utilised, are not by any means unprofitable. Let girls, therefore, before attempting to grapple with this branch of cookery, invest in a small hand-saw; resolve to bestow a little care upon it, dry it carefully after using it, and keep it in a dry place; for it must on no account be allowed to get rusty. Then let them try what they can do in the way of trimming the cutlets, and after a very little practice they will do the business so quickly, and find it so easy, that they will at once join the economists, and pronounce it an extravagance for anyone to buy cutlets ready trimmed.

To prepare the cutlets, first of all saw away the chine bone, and, by the way, the "chine" bone is the spine bone, the flat bone which lies at the top of the chops. Then saw away two or three inches off the ends of the ribs, cut the skin away from each side of the bone, and trim away the meat from the end of the rib, leaving about an inch of the bone quite bare. Shape the cutlets neatly, and make them as much as possible like a jargonelle pear. Trim away the gristle and pare off the meat and skin from the inside of the bone. Leave a little fat, as much as is likely to be eaten, and flatten the cutlets with a chopper or the flat part of a carving knife dipped in cold water. Make the thick end a neat round, and cut away all skinny unsightly parts. The cutlets will then be ready for further treatment. If well made they will be about four inches long, two inches broad at the broadest part, with the rib at the end of the meat bare for about an inch.

One word must be said about the number of cutlets which can be obtained from a neck of mutton. This depends a good deal upon the ideas of the carver. If the mutton is small (and small mutton is best for this purpose), and if only the most shapely part of the neck were used, there would be seven cutlets, four with bones and three without. But some carvers would prefer to have a bone with every cutlet, others would take them alternately, one cutlet with a bone and another without; others, in order to increase the number, would try to make the best of the less shapely parts. I know a butcher who says he should be ashamed of himself if he did not always get at least twelve cutlets out of every neck of mutton, and the thinner he cuts them the better he is pleased.

It is evident, therefore, that the number of cutlets obtained will vary; but if the dish is to look well there must be no variability about either shape or thickness, and above all they must not be too thick, because thick cutlets are inelegant. I should say that they ought to be about the third of an inch thick for frying, and half an inch thick if they are to be *sauté*. My acquaintance, the butcher, however, who is so proud of his powers in cutting cutlets, says that if they are more than a quarter of an inch thick they are vulgar.

Mutton cutlets may be stewed, broiled, fried, and *sauté*, and if well cooked they are excellent every way. I will describe all these modes of cooking them; but I should say that the last is the method most usually followed. It will be understood that by frying I mean cooking in a large quantity of fat, enough to

drop the meat in and cover it entirely, and by *sautéing* I mean cooking in a fryingpan with a small quantity of fat melted, say an ounce or two. In either case the cutlets can be egged and breaded, and as I described this process in detail a little while ago, I do not suppose I need refer to it again, except to put in a reminder that the crumbs must be fine and even and the covering complete. It is to be noted, however, that when people say, "egg and breadcrumb a cutlet, and fry it in the usual way," they almost always intend that it should be *sauté*. Many cooks never use the verb *sautér;* they call cooking food in a large quantity of fat "wet frying," and cooking in a small quantity of fat "dry frying." It does not signify very much which term is used, so long as there is a clear understanding of the meaning. Authorities almost universally agree in preferring "dry frying" for cutlets; excepting when the latter are very thin and boneless, then they can be wet fried with advantage. In this case they will not take more than half a minute to cook if the fat is hot, and they will be very delicious and succulent.

Now let us take these various modes of cooking mutton cutlets one by one and deal with them in detail:—

Mutton Cutlets Stewed.—Trim the cutlets neatly, and prepare as many vegetables (turnips, carrots and potatoes), equal quantities of each, as will be needed to pile in the centre. With a vegetable cutter form these into fancy shapes of uniform size and not too small. They might be about the size of filberts, or very small new potatoes. When ready throw them into cold water till wanted. Lightly brown the cutlets on both sides in a little clarified fat, then put them into a stewpan with the carrots and enough stock to cover them. Add also the pulp of a fine ripe tomato, freed from seeds and skin, and a small bunch of sweet herbs. Simmer all gently together for about twenty minutes, then add the potatoes, and in a few minutes the turnips. Simmer once more till the vegetables are sufficiently cooked, by which time, in all probability, the meat will be tender also. Add additional seasoning to the gravy if this is needed, thicken it with a little flour, take out the herbs, and serve the cutlets in a circle on a hot dish with the vegetables in the centre, part of the gravy poured round and the rest in a tureen.

Mutton Cutlets Stewed in their Own Gravy.—(Miss Acton's way, suitable for invalids): Trim the fat entirely from some loin cutlets, dip them into cold water, dredge them moderately with pepper, and plentifully on both sides with flour. Rinse a thick iron saucepan with spring water and leave two or three tablespoonfuls in it. Arrange the cutlets in one flat layer and place them over a very gentle fire. Throw in a little salt when they begin to stew, and let them simmer as softly as possible, but without ceasing, from an hour and a quarter to an hour and a half. If carefully dressed and most softly stewed they will be tender, easy of digestion, and nutritious, and at the same time free from everything which can disagree with the most delicate stomach. If, however, they should be allowed to boil quickly, they will be worthless. The cutlets should be turned when half cooked, and if any fat is on the gravy it should be skimmed off before serving. If gravy does not flow from them sufficiently, one or two additional spoonfuls of broth or water may be put to them.

Mutton Cutlets Broiled.—Cutlets should be about half an inch thick for broiling, and they will need a brisk, clear fire. Pepper them lightly. Rub the bars of the gridiron with mutton fat; make them hot over the fire; lay the cutlets upon them, and cook them till done, turning them often during the process. They will take about eight minutes. Many cooks season the cutlets with salt and pepper, and brush them over slightly with oil or dissolved butter, and this helps to keep in the gravy. The plates and dishes should be exceedingly hot for cutlets.

Mutton Cutlets Fried (wet fried).—Cutlets to be cooked in this way are best taken from a loin of mutton which has been well trimmed, boned, and then divided into slices about a quarter of an inch thick. Take care that the fat is very hot, so hot that it is still and a fume rises from it. Plunge the cutlets in, and as soon as they are deeply and richly browned they are done. If the fat is of the right temperature the cutlets will be done in less than a minute. If it is not hot enough they will be sodden. Drain them when done on kitchen paper, and serve.

Mutton Cutlets Sauté or "fried in the usual way."—Trim the cutlets neatly, and egg and breadcrumb them, and in doing this be careful not to finger them, but lift them by the inch of bare bone at the end. Melt two ounces of butter or dripping in a *sauté* pan, and when this is hot place the cutlets upon it in a circle, with the broad end to the outside and the rib bones meeting at the centre. Put them over a quick fire, and when about half done turn them, so that they may be coloured equally on both sides. They will take about seven minutes. In lifting them be particularly careful to stick the fork into the fat and not into the lean. Have ready a plate with a piece of kitchen paper upon it. As the cutlets are done, place them on this to drain away the fat. They should be dished in a circle, one leaning upon another, and with the bones to the inside. Various sauces and vegetables may be served with them, and the dish usually takes its name from the accompaniment. I will give two or three special recipes for these garnishes.

Mutton Cutlets à la Soubise (A very favourite and well-known dish.)—Soubise sauce is really nothing but superior onion sauce, and it is said to have taken its name from the Prince of Soubise, a great epicure who lived in the time of Louis XIV., and who was exceedingly fond of it. Soubise sauce should be decidedly thick, and if it can be enriched with a little cream and butter all the better. The following is M. Francatelli's recipe, slightly altered: Peel and slice eight large onions and put them into a stewpan with two ounces of butter, pepper and salt. Cover the stewpan and set it over a slow fire, or by the side of the fire, till the onions are soft, but do not let them acquire any colour. Add four ounces of flour, two freshly boiled or baked mealy potatoes, and a pint of milk or good stock; in the latter case half a pint of cream must be added. Stir over the fire for fifteen minutes, pass the sauce through a hair sieve, and keep it hot by setting it in a small covered pan and surrounding it with boiling water till wanted. An easier way of making this sauce is the following: Peel four or five average sized onions, slice them and put them into a stewpan with cold water to cover them. Let them boil, then throw the water away; cover them with fresh water, and boil till tender. This is done to make the onions milder in flavour. Chop the onions finely, or, better still, rub them through a sieve. Melt an ounce of butter in a small stewpan. Mix smoothly with it three-quarters of an ounce of flour and stir in half a pint of water. Let the sauce boil, and continue stirring for three minutes; add pepper and salt, the onion pulp, and two tablespoonfuls of cream. If cream is not to be had, the melted butter may be made with milk instead of water.

Mutton Cutlets à la Soubise is finished in various ways. Sometimes the sauce is poured over the cutlets and into the centre of the dish also; sometimes the sauce is poured round the cutlets, or served in a sauce-boat, and turnips and carrots cut into fancy shapes with a vegetable cutter and boiled separately are put into the centre; sometimes the coating of egg and breadcrumbs is omitted, and the cutlets are plainly fried till brown on both sides or stewed in gravy before being covered with the sauce. Whichever method is preferred, however, cutlets garnished with good onion sauce may correctly be entitled *cutlets à la soubise*.

Cutlets à la Macédoine is a very usual and a very excellent dish. As I suppose everyone knows, a macédoine is a mixture of vegetables cut into fancy shapes, boiled separately, then mixed together, and tossed over the fire at the last moment with a spoonful or two of good white sauce, or, wanting this, of butter. Almost all sorts of vegetables may enter into its composition—carrots, turnips, haricots, peas, asparagus points, Brussels sprouts, etc.; if every care is taken that each sort shall be cooked till it is soft, without losing its form. As different sorts of vegetables require different treatment, each one must be specially considered. Also the vegetables before being cooked must be cut to pretty shapes with a vegetable cutter. Where it is not convenient to prepare macédoines at home, they may be bought in tins ready for serving, and needing only to be made hot. If I recollect rightly, I explained all about this once before in an article on "Preserved Provisions."

For Cutlets à la Macédoine trim, egg, bread and fry the cutlets in the usual way. Dish them in a circle on a border of mashed potatoes, and put the macédoine in the centre. Send brown sauce to table, either poured round the cutlets, or in a boat. When the sauce is served separately the cutlets will be much improved in appearance if a little paper frill be tied round the bare end of the bone. But when there is sauce on the dish it is much better not to put frills on the bones, because, should the frills slip off and fall into the sauce, the cutlets would look most untidy. These frills can be bought ready made, or they may easily be cut at home. When cutlets are without bone they can be tied beforehand on a small piece of stick and then stuck into the cutlet.

Cutlets with Brown Sauce.—Egg and bread the cutlets and fry them in the usual way. Prepare and chop small one shalot, half a moderate sized carrot, three mushrooms. Melt an ounce of butter in a small stewpan, and fry the vegetables in it. Mix in an ounce of flour, and add half a pint of stock, a bay leaf, and a sprig of thyme. When this boils, draw the pan back and let the sauce simmer for twenty minutes; add pepper and salt; strain the sauce through a fine strainer, make it hot, and serve round the cutlets.

Cutlets à la Bretonne.—A great authority in cookery once said that Bretonne sauce was to Soubise what brown is to white, and also that the Celts of Brittany had immortalised themselves by means of a few onions and haricot beans. The Bretons are famous for serving mutton with brown onion sauce mixed with haricot beans, and the combination of flavours is delicious. Soak over night, and boil till soft, half a pint of haricot beans. Chop fine two large onions, and fry them in butter with a little salt and a sprinkling of sugar till they are of a rich colour, without being at all burnt; then put them to stew gently in their own juice till soft. Add an ounce of flour, half a pint of stock or water, and a little pepper and salt. Stir the sauce over the fire for ten minutes; add the cooked haricot beans; then dish the fried cutlets in a circle with the sauce in the centre.

Cutlets à la Milanaise.—Egg and bread the cutlets in the usual way, excepting in one particular—when preparing the crumbs for breading the cutlets, mix with them one-

fourth of their weight in grated Parmesan. Make ready a Milanaise Ragout. Perhaps it will be well to explain that a ragout is a relishing accompaniment served with meat, and it generally consists of a combination of delicate trifles mixed in sauce. Plain folks would call it a garnish, for it is neither more nor less than a garnish; but the name of ragout is preferred, because it happens that there are three or four well-known preparations which go by the name, and which are therefore recognised at once by those who are familiar with the subject. Thus there is the Financière Ragout, which is made of cocks'-combs, truffles, sweetbreads, and mushrooms, mixed in very rich brown sauce; Toulouse Ragout, made from the same ingredients, mixed in good white sauce; Chipolata Ragout, made of equal proportions of small sausages, bacon, rolls, mushrooms, carrots, and turnips, all cooked separately and mixed in rich brown sauce; and, the plainest of all, the Milanaise Ragout, which we are talking of now. For people who prepare only one meat dish for a meal, like to have that well served and then be done with it, these elaborate ragouts would be very absurd, because they would require so much preparation, and when all was said and done the game would not be worth the candle; but for people who have to provide large dinners and have brown and white sauce ready made for various purposes, with vegetables trimmed and cooked for garnishing, it means very little to take a small portion from this and a small portion from the other, put them together with a little of the sauce ready to hand, and call the mixture a ragout. Yet even the plain people need not be afraid of Milanaise Ragout, because it is very delicious, very wholesome, and really makes a dish of cutlets go further than it otherwise would. Still, even Milanaise Ragout may be elaborately prepared, and, for the benefit of those who like elaboration, I will give first the complicated recipe (Francatelli's), and then the simple one which I am accustomed to follow.

Milanaise Ragout.—No. 1. Cut into inch lengths by a quarter of an inch square the following ingredients, ready cooked: Macaroni, ham or tongue, truffles, mushrooms, and chicken or game.

Prepare these in equal proportions, and in such quantity as required, and put them into a small stewpan with a little good white sauce, about an ounce of grated Parmesan cheese, a very little nutmeg and pepper. Toss the ragout lightly over the fire till quite hot, and serve. No. 2. Break a quarter of a pound of macaroni into small pieces, put it into boiling water with a little pepper and salt, and let it boil for twenty minutes. Strain away the water, and put it back into the stewpan with half a pint of stock, and simmer again till the stock is absorbed. Sprinkle one ounce of Parmesan grated over the macaroni and shake the stewpan over the fire. In a minute or two add another ounce of grated cheese and an ounce of butter. Keep tossing till the cheese is melted and the macaroni stringy. If, through want of moisture, the cheese should become oily, add a spoonful or two of stock and stir the preparation over the fire for a minute. Dish the fried cutlets on a wall of mashed potatoes, put the macaroni in the centre, and pour a little brown sauce round them.

The next dish—*Chaud froid of Cutlets*—is served cold, and is useful for a supper party or for a collation. The day before it is wanted, make a little aspic for garnishing and put it aside to go stiff. This can be easily made as follows: Soak an ounce of gelatine in cold water to cover it. Stir a spoonful of extract of meat into a pint of boiling water, add a little salt and a teaspoonful of chilli vinegar. Dissolve the gelatine over the fire, and mix it with the liquor. Clarify in the usual way with white of egg, turn into a shallow dish, and set in a cool place. The quantity of water named here may seem small, but it should be remembered that aspic jelly for garnishing should be very stiff. Divide the best end of a neck of mutton into cutlets, and let there be a cutlet to each bone. Trim these neatly, leaving half an inch of bone bare upon each; put them in a baking-tin, and slice over them one carrot, one turnip, a small onion, and a small piece of celery; pour on half a pint of second stock, cover the meat with greased paper, and bake in the oven for about three-quarters of an hour, or till the cutlets are tender but not over-cooked; baste frequently. Take them up, and press them till cold; stir a little extract of meat in a gill of water to make deep brown gravy, and mix with this a teaspoonful of gelatine melted. Brush the cutlets over with this quickly-made glaze till they look smooth and shiny; dish them in a circle round boiled haricot beans which have been tossed in mayonnaise; chop the aspic and put it round the meat, and garnish the haricot salad with sliced tomatoes. Just before serving, sprinkle a little chopped green parsley over the beans. If tomatoes are not to be had, sliced beetroot may be used instead, but in either case the finishing touches of colour should be added last thing, that they may be quite fresh.

One more recipe and I have done. It is *Cutlets à la Pompadour*. Braize the cutlets as in the last recipe. When cold, mask or cover one-third of them with white sauce, one-third with red sauce, and one-third with green sauce, and put the sauce on carefully with a spoon, covering the cutlet evenly all over. All three sauces may be made of stock, the white sauce being made with cream, the red sauce with lobster, coral, or cochineal, the green with watercress or mustard-and-cress which has been pounded and rubbed with butter through a sieve. As already remarked, it would not be worth while to procure the ingredients for the special purpose of making a dish of this kind; but when one is providing for a supper party or anything of the sort it would be very easy to utilise scraps and odds and ends to make all sorts of elegancies. It must not be forgotten, however, that sauce for masking must be made so that it will be stiff when cold; therefore a little dissolved gelatine should be mixed with it, a quarter of an ounce of gelatine being sufficient for half a pint of sauce. Arrange the cutlets in a circle and make the colours alternate, and be careful when doing so not to disturb the coating of sauce. With the help of a little taste a dish of this description may be made to look both pretty and unique.

VARIETIES.

A Child's Question.—A little child once asked her mother, "Mother, what part of heaven do people go to who are good but not agreeable?"

Day, Night, and Time.

Two horses free, a third doth swiftly chase,
The one is white, the other black of hue;
None bridles have for to restrain their pace,
And thus they both the other still pursue,
And never cease continual course to make,
Until at length the first they overtake.

The foremost horse, that runs so fast away,
It is our time, while here our race we run;
The black and white presenteth night and day,
Who after haste, until the goal be won,
And leave us not, but follow from our birth,
Until we yield and turn again to earth.

Geoffrey Whitney, 1589.

Take Care of the Thoughts.—To suffer the thoughts to be vitiated is to poison the fountain of morality.—*Dr. Johnson.*

How Wisdom Shows Itself.—Wisdom does not show itself so much in precept as in life, *in a firmness* of mind and a mastery of appetite.—*Seneca.*

Haydn in London.

Haydn used to relate, with much satisfaction, a dispute he had with a London music-seller. Going into his shop one day, he asked if he had any good music lately published.

"Certainly," said the music-seller, "I have got some sublime music of Haydn's."

"Oh," answered Haydn, "I'll have nothing to do with that."

"How, sir, nothing to do with Haydn's music! And pray what fault do you find with it?"

"Oh, plenty; but it is useless talking about it, since it does not suit me. Show me something else."

The music-seller, who was a warm Haydnist, replied with indignation, "I have got music, it is true, but not for such judges as you," and turned his back upon the stranger.

As Haydn was leaving the shop, pleased and tickled with the adventure, a friend came in and saluted him by name.

The shopman turned round at the name, and said to the gentleman who had just come in, "Haydn! Aye, here is a pretty fellow for you, who says he does not like that great man's music."

The gentleman laughed heartily, an explanation followed, and the enthusiastic music-seller was introduced to the man who had dared to find fault with Haydn's music.

An Artist's Marriage.

Flaxman, the great sculptor, married before he had acquired any distinction in his profession; he was merely a skilful and promising pupil. When Sir Joshua Reynolds heard of his marriage he exclaimed, "Flaxman is ruined as an artist!"

But it was not so. When Flaxman's wife heard of the remark, she said, "Let us work and economise; I will never have it told that Ann Denham ruined John Flaxman as an artist."

They economised accordingly. To earn money Flaxman undertook to collect the local rates, and what with art and industry, the patient, hardworking, thrifty couple, after five years of careful saving, set out for Rome together. There Flaxman studied and worked, there he improved his knowledge of art, and there he acquired the reputation of being the first of English sculptors.

Cheerful Wives.—A cheerful temper, not occasionally, but habitually cheerful, is a quality which no wise man would be willing to dispense with in choosing a wife.—

Mrs. Ellis.

TWO GREY EYES.

CHAPTER III.



ABOUT five o'clock that afternoon Marjorie tapped at the lodge door, and announced to John's old wife that she had come from Lady Maude to inquire after her husband's wound.

"Step in, miss; do 'ee, now. It is kind of ye to come and ask after my gude man. Sure, and he's a trifle better jest now. Won't ye take a seat, miss?" vigorously dusting a chair which already shone with repeated polishing. "Oh, and ye are gude!" Here Madge produced some delicacy from a basket. "I never *did* see sich a kind young lady."

"Oh, but, Mrs. Jones, could I see John, do you think?"

"He'd be only too pleased, miss. Why, your pretty face would do 'im a sight o' good. Come this way, Miss Howard."

So saying, the garrulous old lady led the way into the kitchen, where John was sitting in an armchair, his leg well bandaged up and he himself looking utterly doleful.

After Marjorie had duly inquired after his health, commiserated with the sufferer, and successfully parried all attempts to show her the wound, she began—"And how did you know the poachers were there, John?"

"Wal, miss, this is 'ow it all 'appened. Me and my missis was woke up aboot one o'clock by a shout over in the copse yonder! so in course I fetched Brown, and we went and found all the fellers a taking to their heels. I come upon one young rascal who looked as if he'd bin knocked about the 'ed afore; but Brown he says he hadn't had nothin' to do with 'im; so p'raps he'd fallen down and hurt hisself, and then hollered out, and so we heerd him. Leastways, there he was, wounded somehow," added John, with true countryman's logic.

"But why did you not catch him?" eagerly inquired Madge.

"Theer, miss, excuge me, but you speak without knowing. No sooner did I lay hands on 'im than up bounces a huge dog, which bit me in the leg, and so I let 'im go. I should like to ketch that dog, though." And poor John ruefully rubbed his leg.

Marjorie again sympathised with him, and then had to submit to one of Mrs. Jones's ramb'ling stories, which lasted so long that when at last Madge did take leave both her little gold hunter and the waning light told her that it was past six o'clock.

"Mrs. Jones is a dear old soul; but I wish she would not inflict such a wearying yarn on me when I want to get home. Poor Jim! it must have been he whom John found last night. I wonder how he got hurt. Dear me, how dark it is!"

Such were Marjorie's thoughts as she made the best of her way home through the park, for she was hungry, and wanted her tea, and, besides, she had no wish to be out so late alone.

It was one of those cold, damp autumn evenings which we so often get in September; the dead leaves on the ground were sodden together by the rain, which had been falling nearly all day; the sky presented a dull, leaden aspect, just tinged with red in the western horizon; the trees formed a dark mass on each side of the path, casting a gloomy shadow over everything. Altogether it was an evening calculated to make one feel "creepy."

Marjorie shivered, partly with cold and partly with nervousness, and again wished that she had come away sooner.

"How silly I am! There is nothing to be afraid of," said Madge aloud, in a reassuring tone; but her voice sounded so strange that she relapsed into silence again, and hastened onwards.

Suddenly she heard, or fanced she heard, a rustling among the trees and underwood on her left hand. Her heart beat violently; but she was no coward to scream or faint away. She stopped short, and listened intently. Not a sound was to be heard except the drip, drip of the damp trees, or here and there the shriek of some night-owl.

Thinking she must have been mistaken, Marjorie summoned all her courage together, and started afresh; but she had hardly taken half a dozen steps when—there it was again! It sounded as if someone were breaking through the bushes towards her, and Marjorie cried out as boldly as her lips would frame the words—"Who is there?"

In answer to her inquiry, a figure emerged from the trees, and appeared in the path some little distance beyond our poor little heroine, who tried hard to remember that she was a soldier's daughter and ought not to show any signs of fear. As far as it was possible to see, the intruder was a tall, gaunt woman, dressed in long untidy garments, with straight, raven-black hair, which added to her almost unearthly appearance. Madge's thoughts instantly flew to a story, often told by the boys on purpose to frighten her, of a former Lady Leslie, whose ghost was wont to frequent the park. The apparition, however, dropped a very human curtsey, and spoke as follows:—

"Oh, Miss Howard, I've bin lookin' for ye all the arternoon. Would ye do a kindness to a puir body as is a wantin' of ye?"

Very much relieved by this decidedly unghostlike address, Madge walked closer to the woman, and then recognised in her a person known in the village as Meg the Sorceress. Who first gave her this *sobriquet* was not known; but it was always stated as a fact that she had underhand dealings with poachers and gipsies, and, moreover, she was reputed to possess an evil eye, which bewitched everyone and everything on which it looked.

Although glad to find she was not a spirit, yet Madge was naturally not very pleased at her *rencontre* with this suspicious character, and therefore said rather sharply—

"Who wants me? and why did you not come up to the hall for me?"

"Why, you see, pretty miss, it's a puir gipsy lad as is a lyin' hid in my cottage. He's bin knocked aboot terrible, and does nothin' but ax fur ye—leastways, I guessed from his description as it was ye he was a wantin' of; so I jest comed up and looked for ye. I'm afeard as poor Jim is a dyin'."

"Jim, did you say?" cried Marjorie. "Is he at your cottage?"

"Sure, and that he be."

Conscience struggled against pity and inclination, and the latter won the day. Another minute, and Madge was hastening down to the village with her strange companion, thinking of nothing but the dying gipsy lad who had "axed" to see her.

When they entered Meg's tumbledown hut they were greeted by a low growl. It was some little time before Marjorie's eyes became accustomed to the dim light, and then she saw poor little Jim lying on a heap of straw in the corner of the bare room. His thin, wasted arm was flung round Tray, who also afforded a pillow for his master's head. No longer did he possess those brown cheeks and liquid dark eyes which had so attracted Marjorie's attention when she first met him. She saw instead pale, emaciated cheeks, two bright, sunken-in eyes, which restlessly wandered here, there, and everywhere, while the wavy black hair was matted together and half-hidden by the bandage which was tied round his head.

Marjorie was shocked beyond expression; she bent down to the little sufferer, and softly said—"I think you asked for me, Jim."

"I thought you'd come," said Jim's weak voice. "You're the only crittur as has bin kind to me since she died."

"Your mother?"

"Yes. He killed her by marrying her; but she made me promise not to grow up wicked like him; so I wouldn't steal, but shouted to warn your keepers, and so he knocked me on the head."

"Who did?" asked Madge, rather confused by his tale.

"Tom Simmonds; and he won't have to do it again, neither. I know I am going away fast—I don't know where; no one has ever taught me nothing since she died. She used to tell me somethin' about heaven; but I guess that ain't fur chaps like me."

"Oh, yes indeed, Jim; it's for everyone who tries to be good, and you have tried by not stealing."

"I thought it was only for hangels like you," ruminated Jim, half aloud. Then he roused himself, and said between gasps of breath, "But I 'aven't forgot 'ow ye saved me a beatin'; so I wanted—to find a 'ome for Tray, and I thought—you would take 'im and look—arter 'im. I've nothin' else—in the world but 'im."

Tray whined softly, as if he understood every word his dying master said, and Marjorie took one little white hand between her two chubby ones, and whispered, as the tears rolled down her cheeks—"Very well, Jim; I promise to take care of him, and no one else shall have him while I am alive."

A bright look passed over his face, which almost immediately changed to one of horror, as he shrieked out—

"Oh, mother, mother! don't let 'im touch my hangel! Take care!" clutching Marjorie's arm; "he's going to hit yer with the stick!"

"There, there, laddie, lie down! Don't ye listen to 'im, miss; 'e don't know what 'e's saying," and Meg gently laid the boy down, and arranged the shawl which covered him with no rough hand.

A pause for some minutes, and then a change passes over the lad's face. Marjorie tries to pray, but the words will not come; she smoothes the tiny hand so trustfully laid on her lap, and watches the child's struggles for breath. He moves his lips; she stoops to catch the murmured words—

"I knew—you'd come and fetch—me, mother. Good-bye, my hangel"—his voice grew weaker still—"you'll—come—soon—and—bring—Tray—good-bye—Tray!"

A silent room—a heart that beateth not—eyes that see not—lips that breathe not. Happy, oh, thrice happy little Jim!

(*To be concluded.*)



MAY-DAY IN THE OLDEN TIME.

A CHORUS FOR MAY.

By M. M. POLLARD.

SUNSHINE is over the plain,
  Listen to Nature's grand chorus,
Voice answers voices again,
  And the spirit of music steals o'er us;
Listen! the warbling that rises
  High in the o'er-arching trees,
The deep woods are full of surprises,
  As softly the leaves kiss the breeze.

Linnet, and blackbird, and thrush
  Keep time to the tune of the river
That flows amidst pebbles and rush,
  And murmurs and ripples for ever.
Oh! clear is the trill of its measure,
  As it wanders through many a nook,
As it dimples and ripples with pleasure,
  And loses itself in the brook.

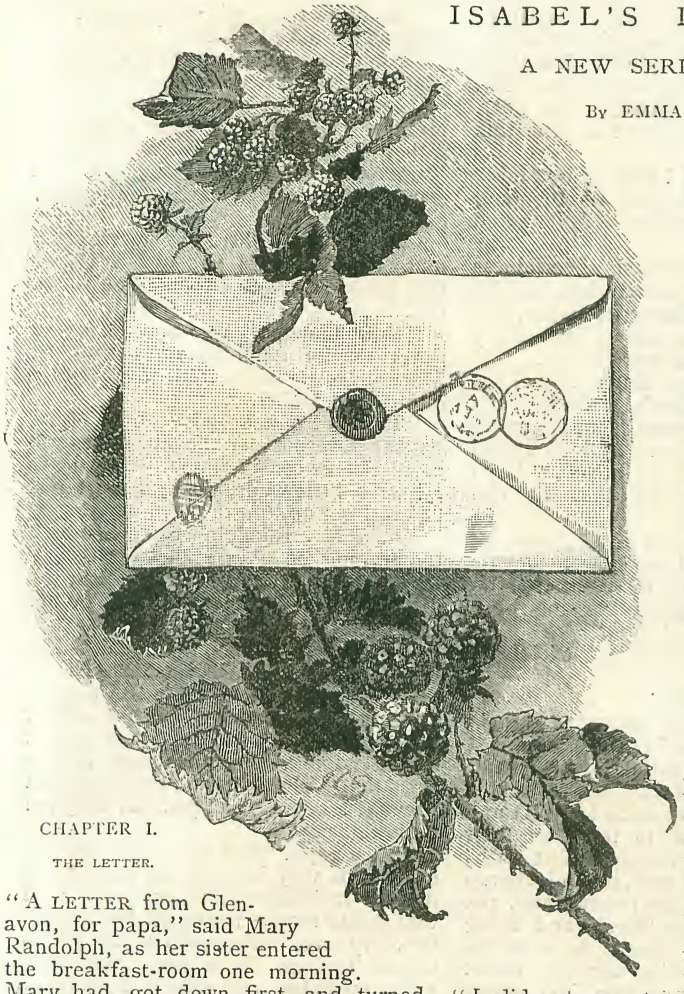
Listen! the low mystic sigh
  That tells in the pine trees of sadness.
That steals like a requiem by,
  A minor key struck in the gladness:
Through aisles that are sombre and solemn,
  That even at noontide are grey,
Each tree a cathedral-like column,
  Whose boughs sigh and whisper for aye.

The grass waves its low monotone,
  The insect hums loud as it flashes,
The water-fowl murmurs alone,
  As adown in the brooklet it splashes;
And children that gather the daisies,
  Chime in with their joy and their play—
All Nature resoundeth with praises!
  Oh, is there not music in May?

ISABEL'S FORTUNE.

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

By EMMA DIXON.



CHAPTER I.

THE LETTER.

"A LETTER from Glenavon, for papa," said Mary Randolph, as her sister entered the breakfast-room one morning. Mary had got down first, and turned over the pile of letters lying near her father's plate. She held the Glenavon letter in her hand, and her elder sister, glancing at the handwriting as she passed, said carelessly, "From uncle."

"Yes; I wonder what it can be about!" exclaimed Mary, scrutinising the handwriting more closely, as though that would help her to find out.

Mabel, too, felt a little curious, but she disdained to let her curiosity be seen by Mary, and turned to warm her hands at the fire without further remark.

But Mary went on with her examination of the letter she held in her hand. "The letters look shaky, as though uncle was ill when he wrote it," she said, after a minute's pause. "I do wonder what it can be about. It is the first letter we have had since you came home, Mabel," she added.

Her elder sister smiled. "There is nothing very wonderful in that," she said; "I did not expect to hear from them very often, for cousin Isabel was my only friend, and now she is dead Glenavon is nothing to me," and as she spoke the tears slowly welled into her eyes, and fell upon her black dress, at the recollection of this dear cousin, with whom she had spent so many happy hours during the last year of her life. Mary did not notice her sister's emotion, and ventured another remark: "I wonder whether this letter is to ask you to go to Glenavon again, Mab," she said.

"No, no; of course not; uncle would not send for me now. It is about some business matter that concerns papa."

"Business? But business letters all go to the office," said inquisitive Mary, "and I'm glad of it, for we hear enough of business when papa comes home, looking so cross and gloomy, and making mamma so sad and anxious; you don't know how worried she is sometimes, Mab, with papa, and the house, and the children; I don't believe she has had a new dress for herself for more than a year," added the girl confidentially.

Mabel looked at her sister incredulously. "Not had a new dress!" she said. Amid the abundance and luxury of Glenavon she had well-nigh forgotten the small economies of her own home, and these had often been an annoyance to her since her return. She could not, or would not, understand the need for these, and Mary's remark about her mother's dress vexed her now. "Papa ought to see that she had a new dress," she exclaimed.

Mary shook her head. "Papa would never think of proposing such a thing now; he wants all the money for business. I hate the name of business," concluded Mary, coming to her sister's side.

At this moment Mr. Randolph entered the room, and Mary moved towards the table. "You will have to pour out the coffee, Mabel," he said, after the usual morning greetings.

"Isn't mamma well?" asked Mary,

as her father took up his bundle of letters.

"No; she has had a bad night, and is very poorly this morning." He spoke in an abstracted tone, for as his eye fell upon the Glenavon letter he tore it open instantly, laying the others aside, and now he was devouring its contents with as much eagerness as Mary had scrutinised the address on the envelope. Before he had read many lines, something like a smile broke over his careworn face, and he hurried from the room and upstairs to his wife.

"I wonder what it is!" exclaimed Mary once more, as the door closed.

Mabel thought it beneath her dignity to express any curiosity, whatever she might feel, and went on with her work of putting milk and sugar into the cups, without replying to her sister, while Mary busied herself in cutting some bread and butter. Then she placed some dry toast on a plate, ready to carry upstairs to her mother. "If you will pour out a cup of coffee, Mabel, I will take mamma her breakfast," she said.

"Nonsense, Mary; ring the bell and let Caroline take it," said her elder sister.

"No, no; mamma don't like the servants being called from their work; we don't have a woman to help once a week now, and she says we must do all we can to spare them trouble."

Mabel looked annoyed. It was these little things, these small economies constantly cropping up, that destroyed all her peace of mind, and the calmness she had set herself to cultivate.

Mary saw the look. "There, don't think about it, Mab," she said; "it is disagreeable, I know, but it can't be helped," and as she spoke Mary jumped up, took a small tray from the sideboard, seized the first cup of coffee that was poured out, and carried it to her mother. If she expected to hear anything about the letter, she was disappointed, for as she tapped at the bedroom door the talking inside ceased; but, whatever its contents might be, she judged it could not have brought other than good news, for the lines in her father's face had greatly relaxed, and something like a smile hovered about his lips as he took the letter from his wife's hand and put it in his pocket.

Mary looked at her mother, but could make nothing out of the calm, gentle face that greeted her with the accustomed smile and morning kiss, and asked if everything was ready downstairs for papa.

"Oh, yes, everything," replied Mary promptly. "Mab has poured out the coffee, and I have cut the bread and butter," and then Mary paused, looking wistfully at her mother as she sipped her coffee. "Did the letter bring good news?" she ventured to ask.

"I hardly know yet; I have scarcely had time to think of it," said Mrs. Randolph.

"Is uncle and aunt and Julia quite well?"

"Your uncle is not very well, he says, but he does not mention the others."

"Does - does he want Mabel to go back again?" she asked, for Mary had made up her mind that this was the news the letter had brought.

Her mother smiled at her eagerness. "Oh dear no," she said; "Mabel has told us that she saw very little of her aunt and cousin Julia; all her time was spent with Isabel. But now you must go to breakfast, Mary; you know it vexes papa to be kept waiting, or to commence before you are all at the table."

Mary knew it well enough, but she was thinking more of the letter than her breakfast this morning, and as she went slowly downstairs she said half aloud, "I feel certain that letter has brought some wonderful news; I wonder whether Mabel has heard anything about it?" and as this thought crossed her mind she ran quickly downstairs and into the breakfast-room.

Her abrupt entrance would have brought an angry reproof from her father at another time, for he, like his eldest daughter, was fastidious about slight annoyances, and Mary looked up expecting a reproof; but to her surprise her father went on reading his letters without noticing her, and certainly he was looking less anxious and careworn.

Breakfast passed most pleasantly, and just before he went out Mr. Randolph said to Mabel, "My dear, your mother wants to have a little talk with you by-and-by."

"About the letter; I know it is, Mab," exclaimed Mary, as soon as the door closed; "go up at once, will you, and hear all about it."

Her father's unwonted cheerfulness had made Mabel scarcely less curious than her sister to know its cause, and so she needed little urging from Mary to go upstairs and see her mother.

After the usual greetings, Mabel sat down by her mother's bedside; but Mrs. Randolph seemed in no hurry to open the conversation. At last Mabel grew impatient, and exclaimed, "Papa said you wanted to talk to me, mamma."

"Yes, dear, I have some news for you, but I scarcely know how to begin; hardly know whether to thank God for what may be a great blessing or a great curse to you."

"Oh, mamma, what is it?" exclaimed Mabel.

"Isabel's fortune!"

"Isabel's fortune!" repeated Mabel; "I do not understand you, mamma."

"I daresay not, and I must explain. Your uncle, it seems, had set aside five thousand pounds each for Julia and Isabel, to be paid to them on their wedding day, or their twenty-first birthday. When Isabel died, he took charge of her desk and all her papers, and, not feeling very well last week, and being unable to go to business, he took the opportunity of looking through them. There was a letter written just before she died, but not quite finished, in which she asks her father to let you take her place, and whatever he had intended to give her, as her portion of his property, to give to you; and your uncle is so anxious to fulfil all her wishes, that he proposes to make over to you at once the five thousand pounds that he had set aside for Isabel when she was twenty-one."

"Oh, mother!" was all Mabel could say for a minute or two, as she sat with clasped hands and tear-dimmed eyes thinking of her dear cousin. The money for the moment was forgotten in the joy of receiving this fresh proof of her loving thoughtfulness and care. "I should like to see dear Isabel's letter, mamma," she said.

"Your uncle believes she intended giving it to him before she died, but the last attack prevented her finishing it, but he desires that you shall receive the interest of the money from the date of that letter."

"Have money of my own very soon, mamma!" exclaimed Mabel, in wondering surprise. "Then I can be a missionary after all, and we can have a governess for Mary and the children," said Mabel joyfully.

"My dear, we will not decide hastily, but certainly you will have the right to dispose of it as you please; the interest, that is; the principal of course you will not be able to touch."

"And how much will the interest be, mamma?" asked Mabel.

"About two hundred pounds a year, your father thinks."

"Two hundred pounds!" exclaimed Mabel. "Oh, mamma, what shall I do with it all? We will have a governess and another servant, and you shall have some new dresses, and Mary too, and——"

"I don't think there will be room for many more 'ands'; you will find your fifty pounds a quarter soon come to an end if——"

"But, mamma, we may have a governess for the little ones, and let Mary have lessons from a master," interrupted Mabel.

"I think I can promise about Mary, but the governess for the little ones will require some consideration. Now leave me for a little while, dear; I must rest before I get up."

When Mr. Randolph came home in the evening he gave Mabel her uncle's letter to read, and then spoke about the disposal of the income that would be her own exclusive property.

"You know, Mabel, my business has fallen off a great deal the last year or two," said her father, "but if I did not have to draw upon it quite so much for household expenses for the next year, it would enable me to make such alterations that I should soon recover my lost ground, I believe, and you can help me to do this now."

"Yes, papa," said Mabel, but she did not say it very heartily, for during the day she had been thinking over a plan that would require nearly all her income to carry out. She wanted to go to Girton College for a year, and then study medicine, and qualify herself for a doctor, that she might become a medical missionary to the women of India. It was a noble ambition, her mother had said, and Isabel's fortune would be made a blessing to thousands if it could be carried out, and having thus gained her mother's approval, she had thought the rest would be easy.

Mr. Randolph did not notice the disappointment in Mabel's tone. He, too, had been forming plans during the day, but to carry them out would require that all Mabel's money should be spent in the household, leaving a very small portion at her own disposal.

Mrs. Randolph had feared something of this kind would be proposed by her husband, and therefore she could not encourage Mabel very much in her noble ideal until she had heard her husband's views upon the matter.

When she knew he had spoken to Mabel, she said, "You have heard, of course, what she wishes to do with this money?"

"I have told her what I wish, and of course she is agreeable, for she can have no use for such a sum of money."

"Did she not tell you she wished to go to Girton, and afterwards study medicine?"

Mr. Randolph opened his eyes in the greatest amazement.

"Go to Girton and study medicine? What ridiculous nonsense! Why, she is provided for now; what more does she want!"

"The being provided with food and raiment for life is not sufficient for a girl like Mabel," said Mrs. Randolph, warmly; "she is anxious that her life should be a useful one, and ever since she was a little girl, you know, she has talked of being a missionary."

"Oh, yes, I know," said the gentleman, testily, "but she will have to learn that charity begins at home, and surely she can make her life useful by helping you with the children."

Mrs. Randolph sighed, but she knew that no good would be accomplished by saying any more to her husband, and in a few minutes she left the room, and went in search of Mabel.

"My dear, I am very sorry," she began, seating herself on the little couch beside her daughter, and drawing her head down upon her shoulder.

"Oh, mamma, I am so disappointed," exclaimed Mabel, bursting into tears afresh, as her mother tenderly stroked her hair, and drew her close to her side.

"Yes, dear, it is very hard, I know; but, my love, I do not think you will be asked to give up your plan of usefulness altogether. A year will not make much difference, and if papa can have this money of yours for a year, and we live economically——"

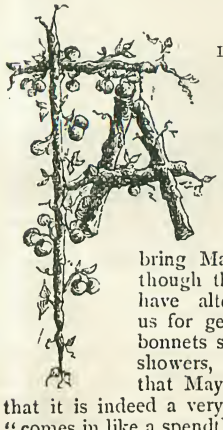
"But, mamma, I hate living economically," protested Mabel; "it makes everything uncomfortable, and I had made up my mind that now this money had come, there would be no need for it."

"But, my dear, there will always be a need for it, though I cannot see that it must make us uncomfortable," said her mother.

"But it does, and nothing can prevent it," pouted Mabel. "Of course, papa must have the money, and I must wait for a year," she added, and with this very ungracious assent to relieve the home pressure, Mabel turned away and wiped her eyes.

(To be continued.)

NOTES FOR MAY.



ALL through the showery and uncertain weather of April we have comforted ourselves with the thought (or we ought to have done so, if we remembered the rhymes we were taught in the nursery) that "April showers bring May flowers;" and although this reflection may not have altogether compensated us for getting our new spring bonnets spoiled by unexpected showers, it is cheering, now that May is really here, to find that it is indeed a very flowery month. She "comes in like a spendthrift, lavishing flowers on every hand." Horse-chestnut, apple and pear trees, mountain ash and acacia, lilac and laburnum, are all in full bloom; the lime trees are beginning to scent the air with the fragrance of their blossoms, while even the hawthorn, which in many counties is actually called by the name of the month, though not always willing to adapt itself to new fashions so far as to be in full bloom by our modern May Day, generally manages to be up to time for the old date of the festival, eight days later than our present one.

The subject of plant names is a very wide and very interesting one, connected as it is with folk-lore, the old healing art, and old customs generally. In days gone by, the different plants were not so clearly distinguished as is the case now; the one mentioned above, for instance—hawthorn—was to our forefathers simply the tree that bloomed in May, and was therefore called by that name.

In the same way a plant was often called by the same name as some other to which it had a real or fancied resemblance, with the name of some animal (chiefly "horse" or "dog") prefixed, to distinguish it. These prefixes were especially used where the plant to be named had a larger, stronger growth than the original, or was in some way inferior to it. Thus the "horse-radish" has some resemblance, in the appearance of its edible part, to the long small radish, but the taste is of course much stronger and more pungent. It is a rather disputed point how the "horse-chestnut" came by its name; whether it belongs to this class, as being stronger in growth than the sweet chestnut, its nuts resembling the edible ones in appearance, but not being good for food, or whether its name was derived from the scar left by each leaf as it falls, which has seven black marks like the nails of a horse-shoe. In this case it would belong to the class of plants taking their names from a fancied, and sometimes far-fetched, resemblance to something in the animal world. In this class we have the cranesbill, the horsetail (sometimes called mare's tail), the coltsfoot, the hare's-foot fern, and many others.

The prefix "dog" seems rather to point to inferiority of some sort. Thus, "dog-violet" is the larger, lighter-coloured, but scentless violet. The "dog-rose" is the sweet, wild rose, which is considered (by gardeners at any rate) as inferior in form to the cultivated kinds. This inferiority does not, however, apply to the dog-daisy (otherwise Marguerite, moon-daisy, or ox-eye daisy), for this flower seems to have lost nothing by its larger, stronger growth.

May is a month of activity in the animal as well as in the vegetable world. Readers of Charles Kingsley's "Water Babies" will remember his delightful description of the caddis-worms; and now is the time to find them building their castles under the water. Girls who have an aquarium may add some extremely interesting objects to their collection now, if they go out with their nets to the streams and ponds, and catch a few of the larvæ of the dragon-fly and the short-lived May-fly; they will find them both busily at work, chiefly engaged in chasing and eating aquatic worms and insects, till the time approaches for them to change their state, when they crawl up some plant to the air, and remain there motionless till they are at last ready to emerge.

Young birds are now about too, learning to fly or run. When the plumage of the cock and hen bird is alike, the young frequently have a distinct plumage of their own, as is the case, for instance, with swans and seagulls. When the cock and hen are different in appearance, the young resemble the mother in their first feathers, the young cocks only acquiring their distinctive plumage later on.

Birds that fly much, such as swallows, blackbirds, and thrushes, have their wing feathers developed early; while those that run chiefly, such as partridges and fowls, gain strength first in their legs and thighs.

Young animals, the first part of whose life is spent in a nest, are blind and weak-limbed for some time. If they had their sight and could run at once, they would be in danger of straying from the nest and getting injured, while the parents were away seeking food. Cats, dogs, and mice are instances of this.

On the other hand, those that usually enter the world singly, and are expected to run about with the mother at once, have their sight at once, and their legs are long and thick, looking out of all proportion to their small bodies. A very young lamb, or calf, or foal is anything but a graceful object, but it can run fast and keep by its mother's side at an age when a puppy or kitten can do nothing but sprawl about helplessly.

Ten-weeks stock should be sown at the end of April, or the beginning of May, according to the weather. The seeds sprout in about twelve days, and should then be thinned vigorously, so as to give each young plant room to grow.

Night-scented stock should also be grown now; it needs very little attention beyond thinning when the seeds have sprouted. In the daytime it is neither very pretty nor sweet-scented, but when evening comes on its flowers open, and its sweet fragrance fills the air.

Many plants started in the house should be put out now, but must be guarded against the cold nights we may still expect. Among these are dahlias, hollyhocks, antirrhinum, and dianthus. Girls who have no means of starting plants in heat, may judiciously expend a few pence at the nearest florist's; he will be able to advise as to which plants will suit the local soil.

Beware of slugs and snails; and lay traps of cabbage leaves, and rings of soot or sawdust, about the young plants, or they will hardly have a chance for their lives.



NOTICES OF NEW MUSIC.

We wish to heartily recommend "A Complete Course of Wrist and Finger Gymnastics," by Anna Leffler Arnim. This little book is likely to save much pain and trouble to the young pianist, and the exercises, which are so clearly explained in it, are as indispensable to fingers as other forms of hygiene are to other parts of the body. You can obtain this invaluable work of either Messrs. Czerny, 394, Oxford Street, or Messrs. Cramer and Co., 201, Regent-street.

We have also received the Third Book on the *Theory of Music*, by Louisa Gibson, a fitting completion to her excellent work. In all points most clear and distinct, students may safely examine it alone with some hopes

of understanding what is so frequently made as complex as it is possible to be.

WEEKES AND CO.

A Vesper Hymn, An Evening Love Song. Words by Thomas Moore. Composed as four-part songs. By Ernest Kiver. The first of these part-songs especially is charmingly written, and they should both become favourites.

Lord Ullin's Daughter. Once again set as a four-part song, this time by Dr. A. H. Mann.—A very dramatic setting, as any good illustration of this most dramatic "ballad" should be.

Three songs by Cotsford Dick.—Both the fanciful words and the quaint, tuneful music maintain the popular reputation of this writer and composer.

A Shepherd in the Forest Lay. Song. (With Violin Obbligato.) By Louis N. Parker.—An excellent song, with a well-developed and most interesting subject, and a delightful obbligato, never crowding out the voice, and always entering in an acceptable manner.

Queen Anne. Gigue for pianoforte. By Arthur Henry Brown.—Quite a characteristic piece, conceived in every way according to the spirit of the age it is supposed by its title to represent. A good subject for practice.

Scaramouch. A caprice for pianoforte. By the same composer. Is also very suggestive, and, at any rate, a capital piano piece.

ROBERT COCKS AND CO.

Progressive Exercises in Sight Singing for Vocal Classes. By W. Henry Thomas.—Are very useful, and specially adapted to gradually leading on the pupils to more advanced stages in musical instruction. We must learn to sing readily at sight nowadays, for there is so much that is new for us to learn, and we lose so much by leaning on the assistance of a piano to hammer our part into us.

The Early Bird. Song. Music by R. B. Addison.—A simple setting by this clever composer of some amusing words, in which well-known proverbs are made to suit some rather awkward circumstances.

Two Spirits. Poetry by Clifton Bingham. Music by S. A. Sabel. Suitable for contraltos.—The words are above the average, and the melody is peculiarly graceful, if somewhat trite.

Lazily. A river song. Composed by A. Percy Ames.—Has a flowing, tuneful character about it, and is pleasant to sing.

NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO.

Annette. Song for baritone voice, with clarinet and piano accompaniment. By Charles H. Lloyd.—A work (it is more than the accepted notion of a mere song) replete with tender, musicianly feeling. Although the violin, viola, or 'cello may be used in place of the clarinet, it is evident that the obbligato part is eminently fitted to the latter instrument, with the compass and genre of which it is in perfect sympathy.

LAMBORN COCK.

Follow Me. A legend of the Loreley's fascination. Music by Theodore Distin. Very simple and effective. The compass is from tenor C to E flat.

ORSBORN AND TUCKWOOD.

Angels' Tears. Song written and composed by M. Piccolomini. Most poetical words set to common musical phrases. It is a poor compliment to this composer to announce on the *inside* pages of his song the names of "Fascinating songs by (other) renowned composers."

The Vesper Hour. Song written and composed by Sidney Beresford. Introduces in a rather happy way the old well-known setting of Moore's "Hark, the vesper hymn is stealing."

W. MORLEY AND CO.

Merry Crotchets and Quavers for Merry Little People is a capital shillingsworth of fun and music, containing dances of all sorts, over a dozen nursery rhymes, six songs, and musical games and puzzles *ad libitum*, all of these specially adapted to little folks' requirements.

MARRIOTT AND WILLIAMS.

Round Tree and Bush. Canon for two equal voices. By Walter Van Noorden. An interesting canon with no lack of "go" about it.

Four Ballades for Piano. By Joseph Trouselle. No. 1 of this set is a simple melody, with an episode of an equally simple nature. A small song without words.

In his *Pianist's Album* Mr. Trouselle is more successful; the "Rivulet" (No. 2) and the "Fairy Tale" (No. 9) being very pretty.

Nocturne in B minor. The first of two graceful original Nocturnes by Whewall Bowling.

HOW I TAUGHT MYSELF TO READ THE GREEK TESTAMENT

BY EVELYN UPTON.

I AM not a Girton girl. I have not graduated at Newnham or St. Margaret's Hall, or attended lectures at King's College. I have never even been in for the Oxford or Cambridge Local Examinations. On the contrary, I was instructed at home on the old-fashioned lines of education by a succession of governesses, the last of whom departed when I was just thirteen. Therefore I am of opinion that anyone well versed in the three Rs may fairly expect to succeed unaided in translating the easy Greek of the New Testament as well as I have done.

Perhaps I should add that when I was about sixteen, by way of letting off some of the mental steam, I began to study Latin for my own amusement. Then, a few years later on, I determined to attack the Greek tongue, in order that I might reach the goal of my ambition, and read the New Testament in the original. Possibly my knowledge of Latin may have been of some service to me in learning Greek; but I do not consider it at all an indispensable preliminary.

An acquaintance with the Greek of the New Testament certainly increases one's love for the Epistles and Gospels; for there is an indescribable charm in the very fact of being able to read them, as far as we know (even the Revisers allow the authenticity of the bulk of the Received Text) in the very words in which the Evangelists and Apostles wrote them. It may be slightly sentimental, but we feel an affection for the very prepositions and conjunctions—the oft-repeated δέ and καί, as we picture the Great Apostle in his Roman prison dictating first one Greek sentence and then another, possibly turning over in his mind whether he should use ἐστίν or ἐγένετο—whether the aorist or the pluperfect tense would the better elucidate those wondrous thoughts burning in his mighty brain, and which he was charged to transmit to the farthest ages of time.

Everyone nowadays knows that the New Testament was originally written in Greek. The sacred writers employed a dialect called Hellenic Greek, a modified form of Attic, that being the language most in use then in the civilised world, just as we find now that English is understood by well-educated people all over the Continent. Those who wish to pursue the linguistic peculiarities of the New Testament can study them in any of the different grammars devoted exclusively to that purpose, to one of which—that by Dr. Winer—I am indebted for most of the technical observations contained in this paper.

Fortunately, unlike many of the modern arts, this intellectual acquirement of which I am treating does not involve a large outlay of expenditure. It is only necessary, at all events to start with, to have a Greek lexicon, a Greek Grammar, and a Greek Grammar Practice. Very probably these books might be discovered among the cast-off possessions of some elder or younger brother or other near relative. But if they are not to be procured from these sources, then you must buy some copies for yourself, either new or from a dealer in second-hand books.

Any good Greek and English lexicon would do; but I can confidently recommend that by Liddell and Scott (the abridged edition), at 7s. 6d. new. As for a grammar, no doubt each student will praise her own. I speak from my individual experience. For a beginner the great thing in a grammar is to have it as concise as possible, provided only it contains the necessary information; and these two qualities are admirably combined in Bishop Blomfield's Greek grammar, revised and corrected by Rev. J. Edwards. For Greek Grammar Practice I used one edited by Rev. J. Pycroft; but I imagine Ahn's "First Greek Course" would be equally good. I am careful to mention these particulars, as I trust they may be useful to some who are quite ignorant how to set about the first steps in learning to read the Greek Testament.

Being provided then with these three most important necessaries, we commence operations on the first page of the grammar; for let no would-be reader of the Greek Testament for one moment imagine that she can dispense with a knowledge of the Greek grammar. If she will persist in such an insane idea, she may as well spare herself the trouble of perusing these pages. The Greek grammar commences with the Greek alphabet, and this must be mastered before we can proceed a step farther. It is not at all difficult, and by dodging up and down in any page of printed Greek you soon learn to distinguish the different forms of the large and small letters. The Breathings, the Accents, and the marks of punctuation must be carefully attended to; but in the grammar I have recommended they are so simplified as to be dismissed in a few lines. The great thing is to remember the rough breathing, the (ʽ) comma which aspirates a word, and has the same effect as an *h* prefixed; and also the semicolon, which at the end of a sentence is equivalent to a mark of interrogation.

Crasis, Contraction, and Elision are very short but important matters, and best explained by the grammar. With regard to Elision, it is seldom used in the New Testament, except in the case of the following prepositions—ἀπό, διά, ἐπί, παρά, μετά, and the conjunction ἀλλά, which regularly suffer elision, the former particularly before pronouns.

It is as well to underline the remarks in the first few pages of the grammar, so that you may know where to turn to when in a difficulty.

Then comes the article, which, with all its genders and cases, must be learned by heart. And it will save a good deal of after-trouble if you remember that in the New Testament, as well as in other Greek writers, we frequently have the nominative neuter τά placed before a genitive, and it then signifies "the things"—πράγματα ("things") being understood. We find this use of the article in the seventh chapter of First Corinthians—τα τοῦ κόσμου, "the things that are of the world"; and also in Luke xx. 25—τά Καίσαρος, "the things which be Cæsar's," or, more literally, "the things of Cæsar." The article is immediately followed by the substantive. As is the case in the German language, an important feature in the Greek substantive is the declensions, of which there are three—the first ending in α or η masculine, as or ης feminine; the second in os masculine or feminine, in ον neuter; the third having various endings and genders. To one or other of these declensions all the Greek substantives belong.

As soon as I had mastered the Greek alphabet and the first half-dozen pages of the grammar, I set about construing daily one or more of the lessons in the Greek grammar practice. The vocabulary at the commencement of the book gives the meaning of the substantives, and also the terminations of their several genitives, thus showing the declension to which each belongs.

But in order to read intelligently, I always made a point of ascertaining from the grammar the precise gender, number, and case of the different substantives. Of necessity there are some words in the lessons not to be met with in the vocabulary; so for further reference I always had the Greek lexicon at hand. As a rule, until the student reaches the verbs, the English is given of such as occur casually in the lessons. I think if my readers will pursue my plan, advancing in the grammar at the same rate as they do in the grammar practice, they will find, as I did, that as long as they are at work on the construction of nouns it is for the most part plain sailing.

At first sight the adjectives look rather more formidable than the substantives; but as soon as you come to analyse them the difficulties vanish. The key of the position is the contraction. Get firmly into your mind that words terminating in εος are liable to be contracted into οῦς, and those in εα into ᾶ, the circumflex accent signifying contraction. The contractions resulted from the different dialects into which the Greek language was broken up. When, therefore, you meet with either of these contracted forms of termination in your reading, you must refer to the uncontracted form in the lexicon. Those which occur in the Greek Testament are all explained in the Testament lexicon, to which I shall refer presently.

Adjectives and participles, where they follow the same rule of termination, are coupled together in the grammar. With constant practice you soon learn to discern at a glance the different gender and number of adjectives and participles, although if there is any doubt on the subject, it is best to have your belief confirmed by the grammar. But not until you have learnt by heart the terminations, comparisons, and contractions of adjectives should you proceed to the numerals. In regard to numerals and pronouns, I found it a mere walking over the course. However, I warn my readers to note carefully the declension of the relative pronoun ὅς, by doing which they may be saved wandering about for hours in the grammar and lexicon in a vain search after one of its troublesome cases. For several of these bear a strong resemblance to the participle of the verb εἰμί, and differ only in the accentuation.

And now we come to the verbs. Here the real tug-of-war begins. They will try your mettle more than any preceding part of the grammar. My readers may be more fortunate than I in having some good-natured brother or cousin who would come forward to their relief when they are in extremities. But if not, they must rely, as I did, entirely on self-help, which, after all, is said to be the best kind of help. For I wish it to be clearly understood that through all my Greek struggles I never had the smallest help or assistance of any sort, kind, or description from living mortal. A neighbouring clergyman, on being informed that I was teaching myself Greek, scornfully remarked that I should not get very far. He had forgotten the old saw that perseverance removes mountains. My father, though a classical scholar himself, had the greatest horror of all bluestockings, and beyond recommending me the books with which to commence my Greek studies, he washed his hands of me altogether.

So the consequence was that when I lost my way, which I did more than once, in wandering among the Greek verbs, and came to a dead standstill, I had to grope about painfully in the darkness until I found it again; whereas a kind finger might have pointed it out to me at once. But perhaps I was none the worse for the effort. And the end crowned the whole! If you can struggle through the Greek verbs unaided, and emerge safely on the other side, I think you can triumph over most things. And it would be worse than base to abandon the undertaking when you have got so far. Besides, I hope my experience may help to smooth the way for my followers, if I am so fortunate as to have any, and that, guided by my instructions, they will never once lose their path. And nowadays, when everything is made so comparatively easy, by abridged grammars and graduated lessons in construing, and copious vocabularies, there is really not much credit, as Mark Tapley would say, in teaching oneself to read any new language, living or dead!

As the grammar tells us, a verb has three forms or voices—active, passive, and middle. This last peculiarity distinguishes the Greek verbs from those of modern languages, which can only boast of two—the active and passive. "The active voice expresses what the subject does or is; the passive what the subject suffers; and the middle what the subject is done to by its own action on itself." In other words, the middle voice refers the action back to the agent. We have an example in John viii. 59—ἐκρύβη, "hid himself." As the New Testament writers frequently employ the middle voice, it would not do to pass it over, even apart from the moral cowardice of such a proceeding.

Greek verbs usually terminate either in Ω or MI. We will start with those ending in Ω. The number of moods is limited to five, and the tenses to six. There are also the inflections, called participles. Five of the tenses are common to living languages, viz., the present, imperfect, perfect, pluperfect, and future. But the aorist has a grand distinction of its own. Sometimes there are two aorists, the first and second.

The aorists are called Historical Tenses, as they are generally used in narratives and descriptions. St. Luke employs the aorist passive in Acts xxi. 26—προσηνέχθη ὑπέρ ἑνός ἑκάστου, "should be offered for everyone"; and St. John in the following passages of his Gospel:—(xi. 30) where Martha *met* Him; (iv. 45, 56) having seen all the things that He *did* at Jerusalem; where He *made* the water wine; (xiii. 12) after He *had washed* their feet.

There is only one defect in the grammar I have recommended; but it is rather a serious one, and caused me a good deal of trouble. For in the verb τύπτω, the typical illustration of the active voice, the editor does not give the English rendering of the eccentric tenses, for which we have no equivalent in our language. Consequently, I was all at sea as to whether the first aorist indicative mood of the verb "to strike" signified "I shall strike," "I had struck," or what not. I struggled out of this slough at last by the help of a more copious Greek grammar. But as all my readers may not have one to which they can refer, I subjoin a list of the tenses of the verb τύπτω, with their English significations:—

Present tense, τύπτω, I strike; imperfect, ἔτυπτον, I was striking; future, τύψω, I shall strike; first aorist, ἔτυψα, I struck; perfect, τέτυφα, I have struck; pluperfect, ἐτετύφειν, I had struck; second aorist, ἔτυπον, I struck. The aorists of the imperative mood may be rendered, Strike thou; the aorists of the infinitive mood, To have struck; the aorists of the participle, Having struck; and the two aorists of the indicative mood, passive voice, may be construed, I was struck. And on the same principle you can translate the tenses of all other Greek verbs, while the English rendering of the ordinary tenses of the different moods must be regulated by Murray's grammar.

Another peculiarity about the Greek verbs is that every tense has three numbers. In addition to the singular and plural, there is also the dual, which, however, has only two persons. But beyond bearing in mind that in all the moods and tenses—except the optative and indicative, where it ends in ην—the third person dual always ends in ον, we need not trouble about this number, as the sacred writers never used the dual.

In the rules for the formation of the tenses we find that four—the imperfect, pluperfect, and the two aorist tenses—take what is called an augment or a prefix in the shape of a letter. Therefore, as soon as you come in one of your construing lessons upon a verb with this prefix, you know at once that it must be the indicative mood, as the augment only happens in that mood, and that it is certainly one of the past tenses. When the verb begins with a consonant, the prefixed letter is ε in the imperfect and aorist tenses. The perfect and paulo post futurum double the consonant with which the verb commences — as present, τύπτω—perfect, τέτυφα. While the pluperfect prefixes an ε to the doubled consonant, as ἐτετύφειν. This is called the Syllabic Reduplication.

Verbs which begin with a vowel or diphthong, or are compounded with a preposition, have each their own separate distinguishing characteristic in the shape of the augment. But for enlightenment on all these points I advise my readers to carefully study their grammar. My remarks are not at all intended to supersede its information, but only to give a little extra help where it is needed. The leading feature in every Greek verb is the future tense, and on this depends more or less the conjugation of the succeeding tenses. Hence the lexicon always gives the future of each verb, and then you know at once where you are.

Greek verbs are very copious in participles. The active voice possesses no less than five. They are declined in the same way as adjectives of three terminations, under which head they are to be found in the Greek grammar. The future participle is rarely used in the New Testament, but the present is a very favourite form of expression.

After the first-class verbs in ω, the second-class seems mere child's play, and if you have advanced in the Greek Grammar Practice at the same rate of progress, you will now have reached exercises bearing on these verbs.

Their tenses are formed from one another, after the manner of those in τύπτω. Verbs in μι have, as a rule, the augment in the imperfect and first aorist tenses, and the syllabic reduplication in the perfect or pluperfect. But many of the verbs in μι lack one or other of the regular tenses.

Though the verb εἰμί, I am, is placed among the irregular conjugations of verbs in MI, and therefore comes far on in the grammar, yet as it so frequently occurs in one form or other in all the Greek lessons in construing, my own opinion is that it should be learnt by heart even before τύπτω. The accents must be particularly noted; for they are the sole characteristics by which this verb can be distinguished from its twin brother, εἶμι, I go.

As I did not work at all hard at my Greek, it took me about fourteen months to get through the sixty-nine exercises in the Grammar Practice, and then I began the first book of Xenophon's Anabasis, a few chapters of which are given at the end of the exercises. At the end of fourteen months I found my knowledge of Greek quite sufficient to enable me to begin to read the New Testament intelligently; that is, with the help of the small companion lexicon I could give a literal translation of every Greek sentence, including the mood and tense of the verb, and the number and case of the nouns and pronouns.

I don't mean to say that my familiar acquaintance with the English version did not help me considerably, by saving me many a reference to the lexicon for small words, for it certainly did. But by-and-by, as I made farther progress, if a verse from any part of the Greek Testament had been given me at random, I could have translated it without being previously aware of the Gospel or Epistle from which it was taken. And this, I think, is a fair criterion of any one's knowledge of New Testament Greek.

As compared with classical Greek authors, the Greek of the sacred authors is very easy, especially in the four Gospels. The Book of Revelations is somewhat harder, as it abounds in anomalous expressions and peculiarities of construction, or what is called in a Greek point of view *anakoluthon*.

Greek Testaments are to be bought in all sizes and at all prices, varying according to the style of binding. Mine is one of the Polymicrian edition, bound in purple morocco, with Griesbach's readings and marginal references. I have also a miniature companion lexicon, similarly bound, which I have found very convenient for constant reference, as it can be easily held in the hand at the same time as the Testament. But if preferred, the Testament and Lexicon can be had bound up in one.

I was in no hurry to get through the Greek Testament. I liked to read it at my leisure and enjoy it thoroughly. So during the week I still went on with my secular Greek, consulting the grammar when necessary. When I had finished the portion of the Anabasis in the Greek grammar practice, I began another book containing easy selections from Æsop, Xenophon, and Anacreon. It is edited by Rev. L. P. Mercier, and is well suited for unaided beginners in Greek. On Sundays I made a point of reading half a chapter, or a chapter, or sometimes only a few verses, as the case might be, in the Greek Testament.

Of course, at this rate my progress was only slow. In fact, if the truth be told, I did not reach the end of the Apocalypse before the expiration of five years. But the reading of the Greek Testament for the first time after one's mind has come to maturity, is an era in one's spiritual and intellectual experience which can only come once in a lifetime. Though, when all is done, it is the Authorised Version of the New Testament in the familiar mother tongue that must ever be the most dear to us. Its holy precepts we first learned to lisp with childish accents; its grand and tender truths have braced and cheered us on life's toilsome march; and we trust they will comfort and direct us till

"Travelling days are done."

Happening to have in my possession a Greek copy of the Church of England Liturgy, I made a point of following the prayers in that language every Sunday, and found it of great service. I have said nothing about the pronunciation of the Greek tongue. To be able to lay the proper quantity on each syllable, one must be well read in the Greek poets. But some rules for the regulation of the accent are to be found in the grammar, and these give you just a few landmarks, such as that the vowels η and ω are always long, and ε and ο always short. Diphthongs also are long, and in very many instances the penult is long. Nowadays, too, the Greek α is pronounced broad, like the Italian.

As far as concerns the actual translation of the Greek Testament, it is quite immaterial whether you know anything about the pronunciation or not; but for one's own satisfaction it is better to have at least some idea where the accent falls. If you can get any good-natured schoolboy friend or relative, provided he is in one of the upper classes at his school, just to read you aloud a chapter or two of the Greek Testament, you will find it of the greatest possible assistance. Only you must carefully note, for future guidance, what syllables are long and what short.

Should you after all find self-help and these few brief hints insufficient to enable you to attain your object—that of reading the Greek Testament with perfect ease—then you can join one of the Greek correspondence classes in operation in different parts of the country. They have proved helping-hands to many young girl-students in Greek.

And for your encouragement in your efforts in learning Greek, in the darkest and most difficult parts of the grammar, ever keep in mind the words of the Divine, and therefore the greatest of all Teachers, which those who know Greek can read in the original, and those who do not will find in the English version (John v. 39):—Ἐρευνᾶτε τὰς γραφάς, ὅτι ὑμεῖς δοκεῖτε ἐν αὐταῖς ζωὴν αἰώνιον ἔχειν· Καὶ ἐκεῖναί εἰσιν αἱ μαρτυροῦσαι περὶ ἐμοῦ.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ART.

PEGGY.—Before you paint the drainpipe, you must size it with common glue-size, and then paint with those colours sold in tins by the pound ready mixed. When this ground-colour is dry, use ordinary tube oil colours for the design.

SOX.—Water-colours never look effective when employed on wood, for the paints are absorbed by the porous foundation. If you use them, cover the parts to be coloured with a coating of water, gold size, or melted isinglass, to prevent the absorption as far as possible, and mix every colour with Chinese white and a little isinglass before laying it on. The medium known as Veloutine is often used instead of the latter.

MCNEIL.—Water-colours are not employed for china-painting, and articles covered with glue-size, painted and varnished, cannot be used as ordinary china and washed. To render them proof against such use and treatment, they should be painted with proper china-colours, and then fired to bake them in and render the article serviceable.

E. E. S.—We thank you much for the two pretty little cards you have sent, which, considering that you have had no lessons, are very well done.

X. Y. Z.—Read "How to Paint in Oils," vol. iv., pages 401 and 545. There is nothing to prevent your buying a few tubes and brushes and some prepared paper to commence with. You need not go to the expense of buying a box.

LOIS.—Leather can be painted either with metallic colours or with ordinary oil paints. Elliott's medium is the best to use for the first, and Florentine medium for the last-named.

LOUIE.—1. You must wash your brushes first in turpentine and then in soapsuds after using them for oil-painting. 2. In case of infectious disease, you should carry with you a lump of camphor, and some people find chewing a tiny bit will take away indigestion. Camphor julep—*i.e.*, lumps of camphor put into a bottle of water and an occasional tablespoonful dose taken of it—is a very old remedy for indigestion and headaches. On the other hand, many people have a strong prejudice against the use of camphor. The chemist who wrote in its favour, and, in fact, believed in its use for everything, was the celebrated Raspail, the deputy and great democrat of Paris. His book dates from 1836, we think.

ROSE CONSTANCE.—We cannot teach you to paint in oils, including the preparation of the colours, in the narrow limits of our replies. Buy a "Rowney's Guide to Oil Painting," and you will obtain all the information you need. Experience and artistic ability and taste must supply all other teaching.

TRAGEDY QUEEN.—1. Water-colours are not the correct medium for jar painting. The surface of china is not suitable for colours only ground in water. Ginger and other jars should be painted in oils, then sized and varnished. 2. The quotation, "Little wanton boys, who swim on bladders," is a well-known one. See Shakespeare's *Henry VIII.*, act iii., scene 2, and read Wolsey's speech. The final letters of each word in your writing are never completed. Why so?

L. M. P.—1. China-painting of first-class character will command a ready sale; but amateur work rarely attains that degree of merit, and could scarcely be depended upon for a livelihood. 2. If you desire to be a good composer, you should improve your grammar. You speak of yourself in the first person and as "one" in the same sentence. Study the standard authors, and practise essay-writing before rushing into print. To acquire the art of composition will not procure for you a "well-disciplined mind." Pray for God's grace to aid you in an earnest endeavour to master your temper, and to act unselfishly, and maintain an agreeable and cheerful demeanour.

MUSIC.

OLD READER.—The secretary of the Guildhall School of Music is Mr. Charles P. Smith, 16, Aldermanbury, E.C. A nomination must be signed by an alderman, or a member of the general council. The entrance fee is 5s., and the regular fee for a year of three terms of twelve weeks each is from £4 10s. to £33 1s. 6d., according to the number of lessons taken and the subject studied. Many exhibitions and prizes are conferred.

LASSIE.—Singing lessons in moderation may commence at sixteen. But we are of opinion that a few lessons from a good teacher, or friendly instructions from one who has had really good training in reference to the method of taking the notes, after having gauged the voice, ascertained its quality, and the order to which it belongs, and its natural compass, is absolutely essential. We cannot tell whether the weakness and breaking of your voice arise from over-straining or fatigue due to over-long practising, as you do not name the amount of time that you spend in using your voice, nor have we heard you sing so as to judge of the suitability of the songs for the compass and quality of your voice.

MAUDE.—Beethoven was born Dec. 17, 1770, and died March 27th, 1827. Spohr was born April 5th, 1784, and died Oct. 22nd, 1859.

ONE OF YOUR GIRLS.—1. Salt and water has been much recommended as a gargle for the throat. It strengthens the voice, and is of great service to some people. 2. The home-made jam must be kept in a dry airy place, and the fruit should not be picked when wet.

WHITE HEATHER.—We should think that your general health is in fault, and that a course of tonics and good living would do you good. Try cod-liver oil, and change of air. This will, perhaps, restore your voice.

T. O. A. O.—The article on "How to Play the Harmonium," page 472, vol. i., G.O.P., gives full instruction on how to use the stops. There are not many books of instruction, but you will be able to procure one from a music-seller without difficulty at a moderate price. The stops are divided into two dis-



THE MERRY MONTH OF MAY.

tinct classes—those of a flutey sound, like Nos. 1—2, and those of a reedy tone, like Nos. 3—4. Use the stops 1—1 to begin with, and gradually add the others in this order, 4—4, 3—3, and, lastly, 2—2. Except in pieces requiring uniform loudness throughout, you should always use the expression stop, and you must conquer the difficulties of this stop; otherwise your playing will be dismally monotonous.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BUTTERCUP.—The 7th August, 1871, was a Monday. A course of cod-liver oil will sometimes cure chilblains.

A MOST UNHAPPY READER OF THE G.O.P.—We do not see any escape from your self-made troubles but to leave the place where you are in such temptation and danger. We gather from your letter that you are both weak and faulty characters, and that you have already been disloyal in speech. This shows a grave lack of principle. You had better get away, and give your mind something to do; it is probably idle in inclination and unoccupied. Remember your prayers, and strive diligently to draw near to God.

FOUR CINDERELLAS.—We have read your letter with *much sympathy, but we think* there is some reason in the complaint that your education has been neglected, for both your spelling and writing are bad. You will all act wisely by giving your very best attention to your studies, and to obeying your parents and your governess in all things, as you are too young to be judges of what is good for you. Annoying and thwarting the wishes of anyone is not the conduct of one who desires to be like Christ, and no blessing could rest on such conduct. Those who follow Christ must also follow peaceful, loving ways, and be filled with thoughts of love and peace towards all, even those who seem to be unkind and oppressive.

IVA OVA.—A companion should write a good hand, spell and express herself well, understand something of housekeeping and cookery, so as to take any duties of such a character, in oversight and direction of servants, off her employer's hands. She should be well bred and retiring in demeanour, play or sing agreeably, be handy and quick with her needle, and read well; in fact, she must be ready to do anything required of her, and be generally useful. There is very little demand for companions; the great reduction in moderate incomes, recently experienced, is likely to make persons needing companions to seek them amongst their own relations.

SMALL STATIONER should write to the respective offices of the papers and magazines for what she requires, or, better still, give an order for a certain number to the keeper of the railway bookstall neares to her, for a daily or weekly supply, giving a written list so as to ensure herself against disappointments.

LADY ESDAILE.—We can appreciate the good feeling which prompts you to decline accepting a gratuity from a visitor of limited means—a feeling too rare; but as it would be scarcely well to persist in refusing if pressed to take it, your only plan would be to arrange to be quite out of the way when she was leaving.

DEEPLY ANXIOUS (M.H.D.E.).—1. The answer which gave you comfort was meant for you. You need take no further steps to repair the past, having engaged your sister's aid and taken her opinion upon it. 2. To send about stamps on the mere possibility of having owed any, of which you have no recollection, would be absurd; still, it is well that, through God's grace helping you, your conscience is sensitive. May He bless, strengthen, and comfort you!

BLANCHE S.—We fear you are not qualified for the situation of companion, as you spell badly, your grammar is not always correct, and you write a very poor hand. There are nine mistakes in your letter, eight being in spelling, the ninth a wrong word. We are sorry for your troubles, but are not able to give you advice, as we know nothing of your position, circumstances, strength, or appearance.

AMY.—If your parents do not wish you to earn money by dressmaking or otherwise, it is your duty to remain with them so long as they may wish to maintain you, and be a comfort to them. You can perfect yourself in the above-named business, and learn also to spell.

KELVIN.—1. We recommend your friend to apply for advice to the secretary of the Girls' Friendly Society, Miss Wright, 8, Victoria Mansions, Victoria-street, Westminster. That is the central office. 2. We regret that we cannot accept offers of poems.

MANY TROUBLES.—The schoolgirls see that you believe the nonsense they tell you, and cannot take a joke, and so they amuse themselves in teasing you. School does not please you, nor home neither. Your father is stern; what of your mother? Having her to wait upon and "requite" with grateful, loving attentions, you have much to do besides finishing your studies and general education at home. The right kind of life for a girl of seventeen, or of any age, is to be found where God has placed her. Read our series of articles on "Good Breeding," and "Duties." An "old maid's life" may be very beautiful, and very happy, too.

H. M. D.—Your best verses are those in print, and they do you credit. Although we can give no promise of insertion, especially as they are so long, we must remind you that they ought to have been certified.

IGNORANCE.—As we have before told you, the name Boxing Day refers to the Christmas boxes which in olden times were bestowed the day after Christmas Day.

PUSSIE.—The three verses all differ from each other in metre, and the number of syllables in each line does not match its corresponding line in any one verse. You cannot begin a line thus: "Hearts bound together," nor end a line with "our" and no full stop.

NUMBER NINE.—We think that in all probability you are the right person to give invitations to your brother's betrothed under the special circumstances; but it is not always well to stand on nor make a fuss about our rights. As the home is mutually yours and his, you may very well look over his inviting the woman he has chosen for his future wife when he pleases; and, as you do not want to quarrel with both, nor to make yourself disagreeable, you had better be a kind and genial hostess to your future sister. How happy our world would be if we all thought little of our trivial rights, and more of making others happy!

VERDANT GREEN.—We do not see what your father's reputation has to do with the matter if your future husband do not object to it, and love you better than all such considerations.

SINGLE.—We sympathise much with our correspondent, who is a single gentleman, and who writes to us to complain that whenever he is in ladies' company they talk of that everlasting topic, dress, at which he feels very much disgusted. We are only surprised that women and girls are so stupid as to allow such an uninteresting topic to be mooted in society when there is so much else to talk about. We advise our correspondent to begin the conversation with the last new book or music, and so try to raise the tone himself.

CORDIA VIC.—Your verses give some promise, notwithstanding some inaccuracies. There are young people of sensitive natures and good memories, and they suffer much from remorse, remembering that they were naughty and ungrateful in their infancy to some who are gone, and to whom they can make no amende.

DAPHNE.—Someone has been hoaxing you. Her Majesty the Queen does not want your old postage stamps.

EIGHTEEN.—We thank you for your very gracious and gratifying letter. The "h" is pronounced in "charta" as in the words "chart," "Charles," and "cheese." Your handwriting is fairly good for any age.

BESSIE is thanked for her nice little letter. She may read all that she can understand in the G. O. P., with her mother's leave. Her writing is good for a little girl, and she can write smaller when older.

SARAH.—To bleach any cotton or linen article, you would require a field or a plot of grass. It should be steeped in bran and water, then thoroughly washed in the ordinary way, and laid out to dry on the grass, to remain there all night; then you should pour bucketfuls of water, mixed with a strong ley of wood ashes, and repeat the process of washing and spreading out to dry several times. There are other methods—the use of buttermilk, or of chlorine, or else of the fumes of sulphur; but the first-named process is perhaps the best for you to try. Our advice would be, leave the unbleached articles as they are, for they will wear all the better; and if you want white linen, buy them ready bleached.

HOPEFUL ONE.—You will gain nothing by writing such lines as those you send us. You do not even know how to construct verses; and, even if perfectly correct in construction, they might be altogether devoid of originality and beauty—nay, they might be perfect "twaddle." Make it, rather, your study to write good English prose, and to form your handwriting also.

POOR MOSS ROSE.—For your comfort, remember that our Lord has said, "No man can come unto Me except the Father which hath sent Me draw him." Thus, if you desire and strive to come unto Him, your Heavenly Father is drawing you. The evil thoughts that trouble you are instilled into your mind by the Evil One. Unless wilfully encouraged, you are not responsible for them. Pray for deliverance from them, and then set about some employment that will help to absorb your thoughts; or read some book; or, if at night, settle yourself to sleep, or repeat a hymn.

LILA WEST.—Your writing would be excellent if not so upright. The lines sent are prose; they have no pretence to be metrical. You should study prosody, and the poetry of the best authors.

A CLERGYMAN'S DAUGHTER can only be referred to the answers so perpetually given to similar inquiries. We gave some articles on the subject, *i.e.*, on "Earning One's Living," page 74, vol. i., and "Work for All," pages 25, 119, 179, 347, 518, and 662, vol. v.

ALONE.—We sympathise truly with you. See answer to "Many Troubles." Remember that "there is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother." Ask for His help and guidance, and cast all your care on Him. On leaving school, prepare for some self-supporting vocation.

SCOTIA.—Your writing is very bad. Why do you turn down the termination of the last letter in every word? Write small roundhand copies daily. We cannot give you lessons in playing the harmonium. See vol. i., page 472.

A WORKING GIRL'S verses do credit to her heart; they show Christian feeling, but they are not correct in composition. We wish her well.

"PRIMROSE LEAGUE."—Her Majesty the Queen has no surname. Do not write with red ink.

The following letter from Lord Brabazon will be of special and immediate interest to our charitable readers.—ED.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "GIRL'S OWN PAPER."

SIR,—As President of the Princess Louise Homes, I would desire to express, through you, to the gifted authoress of "An Appeal for an Old Friend" the warmest thanks of the Committee of that Institution.

I would venture to suggest that, as Miss Anne Beale will hold a stall at the forthcoming bazaar, the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER should show their appreciation of that lady's devotion to them, and to every good work, by a determination to make that stall the handsomest one there; for which purpose all offers of assistance, parcels of work, or of money in aid should be addressed to me, at 32, Sackville Street, Piccadilly, London, W., the offices of the Institution; and as the bazaar will be held probably in May, it is important that all contributions should be sent in with as little delay as possible.

I am, Sir, yours obediently

BRABAZON.

83, Lancaster Gate.



VOL. VIII.—No. 382. APRIL 23, 1887. PRICE ONE PENNY.

GIRLS AS PIANOFORTE TUNERS.

A NEW REMUNERATIVE EMPLOYMENT.

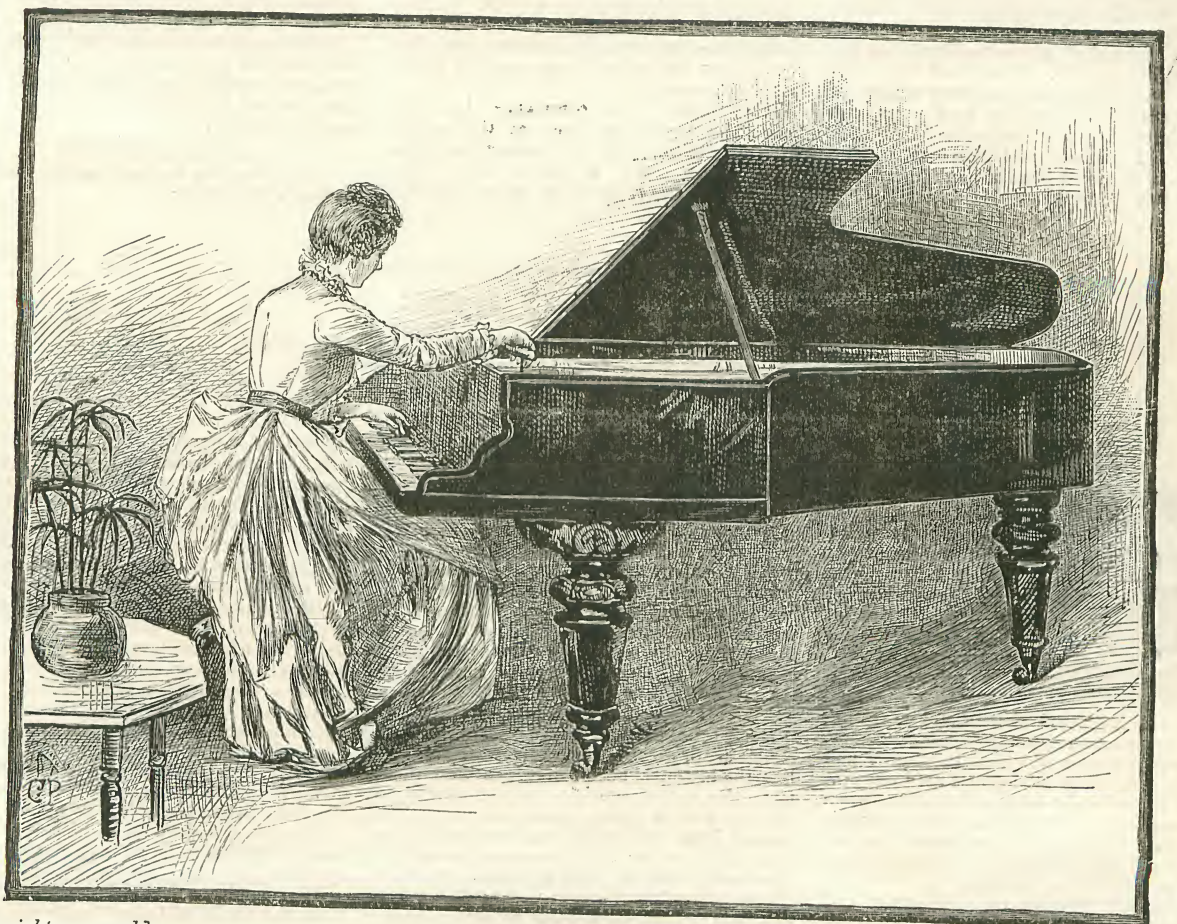
WOMEN tuners! Why not? If a blind man can tune a piano (there are many such certificated by no less an authority than Mr. A. J. Hipkins)—if men without the least education, musically speaking, earn their bread by tuning only, and there are thousands who do, it would be strange indeed if a girl with good sight and some knowledge of music should find the art of tuning impossible of acquirement.

To learn the rudiments of the art of tuning is comparatively easy. Any girl with musical tendencies can learn sufficient in a few weeks to enable her to improve a piano which is very badly out of tune. What is not so easy, and only attainable by years of practice, is the ability to get absolute perfection of octaves and unisons, and equality of temperament, in spite of the numerous difficulties put in her way by thoughtless and obstinate or ignorant manufacturers, whose faults of construction sometimes make the tuning of their pianos next door to impossible.

The German makers are the worst offenders in this direction, although English makers, and some of the most eminent among them, are by no means innocent.

Very little strength is needed in the process of tuning, unless clumsy tools are used.

All that is required is (1) a piano to practise on, supplemented by (2) a teacher who can



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BEGINNING WORK IN EARNEST.

clearly explain his subject, (3) a good stock of patience and perseverance, (4) a tuning-key, and (5) a few damper-wedges.

For four or five pounds an old grand can be bought at any time. This form of piano is much easier to tune, and presents fewer difficulties to the learner than either the cottage or the square piano.

If the size of the grand presents an insuperable difficulty, then an upright or cottage piano will serve equally well, if it is constructed with dampers underneath the hammers.

In a piano of ordinary construction the dampers are placed above the hammers, and so prevent easy access to the strings. This makes the trouble and difficulty of inserting the damper-wedges so great as to discourage the learner at the first attempt.

I therefore strongly recommend the learner, if possible, to acquire an old grand piano for the purpose of her practice; for while the piano is used for the learner's practice in tuning, it is necessarily unavailable for any musical purpose; to get a tuning-key shaped thus—



It is sold by Buck, the tool-maker, of Tottenham Court-road, at about twenty-one shillings. It has two detachable heads, which screw on and off, one head having two holes of oblong shape for English pianos, and another head with a square hole, to fit the tuning pins of foreign pianos. The lever power of this key is very great, so much so that by its aid the hardest pin can be easily moved by one or two fingers. Neither the arm nor the hand should be used to force the key, the fingers only. Furnished with this key, the tuner is prepared for every variety of piano made within the last fifty years, can tune with much greater refinement than with a common T hammer, and, moreover, will do her work with ease instead of hard labour, and in about half the time.

The clumsy, barbarous, and obsolete key shaped thus—



should be carefully avoided, so also should the tuning key made with a hole of star shape. It never fits the pins properly, so that it cuts the corners off, rendering the pins useless, and necessitating their extraction.

Having got these necessaries, the learner will remove the desk of her, say six-octave, grand piano, which either slides out or lifts up at one end. She will observe that each key, either ebony or ivory, moves a corresponding hammer, that each hammer strikes three strings, the which three are tuned exactly alike, and are called an unison. She will notice that the keyboard in a six-octave piano consists of six groups of twelve notes, each group containing seven white keys and five black ones.

Now the middle group of twelve notes is always tuned first. Technically it is called "the scale," or "the bearings," and serves as a model from which are copied all the other five groups. Some old tuners extend the scale over eighteen notes instead of twelve; but this practice is manifestly useless and bad, as it introduces into the scale (quite difficult enough to temper equally) six possible sources of error, quite unnecessarily and with no advantage whatever.

The scale (or bearings) is always laid in the very middle of the key-board, because it is much easier to hear, with accuracy, intervals such as fourths and fifths in the middle, than at either end of the piano.

Now, after deciding on a pitch, the scale (or bearings) is the first thing the professional tuner does—but it will be the very last thing the learner will attempt, on account of the difficulty thereof.

The learner will commence her first lesson by trying her hand at the easiest, viz., at unisons, *i.e.*, in making the three strings composing a given note agree perfectly together, so as to sound like one string only. When she has done a good deal of this, she will attempt octaves up towards the treble, and octaves down towards the bass.

The first difficulty the learner experiences is that of controlling the tuning-key; in the hands of a novice it always jumps much too far beyond the point she desires. To avoid this, keep the elbow, or the wrist, always resting securely on some part of the piano, exerting pressure only by the fingers.

Use the right hand for the tuning-key, pull the key slowly, listening attentively to the string which is kept vibrating by the left hand holding down the note corresponding. If the vibration ceases before the unison is perfectly tuned, then the left hand will strike and hold down the key again. Never pull the tuning key without listening to the string.

Absurd as it may read, it is nevertheless true, that people, even really musical people, do not distinguish a little falsity in octaves or in unisons. For them to notice anything wrong, the unison or the octave must be *very bad indeed*.

It is only by some considerable practice in tuning that one's ear gets sharp enough to detect small departures from perfect accuracy and the ability to appreciate really artistic tuning. Every learner, when attempting to tune an octave, will cease raising the string which is flat, and be quite satisfied with it, while it is still very flat and far short of a good octave.

Mediocrities abound in every art. A first-class tuner is nearly as rare a bird as a first-rate painter, a first-rate fiddler, or a first-rate pianist. For years the public has been at the mercy of unscrupulous pretenders, with no means of distinguishing between the tuner who knows his business and the one who does not.

But at last some musical people have formed a society, with the object of excluding these unqualified pretenders.

The Regent Hall Association,* among whose members are many musicians of high position, are examiners, and award certificates to tuners whose knowledge of the art reaches a certain standard.

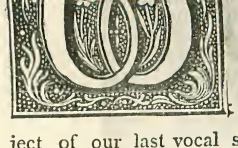
(To be continued.)

* Address the Hon. Secretary, 44, Devonshire-street, Portland-place, London.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF MUSICAL FORMS.

By MYLES B. FOSTER, Organist of the Foundling Hospital.

Sketch V.—Folk-songs.



We have now to examine the simplest forms of composition for the voice, in which melodic interest is predominant; in short, the melodies, the tunes of the different nations, which, although they form the subject of our last vocal sketch, are, nevertheless, in conjunction with the Gregorian chant, the foundation upon which all the forms and developments of our glorious art are built up.

They immediately followed the days when plain-song, the ecclesiastical melody for the people, held as powerful a monopoly of the music as did the priests of the education and virtual government of the land.

All countries have had their folk-songs, and from these treasuries have poured vast funds of melody, current from very early times in the history of the civilised world.

Not only have these songs had the most powerful influence and attraction in all phases of the life of the people, both in times of peace and during the frequent and fierce wars with which Europe was from time to time shaken, but they are in many cases reflections of the life and spirit of the age in which they were written. Nay, more than that, they are sometimes the only means by which historical events and characters are handed down to us from the times before printing, and when writing was anything but an easy matter.

Such tunes as have been preserved and are extant are of great historical interest. Doubtless the historical poems of which these tunes form the accompaniment are not always so reliable from a history point of view. The farther back we extend our researches, the more likely are we to find accurate accounts of the passing events. But in later times, when the travelling ballad-singer was no uncommon newsbringer, and when other means of obtaining truthful news were becoming easier of access, these minstrels would probably vie with one another in concocting the most wild and impossible taradiddles, finding it pay better to amuse their audiences at the expense of truth than to instruct them and interest them by legitimate means. In Chaucer's time things had reached such a pass as to warrant his exposure of the ridiculous nature of these minstrel lays in "The Rhyme of Sir Topas"; and in the reign of Queen Elizabeth the whole tribe of wandering singers were included in the class "vagabonds and sturdy beggars"!

And yet until that reign there existed a minstrels' college, having its king of the minstrels, and being equal in importance to the Heralds' College, with its kings of arms, etc. With the falling away from truth came the decadence of the order.

We call our own songs ballads; the Germans call theirs lieder; the French chansons; and so on.

The word "ballad" is probably derived from the mediæval Latin "ballare," to dance,

rom which came the Provençal "ballada," a dancing song; the French "ballade," and the "balade" used by Chaucer and Gower. The connection between songs and dances, and the use of rhythmic dance tunes as music to be sung to popular words, is very, very old. You will recollect that in the year 1491 B.C., Miriam the prophetess sang with the women, in answer to Moses' hymn of thanksgiving, "Sing to the Lord," after the crossing of the Red Sea, and that they accompanied their song with "timbrels and dances." Mr. William Chappell, to whose researches and erudition we owe nearly all our knowledge of our own wealth of national song, and from whose great work, "Popular Music of the Olden Time," I have largely derived my information, clearly shows the connection between our old ballads and the old English dance tunes, the names of the latter being most frequently appended to the ballads for which they were intended, "and it has been owing to this combination of circumstances" (the preservation in our libraries and collections of both dance tunes and ballads as above), "that so many of our national airs have been recoverable, and that words and tune can be refitted together in authentic forms. Mere tradition is the frailest of guides in music; for hardly do any two untaught singers sing an air alike, and they often vary the tune between one stanza and another."

Long before the Norman name of ballad could have been in use in England, and even before the Roman Invasion, we had in Britain a brotherhood of Bards, only second in importance to the highest order of priesthood, the Druids, and it was their duty to sing the exploits and record the family histories of the heroes of the country. They usually composed these odes themselves, and accompanied them upon the harp. I have no doubt that in some cases, after the manner of the Welsh Penillion singing, they were inspired on the moment with the grandeur of their subject, and gave exciting improvisations in honour of victory gained or in lament for champion slain. These poems must have passed down from generation to generation, the only available landmarks in an unwritten chronicle!

Like brotherhoods to the Bards existed in several other nations, including Hibernia, Gallia, Germania, and Scandinavia, in which latter country they were named Scalds, who traced their origin from Odin, the Zeus of those northern lands. The Danish invaders would bring the Scalds over here, and with the Saxons we should get the Scôps, poets and composers, and the Gliggs or musicmen, who were performers of the Scôps' compositions; and later on with the Normans came the minstrels, descendants of the Scald, with their romances and gestes, *i.e.*, accounts of great deeds (*gero*). The troubadour poetry was called "romance," from the tongue in which it was written, being a dialect founded on the Roman or Latin language, much used in the South of France, and in parts of Spain and Italy, in the Middle Ages.

Our English ballads are the result of a fusion of all these powerful elements, fulfilled with variety and manliness and natural beauty.

The minstrels were evidently held in very high estimation from the first. The well-known story about King Alfred the Great proves to us that a harper or bard could enter even the enemy's camp with impunity; the pleasure and interest created by his singing and playing apparently disarmed suspicion, being sufficient passport for him, and insuring him perfect protection.

After Queen Elizabeth's time the printing of ballads was in every way facilitated, and the people, being able to buy them and sing them themselves, had less need of the travelling minstrel every year, although we know that in Ireland and Wales—particularly in the latter principality—minstrelsy continued to be encouraged, and even respected, until quite recent times—in fact, up to the end of the last century.

From early times, labourers sang at their employments, and, as John Barnes writes in his "Praise of Musicke" (Oxford, 1586), they made their simple music "a solace and recreation; and hence it is that the wayfaring men solace themselves with songs, and ease the wearisomeness of their journey; considering that musicke, as a pleasant companion, is unto them instead of a waggon on the way." He then describes at some length the various workmen singing away whilst they follow their several trades and callings. Fletcher says: "Never trust a tailor who does not sing at his work."

To be able to sing at sight was a necessary part of a gentleman's education in Henry VIII.'s reign, and the king himself is reported to have been no mean musician, but "dailie exercising himself in singing, dansing, ... plaieing on the recorders,* flute, virginals, in setting of songes, and *making of ballades*." A gentlewoman was also expected "to play upon the virginals, lute, and cittern, and to read pricksong (written music) at first sight." We all know Shakespeare's opinion of the man "that hath no music in his soul." "Meanwhile," as Miss Oliveria Prescott tells us in her excellent book on "Form or Design in Music," which all my readers should possess, "the pedlar, with his penny books and songs on broadsheets, did the work of the itinerant minstrel. Ballads and balletts, easy to write and easy to read and sing, were made, sung, and enjoyed by all."

By this time ballads were written to chronicle the smallest events, and all popular songs were called ballads, whether connected with dance tunes or not.

In the time of the Commonwealth we find some of the Psalms being set to these popular tunes, and intended "for the laying apart all ungodly songs and ballads." These tunes were not always as solemn as they should be, and in some cases the ballad words were taken and twisted into a sacred meaning.

Although we have seen the decadence of the wandering ballad-singer and the suppression by Cromwell's Parliament of what were probably rather disreputable ballads, the tunes, the old favourites of the people, still held their powerful influence, and were published separately as country dances.

After the restoration of King Charles II., and during the following reigns until the Georges, there was a marked revival of the old ballad tunes, to which poets, notably Tom d'Urfey, wrote new words. From the eighteenth century onwards the ballad lost its original freshness in the same way as did the German lied, by being, not the natural outcome of national thought and emotion, but the laboured development of the skilled musician and the scholar. In many cases in modern times we have not even this recommendation in the ballad, which may be nothing more than a means of spreading common vulgar musical phrases, made all the more vulgar by that repetition which belongs to the ballad form.

Although the early beginnings of the German lied date back as far as the first days of the spread of Christianity, the real starting-point of its progress and development would be the period at which it loosed itself from the chains of the old Church forms and the stiff modes of the minnesingers and meistersingers who flourished from the twelfth century onwards. No longer under the bondage of the Nuremberg and Ulm singing schools, but imbued with the spirit and energy of the German race, the thriving plant blossomed into the volkslied. To quote Kreissle von Hellborn, "The people then sang its own songs." First of all, these lieder passed on traditionally from one generation to the next, until the musicians, perceiving the firm, lasting qualities of these melodious treasures, took possession of the simple subjects, wrote them down, remodelled them, and added contrapuntal treatment.

Thus the lied lost its original character, and was deprived of its individuality, and it became smoother and more artistic, and was frequently clothed with a more profound intention and significance, but at the cost of its former simple spontaneity. Ambros remarks in his great "Geschichte der Musik," "The volkslied, like a flower of the field, which of a morning blooms in quiet loveliness, and none can say who planted it, was transplanted to the art-garden of loftier music, and there expanded into blossoms of often surprising beauty and fulness."

This adoption of nature by art was a most significant crisis in the history of the lied. In the sixteenth century the Reformation, whilst effecting great changes in Church music, gave a fresh impulse to all departments of the art, and composers applied themselves with renewed vigour to the cultivation of the folk-song.

As education and the influence of music became more extensive in Germany, so the original form of volkslied began to die out, and in its place arose the volksthümliche lied, something between the old volkslied and the kunstlied; for it possessed the spontaneous character of the first, and was affected by the musicianship of the latter.

This combination of popular though humble tune with artistic treatment in the setting, is the music most likely to abide in the hearts and affections of the masses. Such popular elements are the principal reasons for the enduring power of Handel's oratorios. In his "History of South European Music," Ambros says, "The volkslied is of the highest importance; it is, next to Gregorian song, the second chief power."

Until the eighteenth century the Northern Germans composed the kunstlied, and the lied form was actively fostered; but in Vienna and Southern Germany the fashionable Italian style was in vogue, to the exclusion or neglect by connoisseurs of all that was national.

Then arose Haydn and Mozart. Little did these giants in music write in the way of lieder that can be compared to their great compositions in the higher branches of the art. But in many of their songs we find masterpieces of beauty in both melody and harmony, and it is certain that they surpass all that preceded them, both in the character and the extent of their development.

Mozart's songs are either in the simple "national" form, often, as in our English ballad, with verse after verse to the same short melody, or in some cases they are written according to a higher ideal, an extension in aria form, and we find a resultant increase in dramatic force and expression; and in place of a melodious reiteration, in which the singer gives the variety by means of the words and his way of declaiming them, we have an illustration in the music of the varying sentiments and emotions depicted by the poet. With Beethoven the lied was elevated to a higher sphere, his independent accompaniments being richer and grander.

But it was reserved for Franz Schubert, a son of Southern Germany, as famous now for his great symphonies as for his songs, "to blend by his wonderful gifts the essence of the volkslied with all the deep meaning and magic charm of vocal and instrumental art," to create a masterpiece of art, enclosing within its compass all the sympathies and passions and

* Probably a flute-à-bec, or some variety of English flute.

emotions of the human heart. Joy, sorrow, hope, longing, love, comfort, resignation—all these, and other transitions through the mind of man, do we find faithfully reflected in the nearly six hundred songs which he has bequeathed to the world. Of these, sixty were composed to the lyrical poems of the greatest of German poets, Goethe.

His connected series of lieder are specially noteworthy, such as the "Müllerlieder," "Die Gesänge Ossians," "Die Winterreise," etc.

Then what a number of beautiful, noble lieder Mendelssohn has added to the collection,—genuine lyrics full of national sympathies.

The great Schumann is as versatile and masterly in his songs as was Schubert; but whereas the latter made his great natural gift of melody the main point, Schumann endeavoured to compensate for less wealth in that department by straining after intense character and expression.

In Franz and Jensen and others we have great stores of beauty; but in all their lieder they do but follow Schumann and Schubert, with whom we feel that this grateful little form reached its highest eminence.

"The history of the chanson," says M. Chouquet, the keeper of the Museum of the Paris Conservatoire, "would involve a review of the whole history of France, political, literary, and social."

The chanson is a little poem, of which the stanzas are named couplets. The word "chanson" is derived from the Latin *cantio*.

The couplets generally conclude with a refrain. There are *chansons historiques*, including sacred, military, and national songs. There are also *chansons de métier*, *chansons bachiques*, and *chansons d'amour* of all kinds and sorts—the *lai*, the *virelai*, the *aubade*, the *ballade*, the *rondeau*, and other forerunners of the more modern French romance.

Some of these chansons were handed down by tradition; some were composed and written down by men possessed of some knowledge of music, such as De Courcy in the twelfth century, and Adam de la Halle in the latter half of the following century, and King Thibaut of Navarre; whilst there must have been numbers of good songs composed by the troubadours Charles d'Anjou, Blondel, and others, and by the trouvères of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries.

But every nation, savage and civilised alike, has its own national song—an outcome of the climate of the country, the temperament of the inhabitants, and other natural causes. The subject is vastly interesting, and Carl Engel, in his important work on the "Study of National Music," has most thoroughly dealt with it as applied to all the peoples of the world.

(*To be continued.*)

ISABEL'S FORTUNE.

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

By EMMA DIXON.

CHAPTER II.

AS A THIEF IN THE NIGHT.

THINGS went on in the Randolph household for the next few months very much as they had always done, to Mary's great disappointment and Mabel's bitter disgust. During that first day's talk over Isabel's fortune, that had so strangely come to be Mabel's, the two girls had discussed what they would have and what they would do with the first quarter's instalment of the money, which would be paid almost immediately.

There must be new dresses for Mary and Mrs. Randolph, a new carpet for the drawing-room, and a general turning about of all the others in the house as a matter of necessity. That point was settled at once by the two girls, and when they went out for a walk, it was to the High Street, to look at all the furnishing shops, and discuss patterns and lengths, and what would be suitable for the furniture.

But Mr. Randolph's plan had cut short all these pleasant little devices, and when the money came, it was all handed to Mrs. Randolph for the usual household expenses, with the exception of one five-pound note, which was given to Mabel for pocket money, her father remarking, as he gave it to her, "This money of yours, Mab, will just save my business, I believe, and enable me to pull things round in the course of a year or two."

"And I may go to Girton next year, papa?" said Mabel, appealingly.

"Oh, yes, I daresay you can," said her father, who looked upon this as a mere girlish whim, likely to be forgotten in less than a year. It never entered his head that Mabel could have endured anything like a serious disappointment; but Mrs. Randolph, who watched her daughter narrowly, knew that Mabel often had a hard battle with herself, and to spare her all unnecessary annoyances, she exerted herself so to arrange the household details that she should not miss so much as she had done the comfort of a well-organised staff of servants such as she had been used to at Glenavon during the last year.

But while Mrs. Randolph was thus careful for everybody's comfort and convenience, no one noticed how her strength often flagged, and how, when evening came, she would look over the housekeeping books with Mabel, and then lie on the sofa, and beg to be allowed to rest when anyone tried to rouse her. Mr. Randolph generally brought home some business letters to answer, and he would tell Mabel to leave mamma alone while he wrote his letters, and then he would become absorbed in the business details before him, and never think of the white, still face on the couch, or that it was growing more thin and shadowy every week.

At last, Mabel remarked one morning that her mother had not been downstairs to breakfast for nearly a fortnight, when her father looked up suddenly with a little alarm in his face.

"I will carry her cup of tea up, and ask her whether I shall send the doctor in this morning," he said.

He felt sure she would not agree to his proposal—would probably laugh at him for thinking of such a thing. But to his surprise—almost consternation—his wife at once agreed that it would be better for her to see a doctor, and admitted that she had not felt well for some time. Taking Mabel aside before he went to business, he asked her if she thought her mother was very ill—whether she had complained of illness lately.

"No, papa, only she is always tired of an evening now, and she so seldom gets up to breakfast," said Mabel, a little alarmed in turn.

"Yes, yes, I know, that has been going on for three or four months now; I wish I had thought of it before, but the doctor will be here this morning, and you must contrive to see him after he has seen your mother, and ask him to tell you what he thinks of her." And Mr. Randolph took his hat and hurried away, to make sure of seeing Mr. Carstairs before he started on his morning round of calls.

Before the doctor came, Mabel had made up her mind that it was merely weakness and lassitude from which her mother was suffering, and that the genial spring weather they were now daily expecting would speedily work a cure; and when she met the doctor coming from her mother's room, she said, eagerly, "It's the long dreary winter weather, is it not, that is making mamma ill?"

But instead of answering her in a cheery, offhand way, the doctor laid his hand upon her shoulder, and said, gravely, "Why did you not send for me before?"

"Oh!" gasped Mabel, "is she so very ill?"

"Yes, indeed she is—so ill, that I am going now to Mr. Randolph, to consult with him about sending for a clever doctor from London at once, for there is no time to be lost. I tell you this, Miss Randolph, because you are not a child, and you ought to know that your mother's life may depend upon her being kept perfectly quiet, and free from all the little worries of the household. Now you will know what to do. She must not be vexed or disturbed about anything. You must try to meet her with a smiling face, whatever you may feel."

"Oh, how can I?" said Mabel, bursting into tears. "Oh, mamma, mamma!" she sobbed, in irrepressible anguish.

The doctor had known Mabel since she was a little girl, and now took her arm and led her into the vacant breakfast-room.

"You must be brave and calm for your mother's sake now, Mabel," he said. "It is a severe blow to you, I know, but when I tell you that your mother's only chance of life is in being kept quiet and still, and free from all anxiety for the next few weeks, you will understand the need there is for you to step into her place, and guard her from every trouble and vexation."



"NO ONE NOTICED HOW HER STRENGTH OFTEN FLAGGED."

"I will do it. Only tell me you will save mamma for us," said Mabel, looking up beseechingly through her tears into the doctor's face.

"You know I will do all that is possible, all that human skill can do, but the matter is not in my hands beyond that, and we can only pray that God will spare a life so valuable as Mrs. Randolph's."

"Thank you," said Mabel, "for telling me all the truth about mamma," and she choked back her tears, and opened the door and bade the doctor good morning; but the moment it was closed, she hurried to her own room, and locked herself in, to pour out her grief and fear before God first, and gather such strength as she could before going to her mother, or venturing to meet her sister Mary.

Then she bathed her eyes, and went into the garden and gathered a few of the spring flowers that had only just began to appear, and carried them up to her mother's room in a vase.

"I'm going to bring the flowers to you, as you cannot come down to look at them this morning, mamma, dear," she said, holding them for her to smell the wall-flowers. "Now, you are to lie quite still, you know, and think of me playing mamma downstairs." And she bent over and kissed her, and looked searchingly at the white patient face on the pillow, and wondered she had not noticed before how thin it was growing.

The recognition of this change that seemed such a bitter confirmation of the doctor's fears, nearly overset her hard won calmness, and she had to turn hastily away and leave the room, for fear her mother should notice her emotion. Outside the door she met nurse, who, with the younger children, was going out for a walk.

"Nurse! mamma is very ill," she said, drawing her aside; "the doctor says she must be kept very quiet, and not be troubled about anything."

"Well, Miss Mabel, I should hope I knew better than to go worrying your mamma," interrupted nurse; "it's what I've been careful not to do for months past, for I could see she was getting thinner and whiter, if everybody else was so taken up with their own affairs as not to see it."

This was a thrust at Mabel, and she knew it, and felt annoyed, but it was of no use complaining. Nurse had taken care of her when she was a little girl, and considered herself a privileged individual—one who had a right to say what she pleased to any member of the family. But, nevertheless, it was hard to bear the reproachful tone just now, and Mabel felt inclined to retort, but remembering the doctor's words she kept silence, and when she had recovered herself a little she went back to her mother's room.

The doctor came from London, and there was a long consultation, and then Mr. Randolph was called in, and told that there was but one chance of his wife's life being prolonged beyond a few months, and that was for her to undergo an operation almost immediately. They had found the lady was quite aware of her dangerous condition, they said, and she was prepared to submit to whatever her husband and the doctors decided would be best, but there was no time to be lost, for the disease was making such rapid strides now, that every day's delay lessened her chance of recovery.

"And there is danger in the operation, you say?" exclaimed Mr. Randolph, in an anguished voice.

"Yes, we dare not disguise from you that there is very grave danger, but at the same time, you must remember, it is her only chance of life. We believe it is her wish to undergo this, but at the same time she will leave you to decide it for her."

What could he do but decide as her own wish inclined! And then it was arranged that a nurse specially trained for the treatment of such cases should be sent from London that night, and the operation be performed the next day.

The news fell like a thunderbolt upon the distracted household, and servants and children alike went about with tear-stained faces, talking in whispers lest they should disturb the patient upstairs. Mr. Randolph, after telling Mabel what he had heard from the doctors, went straight to his wife's room, and never

left her again until the professional nurse arrived.

One by one the children went in and kissed their mother that night, the little ones looking with wonder at the stranger who sat beside the bed, and Mabel and Mary almost heartbroken with grief, yet not daring to let a sob escape them, for fear of endangering still more the precious life that now seemed to hang by so slender a thread.

A long fervent kiss, a tenderly murmured "God bless you," was all the farewell that either dared to utter, although there was present to each the unspoken thought that they might never again meet in this world.

The next day Mrs. Randolph was to remain wholly undisturbed until the doctors came, and nurse took the children out for the day, that no sound might reach the patient at the critical time.

Mabel and Mary shut themselves up alone, for although Mabel had knelt and prayed, and sobbed out her grief and anxiety before God the previous night, until she was well nigh stupefied, she wanted to be alone still, for only so could she endure the hours of anguish that must elapse before she knew whether her mother would live or die.

At last the doctors came, went into the room, and the door closed. It seemed an eternity before it opened again, and their own doctor's voice was heard softly calling "Mr. Randolph." Then Mabel opened her door and went out, but her throat felt dry, and her tongue would not move, when she tried to ask whether it was life or death within her mother's chamber. But the doctor saw her white face and straining eyes, and hastened to say, "The operation is happily over, and we have every hope of a successful termination now, provided our patient is kept very quiet, and no unforeseen contingencies arise."

Mr. Randolph was listening to the same words, so there was no need to repeat them, and the doctor went back to his patient, leaving father and daughter in mute thankfulness. The relief was so great from the tension of the last few hours, that Mabel turned away with a sob, to pour out her joy where she had carried her grief, and Mary found her still upon her knees when she entered her room nearly an hour later.

"Papa says you must come down and have some luncheon now, Mabel," she said, laying her hand on her sister's shoulder.

Mabel rose obediently. "Is there any more news?" she asked, hoarsely.

"The doctor came out to papa a few minutes ago, and said she was as well as they could expect."

"Mary, don't you feel as though you had lived half a lifetime since yesterday? I feel ten years older to-day, and I shall never be a girl again," said Mabel, with a sigh.

"Oh, nonsense, Mab! You mustn't talk like that; mamma will soon get well now, and everything will be comfortable again," said Mary, lightly.

But her sister could not lay aside the trouble so easily. It had been a very furnace of affliction to her, and she could not feel that its fires were yet subdued. She swallowed a little soup, and persuaded her father to lie down on the couch instead of pacing uneasily up and down the room, but she could not feel joyful and glad as Mary did.

"I feel as though my life was all over," she said, as she sat by her sister's side, waiting for the doctors to come downstairs.

Luncheon had been prepared for them, and the servants were going in and out the dining-room, while Mabel sat and listened for their footsteps on the stairs. She heard the door above open at last, and a hasty footstep, and then a hurried call: "Mr. Randolph! Mr. Randolph!" She ran to the door and saw the doctor, saw her father leap past him on the stairs, and then she attempted to rush up after him, but Mr. Carstairs laid his hand on her as she was passing, and said, hoarsely, "Not yet, my dear; you must wait a minute."

"But tell me—tell me," gasped Mabel.

"I will. There is a change, and not a favourable one. You must be calm, remember."

"Yes, yes. Oh, Mr. Carstairs, if mamma dies I can never believe in God again," she said, in a smothered tone.

"Hush—hush, Mabel, that is not what she would say—what she did say a few minutes ago," said the doctor, pausing to calm the trembling girl.

"Tell me what she said?"

"Well, she overheard some words we spoke about the change in her condition, and she evidently understood what we meant, for she said, "It is well—well for them, and well for me."

"Oh, doctor, how could she say it was well for us?" burst forth Mabel, with irrepressible anguish, and wringing her hands as she spoke.

"Come, you are forgetting your promise to be calm," said the doctor, sternly, and he led her to her own room, before returning to his patient.

In a few minutes the door opened again, and the professional nurse came in.

"You may go in now," she said; "I am going to fetch your sister."

"Tell me—is there any hope?" But it was scarcely needful to ask the question, for the sorrowful look in the woman's face was sufficient to tell its own story, and Mabel did not wait for the answer, but went on to her mother's room.

The doctors had gone downstairs now, and her mother lay calm and white, and apparently free from pain, her hand clasped in that of her husband as he bent over her. They did not notice Mabel for a minute or two, but at length her father drew back, that she might kiss once more those gentle lips, and hear the last murmured farewell. Then the nurse led her out, and Mary took her place, but followed her almost immediately, for the doctors had given orders that no one must stay above a minute, except Mr. Randolph.

The precaution, however, was needless. The angel of death entered the household about midnight, and for Mrs. Randolph there dawned the morning of eternal day.

(To be continued.)

"SHE COULDN'T BOIL A POTATO;"

OR,

THE IGNORANT HOUSEKEEPER, AND HOW SHE ACQUIRED KNOWLEDGE.

By DORA HOPE.

ELLA sat by the table in the breakfast-room one morning, with a comical expression of despair on her bright face, gazing ruefully at a trayful of cut flowers and half-filled vases.

They ought to have been arranged an hour ago, but it had been what Mrs. Moore called "a contrairy morning," and nothing would go right. The young housekeeper had been hindered in everything she undertook, and now she was trying vainly to arrange the flowers, a task for which she always felt she had no talent whatever, while her aunt sat sipping her lunch of beef-tea, and watching her niece the while with a quizzical look.

"I can't think how Kate does it," said Ella, as she looked up and caught her aunt's gaze. "The flowers look as if they grew so, when she arranged them."

"And yours look as if someone had been making hay," suggested Mrs. Wilson. "I should advise you to begin again."

Ella dolefully took all the flowers out of the vases, but did not seem inspired to begin afresh. Her aunt, having finished her beef-tea, pushed away her luncheon tray, and drew her chair nearer, to advise and direct.

"To begin with," she said, "you have gathered too many flowers, and of too many kinds, but that cannot be helped now. The first thing to think of is, which kind of vases will suit the flowers? What have you got there? Daffodils? Well, how do they grow? Think of that."

Ella followed her aunt's glance out of the window, to where the daffodils grew in the old-fashioned garden, and catching her idea, drew a tall, clear glass vase towards her, and arranged a few flowers in it as well as she could, to imitate the clumps in the garden.

"What next? Crocuses and snowdrops? Well, look at them in the garden again, and copy what you see there; nature generally

seems to know how to grow flowers so as to look their best."

And Ella looked to such good purpose that soon crocuses and snowdrops seemed to be growing again out of a bed of moss in a shallow glass trough. Inspired by this new idea of taking nature for her guide, Ella continued her work with real pleasure, while her aunt sat by watching and talking. Her garden had always been one of her greatest enjoyments in life, and she felt a personal interest in each shrub and plant, and had an almost caressing way of handling flowers, as though she really loved them.

"You do not understand the first principles of arranging cut flowers, Ella," she said; "you starve the poor things in those small glasses. You should have vases that hold plenty of water."

Mrs. Wilson really preferred a glass tumbler herself, and very often would have no other kind of vase.

"Do not crowd the flowers; many of them go on growing after they are put into water, and the buds will always expand if you give them room. A single rose in a slender vase is quite sufficient for beauty, but if you want to fill your rooms with the sweetest odours of summer, add a few sprigs of mignonette."

Ella tried to interpose a quotation from a book of Miss Bird's travels, about the feeling amongst the Japanese of the extreme beauty of the solitary in decoration, but her aunt went on without heeding the interruption.

"You may fill a wide shallow bowl with large flowers, but never put many in a tall, slender vase. I know many people do not agree with me, but for my part I always like clear, colourless glass vases, so that you can see the stalks plainly; but if you don't like white, it is better to use china instead of glass, and above all choose a subdued shade of colour, that will have some chance of harmonising with the flowers. But, dear me, child, where did you get those ugly, vulgar things?"

Aunt Mary's sudden wrath was aroused by two bright blue vases on the table.

"I found them in the china pantry," said Ella, meekly, "and I had not enough without them."

"Well, never let me see them again," returned Mrs. Wilson, rather sharply; "better do without flowers than ill-use them by putting them in a glass that offends your eye every time you look at it. Yes, that terra-cotta jar will do very well for the wall-flowers, the tone of colour agrees with them very well; but do not put them in like that. First, strip off all the leaves from the part of the stalk that is to be in the water, or they will decay, and not only smell disagreeable, but prevent the flowers lasting half as long as they otherwise would."

The flowers were all arranged at last, so as to satisfy even Mrs. Wilson's fastidious taste, and Ella herself was delighted with the result.

Ella was beginning to get accustomed to managing a household now, and felt her cares sit less heavily upon her than before; her brother's visit had passed off happily, and had given her just the stimulus and change of thought her father had been so anxious to provide for her.

But now that it was over, Ella's personal anxiety for her aunt had greatly increased, for a few days after their departure the nurse had gone too. Mrs. Wilson was now so far convalescent that she could quite well dispense with the services of a regular nurse, and the new housemaid, who proved to be a quiet, willing girl, was carefully drilled in the art of waiting upon her mistress before the nurse left, so that nominally Ella was not required to do anything for her aunt at all. As a matter of fact, however, her cares were increased tenfold. The nurse had foreseen that it would be so, and had warned her that she would need to be constantly on the alert, for Sarah, the new maid, though most anxious to do all that was necessary, was totally inexperienced, and, like all young girls, was sometimes a little forgetful; while Mrs. Wilson herself persisted that she was quite well again, and that the nurse's departure was a signal for her to resume all her old active habits, whereas in reality she was still very feeble, and the smallest fatigue or excitement brought back her bad headaches at once. Consequently Ella had to be always on the watch to prevent her wearying herself without seeming to interfere with her movements, for she was still irritable with weakness, and resented any appearance of opposition on Ella's part, whom she still considered as little more than a baby.

This was especially the case with her food, and in spite of Ella's constant care to provide dishes which would suit her, and which at the same time would tempt her appetite, Mrs. Wilson would constantly insist on having the very things the doctor had forbidden.

Mrs. Moore was a very good cook, and did her utmost to tempt her mistress's appetite by gratifying all her whims, but as they were quite of one mind in despising "doctor's new-fangled notions," the result of her efforts was to entirely frustrate all Ella's attempts to follow the medical directions, and she found it a little trying to be scolded by the doctor for indiscretions of diet which she had done her best to prevent.

But in spite of all drawbacks Mrs. Wilson continued to make very satisfactory progress; she was soon able to go out into the large old garden, where she had long arguments with Mallard, the gardener, whose excessive obstinacy was a match even for her own; or she sat in her easy chair in the sunshine, while Ella read aloud to her, and guarded the chickens from the attacks of the tame seagull, whose greatest delight, next to quarrelling with the terrier, was to chase the chickens and terrify the mother hen.

Ella still found plenty of occupation amongst the poultry. The first chickens were too old now to be allowed in the garden, for they had learned to scratch up the seeds and spoil the flower-beds, so they were sent back to the poultry yard, but their place was taken by fresh comers. The first hatching of ducklings were out too, and were already tormenting their hen mother by expeditions into the little stream at the bottom of the orchard.

During this month, too, Ella first began driving out alone in the little pony carriage; previously she had never been without Mallard to drive her. Old one-eyed "Billy" was not a rampant steed, and like all the other retainers of the house, he thought he knew best about most things, so that, as a matter of fact, driving him meant little more than holding the reins, and letting him go where he chose, and at his own pace, which was not dangerously rapid. The only way that she could excite him to any degree of speed showed that he had a good memory. After hearing an anecdote of Mallard's about his late master's habit of invariably starting late for the train, Ella one day suddenly tightened the reins, tried to crack her whip, and cried out, in an excited tone, "Train, Billy, train!" Billy pulled himself together, and started off at a great speed, for him, the dogs barked, and raced along by the little carriage, and the whole cavalcade dashed up to the station (where Ella did not want to go), and stopped with such a sudden jerk that she slid off the seat on to her knees.

If anything was wrong or uncomfortable in the harness Billy soon let her know; he would stop short, and look round at her reproachfully if she did not alight at once, and would refuse to move till she did her best to put it to rights. There was always the comfort, however, when she had Billy to draw her, of knowing that her inexperience in driving was not likely to lead her into any danger, for he knew the rules of the road *much better than* she did, and if she wished to go to the wrong side of the road, or to turn a corner too sharply, or to do anything else which he considered unbecoming, he only shook his head indignantly, and went the way he thought proper.

Ella had felt so painfully with the last servants the disadvantage of being entirely ignorant of cookery, that she persuaded Mrs. Moore to give her lessons, and happily Mrs. Wilson highly approved of the idea. Ella was able to turn her new accomplishment to good account, by making the particular dishes her aunt was advised to eat, for she could often be persuaded to eat them if presented as the last triumph of Ella's skill, although she would have scorned them if simply prepared by the cook.

Mrs. Wilson was specially advised to take eggs, as supplying the nourishment she so much needed in a light and digestible form, and as they were very plentiful just now, Ella specially devoted her attention to cooking them, and served them boiled, poached, and fried, curried, stuffed, and buttered, as well as in numberless light puddings, following carefully the endless recipes given in the cookery books. Her aunt's commendation of the first omelette she cooked with her own hands gave her as great a thrill of delight as did Mr. Dudley's kind words when she finished a sketch of a corner of the old garden.

Finding that she could succeed with them, Ella made a good many different kinds of omelettes, but the one her aunt liked best was a very simple one, made of bacon, thus:—

Two or three eggs were well beaten up with a tablespoonful of milk and a slight flavouring of salt and pepper. Meanwhile, two ounces of fat bacon, finely minced, was frying slowly on the fire, and as soon as it was done the eggs were poured over the bacon in the frying pan, which was tilted, so as to allow the mixture to run to one side. The mixture was stirred gently till just set, and lightly browned; then turned out on to a hot dish, and served as quickly as possible. Ella found that this last point was essential to the success of her omelettes, for they became tough in a very short time if allowed to stand.

Though Ella little thought it, the difficulties and trials of her position had already ripened and strengthened her character. It was so short a time since she had left school, that she had never thought *of taking any interest* in the management of the house at home. She had never noticed how the servants did their work, nor had it ever entered into her mind to take upon herself any of the duties which Kate performed so naturally and so well; while, if any difficulty arose she had only to apply to her parents or Kate to have it solved at once. Consequently she had not, as one of Jean Ingelow's characters complains, "Grown any responsibility of her own."

Now, with her usual advisers at too great a distance to apply to in any matter requiring immediate settlement, she was compelled to depend upon herself, and finding so little reliable there, she was driven to carry her troubles to the one ever-present Friend, whom, theoretically, she knew well, but whose willing loving help, in the duties of everyday life, she had hitherto hardly tested.

"If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God . . . . and it shall be given him."

She had always known this text, but now it seemed to have been written on purpose for her. So constantly did she find afresh how much she lacked wisdom, and so unfailingly did she find the promise fulfilled that it should be given to her when she asked for it.

(To be continued.)

DRESS: IN SEASON AND IN REASON.

By THE LADY DRESSMAKER.

INVENTION in the way of new things for wearing is certainly paralysed by such bitter weather as fell to our lot in the middle and end of March. With the snow lying some inches deep, one can think of nothing but fur and fires; and spring and its following summer seem miles away. A few warmer days, however, will fill all the windows in the shops, though, until April has passed and gone, one never knows how much of the things are novelties, and how much refurbishing of old materials. So, just now, we will only try to distinguish the one from the other, enough to help those who must have new clothes; though, as a rule, it is wiser to make old ones do, until the dusty days be over. The sun of April makes everything look shabby, and one cannot help wishing for something different to the dress which has struggled through the coal-dust, smoke, and dreariness of the winter.

At present the Jubilee obtrudes itself everywhere. We are not only to read of it, but we are to eat and drink of it, and very certainly to wear it, as everything wearable has something of a Jubilee character tacked on to it, viz.—"Jubilee" shoes have "V. R." in the centre of the toe, with a crown above it, and the Order of the Garter to enclose it; aprons with patterns of roses, shamrocks, and thistles, crowns, Irish harps, St. George and the



A WALK IN THE PARK.

Dragon, and Britannia; while on one set I saw a bordering of dates to commemorate every great event in the Queen's life. Royal Arms are placed everywhere that they can be placed, the Star of India, and all kinds of Colonial insignia, and the rose, shamrock, and thistle on every description of apparel.

There are, as I have said, but few real changes in gowns; nor can they be expected till April has passed. The newest ones show that long draperies are still the rule in skirt-making, and if the overskirt be pleats, the pleats are large and bold. More is made of the underskirt than has been the case for some time; and it is very generally either striped or plaided, but not flounced. A plain skirt, or one in wide pleats, is the only kind seen. This is used either as a panel at one or both sides, or even in the front.

Crinolettes are no longer used. By this, I mean the separate monstrosities, purchased and tied on as separate parts of the dress. One or, at the most, two steels are run in the foundation skirt, and so high must these be placed that they are not sat upon; and the new skirts describe a straight falling line, from the lowest of these steels to the edge of the skirt. It seems to be optional whether a cushion should be used or not. The skirts are rather more tied back than they were, and the two side-gores are decidedly narrower, thus making the back fuller. One way of ornamenting the edges of the overskirt and bodice is pinking. This is illustrated in our sketch of a "Walk in the Park." There are sometimes two, and even three rows of pinking, the skirt itself being pinked at the edges, and the two or three rows of colour sewn beneath it. Thus, a brown cloth would have some rows of primrose-yellow, and one of brown; and an almond-coloured cloth, a row of cherry-coloured cloth. The edge of the bodice is pinked out in the same manner, and one of the very new fashions is to use this pinked-out cloth in two or three layers, for tuckers in the necks and sleeves of dresses that are not of cloth themselves. Hats are made, too, and bonnets of these same rows of cloths, to match the cloth dresses with which they are to be worn.

"Ladies' cloth" is one of the most favourite materials for gowns both tailor and dressmaker made this year. It is now made in every shade of colour, but heliotrope and brown seem the two most favourite hues, and in white it has likewise been used, both for the bride and bridesmaids, at a recent great wedding. The pinking forms a perfect edging for cloth, as it is not so heavy as a machine-made hem.

Waistcoat bodices are still the most favoured description of bodice for tailor-made gowns, and small lappels are generally worn with them. The waistcoat and cuffs under the sleeve are more often of cotton-cord, drill, linen, or piqué, than of either velvet or silk; and it is said that some of the first ladies' tailors send home a dozen of these waistcoats with each dress. I hear that the best tailors prefer light tones of drab, stone, grey, brown; plain, or with a very small and inconspicuous check for their dresses. Of course, the pure tailor-made gown is always of a more severe nature than its imitation made by a dressmaker.

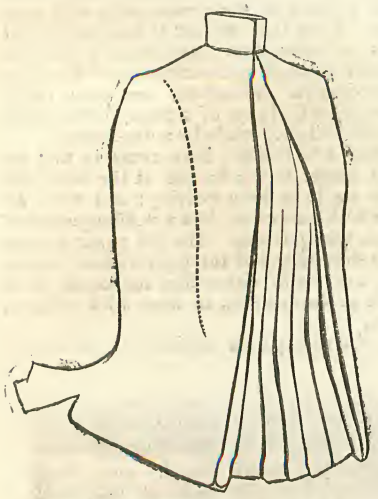
Some new bodices have come in that are much longer in the basque at the back than those we have been wearing; and some are quite with long coats, like a "*Mousquetaire*" jacket, with pockets. The last paper pattern given showed one of these pretty new jackets. They are made either like the dress, or of velvet or corded silk, to wear with different skirts.

So far as separate bodices are concerned,



A COMMITTEE OF THREE.

they are more worn than ever. Every kind of jersey bodice seems used, and stockingette is the best material for making them. A kind of half "Garibaldi" shape is a very pretty style; rather full over the top of the belt, like the original "Garibaldi." Bracer trimmings seem extremely popular as trimmings to all kinds of bodices, both for the morning and the evening, and velvet is the favourite material to make them with.



THE SLING-SLEEVED MANTLE.

In the way of materials we have a few rough faced ones like those of last year, but the majority of them are fine and smooth. Many vigognes are worn, but I cannot admire the large square plaided materials, which are manufactured in such quantities. The pattern is generally in five or six lines, leaving a square in the centre of the block. This same design is found in thin materials, such as zephyrs and cottons. French piqués are to be much worn; they are generally striped; and cambrics and sateens have small sprigged designs on them. Flannels are generally striped, the stripes being different colours on cream and other light hued grounds. Nun's veiling has silk checks in it, and foulard and llama have fine many-hued lines of silk in plaids.

In silks, plain ones of all colours have quite returned to fashion, and our old friend black silk will be more used than ever. Nothing ever sent it out of favour except the way it rubbed shiny after a single wearing, so it rests with the makers how long it will be worn. A good black silk remains as ever the most becoming and economical of dresses. The new black silks are many in number, under many names. Peau de soie is a charming rich firm silk; then there are faille Français and Lyonnaise, lampas, taffetas, surah, silk serge, brocatelle, and thin soft Italian silks of very excellent wearing qualities. Plain silks are worn as whole dresses.

Grey is one of the most favoured colours, and brown in its various shades of vandyke, oak, cocoanut fibre, chamois, and wallflower (the last a lovely shade of red-brown), is much worn. The new greys are cigar ash, gull, and blue fox—the new greens, willow green, emerald, celadon, serpent, and iguana. Heliotrope of all shades is in immense favour, the newest shade being like the old-fashioned damson. There is a charming blue-grey called Turkestan, and an old friend returned to life, the red Solferino of many years since. In blues there are sapphire, plumbago, myosotis, and porcelain, and in greens there is sap green—an ugly shade of apple green.

"A Walk in the Park" shows the newest makes of dresses worn, as well as the new small mantles. In the plain tailor-made gown, on the extreme left, is seen the back of the new paper pattern, which is extremely stylish, though so perfectly plain. The dress with the pinked-out edges is the last new style of making the much worn ladies' cloth gowns.

"A Committee of Three" shows, in the centre figure, the way in which the new bretelles are put on, and in the figure on the extreme left the way the new polonaises are buttoned in the front with four lappets. The braiding shows the trimming of a plain serge on the right hand figure, and also the newest way of putting the skirt on in pleats, and of dressing the hair of young ladies, in both the figures to the right.

Pocket handkerchiefs are one of the chief things on which the imagination of the designer has run riot this spring. They show, like the dresses, two colours, and very generally have scolloped edges. The coloured lawn ones are still to the fore, and some lawn handkerchiefs have spots on them the size of very large peas, and borders of gay lines in brocaded designs. Some of the newest handkerchiefs have corners decorated with muslin butterflies or flowers, the wings of the butterflies and the petals of the flowers being worked separately, so that they stand distinct and loose from the surface—a very uncomfortable handkerchief to possess, and, I should think, likely to wash very badly.

There seems no doubt that lace will be as much worn this year as last, those chiefly liked being the imitation Brussels laces, made, it is said, at Bruges, called Malines, Mechlin, and Point de Flanders; they are light in pattern, and very pretty. Spanish lace of a lighter pattern, called "Marquise," and a coarse lace called Point de Paris, looking like Valenciennes lace in pattern, are the chief laces for trimming dresses; the first, of course, for silk and satin, or for whole dresses, the latter for linen and light cotton summer dress. Then there are a few laces with colour, such as a white pattern on a delicately tinted ground, for dress trimming.

As to stockings, invention seems to have run riot over them this spring. Checks all over are not new; but bold stripes down the legs in front, the backs being left of one colour, is quite a new departure. So is the long medallion at each side of the leg, which has quite a historical air about it, and reminds one of the times when gentlemen wore their stockings as well as ladies, and had all these wonderful patterns to themselves. Women of good taste will always, however, be quiet in their daily underwear, and are now wearing black cashmere or Balbriggan, or else to match their dress in colours, but plain in colour and ribbed. Nothing is more becoming to the foot than the wide-ribbed expensive black wool or cashmere stocking, and nothing wears so well, if carefully washed at home and chosen at a good shop, where the colour is warranted.

I notice that boots are more worn than usual just now; but shoes have been found so comfortable, that nothing will turn them out. They are buttoned more than laced, and are much neater in consequence. Best walking shoes will have fronts of patent leather, and the rest of French kid, while a whole family of rather unbecoming shoes, with a flap in front, are called Puritan, Cromwell, and Pilgrim, according to the fancy of the makers. Coloured morocco shoes, in red or blue, with patent leather tips, are very pretty, and have one drawback, *i.e.*, their usually very pointed toes; and I always fail to see how anyone who really has pretty feet will wear such an ugly, unbecoming style.

The change in the shape of bonnets is that the sides are much flatter, while the front comes up in a crest, with less fulness in it than during the winter. I have mentioned elsewhere the hats and bonnets of fine cloth, pinked at the edges, which are quite novel. All the bows on millinery are upstanding, with a tight tie across them. Good ribbon with a picot edge is generally used in two colours, green and brown being a favourite mixture.

Straw is the general bonnet material, and it may be found in all colours to match all dresses. It is generally very fine, almost resembling chip. Besides the straw, there are numbers of transparent bonnets, beaded over in patterns on tulle and net, which will form very pretty and cheap bonnets for summer, and will be very easily trimmed even by the most inexperienced home milliners. All the linings of brims are put in so as to leave a quarter inch of straw visible at the edge. They are quite smooth, and are generally of velvet. Young people, even in London, seem to wear hats more than usual; but the spring hats seen at present are not pretty, the crowns being too high and narrow, so that the head looks like a pyramid, with an ugly effect at the side.

The first of our patterns for the month is the new one of the sling-sleeved or Bernhardt mantle. The difference will be found in the pleated front, and the slightly fuller back. No mantle is more in favour. There are four pieces in the mantle—front and sleeve in one, back-collar, and pleated front. The only trimming needed is a band of beaded passementerie down each front. Three yards of 27 inch wide material would be sufficient for making it.

The plain basque bodice is given in consequence of many requests from servants, especially for such a pattern, and as it is a new and much worn design, it has seemed best to give both mantle and bodice; the price of each of them being one shilling. Half the pattern is given, consisting of front, back, side-piece, two sleeve pieces, cuff and collar. It will require two yards and three-quarters of 24 inch material.

All paper patterns are of medium size, viz., 36 inches round the chest. No turnings are allowed, and only one size is prepared for sale.

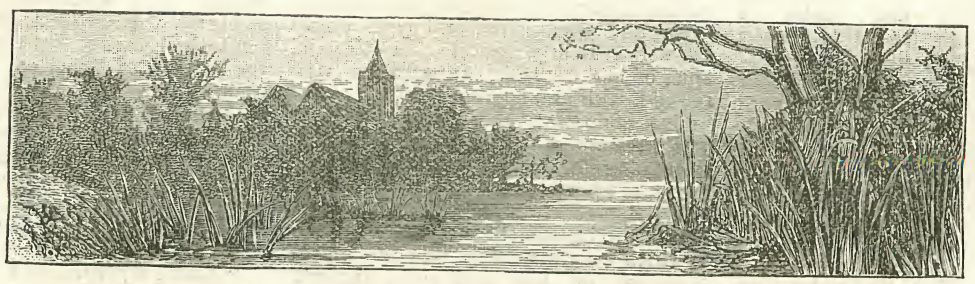


BASQUE BODICE.

They may be had of The Lady Dressmaker, care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate Hill, E.C., price one shilling each. It is requested that the addresses be clearly given, not omitting the county, and that stamps may not be sent, as so many losses have occurred. Postal notes should be crossed, but not filled up. *All patterns already issued may always be obtained*, as the Lady Dressmaker only selects such as are likely to be of constant use in making and

altering at home; and she is particularly careful to give all the new hygienic patterns for children as well as grown people, so that her readers may be aware of the best methods of dressing themselves. The following in hygienic underclothing have already been given: Combination (drawers and chemise), princess' petticoat (under-bodice and petticoat), divided skirt, under-bodice (instead of stays), pyjama (night-dress combination).

Also housemaid's and plain skirt, Zouave jacket and bodice, polonaise with waterfall back, Bernhardt mantle, dressing jacket, Princess of Wales jacket and waistcoat (for tailor-made gown). Mantelet with stole ends, Norfolk blouse with pleats, ditto with yoke, blouse polonaise, princess dress or dressing gown, Louis XI. bodice *with long fronts*. New pattern of Bernhardt mantle with pleated front, and plain dress bodice suitable for cotton or woollen materials.



TWO GREY EYES.

CHAPTER IV.

YES, my dears, the crisis is over, and we have pulled our little patient through safely. She will do now with great care. Not that she deserves it. If people will do such foolish things as to rush through wind and rain with a delicate constitution like hers, they must pay the penalty—that's all. And all to see a twopenny-halfpenny gipsy boy! Oh, dear, no; she doesn't deserve it." And the old doctor wended his way downstairs with a wise shake of his bald head.

"Oh, I am so glad!" said Kathleen, bursting into tears, which she could not control, although she felt thankful that none of the boys were there to witness her weakness. Muriel felt very much inclined to follow her example, but remembered that she was too old to cry, so she said instead—

"I think you are tired, Kathleen, and had better go to bed. We can do no good by sitting up."

"My dear children, you ought to be in bed," said Lady Maude, who had just been having a consultation with the experienced London nurse at the other end of the passage.

"Yes, indeed, my lady," chimed in the nurse, coming towards the two figures clad in nightgowns; "they have been sitting on these draughty stairs all night. Come along to bed, Miss Kathleen. No wonder you are shivering; we shall have you ill next," and the kind-hearted woman hustled them both off to bed, and then returned to her post in the sick room.

Poor Marjorie! If she had been foolish, she was certainly paying the penalty of her folly, for she was now lying in all the torture and delirium of rheumatic fever. For two whole days and nights her life had been in constant danger, and now that the crisis was over it was very doubtful if she had strength enough to rally and get quite well again.

The boys had unwillingly returned to school, and left her in this critical state; everyone was feeling how much they missed the quiet, good-natured cousin; they were all surprised to find how fond they were of her, in spite of her odd "ideas." Kathleen was quite inconsolable; all day long she waited in the passage outside Marjorie's room listening to the wild ravings of her altered voice, which now cried piteously for her father, now talked sorrowfully about Jim, entreating to be allowed to go to him.

But at last the fever left her, and by dint of great care Madge slowly regained strength and became convalescent.

As soon as she was well enough Aileen and Kathleen were allowed to see her. After the invalid had told them all about Jim, and they had duly commented on the story, Madge began—

"How did Tray come up here? He would not move from poor Jim; so I couldn't bring him up that night."

"Oh, Meg brought him up the next morning; but she would not stay to be questioned, and now she has disappeared altogether."

"They say she was in love with one of the gipsies, and has gone after him," put in Kathleen.

"Oughtn't Tom Simmonds to be punished?" asked Marjorie.

"He has been punished," began Aileen, rather hesitatingly.

"Oh, don't you know?" They found his——" broke in Kathleen, eagerly; but Aileen's frowning glance stopped her.

"What is it? Oh, do tell me!" begged Madge; and Aileen was obliged to explain, afraid of exciting her.

"Why, you see, dear, it is nothing at all really, only Kathy is so foolish. It seems that Tom Simmonds fell into the sandpit when he was running away from the keepers that night. They have since discovered his body, and father is not going to prosecute anyone else."

"How dreadful!" said Marjorie, shuddering involuntarily; and then there was a pause for some moments.

She lay back on the couch with such a "far-away" look in those expressive grey eyes—a look which told of an unsatisfied, hungry longing for somebody who never came. Neither of her cousins liked to break in upon her thoughts; perhaps they, too, were thinking—thinking how very nearly that frail little being had slipped away from them for ever; or perhaps they were thinking of the uncertain trouble which seemed to threaten Madge; for three mails had passed by without a line from India, and everybody apprehended the worst.

Presently the long eyelashes drooped, and the weary head sank on to the pillow. Aileen motioned to Kathleen to go out of the room, while she sat and watched the sleeping girl, having for her only companion the faithful dog, Tray, who had hardly left his new mistress's room since she was taken ill.

Suddenly Madge awoke with a start, looked wildly towards the door, and almost shrieked out—

"Papa! oh, papa!"

Aileen flew to the bell, thinking she was lightheaded; but as she looked round she saw the little white, wasted form clasped in two strong arms; the grey eyes were sobbing out the pent-up feelings of two whole years upon a broad soldier's breast, while an iron-grey head was bent over the chestnut locks, and a deep, sonorous voice was exclaiming—

"My own darling little Marjorie!"

* * * * *

"Papa," said Madge the next day, "papa, do you think Jim was very wicked? Aileen called him a little heathen because his last word was 'Tray.'"

"I don't think he can be called wicked, darling, if he never learnt any better. Besides, is it strange that his last thoughts should be of the dearest friend he had on earth?"

"No, that is just what I think; but I never can put it into words, and so they laugh at me," said she, musingly.

"Never mind, little Marjorie. I have retired from the army, as you know, and so we will live together, and no one shall tease you any more," returned her father, putting his arm protectingly round her.

"I think the teasing has done me good," said Madge, smiling contentedly; for all the world seemed sunny to her now. Then, with a wistful look up in the bronzed face she loved so well, "Papa, do you think I have been very naughty?"

"I think that if my darling little daughter goes on as she has begun, and if it please God to spare her so long, she will grow a true-hearted, helpful, loving woman"—then, with a lowered voice, "as her mother was before her."

Gentle reader, I think so too. Don't you?

THEKLA.

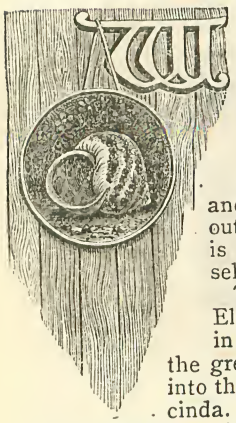
[THE END.]

IN THE DAYS OF MOZART.

THE STORY OF A YOUNG MUSICIAN.

By LILY WATSON.

CHAPTER II.



"When I first saw the castle I thought it looked like an Ogre's, and when I saw grandpapa, with the great cords on his forehead, and his eyes starting out, I thought, 'Here is the Ogre himself.'"

The speaker was Elsa, who was curled in front of the fire in the great hall, looking up into the face of Aunt Lucinda.

The installation of the little couple in the castle had proceeded, after that first outbreak, as a matter of course. The old nurse who had tended their father rejoiced over the pair of darlings, Lucinda was transported to find such playthings for her leisure hours, and the master of the house acquiesced in every arrangement with grim taciturnity, surprised and almost angry with himself to find that the presence of two bright young faces at the table, and the pattering of little feet up and down the great oaken staircase, gave him an odd satisfaction. He tried to believe that he had taken in the children because it was the Empress's wish, but had he been able to look into his own heart he would have seen there a long-starved affection, craving and thankful for a little nutriment. It was a secret joy to him to be able, without any sacrifice of pride, to care for these tiny representatives of his son; for, though he was a hard, selfish, obstinate man, he was not wholly bad, and it was a blessed thing for him that the angel's finger had touched his heart before it became thoroughly indurated to all tender and forgiving feelings.

Gottfried, after staying a few days with his young master and mistress, had journeyed back to Vienna, to acquaint the Empress with the result of his errand.

"So you thought papa an ogre," repeated Lucinda, much amused. "And what did you think me?"

"You were the kind fairy, in your white dress, ready to fly down and prevent us from being eaten up."

"You are an odd, fanciful child," said the aunt. "But were you not frightened at getting into an ogre's den?"

"I was frightened for Rudolf."

"It is always Rudolf. Tell me, then, are you so fond of your brother?"

The slight frame seemed to thrill with the intense feeling that found utterance in an "Ah, yes!" breathed rather than spoken. Lucinda had already observed the passionate affection of the girl for this little fellow, whom his aunt was disposed to think decidedly the less interesting of the two, with his great dreamy eyes, and shy, silent, un-boyish ways. He was evidently delicate, but Elsa, in spite of her fairy-like appearance, was full of health and energy.

The conversation of aunt and niece was interrupted at this point by clear, sweet instrumental notes that came from the state apartment to the right of the hall. Someone was playing the clavichord, the instrument that, at the time of which we are writing, was the representative of the modern pianoforte throughout almost the whole of Germany.

"Hush! hush!" cried Lucinda. "Who is that?"

"Why, that is Rudolf," replied Elsa, lifting up her blue eyes as if surprised by the question.

He was playing a melody not so hackneyed then as it is now, the late Mr. Handel's "Harmonious Blacksmith," one of his *Suite de pièces pour le claveçin*. The notes of the air rose and fell in the tap tap of the measured strain, touched delicately, and withal with perfect regularity, like a magic hammer beating out its musical rhythm on some anvil of the fairies.

"Rudolf? nonsense! A child of ten to play like that on the *clavier!* *I* am learning that piece. But wait a little; he will soon break down when he comes to the variations."

This prediction was not fulfilled, for the invisible player went straight on, and kept the air singing with perfect distinctness through the medley of runs, trills, and flourishes, which he executed as if they ran of their own accord from his little fingers. Lucinda, aware how much these had tried her patience and that of her master, could control her amazement no longer, and, jumping up, rushed in search of the hidden marvel. Meanwhile the pair had been too much engrossed to heed the sounds of an arrival in the courtyard. Elsa, standing in the hall, saw the great door flung open from without, and heard a serving-man shout carelessly, without looking to see who was within—

"Herr Leopold Mozart."

There entered the formal figure of a man of forty, invested, according to the fashion of those times, in a wig, powdered, and curled in two rolls round his head; his brown coat was threadbare, but scrupulously brushed; he wore a white vest, and delicately clean ruffles at his throat and wrists. He had ridden up from Salzburg, but had already removed the gaiters that had protected his spotless hose. His face was a remarkable one: long and narrow, rather than broad. Piercing eyes beneath a high square forehead showed great shrewdness of intellect; a tight thin-lipped mouth, with a certain satirical curve, gave an impression that he could be a bitter critic, also that he knew when to hold his tongue; withal, the face was not one from which children were used to shrink. He gave a quick glance to the little figure, so light and fairylike in the setting of the great gloomy hall; then his ear was evidently caught by the "Harmonious Blacksmith" in the adjoining room, where Lucinda was having it repeated for her benefit.

Elsa, with innate politeness, was stepping forward to greet the stranger. He raised his finger abruptly, but not unkindly—

"Hush, my little one! Let us listen. Ah, but what an improvement!"

Tap, tap, went the fairy hammer, with lightness and precision; then the variations ran with oil-like smoothness, sweetly and clearly, from the fingers of the unseen.

"She makes the melody sing! Ah, but it cannot be!" said Herr Mozart, putting down his roll of music in astonishment. "Are you, then, a sprite that have worked a miracle?"

Elsa only half comprehended the fact that this formal gentleman was the music-master of her Aunt Lucinda, come up from Salzburg to impart his weekly lesson on the *clavier*, and amazed beyond belief at hearing, as he supposed, his pupil play in a novel style.

The last of the variations was finished, the door, after an instant's pause, burst open, and Lucinda appeared—a pretty picture framed in the doorway; for with her high-dressed curls, merry blue eyes, and flushed cheeks, she looked quite as much a child as the solemn little maiden standing in the hall.

"Good morning, Herr Mozart. You have doubtless overheard?"

"Mademoiselle, I have."

"And don't you think I am improved?" continued the wicked Lucinda.

"I scarcely dared to think I was hearing correctly."

"Ah, I knew you would say so! Do I not 'make the melody sing,' as you so often urge me to do? Oh, Elsa! this gentleman is a terrible tyrant, so hard and uncompromising, and I am a thorn in his side, am I not, Herr Mozart?"

This frivolity was not apparently much to the professor's taste, for he said, with some severity—

"I have often recommended to mademoiselle that earnestness in the study of music without which no effort in any department of life can be successful, and I shall only be too happy if my recommendations are about to take effect. In fact, it will preserve to me the pleasure of having mademoiselle as a pupil, which I have of late sometimes feared I must relinquish."

Lucinda pouted a little; but, recovering her good temper almost immediately, she burst into a merry peal of laughter.

"Enter, Herr Mozart, and let us begin our lesson."

Rudolf had, it seemed, disappeared from the salon, for Elsa, even from her post in the hall, could hear Lucinda begin to play Bach's "Clavier Studies" in an imperfect fashion, that drew forth continual remonstrances. So, at least, the child imagined from the frequent pauses and the sound of a masculine voice, at first quiet in tone, then roused to sharpness. Accustomed to hear good music in Vienna, Elsa knew perfectly well that her aunt had neither musical ability nor ordinary perseverance, and she ceased to wonder at Herr Mozart's remarks. But how dare Auntie Lucinda mystify him so about the "Harmonious Blacksmith"? That mythical personage might prove unworthy of his name by becoming a cause of sad discord before he was done with.

Meanwhile, within the salon Herr Mozart was addressing his pupil thus—

"Mademoiselle, you have doubtless neglected these Studies for the purpose of perfecting the performance I was so fortunate as to overhear. We will therefore pass on at once, without further delay. But I must again impress upon you the importance of these exercises. If you would attain any proficiency in the use of your fingers upon the keyboard, you must act as I have recommended my pupils on the violin to do, in my "Attempt towards a Fundamental Method;" to exert yourself, work hard, and work intelligently. With regard to exercises, I am inclined to think the best plan is that which I have myself adopted in that work, to make them even distasteful, that they may not be played from memory, but may be treated as what they are, means to an end. If you will but persevere in the method I indicate, I may in time be able to introduce you to works far beyond the 'Harmonious Blacksmith.' That is all very well in its way for a *suite de pièces pour le claveçin*. It is a study for rhythm and execution; but a blacksmith! he has not originality, he has not emotion; he strikes his anvil as a matter of course, but he strikes not from it the spark divine. Therefore, while I applaud your improvement in the execution of Mr. Handel's air with variations, let me beg of you, Fräulein, not to rest upon it, but to advance to music in comparison with which this 'Harmonious Blacksmith' is but as the twittering of a wren in comparison with the roll of the mighty ocean. Then, perchance, you may come to interpret pathos—to stir the souls of your hearers."

Herr Mozart had been induced, by the supposed sudden improvement of his pupil, to enlarge in a manner that would formerly have seemed to him thrown away upon one of her limited capacity.

"Now let us pass on to the piece," he concluded.

Lucinda began the air; Herr Mozart listened with a puzzled frown.

"But where is the improvement I overheard? However, let me hear the variations; there I shall better observe the change."

Lucinda obeyed, but with disastrous results, for in reality the arrival of her niece and nephew had put all thoughts of practising out of her head. Her variations deserved the name in one sense, for they varied widely from the composer's intention, and either obscured the air, or disported themselves irregularly round it like spasmodic interruptions rather than a singing accompaniment. Herr Mozart's frown grew alarming, and his pupil saw she had carried on her mystifications quite long enough. Jumping up from the clavichord, she clapped her hands. The door of a large light closet, adjoining the salon, opened, and her little nephew, whom she had hidden there with strict injunctions to await her signal, peeped forth with an air of consternation. The sight of the pretty boy in his violet coat, white vest, hose, and shoe-buckles, with his great alarmed eyes, stayed the torrent of indignation that apparently was rising to the maestro's lips.

"It seems the house is haunted, for fairies start up at every corner; here is another of them," he muttered.

"Come here, Rudolf, quick, and play Herr Mozart 'The Harmonious Blacksmith!'" cried Lucinda.

The child sprang to the clavichord, and began the same correct and charming performance that his aunt had overheard with so much astonishment. The air was definitely, ringingly given, and the variations ran brilliantly from the boy's fingers, while he kept the melody singing through them all. The touch and execution were marvellous for so young a performer. Elsa had stolen in, and stood watching her brother with pride and delight.

When he had finished, Herr Mozart cried, "Bravo! bravo! my little fellow; and where did you learn that?"

"Sir, at Vienna."

"Vienna! Ah, you lucky rogue, you have come from clavier-land. And so you are fond of music?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Then it was you whom I mistook for my pupil, Mademoiselle Lucinda, was it?" inquired Herr Mozart. "And what made you play me such a pretty trick?"

"It was my doing," Lucinda hastened to acknowledge. "He was playing to me when I heard your voice, Herr Mozart, so I hid him, and pretended it was I. And now I beg one thing of you; you see I am stupid and lazy to-day, give the rest of my lesson to my nephew. He is a far more promising pupil, and will do you credit, while I never shall."

Herr Mozart was kind-hearted and clear-sighted. He recognised the little fellow's precocity and musical talent, and he disliked teaching Lucinda, yet he was too conscientious to defraud her worthy father of half an hour of the time for which he grudgingly paid.

"Next week I will arrive in time to afford myself the opportunity of hearing this little gentleman further," he replied, "but to-day, no; we have already wasted part of your lesson, and I must return punctually to Salzburg to wait upon the archbishop. Therefore resume your studies, if you please, and let us endeavour to make up for time lost."

Rudolf slipped from the room, and Lucinda was obliged to turn to "The Harmonious Blacksmith." She did not find the rest of her lesson by any means agreeable, for Herr Mozart took occasion to enforce, with much caustic severity, the contrast between herself and her nephew, not merely as regarded musical talent, the gift of heaven, but industry, which, he observed, lay within her own control. She was inwardly delighted when he rose to take leave; but, before he went, she rapidly sketched to him little Rudolf's history.

As the professor rode down the valley, his thoughts were busy with the scene he had just quitted.

"Poor little lad! he has his mother's soul for music in him. He has a look of my Wolfgang, and for his sake I will help him all I can, and bear with his brute of a grandfather and the careless unmusical daughter with the kind heart."

Salzburg was reached; Herr Mozart left his steed at a hostelry outside the town, and hurried through its quaint streets to a house near the rushing river. Here the joyous barking of a dog greeted its master's footstep, and as he opened the door the animal leapt upon him.

"Down, Wimperl, down! Where is thy little master?"

But already a radiant child, with a lovely earnest face, thoughtful eyes, and long luxuriant curly hair tied behind, had rushed forth and flung his arms round his father.

"Thou art home again! how long thou hast been! And now come and hear my new minuet before departing to Court."

"My Wolferl, I cannot," replied the father, returning his son's kiss. "I must change my dress at once. Where are thy mother and Nannerl?"

"Gone to the cathedral. But where hast thou been so long? Was the stupid lady more stupid than ever to-day?"

"No; I was hearing a boy play, five years older than thyself. He has talent."

"Take me to see him," cried Wolfgang; "we will have music together. If he likes music I will like him. Who is he?"

"Herr von Eberstein's grandson. He has come from Vienna. He had a music-loving mother, who died not very long ago."

Great tears started to the eyes of the affectionate, sensitive child.

"That is sad. Let us try and comfort him. I will go and take him my little fiddle to play upon."

"I doubt if the purse-proud Herr von Eberstein would deem my Wolfgang a fit companion for his grandson," thought Herr Mozart, as he went to prepare for his duties; "but, if I mistake not, a time is coming when the great and noble of the earth will be proud to say that they once touched the hand of Mozart!"

(To be continued.)



THE ROMANCE OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND;

OR,

THE OLD LADY OF THREADNEEDLE STREET.

By EMMA BREWER.

CHAPTER VII.



UCH as I love to hold this pleasant communication with you, I feel I must not trespass too long upon your time, and so make you weary of the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street. There is, however, still so much that I wish you to know that I must not waste a moment in preface.

I explained in a former interview that I suffered occasionally from an attack known in Bank language as a *Run*.

Apparently I came well out of these attacks, yet I am aware that they have left their scars on my own personal life, for more than once, as history will tell you, I resorted to undignified and unworthy means for cure, and this always carries with it its own punishment.

But of all the sicknesses to which I am subject that of *Panic* is the worst, the most dangerous, the most infectious.

You may never have experienced it, but let me tell you that it is nothing short of a catastrophe which not only shakes the happiness of thousands of households, but often reduces nations to the verge of ruin and bankruptcy—it is, in fact, a financial earthquake.

There is a general impression among my doctors that I shall always be subject to fits of Panic; but I trust not, for surely in this age of discovery and inventions something might be done to relieve me from an attack which about once in ten years threatens my very existence.

The misfortune of it is, that this special trouble comes upon me from no indiscretions of my own; for example, that of 1825 was caused by a large demand of gold for exportation, and the medicine that saved me was the finding of a chest of old one pound notes which had not been destroyed, otherwise as far as I can see I could not possibly have survived.

Again, the Panic of 1847 was due to excessive railway speculations, while that awful Panic of 1857 arose from overtrading abroad.

I call this one *awful*, because it resulted in so much misery. Families that had been living in opulence were reduced to beggary and despair. Commerce was almost at a standstill, and fear and distrust was over all; thousands of people in every rank of life were ruined, and the whole atmosphere was heavy with gloom.

Can you wonder at my dread of the attack?

I do not know if you like to trace names and things to their origin; if so you shall hear what some of my people think of Panic.

One supposes *Panic* to be derived fron Pan, a general of Bacchus, who put to flight an army far outnumbering his own, by ordering his soldiers to awaken the surrounding echoes, which so terrified the enemy that they fled in fright.

Another says that whether it be a stampede of horses or buffaloes in the prairies; or the panic which seizes a disorderly mob or even a veteran troop; or a monetary crisis; all are alike in this—that they paralyse the reason, and bring misery upon thousands of innocent people.

Lempriere says that that kind of fear which often seizes men, and which is only ideal and imaginary, has received from Pan, the god of the shepherds and huntsmen, the name of Panic.

But all this time I have not told you of what is to be seen inside my house, neither have I told you of all I do in it.

I have printing rooms, publishing office, detective rooms, music room, and oh, such catacombs! my belief is that they can hold their own against those of Rome; but I shall leave you to be the judges. I have also some of the most wonderful machines in the world.

Of course none of these apartments are open to the public, and to get a glimpse of them requires a good deal of interest with those in authority under me.

The tools with which I work are, as you well know, bank notes, sovereigns, shillings, and pence, in short £ s. d., or money.*

We will begin with the notes, and I hope you won't side with a member of Parliament who, in his place in the House of Commons, declared "There was no need to go into all the deeper quagmires of bank notes and such things, which no man could understand in this world or in the next." It was very uncivil of him, and as women are not allowed seats in the House, it had to pass unreproved.

I am not the originator of bank notes; the first true bank notes were, I believe, invented in China, A.D. 800, and were called *Feytsien* or flying paper; and to this day *paper* money is occasionally burnt at funerals in China, in order, as they say, that the dead may have some money to start with.

Originally the lowest sum for which I issued notes was £20. The next change brought it to £10, and it was not until 1777 that I was allowed to issue notes for £5.

This continued the minimum until 1797, when I was compelled to suspend payment in cash, and issue notes of £1, £1 10s., and £2.

You ask perhaps how it happened that I was compelled to suspend payment? My answer is that it was simply because of embarrassments brought about by my connection with the Government—a connection which reduced my notes from a paper of commercial credit to a state paper-money.

Would you believe that at this particular crisis I had over £8,000,000 of notes in circulation, and only £1,000,000 of specie in my coffers?—a contrast, indeed, to this present time, when I could if I pleased withdraw every one of my notes in an hour.

I suffered a good many losses during the rage for bank note forging, which commenced with my suspending cash payment and the introduction of small notes.

I think that the success of the forgers was mainly owing to the fact that my notes were now used by all classes of people, many of whom had never previously seen a bank note, and had neither knowledge nor education to discriminate between the true and the false, and thus opened up to the forgers a tremendous field for operation.

To go back to the suspension of cash payment; the circumstance brought an excited crowd about my doors, who thought I had gone utterly to the bad, but who were eventually soothed and set at rest by finding that a meeting of merchants and bankers, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor, had agreed to take my notes in payment for any sums owing to them, and that they in like manner would use them to make their own payments.

Bank notes are made of various materials! in Mexico they are of white silk. You shall see how and of what I make mine, and after strict scrutiny I feel that you will agree with me that there is not a neater or more elegant note in the Bank World than mine.

Those who have said of them "that rags they were and to tinder they return," only understood part of what they said.

I much more readily agree with the writer who said that "the bank note is a most valuable work, and no publisher ever refused it on the plea of being too overwhelmed to accept more," and "that it is a publication more sought after than any other, and that no gentleman's pocket is complete without it."

The paper of which my notes are made is manufactured in a special mill in Hampshire, not of *rags*, but of cuttings of *new linen*, or of the finest Scotch canvas, to which is added a little cotton.

The pulp is kept in a large vat, and looks like milk. The colour of the paper is, as you have no doubt noticed, peculiar; it is like none that you buy in the shops. It is made up into reams of five hundred sheets, each sheet making two notes.

It is very contradictory in character, being so thin that when printed there is much difficulty in making an erasure, and yet so strong that one note will bear the weight of 56lbs. without tearing; and the strange thing is that the quantity of fibre of which it consists is only 18½ grains.

The rough edge round my notes is one of its peculiarities, and is called the deckel edge; it cannot be imitated by cutting.

The watermark is secured to me by Act of Parliament, and no imitation of my notes is permitted.

The distinguishing marks of my note are its thinness, its strength, its colour, its rough edge, its touch, and its watermark.

For the printing I use special ink made on the premises from grape skins; or rather, I should say, the charred husks of Rhenish grapes, which are mixed with linseed oil previously boiled and burnt; from this combination we get a black so tenacious that it is impossible to remove it when once pressed on the paper.

Having said so much, will you now come with me into my printing rooms, where you will see that I print and number daily in one machine alone 16,000 bank notes? The average number turned out a day is 30,000, every one of which is entered into a ledger. The place in which these are kept, before going out into the world, is known as my store room, as unlike the store room of other ladies as it is well possible to conceive. If a note comes out blurred, the machine is stopped and the number set back. This is a beautiful machine, and numbers the notes with unerring precision. Every time a sheet passes through it it gives a click, as if to say, "another two notes well printed and numbered."

(*To be continued.*)

* The word money is derived from Juno Moneta, whose temple was the Mint in which Roman coin was made.

HOW TO DECORATE A GIRL'S SITTING-ROOM.

By FRED MILLER.

THE coloured design which is given with this month's GIRL'S OWN PAPER was drawn from a room I decorated some little time since —last summer, in fact; and as it is hoped that the drawing may be of practical help to many readers of the G.O.P., a few suggestions as to the best way of setting about carrying out this, or a modified form of the design, may make the drawing a still further help.

COLOUR.

The first thing to consider in decorating a room (by decorating I mean painting, papering, as well as actual decoration, either in the way of stencilling or hand-painting) is to fix in the mind the general tone of colour that is to pervade the room—the "key," as artists say. The question of colour is one often of individual taste, but there are certain considerations of a practical character that influence us in our choice. Generally speaking, rooms that suggest warmth are preferable in all countries where there is much dull, cheerless weather, to cold-looking rooms. As one decorator said to me once, "Decoration should suggest sunlight." There are occasions when a grey or cold tone of colour is pleasant, or even desirable, and it is often safer where there is much miscellaneous furniture, draperies, and accessories, to select some neutral tone of colour—Wedgwood greys, for instance. But I cannot help thinking that rooms in neutral tints are apt to look unnecessarily sombre. The fashion for low toned colours that prevailed some few years since was a needful protest against the crudeness and vulgarity of the decoration of a generation ago. But, after all, colour delights the eye and has a great effect upon the spirits, and I am an advocate for colour in decoration—contrasts of colour, in fact, rather than monotonous neutral tones. And it is quite possible to get a great deal of colour into a room and still obtain harmony and repose. Colours want careful management, I know, and those who doubt their colour perception had perhaps better avoid the difficulties to be encountered in harmonising conflicting colours. I would here note that in reproducing the side of a room, as in the coloured sketch, on a small scale, the colours are apt to look stronger than in the room itself, and the general effect of the sketch will thus appear somewhat crude. I rather feel this with regard to the illustration in this month's G.O.P.

The Indians, in weaving their carpets and textiles, have such a true colour perception that they can, without effort, put the most opposite colours together, and withal the general effect is rich and harmonious. English people have not this delicate colour perception, but there are many rules that can be learnt by practice or from others that will enable the tyro to avoid glaring mistakes.

TONE.

There are, generally speaking, two schemes of decoration that can be adopted—harmonies and contrasts. The former is the easier and more general scheme, the latter the bolder and more striking when successfully managed. Our illustration is one of contrasts, as will be at once seen, the red of the walls being opposed by the greens of the woodwork. If we had coloured the woodwork in darker tones of red, as we might have done, and as many would have done, we should have had what, for brevity, I call a scheme of "harmonies" of red. The plan adopted by many house painters is to paint the woodwork in the tones of the wallpaper they are using. It is certainly safer to do this, as one cannot go far wrong in such a scheme. But there can be no question that "contrasts" are much more striking and decorative than "harmonies." In contrasting colours, the laws of colour should be remembered. The three primaries are red, yellow, and blue, and the complementaries are in the order given—green, purple, and orange, produced, of course, by mixing any of the two primaries. The general tone of our decoration, as given in the sketch, being red, green would naturally be the contrasting colour. But the knowledge of this law will not always make us successful decorators. Apart from an eye for colour, which is a natural gift, many successful combinations are the result partly of accident and partly of experiment. A useful plan to adopt in harmonising colours is to "break" or tone each colour with the tint to be used next to it. We will take, for example, the three tints used in the room of which the illustration is a reproduction. The red of walls is made of Venetian red, vermilion, and a little chrome yellow; the dark green of dark blue, or Brunswick green, toned with burnt sienna, chrome, and yellow ochre; the grey green of French ultramarine, yellow ochre, and lemon chrome. You will thus see that each colour is toned by the addition of opposing colours, as, for instance, the green with burnt sienna. But suppose we had merely mixed up Venetian red, Brunswick green, and the ultramarine with yellow ochre (of course, it is understood that white is added to these colours in varying proportions), we could have toned the red with a little Brunswick green and yellow ochre, the Brunswick green with the red and yellow ochre, and the grey with yellow ochre and Brunswick green. In other words, we could have "broken" each colour by the addition of a small quantity of the other two. This method is to some extent mechanical, and the result will not be so rich and transparent as it would have been where we toned each colour with other pure colours, as the Venetian red with yellow, vermilion, and, perhaps, a suspicion of Antwerp blue. In arranging the colours for a house painter to work from, make up a little of each tint yourself, and brush a little on to a piece of millboard, keeping a small quantity of each tint for the painter to work to. Some readers may like to try and do the actual painting for themselves. In that case you must carefully wash the existing paint with strong soda and soap, to remove all grease (for paint will not dry where there is any grease), and having got your colours made up at some colourman's or good oilshop (it will cost you more to try and mix the colours for yourself), and borrowed a large and small paint brush of the people who mix your paint, which you can readily do by leaving a deposit, put on the first coat of paint as evenly as possible, letting the brush travel over the woodwork lightly and in one direction, or rather in the direction of the grain of the wood. Put plenty of colour on, and then smooth it over as I have just directed. Allow this coat to dry hard, which will take two or three days, longer perhaps in damp weather, and then apply another coat, rather thinner than the first one, taking great care to get the paint on evenly. If you colour in the beads with a distinct colour, as indicated in illustration, these must be put in last with a small flat hog's-hair brush.

DISTEMPERING.

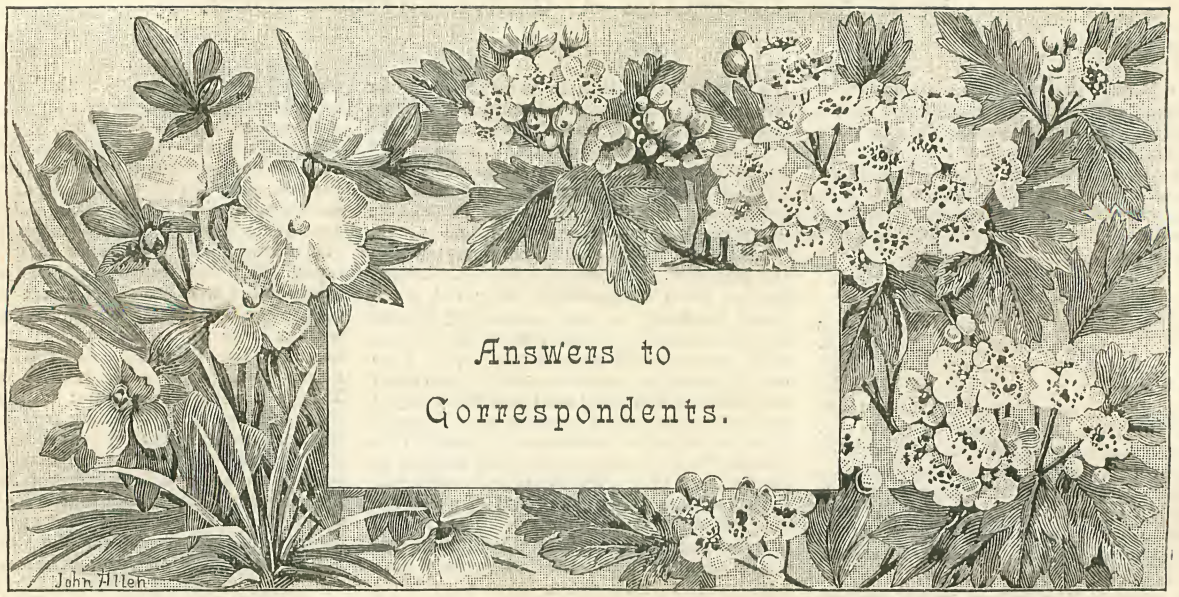
The walls might be distempered, for it is out of the question attempting to paint them, and paper-hanging is difficult. If the walls are covered with wallpaper, this must be stripped off. Thoroughly soak the paper with hot water by brushing it over again and again with water until the paper can be peeled off. The walls must then be gone over with a little whitening, mixed up with a good quantity of size. Break a couple of cakes of whitening up into a large zinc pail, and pour upon them as much hot size (to be purchased at an oilshop) as will make a quite thin liquid. See that the whitening is thoroughly incorporated with the size. Leave this to get cold, when it will jelly, and then brush it on with a large whitewash brush (that you can borrow at the oilshop for a small fee). When this is dry, mix up the colour for the walls. This is done in the way just indicated, only there must be more whitening in proportion to the size, and the whitening must be tinted to the required colour with powder colours, that you can buy at a good oilshop or colourman's. Distemper will last three or four years or more, and most charming soft tints can be produced in distemper. Soft greys can be made with Antwerp blue, yellow ochre, and lemon chrome, and greens with ultramarine, middle chrome, raw sienna, and burnt sienna, while Venetian red, vermilion, and the chromes help you with the warm tones.

The ceiling is coloured in the same way as the walls, but the colour should not be as dark as the walls. Perfectly white ceilings are a mistake, as they give a cold appearance to a room. Those who can afford it will find papered ceilings an advantage. There are papers designed expressly for ceilings, quiet all over patterns, and geometrical ones in one or two soft colours; and not only is the effect handsome, but where the paper gets dirty it can be restored two or three times by going over it with dough. Remember, in distempering a ceiling, the old whitewash must be thoroughly washed off, and a first coat of size with a little whitening in it applied, as in the case of walls. The ceiling should be finished before beginning walls.

WALLPAPERS.

I have said that hanging wallpapers is a troublesome task. But if any reader is determined to try her hand, let her bear in mind the following: First trim off with scissors the plain margins to the paper. Having stripped off old paper and gone over the walls with hot size and allowed it to dry hard, spread out the paper, cut to the required lengths, upon a long board or on a clean floor, and thoroughly paste the back of paper with the whitewash brush. When pasted, fold the paper together, so that the pasted sides come together. This allows the paper to soak, for paper, when wetted, stretches; then take the paper, and starting at the top of the wall, fix upon the wall the top portion of the paper. Then pull out the whole length of the paper, so that it hangs down but does not stick to the wall; and having seen that the pattern tallies with the last piece hung, go over it with a dry cloth to make the paper thoroughly adhere in every part to the wall. In hanging the first piece you require a long piece of string with a weight at the end, to see that the paper is hung perpendicularly. Hold the string at the top of the wall, but so that the weight does not touch the wall, and then make the edge of your paper tally with the plumb-line. The two points to be observed in hanging paper are to get the pattern to run right through all the pieces, and to get the paper upright.

A little shelf screwed on to the top of the moulding of the door, to hold a few plates, is sometimes effective. A carpenter will do this for a few shillings.



MISCELLANEOUS.

MIMICA.—An earl's daughter is styled the Lady Mary, or other Christian name. *Only* servants and persons not in society say "your ladyship" in personally addressing her. Those in her own society, though untitled, say "Lady Mary," and, once in a way, may say "my lady." If only invited to assist in entertaining school-children at the house of persons above you in social position, you should bring up the children, when leaving, in line, the boys to bow and girls to curtsey to the lady who has entertained you and them, and when they have done so, you can say you feel much obliged for the very pleasant day you and the children have had.

GRACE DARLING.—The face of Moses shone when he descended from the mountain, after receiving the law and communing with the Lord. See Exodus xxxiv. 29, 30. Our blessed Lord's face shone when he was transfigured; see St. Matthew xvii. 2, where it is said, "His face did shine as the sun." Also of the angel who watched at the Lord's sepulchre, it is said, "His countenance was like lightning." See St. Matthew xxviii. 3. Again, in the first chapter of the Revelation, it is said of our Lord, that "His eyes were as a flame of fire."

SISSIE.—1. You say that you wish to be a true disciple of Christ, but add, "I must wait, everyone must wait, until He teaches us to flee from the wrath to come." Your statements are self-contradictory. If you have the desire to follow Christ, *He has already taught* you to flee from the wrath to come. What are you waiting for? To-day is the accepted time; there is no promise for to-morrow. "Whosoever will, let him take," etc. You received the call in the Holy Gospel from the pulpits of Christ's ministers, from the parents that first taught you to pray, from good books, and from the voice of conscience within you. If you do not accept the Divine call and teaching in all these, neither would you be persuaded, though one rose from the dead. You speak of not feeling your sin. Reflect on this fact that, as God's creature, dependent on His free bounty and care, for all you are and have in this world, and all you hope for throughout eternity, you should love Him above all things, and as you fail in this you are utterly fallen, vile and worthless, and need the atoning sacrifice of Christ, and the sanctifying grace of the Holy Ghost to wash away your sins and to justify and purify you in His holy eyes. 2. Your handwriting is scarcely formed yet.

MAB and NAN.—The eldest son's daughter is addressed miss, without her Christian name, unless she have a maiden aunt, who takes precedence of her.

A GRATEFUL READER.—We think that unless your father wishes you to remain in the room, you might stay in the drawing-room till supper time, when you could return.

UGLY ZENITH.—We fear our correspondent must be ugly in disposition as well as in face, if she gives way to her sharp tongue, and have an inclination to say cruel and rude things. Perhaps her face will improve if she holds fast that which is good. Be gentle, loving, and kind to all. But she must please spare us the sight of her photograph. We have no time to give to such things, especially when the face is that of a vain, sharp-tongued girl.

TEA AND COFFEE.—The flowers must be pressed in blotting paper to keep the colour, and this must be often changed. The end of the world comes to us all in time when we die, and for this we must prepare. This is the most important consideration so far as we are concerned. The end of all things has been very often prophesied, but we are distinctly told that "of that day and hour knoweth no man."

R. S.—A little half-educated girl of fourteen, who needs yet four years of the schoolroom, ought to feel shy and retiring when among grown people. We are sorry to hear that at home there should be reason to complain of her being what she vulgarly calls "cheaky." The word, too, is misspelt.

"BURNT CHILD."—It would be well for you to keep some powdered sulphur in a small basin in a cupboard of the nursery, out of the children's reach, and throw a handful on the fire, should soot in the chimney catch fire, and the fumes will extinguish it at once, unless the whole chimney be heated red-hot through keeping too large and hot a fire in the grate. It may be well to add that five grains of muriate of ammonia, dissolved in a gallon of water, thrown over anyone's clothes that have caught fire, will at once extinguish the flames.

FRIEND CHERRY.—1. Kate is only the nickname or diminutive of Katharine, and has no meaning apart from the latter. 2. Mistletoe belongs specially to home festivities at Christmas-time, its original use belonging to Druidical worship, and never had any Christian use as the origin of its employment; so it is never placed in churches.

LUSITANIA sends some verses in "Paddy" style, which she has done very well. Verses of hers have already appeared in the amateur pages of the G. O. P. Whether she will ever rise to a higher style and greater originality, we are quite unable to predict.

GRANDPAPA'S CHARGE.—You had better take advantage of this present disagreement to break off all intercourse with a man below you in social position, and who is not approved of by your guardian. You are bound to submit to the wishes of your guardian. That the latter is justified in his disapproval is sufficiently proved by his grossly ungentlemanly conduct.

EMILY A. C.—We thank you for your card and your kind letter. You write fairly well.

ROB ROY (Honfleur).—1. Counties are districts so divided for purposes of local government and the administration of justice, each county being ruled by its sheriff. County is a term derived from the Norman *comté*, an earldom, the district or territory of a count or earl. Counties corporate, such as London, York, Bristol, etc., are invested with special privileges by Royal Charter. Counties Palatine were once under counts who exercised royal prerogatives in their own county; such as the Earl of Chester, the Duke of Lancaster, and sometimes an ecclesiastic, as the Bishop of Durham. This prerogative owes its origin to the powerful Counts of Champagne and Toulouse, independent sovereigns, who appointed counts under themselves. "Shire" is an English term derived from the old English *sciran*, to divide, which was substituted after the Norman Conquest by that of "county"—*i.e.*, territorial divisions of the kingdom, under the government and in the possession of an earl or ealdorman, who was himself a subject of the king. Chief amongst the officers of each shire was the shire-reeve (sheriff), who, in the absence of his master, the ealdorman (or, after the Norman Conquest, in his stead), presided over the hundred and the shire courts, now called county courts. 2. Yes; it is an act of wanton cruelty to kill birds with catapults. We are always glad to hear from "Our Boys."

ETTELRATIC.—The story of the famous Kilkenny cats, that fought till nothing was left but their tails, has a substratum of fact in a barbarous practice which formerly prevailed amongst a troop of Hessian soldiers, who were stationed in Kilkenny in 1803, during the Irish rebellion. They amused themselves by tying two cats together by their tails, and throwing them across a clothes line to fight. One day they were surprised by one of the officers, who had determined to put an end to the cruel practice, whereupon one of the offenders, equal to the emergency, whipped out his knife, cut the tails off, and threw the cats out of the open window. When the officer inquired the meaning of the two bleeding tails, he was told that two cats had been fighting, and had devoured each other all but the tails. There is another version which says that the phrase arose from the litigious propensities of Kilkenny.

RAMPTIFUZLE.—The 22nd Dec., 1872, was a Sunday. The 11th Sept., 1862, was a *Thursday*.

E. THOMSON.—The name "Corporal Violet" was given to Napoleon 1st on his banishment to the island of Elba, 1815, and implied "he would return to France with the violets," or in the spring. He was also called "Father Violet." You have quoted the motto incorrectly. It is *Curæ cedit fato*. Destiny yields to care.

ANXIOUS NELLIE was indiscreet in sending "presents" to her friend's brother in return for a loan of books. It might induce him to think she had formed some ulterior designs respecting him, which would be very humiliating and derogatory to any girl of proper feeling.

IMOGENE RYLANCE writes an exceptionally beautiful hand; and we appreciate your kind considerations for us, and testimony to the usefulness of our advice. Perhaps you may find the following recipes for *Marking Ink* satisfactory. Dissolve 1 drachm of nitrate of silver in ½ of an oz. of water. Add as much liquid ammonia as will re-dissolve the precipitated oxide, with sap-green to colour it, and gum-water to make the volume amount to 1 oz. Traces written with this liquid should be first heated before the fire, to expel the excess of ammonia, and afterwards exposed to the sun to blacken them. No previous preparation of the linen or calico is needed for this ink. There is another recipe, which is as follows: Dip the linen in a solution of carbonate of soda; then dry the spot, and write upon it with a solution of the nitrate of silver, thickened with gum and tinted with sap-green.

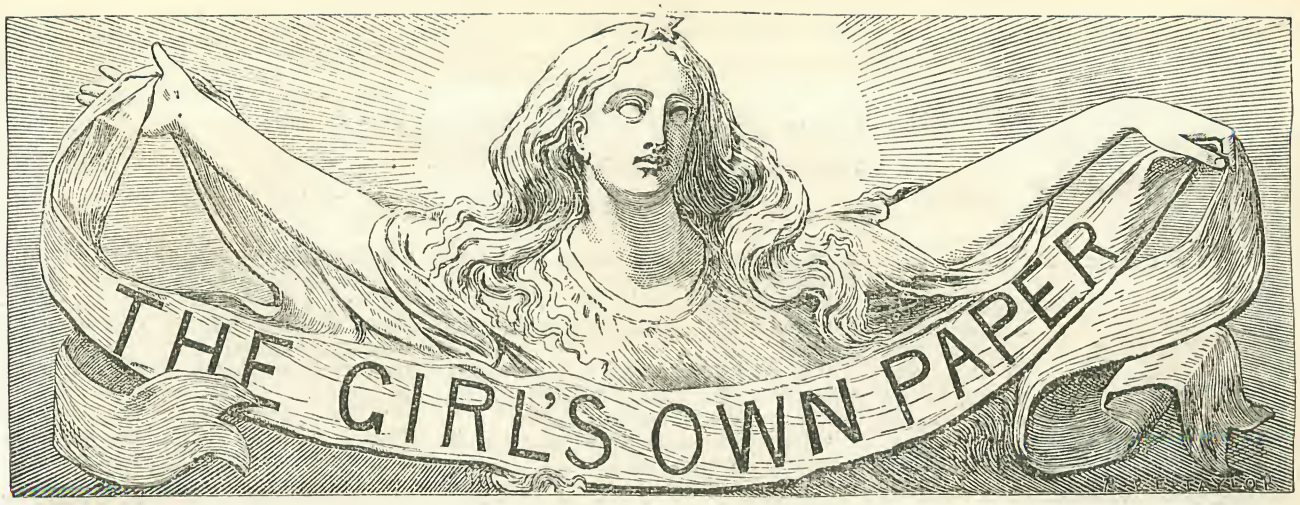
PRINCESS LOUISE HOME.

Contributions received up to March 29th for the Bazaar.

Various fancy and useful articles kindly sent by Miss M. South, Miss H. Mathie, E. A. Chambers, Nell and Belle; and a large parcel from Miss Blanckenser.

In money: A constant reader of G. O. P. 2s., Miss E. L. Burt 5s.

Books and clothes for the Home have also been received, through the G. O. P., from Miss Ellen Vawser, and an anonymous donor.



VOL. VIII.—NO. 383.] APRIL 30, 1887. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

TWO GREY EYES.



All rights reserved.] "'DROP THAT BOY, THIS INSTANT!' SHE CRIED, IN A CLEAR THRILLING TONE." (*See p.* 446.)

IN THE DAYS OF MOZART.

THE STORY OF A YOUNG MUSICIAN.

By LILY WATSON

CHAPTER III.



RUDOLF eagerly anticipated the next visit of his new friend, which came round in due course; but on Herr Leopold Mozart's arrival he was at once summoned to the presence of his patron. The lord of the castle had been spending a good deal of the day out in the open air, as usual, and his coarse red face was a singular contrast to that of the artist he disdained.

Herr von Eberstein was a self-made man, and had acquired the Castle Höhenfels, in comparatively recent times, by the money he had made in commerce. No one knew exactly how he came by the "von" in his name, but he was puffed up with pride and arrogance. Success in life—by which he meant money-getting—was the god he worshipped.

"Herr Leopold Mozart," he began, "you have many acquaintances in Salzburg, no doubt?"

"Sir, I have that honour."

"I have not. I am, as you know, a Lutheran, one of the family Von Eberstein that left Salzburg in 1732 because of their Protestantism."

Herr Mozart bowed.

"I am proud to return, having made my way in the world, and no haughty archbishop need suppose he is going to drive *me* out any more."

"The days of persecution are past," observed Mozart, who, himself a devout Catholic, was by no means a narrow-minded bigot.

"To come to the point. I want you to find me some student at the Salzburg University who will come up the valley daily, or almost daily, to give two or three hours' instruction to my little grandson, whom I have adopted for the present; someone to whom money is an object, and who will not want to turn the lad into a monk. I don't doubt you can find plenty of needy students, only, hark ye! the education given must be good and sound."

"In what subjects does your Excellency require that the tutor should be specially proficient?"

Education was not the worthy Von Eberstein's strong point, and he hummed and hawed, then lighted on one *sine quâ non*.

"Arithmetic in all its branches! He must be an adept at figures and book-keeping, for I mean the boy to enter a merchant's house when he is old enough."

Herr Mozart bowed.

"And the classics—Greek and Latin?"

"What for?" roared Herr von Eberstein. "I don't want to turn the lad into a monk, as I told you before."

"They are generally supposed to be part of a liberal education."

"Well, a little may do no harm," growled this patron of letters; "but Rudolf is to be a man of the world, not a student. His father never obeyed my wishes, but went for a soldier, and now his children are returned on my hands just because he married a strolling member of the vagabond musical profession."

A dangerous flash from Herr Mozart's bright eyes, and the tightening of his thin lips, apparently recalled the worthy man to his senses.

"No offence to your profession, Herr Mozart; music is all very well as a pretty amusement, and I do not grudge Lucinda your lessons, but we commercial men who have made our own way have to do with life in sober earnest, you know. Well, I see I am detaining you from your pupil. Send up some such young man as I describe, and I shall be obliged to you. Good day."

Herr Leopold Mozart was Court composer and leader of the orchestra at Salzburg, in the little court of the Archbishop Sigismund. He had a high and well deserved reputation, and taught in most of the families of rank in the neighbourhood, a fact to which he owed his introduction into the Von Eberstein household. As the daughters of the barons and counts around took lessons from him, the ambitious *parvenu* was resolved Lucinda should do the same, that on the rare occasions when she went into society she might shine like other youthful dames. But the distinguished artist who imparted this qualification for social success Von Eberstein regarded much as he might have done a skilful hairdresser or costumier.

Other petty annoyances were rife in the lot of Leopold Mozart. The Roman Catholic archbishoprics of the eighteenth century presented a combination of the cathedral system of English cities with the pomp and circumstance of a temporal court. The archbishop was a little king, and canons, organists, kapellmeisters, composers, trumpeters, were his ministers in office. Church music consequently occupied an important part in the archbishopric, but the area in which the Court spread forth its grandeur was ridiculously small, and one can imagine the weary disgust with which men of genius, dependent on its scanty emoluments, fretted against its petty pomp and irritating restrictions.

When Rudolf was at length summoned to the salon, he rushed in with alacrity, sat down, in response to Herr Mozart's invitation, at the clavier, and glided off into a minuet by Sebastian Bach. Here the boy had to rely upon his memory, but not a note was incorrect, and the charm of the music was preserved.

"Bravo! thou dost play Bach's music! That is well. Study him always, for he is a fine educator. Thou hast not composed?"

"No, but I began to learn harmony."

"All will come in due time. And see, my child, that thou strive not after effect. Pupil and master too often think they have achieved something great when a piece can be rattled through. But one perfected exercise is worth a dozen such performances. Thou art in the right road, only persevere."

With such injunctions and encouragements the kind and patient Court composer heard Rudolf play one thing after another, and the delighted child wondered how Aunt Lucinda could complain of Herr Mozart's caustic tongue.

"The lad has studied well! he has remarkable talent, and he loves music with all his heart," reflected the professor, as he left the castle. "A commercial career, forsooth! Why, when the old curmudgeon has enough and to spare, cannot he let genius—yes, genius, have its bent? It shall go hard but I will find him a tutor who will help him along the heaven-marked way."

In pursuance of this daring intention, Herr Mozart sought out one Paul Engelhardt, a student at the Salzburg University, a young man of rare ability but scanty means, who had endeared himself to the Mozart household by his fondness for music, and by his good and gentle character. He played the violin well, and was also versed in the church music of Bach, Palestrina, and Pergolesi, having studied the theory from his childhood. He was engaged in the (to him) distasteful study of jurisprudence, attending lectures, which by no means absorbed all his time and energies.

The prospect of his obtaining work through his profession became more and more distant, and he was turning his thoughts towards literature as a means of livelihood. Meanwhile he was glad to have this tutorship thrown in his way, and Herr Mozart knew that he would acquit himself well in all that was required from him.

By her earnest request, Elsa was admitted to share her brother's lessons, "that she might help him," she said. The child's self-dependence and motherly love for Rudolf made her a unique little figure.

Without worrying the lad by that tiresome oversight and admonition which some little elder sisters affect, she cared for him silently in every possible way, and invariably preferred his comfort and happiness to her own. He was a curi-

ously quiet child, evidently delicate as to his general health, always inclined to stray off alone, given to fits of abstraction, and seeming to kindle into life only when the keys of the clavichord were touched, or when music became the theme of conversation.

"I cannot bear to hear Aunt Lucinda play," he confided to his sister one day.

"Oh, Rudolf, how unkind of you, when she gives you so many sweetmeats, and is so good-natured."

"I know, I know," with an impatient toss of his head; "that has nothing at all to do with it. She is good, she is kind, but the keys do not sing or speak when she touches them. I do not understand how Herr Mozart can bear to teach her."

"He is obliged to do it, because he wants to earn money for his wife and children; but perhaps he will soon stop teaching her and other people, and go a long journey with the wonderful little boy he tells us of, that all the kings and queens may hear him play. I heard him saying so to Herr Engelhardt the other day."

"Herr Engelhardt is a great friend of his, and he can play; he knows about music. That is one reason why I like him so much."

"He is very kind to you, is he not?" asked Elsa.

"Yes, very; and I think he is handsome, so tall and strong, and such kind brown eyes; something like father."

"Only younger than father is," corrected Elsa.

"Yes, but he is grave though he is young," continued the child critic, "and I don't think he would let anybody make jokes or play in lesson time, though he is so kind. But when lessons are done he tells me stories about Herr Mozart's little boy, and I shall never, never be satisfied till I have heard the little boy play for myself; I want him to come here."

"Let us ask grandpapa to invite him," suggested Elsa; "there he is in front of the castle. Come now."

Rudolf, half unwilling, was dragged by his eager sister to the terrace where Herr von Eberstein was marching up and down smoking.

"Grandpapa," cried Elsa, boldly, "may we have Herr Mozart's little boy and girl to play with us?"

"Play *to* us, you mean," murmured Rudolf.

"Pfui!" cried the grandfather, taking his pipe from his lips, and emitting rings of smoke. "What for? Herr Mozart is only a musician. A very good sort of man in his way, no doubt, but his children are not the friends for you."

"They are wonderful children!" exclaimed Elsa.

"Wonderful! My little maid, I suppose you mean they can strum on the clavier; that is natural," said Herr von Eberstein, while an indulgent smile beamed on his red countenance. "A mountebank's children will throw the best somersaults because they are trained to it, and a musician's children will perform better than others for the same cause, but that is no reason for your making friends of them. No, no, there are the Baron Schwarz's little son and daughter, who will be glad enough to come and see you when you want companions of your own age. Natural enough that you should do so perhaps, but—stop, Rudolf, there is Herr Engelhardt coming. And now, mind me, young sir," said the grandsire, pausing and shaking a heavy forefinger, "I want you, when you grow up, to make a name in commerce—do you understand?—to follow in my steps, and to be a great and successful merchant. So take pains with your arithmetic, d'ye hear? And mind I have a better report of it this morning."

Things did not look very promising two hours later in the upper room devoted to study. The young tutor stood, with a slight contraction of the eyebrows, and with the fine outline of his face, unshaded by beard or moustache, fixed in a look of grave perplexity as he leant against the window. The view of the pine woods sloping in spring sunshine to the torrent that sped gaily down the vale to the river Salza, with the mountains rising beyond, was exhilarating in its loveliness; but the scene within was decidedly depressing. Rudolf was sitting with his elbow on the table, his delicate features sharpened into fretfulness, and his eyes red with crying; Elsa was watching him with distressful sympathy.

"I cannot study figures, it is no use, and I will not try; I shall never, never be a merchant as grandfather wishes."

"And what shall you be then?"

"A musician," said Rudolf, firmly. "My mother said so."

"A musician should study arithmetic," said Paul.

Rudolf looked up quickly.

'Why?"

"Because music and mathematics, of which arithmetic is a part, are akin to one another," replied the tutor. "You cannot bear the word proportion, but do you know that music might be called proportion turned into sound?"

The word music instantly quickened Rudolf's attention, and he listened as Paul continued, "The first musical instrument was most likely a row of reeds of graduated lengths, bound together; the shorter the reed the higher the pitch of the note. On the proportion of the reeds to one another depended the accuracy of the scale. All this is an affair of proportion and calculation. People who said they "would not learn arithmetic" would never have made any progress in the art of constructing musical instruments. And the simple Pan's pipe would never have grown to be the majestic row of organ pipes that thunder forth sublime harmony."

Rudolf was listening attentively, and Elsa, who had drawn nearer, was drinking in every word with great, wide open eyes fixed on the speaker.

"There is a great deal more that could be said," continued the tutor, "and if you ever are a musician, Rudolf, you will perhaps study the subject. The expression, 'music of the spheres,' shows that men thought the beautiful proportion of the heavenly bodies one to another, as to distance and motion, must be accompanied by audible indication of this proportion—in other words by music. There is a great English poet named William Shakespeare, whom you may some day read, who has put this thought into poetry." And in a foreign accent, but with intense appreciation, the young man declaimed these words, half to himself:

"There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims;
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.'"

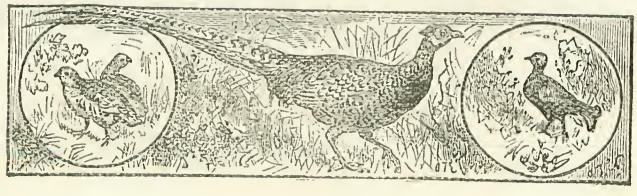
"Then I *will* learn arithmetic," cried Rudolf; "not to help me to be a merchant, but because you teach me, and because you explain it like this."

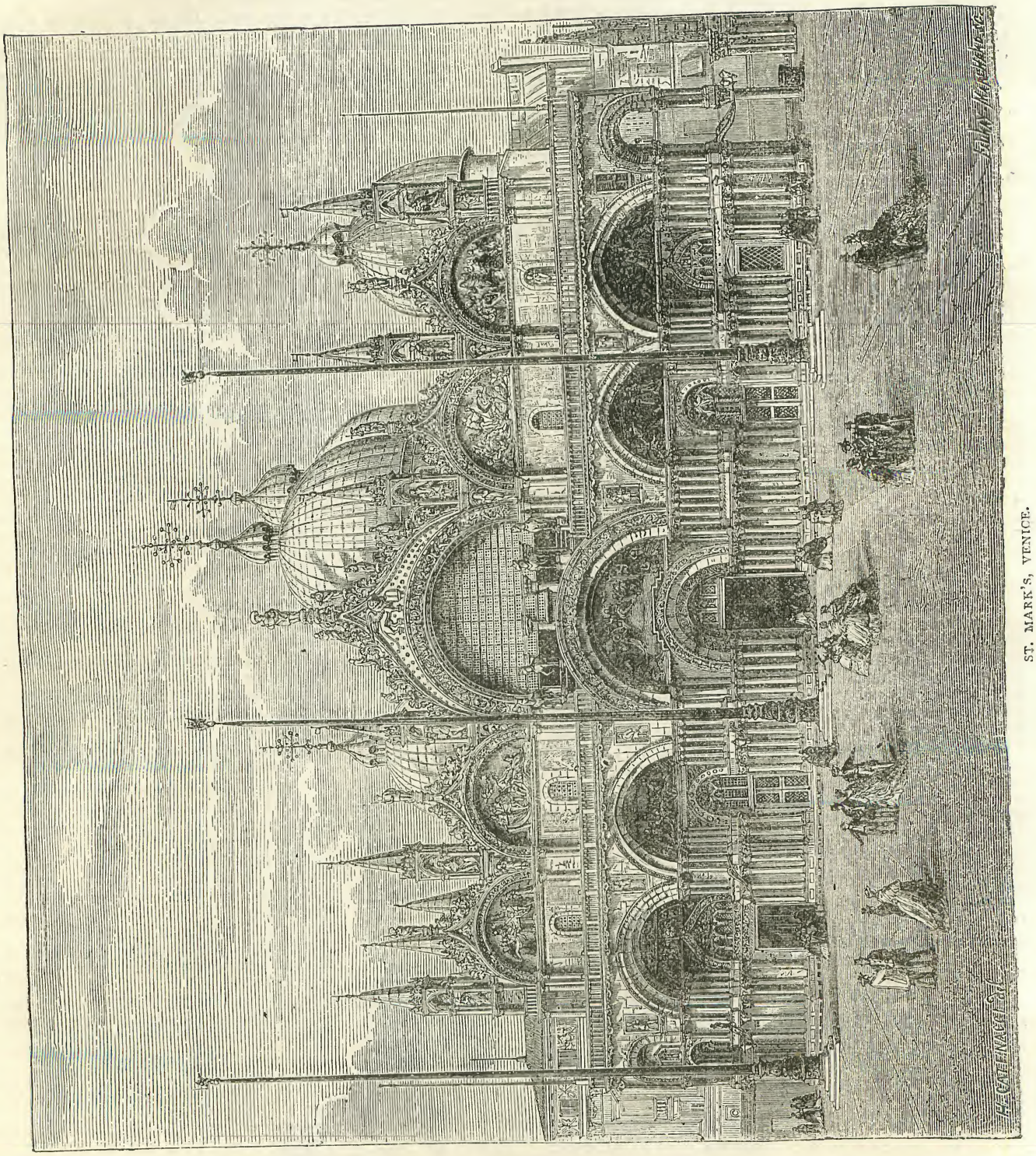
"When little Wolfgang Mozart began to learn arithmetic," continued Paul, "he was so intent upon it, that he chalked tables, stools, walls, and even the floor all over with figures!"

"Then I will do the same!" cried Rudolf, seizing the chalk, and rushing merrily to the wall.

Study was over for that day, but the tutor's influence over both his pupils was strengthened by his words.

(*To be continued.*)

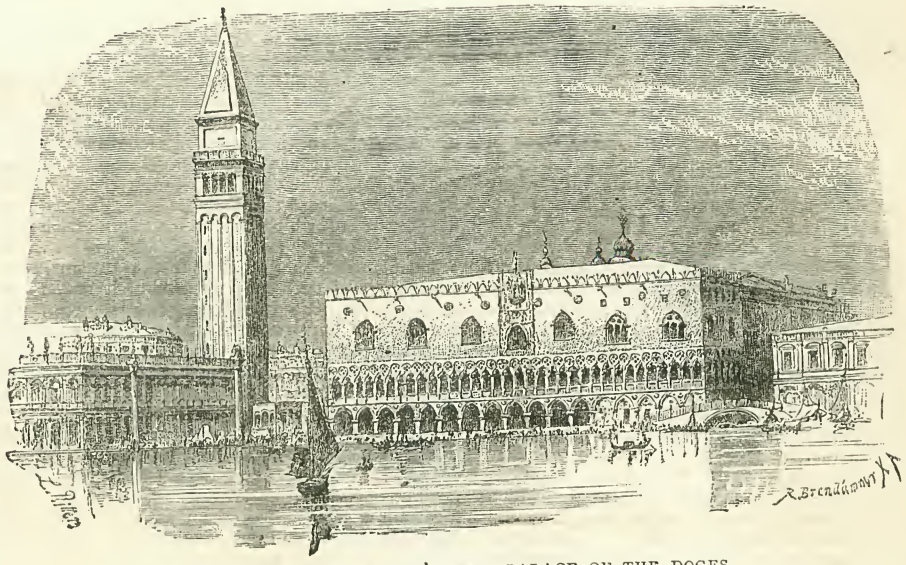




ST. MARK'S, VENICE.

OUR TOUR IN NORTH ITALY.

By TWO LONDON BACHELORS.

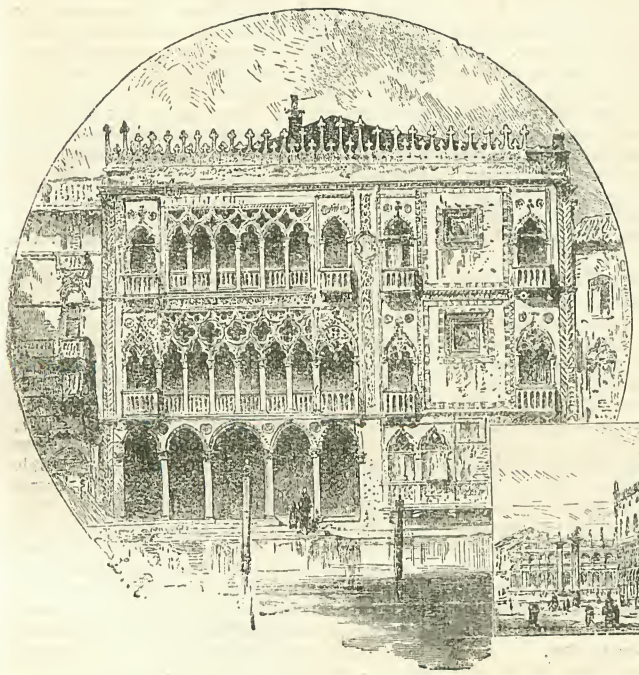


CAMPANILE OF ST. MARK'S, AND PALACE OF THE DOGES.

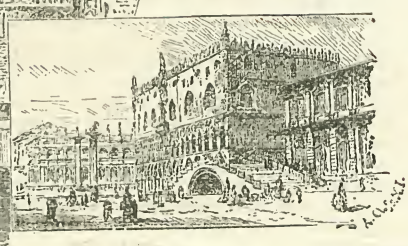
It was a cold grey morning when the two bachelors strolled out of the hotel. Their exit was, of course, made from the back door, so to speak, the main entrance, as in all the chief hotels and palaces, facing a canal. It was bitterly cold, and a freezing wind greeted them as they turned the corners of the narrow streets. On they wandered past several little piazzas, or "ciampi," as the Venetians call them—past innumerable churches, with their cheerless Renaissance façades. Now and then they came across a canal, when the romantic cries of the gondolier would revive some little of their ebbing enthusiasm. Everything wanted sun, the broken-down old palaces seemed strangely uninteresting, and there was a painful sameness about the everlasting alleys. But, oh, the stinks! The wonder was that there could be any inhabitants left in such a vile-smelling city. The wretched alleys, with their filthy shops and crowds of poor, were bad enough; but the little canals were the worst; they could only be compared to running sewers. The water in these side canals was a dirty green colour, and even when left alone the smell, to say the least, was unpleasant; but when stirred up by any passing gondola the only thing to do was to hold the breath and rush away.

The bachelors began to ask themselves whether they really were in Venice, and, if so, whether the Venice of yesterday was not a dream, or whether they were not in a dream at the present time, and suffering a kind of nightmare. They began to feel most unkindly disposed towards Ruskin, Rio, Hare, etc., and to believe that they had all been in a conspiracy to palm off this dingy, grey city as a paradise of architectural beauty. The disappointment was so great that one of the bachelors proposed to take a ticket back to Verona. On, however, they wandered past many a squalid and dirty-looking piazza and green, stagnant canal, getting every moment more and more discontented and worse and worse tempered, until at last a narrow turning brought them into a large and noble piazza, at the end of which rose a strange Eastern-looking building, crowned with a group of fantastic domes, surmounting arches and traceried openings almost Arabic in their curious architectural intricacy.

While they were looking at this extraordinary pile, through a rift in the clouds the sun shone down upon the building, which presented a spectacle almost unearthly — so bright and shining that it might have been built of precious stones. Need we say this was St. Mark's. There is something so singular about this church, so thoroughly unlike any other building, that at the first moment of seeing it the thing that most strikes one is an air of unreality, and it seemed at once to recall to the bachelors the dreamy Venice of the night before.



CA' D'ORO PALACE ON THE GRAND CANAL.



PALACE OF THE DOGES.

We must say a few words about this celebrated piazza, one side of which is occupied by the glorious front of St. Mark's.

The Piazza of St. Mark, perhaps the most famous square in Europe, is enclosed on three sides by marble structures, which appear to form one vast building. The northern portion, called the Procuratie Vecchie, dates from the earliest style of the Renaissance. Opposite is the Procuratie Nuove, built in the later Renaissance style of Scamozzi, while the third side of the piazza is enclosed by a building by Napoleon. On one side of the Procuratie Vecchie is the well-known clock-tower by one of the Lombardi family, and opposite to this is the huge campanile of St. Mark, which the bachelors could not consider a handsome tower, except for Sansovino's pretty loggia at its base.

By far the most important object in the piazza, however, is the front of St. Mark's, and so great is its attraction that one forgets for the moment the interesting buildings by which it is surrounded. It is not good architecture, nor does it seem to be remarkable for its proportions, and as a composition there is something rather bizarre and extravagant about it. There is undoubtedly, also, a want of that solidity and solemnity which one naturally expects and is accustomed to see in the great Gothic cathedrals of the north. Yet there is an indescribable charm about this strange front. What it is one cannot explain, nor can one analyse the feeling which comes over the mind when looking at it. It seems to defy criticism, and to upset all one's ideas of artistic propriety and architectural rule.

The great doors in the front of the church do not lead direct into the church itself, but into a large vestibule or narthex, which not only runs along the front, but returns on either side of the nave at right angles. One of these wings is cut off, and forms a baptistry. In the pavement, just as one enters this vestibule, is a red marble lozenge, to remind one

of that extraordinary event in the history of Venice—the submission of the mighty German Emperor, Frederic Barbarossa, to the Pope, Alexander III., brought about by the intervention of the Republic.

The roof of the vestibule is covered with mosaics, and around the walls are beautiful marble columns. Some celebrated characters have been buried here. Amongst them the Doge Vistale Faliero, who recovered the body of St. Mark, and in whose reign the German Emperor, Henry IV., visited Venice; and Thomas Mowbray, the Duke of Norfolk, who was banished by Richard II. after his duel with the Earl of Hereford, afterwards Henry IV. Mowbray died in Venice, where his body remained until 1533, when it was removed to England.

Three great doorways, immediately opposite to those leading from the Piazza of St. Mark, open from the narthex into the church itself. Whatever differences of opinion there may be as to the exterior of the church, it is impossible not to be struck by the great beauty of the interior, which, strangely enough, seems to possess in a marked degree exactly those qualities of solemnity and sublimity which are certainly wanting in the exterior.

Whether we look at the massive grandeur of the proportions, the intricacy and beauty of the detail, or the sumptuous decoration which covers every portion of the structure, the mind is filled with a thorough feeling of satisfaction. One great beauty of this interior is the perfect way in which the light is admitted. So well has this been studied that although the domes, vaultings, and upper portions of the walls are covered with mosaic on a gold ground, there is not the slightest effect of gaudiness or that unpleasant dazzle that we so frequently see in buildings where a large quantity of gilding enters into the decoration.

The lower portions of the walls and the great pilasters are coated with slabs of a reddish marble or granite, which, while quiet in itself, gives an air of repose to the general effect of this most remarkable interior.

Although a great amount of Greek influence is noticeable in the general design of St. Mark's (the work appears to have been designed, or at any rate inspired, by Greek architects), yet the ritual arrangements of the church are purely Latin. Thus, instead of a solid "*eikonostasis*," or picture-bearing screen, entirely cutting off the altar from the rest of the church, we have a beautiful open marble rood-screen dividing the choir from the nave, within which are finely-carved choir-stalls, just as we see in our old English churches.

The high altar stands under a baldacchino, and has another altar behind it, as was formerly the case at Westminster Abbey and Canterbury Cathedral.

The reredos of the high altar is formed by the celebrated Pala d'Oro, a large kind of tablet of beaten gold, probably the most valuable example of Byzantine art now in existence.

It would be impossible for us to give even a list of the many exquisite works of art which adorn the interior of St. Mark's. There are two, however, which we must mention on account of their great singularity. The first of these are the great cruciform chandeliers, or lampadaria. They consist of large double crosses, formed of bronze, to which are attached by hooks an innumerable quantity of small oil lamps. Nothing could be more charming than the effect of these when lighted.

The other feature to which we refer is the mosaic pavement which covers the whole floor of the church.

Perhaps there is nothing in St. Mark's which has given rise to so much controversy as this same pavement, which possesses the remarkable peculiarity of not being flat, but arranged in great waves. Antiquaries are perpetually disputing as to whether this is owing to design or accident. Perhaps a little of both may be the case. Is it not possible that in the first instance it may have been an accident, but that seeing how well it looked, it may have been copied?

Be this as it may, all antiquaries must regret that so strange a peculiarity is being abolished, and is being laid perfectly flat in the present restoration.

In former times St. Mark's was pre-eminent for its music. Celebrated Giovanni Croce was one of the directors of its choir. The church, however, can no longer boast of this distinction, if we may judge from the performance we heard there on St. Mark's Day, the music of which would certainly have horrified Giovanni Croce if he had heard it. What a curious thing it is that the Italians, who produced such masters of church music as Palestrina, Giovanni Croce, Soriana, &c., should now perform such degraded music in their churches! Whereas the Germans, who could boast of such church composers as Beethoven, Hummel, Mozart, and Haydn, should have abandoned their own national music to introduce for ecclesiastical uses the works of the great Italian masters of the 16th century! Thus if one wants to hear the compositions of Palestrina or Giovanni Croce, one must not expect to find them amongst their own countrymen and in the churches for which they wrote their magnificent compositions, but must go to the cathedrals of Ratisbon, Mayence, or Cologne.

Close to St. Mark's is the celebrated Ducal Palace, the exterior of which has been so frequently described and has been illustrated by so many thousand photographs and engravings, that probably every one of our readers is familiar with its external aspect. The interior, however, is less familiar (to English people), and is splendid with all the gilding, stucco work, and decoration for which the Italian architects of the latter part of the 16th century were famous. The entrance to the palace is by a gate called Porta della Carta, nearly opposite to which is the well known Giant's Staircase, so called from the huge statues by Sansovino at the head of the steps. The great rooms of the Ducal Palace contain a large number of pictures of the Venetian school, which reached its perfection in the 16th century, with the works of Tintoretto, Titian, and Paul Veronese. The Venetian school of painting developed later than any other in Italy, and though it may not have equalled some of the other schools in beauty of design and religious feeling, yet it surpassed all in the brilliancy of its colouring. Amongst the earlier Venetian painters the brothers Gentile and Giovanni Bellini may be mentioned; the works of the latter especially are most beautiful and very religious in character.

The largest room in the Ducal Palace is the Sala del Maggior Consiglio. This room is full of pictures, the most important of which is "Paradise" by Tintoretto, said to be the largest picture ever painted on canvas. We suppose we ought to have been greatly impressed by this gigantic work, but we confess that we were not. The composition seemed to us to be so confused, the colour so black, and there is so little relief in the way of sky or foreground, that the whole looks a dark jumbled mass of figures without meaning or beauty. There has been much controversy over the works of Tintoretto. Formerly his pictures were considered hideous in their coarseness and sooty colour, but owing to the writings of Ruskin, people are beginning to see in them deep meaning and masterly creation.

Opposite to the Doge's Palace is the perfectly beautiful Renaissance building of Sansovino, the library of St. Mark. This building and the Doge's Palace form two sides of the Piazzetta, which opens out to the right of the Grand Canal.

Notwithstanding the cold there were heaps of people about, the larger portion being beggars. A crowd in Italy is generally a picturesque sight. Even apart from the brigandish look of the men and the pretty costume of the women, the Italians seem to have a way of artistically grouping themselves thoroughly unknown to the loungers of the North. The Venetians are probably the most interesting-looking of all the Italians, the women especially being celebrated for their beauty. They have frequently clear and fair complexions, and their hair is often a sort of golden auburn colour, with an exquisite natural ripple, such as one sees in the pictures of Titian and Giorgione. Their features are very classical, and occasionally one sees a face strongly reminding one of the bust of Clyte, in the British Museum. We suppose physiologists could tell us where this light type, which one sees in Italy, comes from. Is it indigenous or introduced?

These beautiful Venetian women certainly do not look intellectual; they seem to know well that their beauty looks best when in repose, and they are evidently disinclined to exert themselves more than necessary. This leads us into rather a curious speculation as to the Italian character.

The Italian, as we see him to-day, does not appear to be an active nor a hard-working individual, and he is also for the most part poor, but fairly contented with his poverty. Now, it seems almost impossible that the Italian of the 16th century could have had the same characteristics. The whole art and literature of Italy during that period, and also during the two previous centuries, is astonishing for its vigour, activity, and the characteristics which we find attached to industrious, active, and thoughtful life. The energy of such men as Michael Angelo, Titian, and Tintoretto is something that surprises us. I think it is Vasari who relates the fact that when Michael Angelo was carving it was dangerous to go into his studio, because the old man, at that time nearly 80 years of age, made the chips fly about all over the place. It is almost impossible to reconcile the activity which must have distinguished the Italians of the 16th century with the apparent apathy and indolence of the same people now. What is it that can possibly have caused this change in their character in the short space of three centuries? How is it that a people who in the 16th century were brimming over with energy, and who must have worked "25 hours out of 24," have become, in the 19th century, one of the least energetic people in Europe?

There are, perhaps, two theories upon the subject. The first is that, after all, the Italian is not so indolent as he appears to be. And just as there are many Englishmen whom one meets, who tell you that they have not a moment to spare—that they are up to their eyes in work—and who appear to be all bustle and activity, but who, in point of fact, are absolutely doing nothing that is the slightest use to themselves or anybody else, and the whole of this apparent energy is put on for the sake of effect—so it is possible that the modern Italian acts upon the reverse principle, and while pretending to be a gentleman at large, with nothing whatever to do, may in reality be a fairly hard worker. Another theory is that the enormous wealth of Italy during the 16th century may have led to habits of luxury and extravagance which have absorbed the energies of the people. If this is the case, England, with its enormous wealth, may learn a useful lesson from Italy.

However, as Queen Elizabeth said to a

certain celebrated dean, who rather wandered from the subject of his sermon to attack the fashion of the ladies' dresses of the time, "Good Master Dean, leave that digression and return to your text," so we must not forget that our text at present is Venice, and not the degeneracy, real or supposed, of modern Italians.

Arrived at the Piazzetta, we hired a gondola, exclaiming "Basta uno," which means one rower, as, if one omits to say this, two men will get into the boat, and the fare will be doubled. Having taken this precaution, recommended us by the guide-books, we were surprised and disgusted to find, after half-an-hour's ride, a man making his way to the front part of the gondola—he had been in hiding during the first part of the journey, having jumped into the boat without our knowing it. This is quite a common occurrence, and we came to the conclusion, after about a week's stay in Venice, that the gondoliers were the most troublesome, least romantic, and most unscrupulous of all waterside characters.

The Grand Canal looked very different in midday from what it had done the night before. Its palaces looked smaller, and some of them very dilapidated and shabby, but still the great water-way, with its rows of palaces, must be always a most interesting sight. The Renaissance palaces are finer than the Gothic ones, though some of the latter are graceful and pretty, and form a pleasant variety to the heavier style of the Renaissance. The palaces in the last named style are by the famous Lombardi family, the earliest master of the revived style; by Sansovino, the great glory of Venice, and one of the greatest of 16th century architects; by Sanmicheli; by Scamozzi, pupil of Sansovino; and by Longhena, who, we think, was a pupil of Scamozzi.

With regard to the Gothic palaces, those who are accustomed to the severe and beautiful Gothic buildings of England, France, or Germany, will scarcely be able to look upon these Venetian Gothic palaces as belonging to the same style. Pugin, indeed, was very severe upon Italian buildings of this description, and expresses an opinion somewhat to the effect that they are no more to be compared to English or French work of the same date, than an inlaid workbox is to a cathedral. Of course, Pugin, as an architect, thought that it was absolutely necessary, if architecture is to be good and worthy of its high purpose, that the ornamentation of a building should be the expression of its constructive necessities or characteristics, and that no mere ornament should be added to a building except for the purpose of accentuating its constructive features.

Now, not only in the Venetian palaces, but in their great Gothic churches, such as S. Giovanni e Paolo and the church of the Frari, by far the finest Gothic churches in Venice, we find the ornamentation has little or nothing to do with the construction. In fact, the buildings are simply great brick structures with marble ornaments fastened on them, too often with bronze pins or iron cramps, so that it would be really possible to remove away all the "surface" without in any way disturbing the structure of the building.

Undoubtedly this came about from the old Roman ideas of building, which the Italians never got rid of. The Romans, as we know, constructed their temples, tombs, and public buildings of brick or concrete, and coated them with marble, and in the Middle Ages, when Gothic architecture was introduced into Italy, the same kind of construction was still continued. In the Venetian palaces, moreover, we find other peculiarities, such as the singular fringe-like battlements, arcades in front of the windows, and curious balconies. These must undoubtedly have been copied from the East. The Venetian traders of the Middle Ages had singular ideas concerning the "meum et tuum," and amongst the various acts of theft which they indulged in, when visiting the East, was that of bringing home some piece of architectural adornment; perhaps a column or piece of carving, often taken from a church or mosque—they were not at all particular which. These were brought home and worked up into their own buildings. Thus nearly every column which adorns the front of St. Mark's has been stolen from some other building, many of them being inscribed in languages which are now lost.

The Venetians in the Middle Ages, possessing no distinctive architecture of their own, often reproduced these fragments, and then arose the style which we call Venetian Gothic. The one thing which saves it from being thoroughly poor architecture is the exquisite material and the beautiful works of sculpture and carving with which almost every building is adorned.

The Ca' d'Oro, so well known by illustration, is one of the best examples of a Venetian Gothic palace, and the following are amongst the finest of the Renaissance ones:—The Palazzi Comer Spinelli, Grimani, Pesaro, and Vendramini.

We have already exceeded the proper length for this article; yet we are unable to conclude our remarks upon Venice. It would be impossible to leave this most interesting city without noticing its churches, galleries, arsenal, and beautiful adjacent islands. So in spite of wearying our girls, we must return to the subject next month.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

Happy Homes.

Married folks would be happier

If they tried to be as agreeable as in courting days.

If they kissed and made up at once after every quarrel.

If each would try and be a real support and comfort to the other.

If household expenses were always proportioned to receipts.

If women were as kind to their husbands as they were to them when lovers.

If each remembered the other was practically a human being, and not an angel.

If men were as thoughtful for their wives as they were for them when sweethearts.

If both parties remembered that they were married for worse as well as for better.

If there were fewer silks and velvet street costumes, and more plain, tidy, house dresses, and street ones too, for that matter.

If there were fewer "please darlings" in public, and more polite manners in private.

If wives and husbands would take their pleasures as they go along, and not degenerate into mere toiling machines. Recreation is necessary to keep the heart in its place, and to try to get along without it is a great mistake.

In Praise of Sewing.—An hour's sewing soothes a woman's nerves. She sews all her little irritations into the seams, imprisons her fancied wrongs into the double gussets, or slays them in the gores. Mrs. Somerville, a woman of superior intellect and great culture, wrote in tribute to the soothing powers of a long seam. Madame Dudevant (George Sand), who was of a very different calibre, contributed a similar testimony. Every sensible woman confirms it.

Two Remarkable Dreams.

Amongst many instances of remarkable dreams, the two following are related by the famous Dr. Abercrombie, who vouches for their truth:—

A Scotch clergyman, who lived near Edinburgh, dreamt one night, while on a visit to that town, that he saw a fire, and one of his children in the midst of it. On awaking, he instantly got up, and returned home with the greatest speed. He found his house on fire, and was just in time to assist in saving one of the children, who, in the alarm, had been left in a place of danger.

Two sisters had been for some days attending a sick brother, and one of them had borrowed a watch from a friend, her own being under repair. The sisters were sleeping together in a room communicating with that of their brother, when the elder awoke in a state of great agitation, and roused the other to tell her that she had had a frightful dream.

"I dreamt," she said, "that Mary's watch had stopped, and that when I told you of the circumstance you replied, 'Much worse than that has happened, for ——'s breath has stopped also'"—naming their sick brother.

The watch, however, was found to be going correctly, and the brother was sleeping quietly. The dream recurred the next night, and, on the following morning, one of the sisters, having occasion to seal a note, went to get the watch from a writing-desk in which she had deposited it, when she found that it had stopped. She rushed into her brother's room in alarm, remembering the dream, and found that he had been suddenly seized with a fit of suffocation, and had expired.

Present-Giving Amongst the Arabs.—The custom of giving presents on the occasion of paying a visit, or previously, which is of such high antiquity as to be mentioned in the book of Genesis, has continued to prevail in the East to this day. Presents of provisions of some kind, wax candles, etc., are sent to a person about to celebrate any festivity by those who are to be his guests, but after paying a mere visit of ceremony, and on some other occasions, only money is commonly given to the servants of the person visited. In either case, the latter is expected to return the compliment on a similar occasion by presents of equal value. To reject a present generally gives great offence, being regarded as an insult to him who has offered it.

Wanting Words.—In prayer it is better to have a heart without words than words without a heart.—*Bunyan.*

An Ornamental Daughter.—The young lady who made seven hundred words out of "conservatory" last autumn has run away from home. Her mother wanted her to make three loaves of bread out of flour.

HOW TO WAIT AT TABLE.

So much of the success of a dinner depends on how the waiting is managed, that it is worthy of the utmost attention of both mistress and servants.

It is a sort of torture to some people to be noisily or roughly waited upon. Of course, in the case of experienced servants, everything is easy enough, but there are so many who have not experienced people about them, and there are so many young servants who are willing to learn, but whose mistresses are unable or unwilling to teach them, I trust that to some of these a few plain directions may prove useful.

I will, as I did in "How to Lay a Dinner-table," begin with a dinner *à la Russe*. We will suppose a dinner for twelve people, which, served in this way, can be well managed by having three servants in the room, one to carve and one for each side of the table. Of course, everything must be brought to the dining-room door by a fourth person. Supposing there is only one man-servant (a butler) in the house, and two hired waiters or two women servants to wait; when all the guests have arrived the soup and plates are placed on the side table, and the butler announces that "dinner is served." The chairs are placed sufficiently far from the table to allow the guests to pass between them and the table and seat themselves; as they do so the waiters on either side of the table see that their chairs are close enough in for them to be comfortable.

It is otherwise very awkward for a lady with a great deal of skirt to get a heavy dining-room chair up to the table. The servant must, when his help is needed, take hold of the back of the chair and gently push it forward.

We will suppose the dinner to consist of two soups, two kinds of fish, two entrées, a relevé, a joint, a roast, two entremets (sweet dishes), cheese, ramaquins, ices.

The butler helps the soup, and the waiters begin simultaneously handing it to the ladies on the right and left of the master of the house; they go straight down the two sides of the table; each waiter carries two plates of soup, one of each kind; he goes to the left side of each guest, and would say, "Clear soup or thick, ma'am?" or else name the two soups, as "Spring soup or oyster, ma'am?" But he would never say, "Will you have" or "Will you take." He simply names the dishes offered, saying sir, or ma'am after. It is the same



"TURNING THE COVER WELL UP."



"TAKE HOLD OF THE BACK OF THE CHAIR, AND GENTLY PUSH IT FORWARD."

with wine. When the soup is served the butler takes round the sherry; he goes to the right side of each guest, commencing with the lady on the right-hand side of the host, and pours the wine into the glass as it stands on the table; he proceeds straight round the table, for at a formal party ladies are not helped before gentlemen, but the seats are taken by rotation in serving. The soup plates are removed as they are finished with, and the butler helps the fish, and at the same time puts on each plate the sauce to be eaten with the fish on it. The waiters again take a plate of each kind of fish in either hand, and proceed, as with the soup, naming the fish to everyone.

When there is cucumber, that is handed, not put on the plates. As the fish plates are removed hot meat plates are substituted for them, ready for the entrées. With the fish, the butler takes round the sherry and hock; with the entrée he takes the champagne; and it is his duty, during dinner, to replenish the glasses from time to time; this he does in the intervals when he is not carving.

A tablespoon and a large fork are put into each entrée dish. Supposing there are two dishes of each, the waiters take them down the table, changing the plates as they are emptied, and giving a clean plate, with a knife and fork on it, to each person. But supposing only one dish of each entrée is provided, it is best for one waiter to hand one dish down one side of the table, while the other entrée is handed down the other side. When they meet at the end of table, the two change dishes, and the second entrée is offered to those who have not partaken of the first. Those who have taken the first handed have their plates changed as soon as they have finished it, and are offered the second entrée. Plates are removed as finished with; knives and forks are given as required, being placed on the table, the knife to the right and the fork to the left. The butler then proceeds to carve the joint; he puts a nice slice on each plate, with gravy, &c.; sometimes, if the potatoes are served dressed, he puts one with the meat, so as to leave only the other vegetable or vegetables to be handed. More knives and forks are put on as the meat plates are removed, and the next course is served in the same way. Should there be a salad or green peas, it is customary to offer them to those who refuse the "rôts," as well as to those who take it. After this

course, as the plates are removed, pudding plates, with spoons and forks in them, are given ready for the sweets, which are handed for people to help themselves (with the exception of a fruit tart, should there be one, which the butler serves at the side table). The waiters proceed, as with the single dishes of entrées: one is taken down one side of the table, another down the other, and changed at the end of the table.

After the sweets, clean pudding plates are again given, with small knives and forks in them. Ramaquins, or some other cheese or savoury dish is handed, after which cheese, butter, and biscuits are offered; these are either handed in a special dish with three divisions, or in small glass dishes placed on a silver salver. After the cheese plates are removed, all the glasses (full as well as empty ones), salt-cellars, water-bottles and knives, spoons and forks are taken from the table. One waiter carries a tray, and the other puts the things on it off the table; they then go one to the top, the other to the bottom of the table, fold the slips (without brushing them) in three, so that the crumbs will not fall out, draw them down the table and remove them, then the small slips from the top and bottom of the table are taken off, and grace is said.

The dessert plates are put on table, and ices are handed, water ice on one side, cream ice on the other, the waiters again changing dishes at the end of the table, and handing the second ice to everyone, as most people eat cream and water ice together. Wafers or vanilla biscuits are handed with ices. The ice plates are removed, and the fruit is handed. If there are grapes, the butler divides the bunches, and they are handed on a plate; the same with any fruit that has to be cut up. Some people take two or three kinds of fruit on to their plates. The butler takes round the after-dinner wines. When every one is served, he places the decanters in front of the host and leaves the room, followed by the other servants. He takes care that the decanters are replenished if they need it before he puts them on table, and if more wine is required after he leaves the room, it is rung for.

The butler and another servant take the coffee to the ladies in the drawing-room, and then to the gentlemen in the dining-room. The servant carries a tray with coffee cups, cream, milk, and sugar, and the butler follows him with a coffee-pot on a silver salver. The guests take cups, into which they put cream and sugar; then they put their cups on the butler's salver, and he pours coffee into them.

After the gentlemen join the ladies, tea is handed.

A dinner *à la Russe* may be much longer or shorter than the one I have supposed. If there are few people in proportion to the number of servants, more waiting is done. For instance, sauces can all be



THE FISH SAUCE.



"HE PUTS HIS GLASS ON IT."

handed; but I doubt whether there is any advantage in being more waited on; it interferes a good deal with conversation.

We will now take waiting at table where it is a parlour-maid only. Women servants in announcing dinner say "Dinner is on table." It sounds rather less pretentious than "Dinner is served."

The door should be opened wide enough for people to leave the room; it is most objectionable to speak round the door.

As people seat themselves, the parlour-maid pushes the chairs up; then waits behind the master's chair until grace is said. She then removes the cover from the soup or fish, turning the cover well up as she takes it from the table, so that the steam from it shall not drop. She then takes the plates from the carver. Supposing there are guests at table, she goes first to the lady on the right-hand side of the host, then to the one on the left, then straight round the table, it not being customary now to help ladies first, except where there are only the family or very few at table. It is less likely to cause confusion to go straight round the table.

After handing the fish and sauce, the cruet is taken round; then the water or wine is poured out.

Though all dishes and plates, and also ale, are offered on the left-hand side, water or wine are poured out on the right side without removing the glasses from the table. It requires some little practice to pour out wine well—to fill the glasses and not drop the wine on the cloth.

If draught ale is drunk, the maid takes the jug and a silver salver, which she holds on the left side of the guest. He puts his glass on it; then the ale should be frothed in pouring it out. Bottled ale is poured out at the sideboard, as it is necessary to hold the glass a little slanting in the hand to fill it. It is handed on a waiter after it is poured out.

Fish is not put on table until the soup is removed. After the meat is served the maid hands the vegetables and sauces, taking a dish in each hand; then the cruets are handed. A parlourmaid is always expected to be on the alert to notice when anything is required. When a plate is empty she says, "A little more chicken?" or whatever it may be, not "Will you take," or "Will you have." When finished with she removes the plate, puts the knife and fork in separate sides of the knife-box, and the plate in the plate-basket, if she has one, if not, makes a pile of plates on her tray. The host's plate is always the last one removed, and after it is taken off she brings her knife-tray or a plate to the table, and removes the carvers and knife-rests. The carvers and spoons, after every course, are taken off in this way, then the dish is removed.

If there is a vegetable course, it is ordinarily served after the meat, though it may be served as an entrée before the joint, whenever one is to be handed; or if there is an entrée, a hot plate with a knife and fork

on it must be placed before each person, when the dirty plate is removed. When the pudding plates are wanted they are put on with a pudding spoon and fork in each, as the plates from the preceding course are taken off. The same is done with the cheese plate and knife. After cheese the table is cleared. A small tray can be carried in the left hand and filled with wine glasses, &c., then the cloth is brushed, or the crumbs are removed with a scoop, and the parlourmaid pauses to allow grace to be said before she puts dessert on table. The white cloth is left on, and she first arranges the dishes of fruit, then puts the plates, with finger glasses, &c., round, then the wine glasses. She puts as many glasses on a small tray as she conveniently can, then puts them on table from the tray; lastly she puts the decanters of wine between the host's plate and the fruit, she then leaves the room. Coffee is handed in the dining and drawing-room, but it is poured out before being taken into the room, and handed on a tray with milk and sugar.

Throughout dinner the parlourmaid rings the dining-room bell when she is ready for the next course. If there are three servants, the housemaid should bring the dinner up into the room, so that the parlourmaid need not leave the room; if there are only two, a house-parlourmaid and a cook, the cook must bring the hot dishes to the outside of the dining-room door; the cold must all be in the room before dinner. Having to fetch the dishes in, a house-parlourmaid cannot do quite as much waiting, and things must be arranged according to the number to be waited on.

With regard to waiting at table, when a general servant only is kept, what can be done depends so much on the individual servant; but however little is done, let it be done the right way. The following suggestions may be useful to some who wish to know a little about waiting at table.

Never wear boots or shoes that make a noise when you walk. Never be in a hurry; be quick without seeming to be in haste. Remember that it takes as long to put a thing down noisily as quietly. Do not forget that there can never be an excuse for reaching in front of anyone. Endeavour to concentrate your attention on what you have to do, so as not to be distracted by the conversation at the table. Have your dresses made so that there is nothing to catch in door-handles or chair-backs, and make you nervous. Hold dishes very firmly when you hand them; you can take a serviette in your hand to hold a hot dish on. Wrap a serviette round a champagne bottle to pour the wine out of it.

I must conclude with a few words to young housekeepers with young servants. If you wish to teach a girl to wait, do not begin by telling her everything at once. Were you teaching a child to read, you would begin with little words, and go on to long ones; and so you must do with teaching one who is probably intellectually a child. One day teach her how to do one thing, the next day add something, and so every day, and you will probably make a tolerable waitress of her in six progressive lessons. If one tells too much at once, a girl gets confused and loses courage. Many, too, are very nervous; so it is best, when you are teaching, to shut your eyes to mistakes when they occur, and correct them afterwards; a girl gains more confidence this way, and does not get into the habit of looking at her mistress all dinner-time instead of what she is doing. If a table is properly managed, there will be no occasion for a mistress and servant to look at one another during a meal.

ELIZABETH, PRINCESS CARL OF HESSE.

By the Rev. JOHN KELLY, Translator of "Hymns of the Present Century."

I.



In the year of Revolution, 1848, when Louis Philippe was driven from France, risings took place also in Germany. Prince and Princess Carl traced these movements to the prevailing irreligion. In many letters the Princess gives expression to the pain it gave her to hear those who believed the Bible in Hesse described as "pietists" and stigmatised as hypocrites and fools—that the principal doctrines of Christianity were either wholly omitted from most sermons or treated in a vague, indefinite way, and that every theologian who had a reputation for orthodoxy must renounce all expectation of advancement in the Church. Missionary work was regarded as the offspring of a small party working in darkness, and the manifestation of active interest in it as a sure sign of eccentricity. When in 1813 the Basle missionary, Zaremba, who had laid aside his title of Count, obtained leave, through the influence of Princess Carl, to give a missionary address in the Court Church, the papers dared not take any notice of the event; and when, after the town chapel had been freely granted to the German Catholics for Sunday services, the Missionary Society asked the use of it for a monthly meeting, it was curtly refused.

This was the kind of liberty and toleration that existed at the time in Hesse. But the political agitations of the time seem to have been followed by a religious awakening, and outlets were found for the new Christian life.

When the representatives of the German people were assembled at Frankfort-on-Main to settle the new Constitution of Germany, the proposal was made to open their deliberations with Divine worship. It was rejected with the words, "Help thyself and God will help thee."

The work thus begun came to a lamentable end. The confusion of thought and speech among the representatives became greater and greater, and revolution broke out among the people. Fighting took place at barricades in the streets. While these things were taking place in Frankfort, a meeting of another kind was being held in Wittenberg. Nearly a thousand Evangelical Christians of various callings were gathered together to deliberate in the unity of the Spirit on the position and work of the Church. A sermon was preached by Wichern of Hamburg, the founder of the celebrated Rauhe Haus, for the rescue of orphaned children. Referring to the demoralisation brought to light by the Revolution, he directed the eyes of the assembly to the crying needs of the people. The result of that sermon was the "Union for the Work of the Inner Missions," or, as we should call it in England, "Home Missions." The trumpet-call of Wichern found an echo in Hesse, where an institution similar to the Rauhe House had been established in 1847. A society was called into existence which undertook to carry on the various branches of home mission work along with foreign missions. Wichern came to Darmstadt at the request of the directors, preached in the town church, and assisted in establishing a second institution for rescuing the outcast in Hänlein. With the assistance of a brave band of young theologians, a people's library, a book depôt for the circulation of Bibles and religious books, and a religious paper were established in Darmstadt. A young men's society was formed in hired premises, and practical instruction was given to young mechanics, as well as opportunity for social intercourse; lectures were also given by professors from Heidelberg, on "The Way of Christ" and "The Substance of the Protestant Faith." The hall of the Gymnasium was readily granted for Bible readings and missionary meetings. A great missionary festival was held, and several of the town authorities took part in the procession, which marched to the town church from the town chapel to the sound of the bells.

In all these efforts Princess Carl took the liveliest and most active interest. She became patroness of the Hänlein Institution, was present at the opening of it on the 11th of June, 1851, and never allowed any unfavourable weather to keep her from attending the anniversary celebration of it. Through her intercession with the Grand Duke Louis III. leave was granted for the Bible readings and missionary meetings, which hitherto had taken place in the Gymnasium, to be held in the Court Church. Permission also was given to use a collection of Evangelical hymns issued from the book department of the society, instead of the insipid rationalistic hymn-books generally used throughout the country.

The work of the Deaconness' Institution at Kaiserworth interested her, and she promoted, in the face of great difficulties, the establishment of a similar one at Darmstadt.

Her manifold labours at Darmstadt did not weaken her interest in Christian work in other places. Amid them all she took an interest in the institution of Pankow, with which she became connected when she was a child in her twelfth year. Every time she went to Berlin she paid a visit to Pankow, and she not only kept up a constant correspondence with Wilhelmine Hensel, the poetess,—the sister of the more celebrated poetess, Louise Hensel,—who was for twenty-five years manager of the institution, but also invited her to come on a visit to Darmstadt, and bring with her one of the orphans, named Dorchen.

To Fischbach she not only looked as the place where the happiest days of her youth were passed, as well as a health resort, but as a legacy bequeathed to her care. After her father's death in September, 1851, she undertook at once to keep up the supply of linen and children's things for poor women in childbirth which he had provided, and endeavoured to introduce straw-plaiting among the people, in order to provide a source of profit, even in times of stagnation of trade, for the population, consisting chiefly of poor labourers. She rendered assistance in the establishment of a library for the people, a hospital in Erdmannsdorf, and provided a free bed in the latter for Fischbach. She had poor girls

taught to make lace at her own expense, and not only purchased the finished goods herself, but induced her relatives—among others the Empress of Russia and the Grand Duchess of Hesse—to purchase them. She had the interests of church and school alike at heart, and sympathised deeply with the pastor and his family in all their joys and sorrows. When the winter threatened to be severe, she provided the means of procuring necessaries for the poor, and rejoiced greatly when the tidings of a good harvest reached her.

The blessing which the Princess thus sought to bestow on others rested on her own house. Under faithful, conscientious training, her children grew up in mental and bodily health and vigour, and proved to be the joy of the Prince and herself. When her sons were from home at the University, or preparing for military service, she kept up constant correspondence with them. The Princes gave her accounts of the lectures they heard, their intercourse with their professors and fellow-students, and the tours they made. From home they received the fullest tidings of everything that could possibly interest them, as well as the wishes, prayers, and exhortations of their anxious parents.

"My thoughts and prayers," wrote the Princess to them, "continually surround you. You must do your part, so that I may always be able to thank God for you."

In the summer of 1860 Prince Louis, accompanied by his brother Henry, paid a visit to the English Court, and made the acquaintance of Princess Alice, the second daughter of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert. The impression made and received was so favourable, that after a meeting of the parents on both sides in Mayence, and another visit to Windsor, Prince Louis was betrothed to the Princess on the 30th of November.

Before the marriage took place heavy bereavements came to the Royal Family of England. The deaths of the Duchess of Kent and of Prince Albert took place. On the death of the latter, Prince Louis hastened to Windsor, and from thence wrote to Dr. Bender, his mother's biographer:—

"You cannot conceive the grief that is felt in the family. But my dear bride* bears the irreparable loss with wonderful calmness, and is a great support to the Queen. It does one good to see how faith and duty sustain the Queen. Sometimes only does grief overcome her with frightful power. She could hardly tear herself away from Windsor to-day, which she had to leave at the desire of the physicians. What is dearest to her lies buried there. How much, too, have I lost! But it is a consolation to me that I am here at the side of my beloved Alice."

The marriage, at which the Prince and Princess Carl were both present, took place at Osborne on the 1st of July, 1862, and in the following spring a daughter was born. Soon after the birth and baptism of this child, another marriage took place in the Princess's family. Her daughter Anna became the Grand Duchess of Mecklenberg-Schwerin in May, 1864. This happy union was dissolved, however, by the death in childbirth of the young wife in April, 1865.

In the following years trials of another kind came to the family of the Princess. At the beginning of 1864 the Schleswig-Holstein war had taken place. The Grand Duke of Mecklenberg-Schwerin and Prince Louis of Hesse had taken part in it. But in 1866 another war broke out—one between Austria and Prussia. Hesse was drawn into it. During its progress Prince and Princess Carl remained in Darmstadt, and, at the request of the directors, became guardians of the Society for Aiding Sick and Wounded Soldiers, which was founded in accordance with the regulations of the Geneva Convention. Along with Princess Louis (Alice) and the Princess of Battenberg, Prince and Princess Carl not only gave large contributions, but placed their own houses at the service of the society, visited the sick and wounded, as well as the relatives of the fallen, whom they sought to cheer by personal sympathy and words of consolation.

The example of the princely families was followed by many of the inhabitants of Darmstadt, who threw open their houses to the soldiers.

A time of even more severe trial came when the great Franco-German War broke out in 1870, which resulted in the downfall of the Second French Empire and the establishment of the present German Empire under the headship of Prussia. The three sons of Prince and Princess Carl all took part in this war, and distinguished themselves in the field. As may be imagined, its progress was watched with intense and anxious interest day by day by the Princess Alice and her mother and father-in-law. Every expression of approbation of the Princes that reached them afforded them the keenest pleasure. The Princess Carl tried to follow the fortunes of the campaign on the map, and in one of her letters she said she had looked at the map till she was almost blind, to find a place which her sons had mentioned. She kept them informed about the wounded German soldiers in the different hospitals, especially those who were acquainted with the Princes. "The people," she said, "praise Louis and William for the way they stand fire. I never expected anything else from them."

As an example of the individual interest which she took in the wounded men, we may refer to a case of a man from Fischbach who was nursed in the Deaconess' Institution at Darmstadt. The Princess kept his pastor fully informed about him from time to time till he died. Nor did her interest in him cease with his death. She had a border of white stones placed round the grave, and a white cross planted with ivy put upon it, with a text chosen by the young man's mother. She also sent the mother compensation for her son's purse, which was lost when he was wounded.

In another Fischbach case she sent the mother enough money to enable her to see her son once more before he died in Frankfort, and wrote in beautiful sympathy: "He had such a longing for his mother! She came one day. They could not speak to one another. Then he lost consciousness, and on the third day he was dead. May the Lord soon grant peace! We cannot rejoice when we think of the great misery caused by all these battles, and yet how thankful we must be that the Germans have been victorious, and that the enemy has not come into the country."

Prince Carl had always been more or less of a sufferer from headache and cough, and almost every year had been obliged to go away for change of air for the benefit of his health, but the Princess had always enjoyed good health. In April, 1872, however, she, for the first time, came to know what it was to be really ill. "It is quite a new feeling for me," she wrote to her son, Prince Henry.

She soon recovered, however, but the Prince's health did not improve.

No permanent benefit was derived from any change of scene or treatment that was tried during the following years, and on the 20th of March, 1877, he died. From the time that hope was abandoned, Princess Carl never left the bedside of her beloved husband, but kissed his hands from time to time, and repeated consolatory texts and verses of hymns to him. The members of the family watched in tears and prayers the ebbing life of the dying man, who breathed his last between six and seven o'clock in the evening. The widow then embraced her sons and withdrew into privacy.

Writing to the pastor at Fischbach, in reply to his letter of condolence, the Princess said:—

"I can only praise and give thanks that the Lord has not hitherto left me without His strength. He will still help me. It is very clear to me how gracious His dealings with the departed have been in shielding him from further sufferings and calling him from this world, in which life was becoming more burdensome to him year by year."

The death of Prince Carl was a great blow to his brother, the Grand Duke, who died on the 13th of the following June, at Seeheim, whither he had gone for his health. The funeral took place on Princess Carl's birthday. She did not desire its postponement. The thought of death awakened in her soul the hope of a blessed reunion with the departed.

In this mood she wrote to the Fischbach pastor:—

"God's ways are indeed wonderful, but are always ways of peace. What trying days we should have had to pass through if the Grand Duke had died first!* His (Prince Carl's) disposition and his health would have suffered unspeakably, and would have succumbed. Young powers can govern better and adapt themselves more readily to the times, especially in the present. Do not say that the Lord's hand is heavy upon me. It is undeserved grace to be able to rejoice in the bliss of him who has been taken home, and to know that he is safe in the arms of the Lord and Saviour, taken away from earthly pain. This assurance my imperfect, sinful nature has not deserved. And along with this, my position in life, which I wished as a girl, is a modest one, where I am not required to take the first place. The gracious God has led me with the cords of love, and yet how impenitent still is this heart!"

She consoled herself by looking through family correspondence, and was delighted whenever she met with a passage in which her departed husband was lovingly remembered. When her grief was somewhat abated, she began again to take a lively interest in the events of the time. She was gratified by the reception accorded to her son when he made his public entry into Darmstadt as Grand Duke, with his wife, Princess Alice, and his children. She shared the enthusiasm with which the Emperor and Crown Prince of Germany were received when they visited Darmstadt, and followed with the keenest interest the course of the Russo-Turkish war, in which her husband's nephew, Prince Alexander of Battenberg, late Prince of Bulgaria, so greatly distinguished himself at the battles of Plevna and in the Schipka Pass. She attended the annual festival of the Deaconess' Institution; not only the service that was held, but the evening meeting of the members and friends of the house.

She induced several pastors to deliver lectures as to the best means of making suitable and attractive Sunday afternoon provision for female servants; and when a Sunday Society for this object was called into existence, she often attended the gatherings, and sat down among the girls and women in the narrow space of a garden room. In Fischbach, too, she continued to take an interest and to care for the poor. To the pastor, who had become quite blind, she expressed her joy that he was still able to fulfil the duties of his office, and to visit the sick.

Her life resumed in all respects, as far as it

* In German, bride signifies an engaged, not a married, woman.

* Prince Carl would have been his successor.

was possible, its old course of usefulness to her family and to the people around her. Every plan for the furtherance of Christian or church work was sure to meet with her hearty and practical sympathy. As occasion served she visited all the institutions which she had helped to found.

She was present at the jubilee of the Pankow Orphan Institution, which had been placed under her patronage when she was a girl some fifty years before. She furthered its development and helped to plant others. She had the gratification of seeing the work of rescuing fallen women placed under an efficient organisation. Sunday-school work was greatly hindered by the lack of suitable premises in which to carry it on. In order to remove this obstacle, the Princess resolved to give a part of her own garden for a site, and have a proper building erected largely at her own expense. In due time this plan was carried out, and at the opening she made a stipulation that her own name was not to be mentioned.

Faith was the motive power of her life, and it ever supported her under the heaviest trials which befel her. Times of further trial came to her after her husband's death. The heaviest, probably, was the death of Princess Alice and one of her children of diphtheria. But there were others—the death of her husband's sister, the Empress of Russia, and the assassination of the Emperor; the attempted assassination of her cousin, the Emperor of Germany; the deaths of her daughter-in-law, Princess Henry, in childbirth, and of her granddaughter, Duchess Anna of Mecklenburg-Schwerin.

There were also brighter family events in her later years. Among these was the marriage of the Princess Victoria, eldest daughter of the Grand Duke Louis and Princess Alice, with Prince Louis of Battenberg, at which Queen Victoria was present.

Her last visit to Fischbach was a very touching one. When the carriage was at the door to bring her away, she could hardly tear herself away. She returned to rooms that had been occupied by her parents, as if she had a presentiment that it was the last time she should ever enter them. "With tears in her eyes she took leave of the officials, the servants and villagers, who, in spite of the pouring rain, were gathered in great numbers before the Castle."

On the afternoon of her departure, in a conversation with the pastor, she said, "If I could only remain longer in quiet Fischbach! I feel that my inward man grows here; as if I were nearer to God here, and more intimately united to Him."

Soon after her return to Darmstadt she lost her lady-in-waiting, who had been a sufferer for a long time.

Another loss that befel her at that time was the Fischbach pastor.

On the 14th of March, 1885, she felt herself unwell. She had caught a chill, and inflammation of the lungs had set in. During her illness she never lost consciousness, but continued to take an interest in Christian work and in family events. Two deaconesses attended her, and her sons never left her side from morning to night. When the Superior of the Deaconess' Institution said to her, "Is your Royal Highness afraid about consolation?" she answered with the most joyful confidence, "Ah, no; certainly not!"

With a loud voice she repeated the words of the hymn:—

Oh! with Thy grace, Lord Jesus,
Do Thou with us abide!

And also the verses of Paul Gerhardt's famous hymn ("O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden")*, of which the following lines are a translation:—

When hence I must betake me,
And death at last must meet,
Lord, do not then forsake me,
Thy child with welcome greet.
When terror has bereft me
Of heart and hope again,
Lord, from my woe uplift me,
In virtue of Thy pain.

Be Thou my consolation,
When death o'ertaketh me;
May Thy death-tribulation
Before mine eyes then be!
I'll on Thee, fondly gazing,
Fix my believing eyes,
While firmly Thee embracing,—
He dies well who so dies!

Almost on the same day and at the same hour as her husband, eight years previously, she passed away; it was on the 21st of March, at six o'clock in the evening, three months before her seventieth birthday.

The three guiding stars of her life had been the three texts which she ever kept steadily in view:—

"Set thy house in order."—Isa. xxxviii. 1.
"I must work while it is day."—John ix. 4.
"Be thou faithful unto death."—Rev. ii. 10.

Few have so truly and fully walked in the light of these passages of Scripture; and now that she is gone they may be regarded as describing her life-history. Her house was a well-ordered one. Her life-day was well filled with fruitful work, and she was faithful unto death.

* O, bleeding head and wounded!

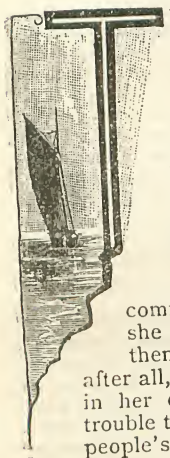
ISABEL'S FORTUNE.

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

By EMMA DIXON.

CHAPTER III.

MABEL'S NEW DUTIES.



THE loss of a mother must always be a severe blow to a family where there are young children; and where it is such a mother as Mrs. Randolph had been, the loss is indeed irreparable, and upon no one does it fall so heavily as the eldest daughter.

Instinctively everyone turned to Mabel now for comfort and guidance, and she tried to do her best for them; but it was a poor best after all, for she felt so bewildered in her own share in the general trouble that she could not lift other people's burdens just yet.

Then a great deal of the necessary business growing out of the bereavement fell to her share. She had to buy mourning, see dressmakers, order bonnets and hats; and if she did it all without much regard to the cost, it was not to be wondered at, for she had had very little experience, and was now half dazed with grief.

But Mr. Randolph made very little allowance for Mabel's inexperience. The day after her mother died he gave her the keys and said, "Now, Mabel, you must take your mamma's place as far as you can, and keep everything going comfortably." And having said this, Mr. Randolph seemed to think he had done his part, and the household machine ought to move on as smoothly as when his wife was there to guide its various wheels and guard against all friction.

But an inexperienced girl who was inclined to nurse her own grief was a poor substitute for the wise, sympathetic head and hands that were always ready for any emergency, and before a week was over Mabel had to go to her father about some difference she had had with the cook.

But he impatiently interrupted her almost before she began relating her difficulty—

"Now understand, Mabel, once for all, I cannot be bothered about your quarrels with the servants. Your mamma never troubled me about such nonsense. She said she found they were always very good; and you will do the same, if you only manage properly."

"But, papa, cook says——"

For answer, Mr. Randolph took his hat, and went off to business.

Mabel was about to run away to her own room and indulge in a good cry, when her younger sister, Selina, came running downstairs.

"Has papa gone?" she asked in a whisper; "because nurse said I must not trouble him; but she thinks you ought to begin our lessons now."

Mabel's cheek flushed, and she said, in an angry tone—

"Tell nurse *I* must decide when to begin your lessons again." And she walked away in no enviable frame of mind.

Nurse, too, was rather cross that morning; for the youngest children were fretful, and she had hoped to be relieved of at least two of her charges for an hour or two; so when Selina delivered her message with a little toss of the head, in imitation of her elder sister, and added, "Mabel said it like that," all nurse's slumbering wrath was aroused, and she took the baby in her arms and went downstairs at once.

"Now, Miss Mabel, what does this mean? Master told me a fortnight ago that you would do just as your mamma used to do with the children, and I've

been expecting ever since that you would have the two down to lessons of a morning as usual."

"But I can't have them to lessons just now, nurse. I am going to speak to papa about having a governess."

"Then you'd better let them say their lessons to you until the governess comes," said nurse, tartly, "for I cannot have them in the nursery all day long, I can assure you."

"Why, what harm do they do?" said Mabel.

"Harm! How can this baby sleep with all the clatter they make while they are at play? I never get a minute to mend their clothes now."

Mabel sighed.

"I'll speak to papa about it when he comes home," she said.

"And so shall I, Miss Mabel; for if I am to have all four children in the nursery all day, I must have a girl to help." And nurse went back to her own dominions in high dudgeon, while Mabel, considerably disturbed, went to her own room, more resolved than ever not to undertake the little ones' lessons in addition to her other duties.

Mary had overheard what passed between her sister and the nurse; and when Mabel came back an hour later she said—

"Don't you think I might manage the children's lessons of a morning, Mab?"

"You!" exclaimed Mabel, scornfully. "How would you do it? They will never obey you."

"But I might coax them into learning their lessons," said Mary.

"Yes, and neglect your own. No; you leave me to manage. Papa must get a governess now. He can surely afford it, as all the income from Isabel's fortune is to go in household expenses."

This was a standing grievance with Mabel, and one she often dwelt upon as a great hardship, and since her mother's death it had grown still more bitter. No word had been spoken; but she knew she should be expected to give up her plan of going to Girton next year, and devote her life to the care of the family now; and, try as she would, she could not reconcile her mind to such a prospect.

It was this looking forward and borrowing trouble from the future that unfitted Mabel for her present duties. If she could have been content to leave the future in God's hands, without striving to lift the veil that hid it from the present, things would have gone much more smoothly in her home. But the thought of Isabel's fortune, and what she ought to do with it, was so constantly present to her mind that she forgot her mother's often-repeated counsel, that to do the thing that came to our hands, and do it well—that was our duty, and not to seek for larger opportunities of usefulness, but wait for them to grow naturally out of the smaller ones. But to teach simple reading and spelling to her sisters, enter sympathetically and thoughtfully into the small details of housekeeping, upon which so much of the comfort of a family depends—these duties were too common for Mabel; she aspired to do and be something beyond these; and Isabel's fortune had given her the right to expect it, she thought.

Poor Mabel! She did not know what a mistake she was making. She kept her eyes so fixed on the high ideal she had placed before her that she missed all the comfort and content, all the many useful lessons she might have gathered, if she had set herself steadily to the task of doing the duty that lay nearest to her.

Soon after her father came home in the evening, she went to him with nurse's complaint about the children. "We must have a governess for them now, papa. I have been looking out some advertisements for you," concluded Mabel, after she had detailed nurse's impertinence to her.

Mr. Randolph moved uneasily in his chair.

"Have a governess!" he said. 'What can the children want to learn that you cannot teach them? I thought you went to share Isabel's studies for a year, on purpose that you might lighten the cost of the little ones' education."

"Yes, papa; but—but I have Isabel's fortune now," stammered Mabel.

"And Isabel's fortune will be your curse, if you are going to set that up as an excuse for not doing your duty!" burst forth Mr. Randolph. "I told nurse what I told you—that you must take your mother's place now, and do as she had done; and I expect you to do it," he added, in an authoritative tone.

"I have, papa," said Mabel, in an injured tone; "I have done everything but teach the children, and I cannot do that."

"Then let Mary do it; for I tell you plainly I cannot afford a governess," said Mr. Randolph, decidedly.

Mabel went away to pour out her discontented lamentations to her sister.

Mary sympathised with her, of course, but, better still, was quite willing to step into the breach. "I'll begin with Selina to-morrow," she said. "I know how mamma used to manage her, and I can threaten to send her back to the nursery if she is tiresome."

"But what will you do about your own lessons, if your time is taken up with the children?" asked Mabel.

"Oh, I must not neglect them, of course, now I am having masters to prepare for. Ever since that letter of uncle's came telling us you were to have Isabel's fortune, I knew I should have to prepare for taking your place and teaching the children; and so I may as well begin at once," added Mary, lightly.

"Well, you might try it," said Mabel, with a sigh.

She really felt herself heavily burdened with the care of the household, although the servants protested to each other that "Miss Mabel did nothing but sit and mope half her time."

The next day Selina came downstairs for her morning lessons, and was really very tractable, so that the following day Mary undertook to have Constance as well, and the two set to work to overcome the difficulties of reading and spelling under Mary's guidance.

Mabel looked in occasionally, and almost envied the merry little party, they seemed to get so much fun out of the simplest lesson; and yet they were as obedient to their young teacher's wishes as though she had been twenty years older than themselves.

But a few months after Mrs. Randolph's death Mabel was startled by receiving the bills for the mourning she had ordered—bills so heavy in amount that she knew not what to make of them.

She had ordered cashmere and crape without much regard to cost, and she now found that these, with other items, made such a terrible total that she was afraid to show them to her father, and kept them locked up in her desk for nearly a week after she had received them. Then she determined to put a bold face on the matter. It was near the time when her quarterly payments were made, and so she said to her father one evening in a tone of assumed indifference—

"Papa, I shall require my money for my own use this time. Will you let me have the cheque as soon as it comes, please?"

Mr. Randolph lifted his head, and looked at her as though he did not comprehend her meaning.

"I do not understand you, Mabel," he said.

"It is my own money I am speaking of, papa," replied Mabel.

"But it was settled that I should have the use of the first year's income," said Mr. Randolph.

He spoke very coolly; but he was angry and hurt that Mabel should remind him of this just now, when he was so pressed for money again.

But Mabel knew nothing of this pressure, and the unpaid bills lying in her desk made her very anxious to obtain the means of payment; and so she said—

"I really must have it this quarter, papa."

"What do you want it for so particularly?" asked Mr. Randolph. "You surely have very little need of money beyond the household expenses."

"No, papa; but—but *I* have some bills come in."

"Now, Mabel, what did I tell you about running bills? Did I not say I would never allow it to be begun in my house? Every tradesman's book was to be paid up each week."

"Yes, papa, and I have done it; but these bills I could not get before; they are from Morton's."

"The linendrapers! But I gave you ten pounds to pay for the mourning. What have you done with that?"

"Paid the dressmaker's and milliner's bills; but there was not enough to pay Morton's."

"How much more do you want?" asked Mr. Randolph, with a sigh, as he took out his purse.

"A great deal, papa—more than twenty pounds," said Mabel, colouring crimson.

"More than twenty pounds! and you have already spent ten!" uttered her father.

"But that went for making things up, papa."

"All of it?"

"No, *not quite* all; but I wanted the

rest for the housekeeping expenses," replied Mabel.

"Mabel, Mabel, you will ruin me. You knew how needful it was to be economical and cut down expenses wherever it was possible; and yet you have gone to the opposite extreme Go and fetch me this bill of Morton's, and let me see what it is."

But when the bill was brought, very little enlightenment was gained, for the articles bought were lumped together as "goods," and the date given; then again "goods" for another date, and so on throughout.

"Did you not have a bill with each of these parcels of goods when you bought them?" asked Mr. Randolph.

"Oh, yes, papa. A linendraper always gives a bill when you are served."

"Then go and fetch them to me."

"But I have not got them. Nobody ever keeps linendrapers' bills," added Mabel.

"Then how do you know this account sent in is correct?" said her father.

Mabel was obliged to confess that she had no means of testing it, as all the bills of the items had been destroyed.

"Then I certainly shall not pay it until these are found or Morton's supply another copy, that I may know what I am paying for; so you had better see to this, and let me have it in a day or two."

Mabel left the room, feeling herself very much injured, while her father sat and pondered over her reckless extravagance, as he considered it. He was doubtless a little unjust to Mabel in his thoughts, while she was prone to nurse her grievances, and so exaggerate them. To her it was a great indignity to have to go and ask the linendraper to send in a detailed account of his bill, and she would have sent Mary or the nurse; but her father, in speaking of the matter again the next morning, insisted that she should go herself, that there might be no mistake about what she wanted.

Having found so much extravagance, as he considered it, in one department of the household expenditure, he thought it would be wisest to look a little further; and so the next evening he told Mabel to bring all the tradespeople's books to him the following Monday, that he might look over them before they were paid.

Here, again, he found several items that never appeared in former accounts, and he soon saw that the sum he had allotted for these expenses had already been exceeded; so that to pay the draper's bill and the excess on her housekeeping expenditure would quite absorb the fifty pounds Mabel had asked for.

Mr. Randolph sat pondering for a long time as to what he should do. Certainly this expenditure must be curtailed somehow, or his business would come to a standstill; and then where would his children be?

So he decided to make an appeal to Mabel, and he pointed out to her several items in her housekeeping expenses that were certainly excessive. "Now, you must try and prevent this in future, Mabel. Understand, once for all, I cannot afford it; and if we cannot make the sum I have set apart cover expenses as things are, we must do with less servants."

"Do with less servants!" uttered Mabel, aghast. "We have only three now."

"And some people have to manage with one," quietly remarked her father.

"But we couldn't papa; it would be impossible."

"Not at all impossible, my dear. I do not say it would be pleasant to make such a change, but it will have to be done if you cannot keep the expenditure down a little more. I tell you what would be a good plan, and what your mother did, I know, at one time. You and cook both keep a slate, and put down everything that comes in. At the end of the week compare this with the accounts sent in by the tradesmen, and you can then detect whether there has been any mistake or overcharge. Mind, Mabel, I insist upon this being done," added her father, seeing she looked anything but pleased at the suggestion.

"So mean, so stingy!" murmured Mabel, as she went out of the room, never considering that the careless way in which she had controlled the expenditure was a wrong to her father, and might bring them all to poverty if left unchecked.

(*To be continued.*)

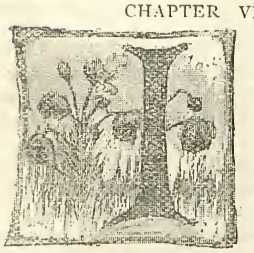
THE ROMANCE OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND;

OR,

THE OLD LADY OF THREADNEEDLE STREET.

By EMMA BREWER.

CHAPTER VIII.



AM also the printer of the postal orders, which are printed on the same paper as my notes, but with blue ink.

I also print the Indian bank notes, which are green and black.

Cheques, I should tell you, are made in colours which cannot be photographed.

If you look at my notes you will see that I promise to pay the amount named on each, whatever the amount, whenever it shall be demanded of me.

On an average I get back daily about* 57,000, nearly as many as I send out. The return of each one is as strictly entered as its going out, and the character of its work duly recorded.

Once returned, I never make my notes do duty a second time; the cashier's name is torn off and put into a sack, and the notes, minus this corner, are carefully packed away in boxes, according to their date and number, and put into the catacombs for five years.

The underground apartment where they are lodged is a series of streets of wine bins, only instead of bottles you have school boxes full of my notes.

So carefully are these packed, and so exact is the knowledge concerning them, that if any information were required about any individual note it would be forthcoming in the space of a few minutes.

It will give you a little idea of the stores of old notes if I tell you that in the course of five years I get back on an average 77,745,000, the original value of which was over £1,750,626,600 and their weight about ninety-one tons. Just imagine ninety one tons of my thin flimsy notes!

These notes fill 134,000 boxes which, if placed side by side, instead of in the bins as I have described, would reach 2⅓ miles.

Again, if these notes, thin as they are, were placed in a pile, they would reach to the height of 5⅔ miles; or if they were joined end to end would form a ribbon 12,455 miles long, and their superficial extent nearly as large as the whole of Hyde Park; and fancy, if you can, that all this is repeated every five years!

I used to have the old notes burnt in the daytime in an iron cage in one of the yards, but as complaints were made that this process filled the City with tinder, I have them now burnt at night.

Two sacks are filled every week with merely the cashier's name torn off from the returned notes.

It has been ascertained that 512 of my notes for £10 each weigh one pound.

Sometimes the notes come back to me in all the beauty and crispness of youth, having done scarcely a day's work, while others come back hardly able to hold themselves together from age and work combined.

One poor old thing returned to me the other day, having been out a hundred and eleven years!

I never refuse to accept one, even though it be in rags and tatters, provided I can recognise it as mine.

I have always had clever people about me to assist me in cases of difficulty about my notes, and I have looked on with wonder and admiration at the way they often manage with the sharp point of a penknife, a fine camel's hair brush, and a basin of warm water, to bring out notes sufficiently clear for me to see my obligation to pay from a mass of mildewed rubbish, which has perhaps been hidden away for months in a damp cupboard or even in the garden.

It happens occasionally that notes go utterly to the bad or are irretrievably lost; when it is

* The day before I went last year, June 30th, 1886, 55,000 notes were paid into the Bank, of the value of £990,000.—E. B.

so, I am so much the richer. I remember once placing to my credit no less an amount than one million three hundred and thirty thousand pounds, the value of notes which had been either lost or destroyed in the years between 1792 and 1812.

It is true I have on the other hand losses to record, and now and then of large amount, as in the case of having to pay twice over thirty thousand pounds rather than it should be said I was not equal to my promise.

I call that my music room where the testing and counting of my notes goes on all day long, giving out a sharp, crisp, pleasant body of sound such as no other quires (choirs) in the world could produce, and which you must hear to appreciate.

I have been looking over some old letters and diaries to see if there be anything of interest for you about my notes while they are at work in the world, before taking leave of them for £ s d. I think you will be pleased with the following; of course I cannot vouch that the matter has not found its way into print before this, but as it was made known to me as something to be dotted down in my note-book, I will venture to relate it to you.

Far away in the north of Scotland there was a bridge over a mountain pass, kept by a poor old woman who earned her living by receiving any toll the passers over might feel inclined to give. This poor woman had made it a law for many years past to devote the toll of one special day to Missions, whether it were little or much.

This particular day was close at hand, but she had never been so poor; her rent was due, and she had not a penny put by towards it. She was in despair.

The morning of the Mission day arrived, she took her seat at the bridge, but nothing came into her pocket.

Presently, however, she saw two ladies approaching with their attendant, who on arriving at the bridge fell into pleasant talk with her and drew from her all her little history. On wishing her good-bye the elder of the two put something into her hand. When they had passed out of sight, and not before, she ventured to look, and, behold, it was a sovereign, a coin she had rarely seen and certainly never had possessed.

"Here," she said, joyfully, "is my rent and everything I need."

But in a moment she remembered it was the Mission day, to which every penny she took was without exception devoted.

She debated long with herself as to the possibility of one day being as good as another for giving the money. It surely could not matter whether she gave the proceeds of to-day or the proceeds of to-morrow so long as she gave the whole of one day's toll. However, all the time she knew and felt it was not the same, and that she ought to keep the contract she had voluntarily made for herself. So after a severe struggle she dropped the only piece of gold she had ever possessed in her life into the mission-box, murmuring as she did so, "I must leave the rest to God," and then went supperless and penniless to bed.

She arose next morning hopeless and weary, when to her surprise a letter was put into her hand, an event truly astonishing in her quiet, uneventful life. She opened it, and out fell one of my notes for *five pounds*. She was altogether bewildered, for on spelling through the letter she found it was from the two ladies who had talked so long and kindly with her yesterday. What was her amazement to find that these visitors were the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria. How happy and proud the poor woman was! Money enough for the rent, and for many a day to come. There was the sense, too, of having overcome temptation, and of the honour of having spoken to royalty, and of their kindness and interest in her.

And I—well, I was very pleased that the royal ladies had made anything belonging to me an instrument of conveying help and happiness.

The next little anecdote is not to my credit, and for that reason I have chosen it.

Some ladies offered an old Scotch landlady one of my notes in payment for their lodgings. The old lady demurred to taking it, but the ladies remonstrated with her, saying, "It is not a provincial note, but a real Bank of England note; it is just as good as gold."

"Aye, aye, maybe so," retorted the woman; "but I hae nae muckle opinion o' the Bank o' England."

And now for my other tools—*pounds, shillings*, and *pence*, or £ s. d. The two horizontal lines are thought to be an abbreviation of S to signify sterling*. I should like to go into the history of how we became possessed of a gold coinage, but you might think it dry, and as I am particularly anxious to make my interviews with you pleasant, I will merely say that coins are small pieces of metal stamped by authority, and that those made of gold are naturally of high value, for the material itself is of great worth and very expensive to get from the mine.

I think I have told you that one of my sources of profit is derived from the purchase of bullion or bar gold, of which the sovereigns are made.

I do not mind telling you, as I am letting you into so many of my secrets, that I buy bar gold of standard purity for £3 17s. 9d. an ounce, and that I keep it in my cellars until it goes to the Mint to be coined. Perhaps you would like to see it; if so, pray come with me, but you must not mind being strictly watched.

It is a rule that beside the person who precedes you into this cellar, two follow closely after you, locking the door behind.

It is, as you see, a sort of circular cellar with trucks standing round it, each truck containing about £80,000 sterling, or on all the trucks together £21,000,000.†

The bars of gold look like fat bars of honey soap, and are in a like manner arranged. Each bar has a number, and no two bars are alike in weight.

When these bars go to the Mint they are made into sovereigns, each coin to contain twenty-two parts of gold and two of copper.

Before leaving this part of my premises I want you to see my wonderful weighing machine; the scale is kept weighted, and large as the instrument is, it is so marvellously adjusted that it weighs and marks on its dial even the minute weight of a postage stamp $\frac{2}{100}$ of $\frac{1}{2}$ an ounce. It cost me two thousand guineas, but I am very proud of it.

You see for yourselves how richly stocked my cellars are, and you have experienced how very strictly they are guarded. You may judge, then, of the fright I had when one day a curious sort of letter was put into my hands, as unlike those I am accustomed to receive as possible. I opened it, and read that the writer had been employed for some little time in or about the sewers, and while at his work he had found a space in my underground premises quite undefended—that he had more than once stood within the Bank.

Further, he went on to say that if he received a promise from me that he should not be punished for the knowledge he possessed, he would at a certain hour of such a night be at a definite spot to meet anyone whom I might send, and point out the spot by which he was able to enter.

I called the most trusted of my people together, and it was decided who should meet this man.

Surely there he was *at the time appointed*, and by his means we were able to make the place secure.

As you may think, we rewarded the man liberally who had done me such good service, and all the more that he had been most discreet, never having mentioned it to a creature.

Now I want you to come upstairs with me and see a most exquisite machine which is almost human, inasmuch as it does not move a stroke without first pausing to think.

Before you see it working, you must know that when sovereigns are sent out from the Mint they should weigh 122.5 grains, and so exact is the weight that you will not find a variation in one out of 5,000.

Well, as *long* as they keep this weight they are legal tender, and worth to you twenty shillings; but in course of time they lose weight, first by honest labour or friction, and secondly by a dishonest practice known by the name of "sweating."

Sooner or later, like the bank notes, they come back to me, and as surely as they do so they must submit to be tested, and wherever a sovereign fails of its proper weight, it is clipped and set aside, and the person or the bank that sends it to me must bear the loss.*

The machine that I call the thinking machine I want you to notice specially. It is small and self-acting, and with unerring precision records the weight of the sovereign.

You see a little glass platform with a box on each side of it; *over the platform in* a slanting position is a tube just large enough in circumference to hold sovereigns edgeways, and long enough to hold about two hundred.

One by one the sovereigns drop on to the platform, and here it is that the thinking takes place—there is a pause. If the coin be of correct weight it passes into the little box at the right, if incorrect it passes into the box at the left, and thus it goes on hour after hour, never in a hurry, never making a mistake. All those coins of light weight are taken to another machine, which clips them, and thus prevents their further circulation. Referring to the "thinking" machine—it was being shown one day to a person who was much interested in its workings, when he remarked: "And thus it is that the reputation of thirty-three sovereigns a minute is established or destroyed."

My people tell me that in about thirty-five thousand sovereigns the average loss on each is twopence three-farthings.

Curious tales reach me from time to time about notes and coins as they are out doing my work. One is curious concerning a certain half-sovereign which may already have found its way into print; at all events, I have never seen it, nor perhaps have you.

It tells of a poor soldier who entered a barber's shop, and said to the man, "I am bound to be with my regiment at a certain time or I shall be taken and shot as a deserter. To do this I must take the stage coach, but I have not a penny with which to pay the fare. Would you lend me half a sovereign? I am very poor, and do not know when I can repay it, but I will give you a recipe for blacking which no one knows of but myself, and which I have always used for the officers' boots, and found excellent."

The barber believed the story, gave him the money, and took the recipe. After the soldier had gone the barber thought he would try it, and found it so good that he continued to make and sell it, thereby laying the foundation of *Warren's Blacking trade* and making his fortune.

And now we come to the shilling. Its

* Refers to the purity of those Eastern pieces of silver or early Arab coins which found their way to the West.

† That was the sum on the day of my visit.—E. B.

* On the day of my visit one was found to be 5s. 3d. light. Of course that was not by honest wear and tear. —E. B.

origin is doubtful; it may be Saxon and mean sound or division; or it may be Latin, and mean a quarter of an ounce.

It was not until the end of the 10th century that there was a shilling of twelve pence, and that twenty of these made a pound; and even then it existed only in theory, or in the keeping of accounts, for there was no silver shilling until the reign of Henry VII., and the shilling in Henry VIII.'s reign was as large as our half-crown, only thinner.

With regard to the penny—it is more ancient than either sovereign or shilling. The first mention of our penny as a coin was during the Saxon Heptarchy, and signified then a small pledge or token; it was of silver and equal to $\frac{1}{240}$ of a pound, which weighed about 5,760 grains.

The purchasing power of a penny was much larger in A.D. 1000 than now, for thirty of them would then purchase an ox. It was not until 1797 that copper pennies were issued by royal authority, and these had a broad rim and weighed one ounce avoirdupois; they remained in circulation until 1860, when they were replaced by bronze pennies.

You will quite understand that occasionally it is absolutely needful I should take a holiday. Well two years ago I was staying for a few days at the seaside, and one morning, sauntering along the beach, I saw a great number of children of all classes sitting round in a circle on the sand, and one or two outer circles occupied by grown up people of both sexes.

I have so few opportunities of seeing people and things outside my own immediate circle, that I am naturally inquisitive when I find myself in new scenes and among young people, and therefore felt curious to know the meaning of the gathering. Judge of my surprise when, as I took my seat in the outer circle, I saw a gentleman in the midst of them, and heard him ask in a bright, cheery, voice, "Well, children, have you all brought a penny this morning?" My first thought was "What on earth can he be going to do with one of my servants, and *that* the least valued perhaps of all my coins? This concerns me, and I must be ready to assert my dignity if it be necessary."

So I listened, and as I did so, I found I had never known what a penny could do or what a penny could teach till that morning.

I wonder if you would care to know what it was that I heard and what it was that changed my views concerning my penny, the highest value of which hitherto was that it was the fraction of a pound. You would not think, perhaps, that living as I do by money, surrounded by money, and occupied with money, that I could be interested in what is known as good things; but you would be wrong.

Well, never mind how that may be, this is what I heard. I cannot here give you all that was said, only the notes that I then and there entered into my note-book.

A penny is metal dug out of the earth, washed, and put into the furnace to soften it.

Its form is round, and has no angles.

It is stamped with the image of the reigning sovereign.

There are two letters on it—*D.G.*, Dei Gratia (by the grace of God, unmerited favour).

Another two letters—*F.D.*, Fidei Defensor (Defender of the Faith).

Britannia is looking out to sea (on the world), with a trident in her hand (Faith, Hope, and Charity).

She wears a shield with a cross on it (Shield of Faith).

Helmet on her head (Helmet of Salvation).

Lighthouse on a rock to direct ships at sea (God's Word).

Ship (Church with teachers and laity). In time of danger all hands on board.

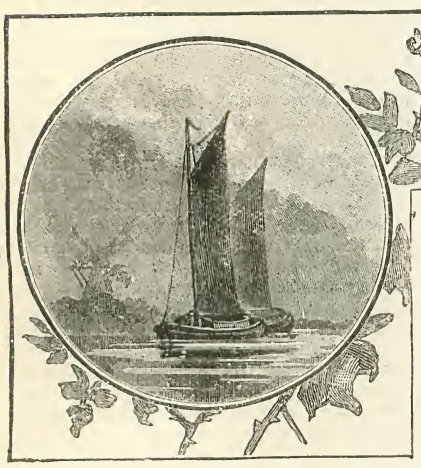
Cargo (the fruits of the Spirit).

Sailing towards the Haven where we would be.

Coin, if put away would rust; by use only is it kept bright, for the King's service.

And with all this for you to think about, I shall close this my last interview but one.

(*To be concluded.*)



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

ZENOBIA.—We do not think you need advice, so much as to make up your own mind on the subject of the medical profession, and we fear you are only half-hearted at most. The best opening for lady doctors is in India, where they do well.

DAISY R.—The term "Exhibition," as used at the English Universities, first means an allowance or bounty for the maintenance of scholars under certain conditions. The term is a very old one, and may be found in use by Tyndale and other writers of his day.

READERS OF THE G.O.P. (Hereford).—The average wages paid to nurses in training appears to be about £11 or £12. The year of probation is either with or without uniform, and they are further expected in some hospitals to remain in the service of the institution where they were trained for a further period of three years, during which time their wages rise to £22 or £25 per annum. You should inquire by writing to the hospital, with a stamp for reply.

THOUGHTFUL MADGE might apply to the Deaconesses Missionary Training Institution, 41, Ferntower Road, Mildway Park, London, N., and make inquiries about being trained as a missionary. But we fear, by her poor handwriting and diction, that therein would lie the first difficulty. In order to be of use as a missionary, education is needed, as well as zeal. Why not become a Sunday-school teacher? or something to help at home? There is great want of help amongst ourselves.

A DUNCE.—Your letter and the sentiments it contains and evidences do you great credit. You did wonders in a school time of two years only, and your writing is very pretty. If you do not obtain a satisfactory situation as a nursery governess, how would you like to be a hospital nurse? or to go to India as a Zenana Missionary? If you would like the latter, write and consult Miss Ballard, Secretary, 2, Adelphi Terrace, Strand, W.C.; or Miss Webb, 267, Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W. Pray for Divine guidance.

COOKERY.

AMY BLANCHE.—Perhaps the easiest way of making "Hot Cross Buns" is to obtain some dough from a baker, and knead the spices into it. An old recipe for them is as follows:—Put two and a half pounds of flour into a wooden bowl, and set it before the fire to warm. Then add half a pound of sifted sugar, some coriander seed, cinnamon, and mace, powdered finely. Melt half a pound of butter in half a pint of milk, and when it is as warm as you can bear the finger in, mix in three tablespoonfuls of thick yeast and a little salt. Add to the flour and mix into a paste, form into buns; wash over the top with milk before baking.

PEGGY.—For the "Girl's Own Cookery Book" write to 56, Paternoster Row, E.C. Price, one shilling and postage.

IRELAND'S CHILD.—You can use the soda and cream of tartar instead of the yeast—or sour milk, or butter milk.

"J. PEN."—The "table laid," a coloured plate, will be found in vol. vi., p. 518.

M.B.—Parmesan is a celebrated kind of cheese made of skimmed milk, which owes its rich flavour to the sweet herbage of the meadows of Lombardy, near Parma and Pavia, where the cows are pastured. It is made in a peculiar way, and flavoured with saffron. It is famous for its keeping powers, and becomes very hard, when it requires to be grated for use. The Italians use it grated to add to soup.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MATTY.—The phrase, "A wheel within a wheel," is thought to have a Scriptural origin. See Ezekiel i. 16—"Their work was, as it were, a wheel in the middle of a wheel."

A MIDDLE AGED MAN.—We sympathise with those of our readers who allow themselves to be taken in by specious advertisements of the kind you mention. We are constantly warning them, however, in our correspondence columns against trusting them. It would not in any way "repay us," as you suppose, to constitute ourselves a "commission of enquiry" into the "transactions" of any company. We wonder you had not more common sense than to suggest such a thing.

MILLY AND LILLY.—No servant should remain out after 10 p.m. The hour of her going out must depend on the household in which she lives, the hours kept, and the number of other servants. As a rule, it is better to give each servant an afternoon and evening out once a month, say, from 2 p.m. to 10 p.m., than to allow going out at night.

WILD KATHLEEN.—The names of the "Hundred Famous Women" were in *Sunlight*, the summer number of the G. O. P. for 1884.

BELL MAHONE.—The name "St. Pierre" is, no doubt, French in origin, and may have been naturalized in England by the Huguenots. At the Heralds' College they would know all about it. In France, besides the Calais burgess, there have been two famous bearers of the name. The author of "Paul and Virginia" died in 1814, and the Abbé St. Pierre, the philanthropist, died in 1743.

MERLE.—Certainly, two sisters may marry a father and son respectively. There is no law—Divine nor human—against it, for the connection is not within the "prohibited degrees." Consult the table given in the Prayer Book. Had the son of your brother-in-law been your sister's son, naturally you could not have married your nephew; but this man is no relation to you.

BERTHA.—The 26th of May, 1819, was a Wednesday, and the 27th of October, 1872, a Sunday. Ask God in your daily prayers to give you His grace and aid in enabling you to restrain any exhibition of ill-temper, which is so much opposed to that gentleness, meekness, longsuffering, patience, and rendering of blessing for railing which the Scriptures enjoin. But apart from your obedience to the obligations of your Christian faith and submission to your Heavenly Master's laws, nothing could be more derogatory to you, and lowering in the estimation of others, than exhibitions of bad temper. They are very ill-bred, and entail the obligation of making apologies likewise.

MARJORY RIDLEY.—Perhaps your canary is a female, and not a singer. Give a hempseed or two now and then only, or its legs will become gouty. A little chickweed and ripe plantain-seed will be suitable for it, in addition to groundsel, rape, and canary-seed, and when moulting put a rusty nail into its drinking-fountain, or a little saffron.

A DUTCH GIRL.—We regret that we are unable to accept your story. We sympathise much with you on your sister's illness.



"SHE WAS LEANING OVER THE SIDE."

See "Such a Coward," p. 538.



VOL. VIII.—NO. 384. MAY 7, 1887. PRICE ONE PENNY.

DARKNESS AND DAWN.

By WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT NEWSAM.

WHAT though thy day of life be nearly gone,
And deepening shades of night come swiftly on:
Why dost thou turn to earth thy tearful eyes?
Why heaves thy breast with unavailing sighs?
Hath not the Holy One, to bless the night,
Bedecked the vault of heaven with stars of light?
Though none can see them when the light is near,
When twilight deepens, then the stars appear.

Though clouds may gather in the silent night,
And quench the feeble stars' uncertain light,
Though from thy sight the last faint flickering ray
Of dubious light may slowly fade away,
Though Stygian darkness cover all the sky,
Take comfort still, for God Himself is nigh;
Be of good courage; wherefore should'st thou fear?
When night is darkest, then the dawn is near.

Soon shalt thou see the day spring from on high,
With radiant splendour gild the orient sky!
Then every cloud of night shall disappear,
For dawn is breaking, and the day is near.
So, when the night of death shall pass away,
Then comes the dawning of eternal day,
When the glad soul shall wing its glorious flight
Up to the mansions of celestial light.



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EVENING THOUGHTS.

IN THE DAYS OF MOZART.

THE STORY OF A YOUNG MUSICIAN.

By LILY WATSON.

CHAPTER IV.



ITTLE as Herr von Eberstein mingled in the society of the neighbourhood, he could not fail to hear reports of the wonderful child-musician in the Mozart household. Music, it is true, was at that date held in little repute as a serious occupation; still, the young Wolfgang's precocity, the worthy man could not help perceiving, was really after all something of more account than the feats of a juvenile rope-dancer. Other families of distinction had heard the lad play; he must follow suit. Accordingly, he told Herr Leopold Mozart one day, when he came to give Lucinda her music lesson, that he might "bring up his boy and girl."

Herr Mozart, who was secretly contemplating a visit in a few months' time to the Court of the Elector of Bavaria at Munich, did not appear so much elated by this intelligence as might have been expected; but where no degradation was involved by compliance, the Court composer was too prudent a man to offend a wealthy patron like the ignorant Von Eberstein. He had also a strong liking for the little Rudolf, to whom he taught something every time he came to the castle; therefore he promised to bring up Wolfgang and Anna (otherwise Nannerl) on a fixed day.

Great was the excitement of Rudolf and Elsa before the expected visit, in preparation for which they gathered huge bunches of wild flowers and trails of ivy to deck the sombre hall and the bare room where the clavichord* stood.

Aunt Lucinda was in her chamber, knotting a kerchief of specially fine cambric round her pretty shoulders, when voices rent the air.

"Auntie! auntie! here they are!"

She descended, and found a picturesque group in the castle hall. Herr Mozart, formal, precise, and neat as usual, stood holding the hand of his daughter, Maria Anna, a girl of ten, a pretty child, in a rose-coloured dress, with an animated face. Paul Engelhardt stood near, with his kind dark eyes beaming satisfaction on Rudolf and Elsa. The latter was just advancing towards Nannerl Mozart, but Rudolf's gaze was fixed half timidly on the central figure of the group—the little Wolfgang.

Lucinda felt instantly a strong attraction towards the little fellow. He was a small but well-proportioned child, with a face that charmed one directly by his large earnest eyes, with their fine eyebrows and long lashes. These had a serious expression, almost at variance with the infantile chubbiness of his cheeks. His brow was bright and open, and his face was pale, though not in any way delicate-looking. Long, curling, luxuriant hair, tied behind after the fashion of the day, fell on his shoulders, and he was arrayed in a little apple-green coat, with white vest and dainty ruffles at his neck and wrists, knee-breeches, and shoe buckles. At this time he was five years old.

When children are introduced to one another they frequently stare in a mute solemnity that to their elders appears very embarrassing, but it is not so to themselves; it is their way of becoming acquainted. Wolfgang became aware of Lucinda coming down the stairs, and, meeting her smile, ran up to her and kissed her, breaking the silence by observing—

"It is a long way up here from Salzburg, but I am glad I came. May I go and play with the little boy and girl now? I am not at all tired."

"Of course you may," said Lucinda, returning his embrace.

"Papa, you must take care of my little fiddle while I am gone; it is in the case there," said Wolfgang, nodding; and he sprang up the oaken staircase, while Rudolf followed, half surprised that the infant genius was so much like other children. Meanwhile, Nannerl and Elsa went out, hand in hand, into the courtyard, and thence to the castle terrace.

"Your brother is a very wonderful boy, isn't he?" said Elsa.

"Very," replied Nannerl. "He is only five, but he can already play very prettily. When he was three he used to listen to me having my music lesson with papa quite quietly, without a sound; then he would pick out thirds, and smile as he struck them. Even before he could talk he could play. Papa began to teach him minuets and other pieces on the clavier, and he soon could play them. Now he is writing little pieces himself."

"My brother is wonderful, too," said Elsa, not willing to yield all the palm to Nannerl. "He has always been fond of music, and now, though he is only ten, he can play much better than Aunt Lucinda."

"I know," nodded Nannerl; "papa has told me. Papa says Rudolf von Eberstein will be a musician also; but there is no one in the world like our little Wolferl. Last year the Court trumpeter at Salzburg, our very good friend Herr Schachtner, came to our house after the Thursday service and found Wolferl making himself all inky with writing. Papa said, 'What are you doing?' and he replied, 'I am writing a concerto for the clavier; it will soon be done.' Papa thought it was nonsense, and said, 'Let me see;' and though Wolferl said it was not finished yet, papa took the paper to look at it. It was all daubed over with blots, for he dipped his pen to the very bottom of the ink-bottle every time, and as the blots fell down he rubbed them off with the palm of his hand. Such a confusion of notes and smears! Papa and Herr Schachtner laughed at first, but then they began to notice what the theme and the composition was; and, do you know, papa cried because he was pleased!"

"I have seen a man cry, too," observed Elsa. "Grandpapa cried when we came here."

"Papa told Herr Schachtner to examine it," continued Nannerl. "He said, 'Look, Herr Schachtner, how correct and how orderly it is! Only it could never be of any use, for it is so extraordinarily difficult that no one in the world could play it.' But Wolfgang declared it must be practised till it was perfect, and said that was why it was called a concerto!"

"That is very, very wonderful," observed Elsa. "I lived at Vienna till I came here, and there was a great deal of music, but I never knew anything so wonderful as that!"

"I believe we shall go to Vienna soon," said Nannerl. "Papa doesn't like Salzburg. He says the people are stupid."

"Oh, don't go away!" cried Elsa; "I want you to be my friend. I want a girl-friend like you. If you will come and see me often, I will tell you all the fairy tales I have made up. They are waiting to be told to somebody!"

"Come here, Elsa!" cried Rudolf's voice, full of joyous anticipation, from a window; "Wolfgang is going to play!"

"What! already?" exclaimed Nannerl, laughing; and the two girls went to the *salon*.

The master of the house had not come in yet, but Herr Mozart, Paul Engelhardt, and Lucinda were near the clavichord, at which the little fellow had seated himself. Lucinda noticed the peculiar smallness and delicacy of his hands; they seemed made for touching the keys. His little legs dangled from the stool without reaching the floor. Only five years old! Could such a baby really evoke anything worth hearing from the instrument?

Of course, there was at this period of Mozart's life only the germ of the power which in after years drew tears from the eyes of Haydn, held monarchs spell-

* It should be explained that this instrument was like a "square" pianoforte in shape, in an oblong case of uniform width. The lower or natural keys as a rule were black, and the upper ones white, thus reversing the modern plan. It had a delicate tone that possessed a certain tremulousness capable of producing infinite gradations of expression. Beethoven said that "among all keyed instruments the clavichord was that on which one could best control tone and expressive interpretation," and Johann Sebastian Bach preferred it to the pianoforte. In a German musical lexicon it is described as "Labsal des Dulders und des Frohsinns theilnehmender Freund" (the balm of the sufferer, and the sympathising friend of cheerfulness)

bound, and made the organist, Ambrose Rieder, say, at a later period, "To this hour, old as I am, those harmonies, infinite and heavenly, ring in my ears, and I go to the grave fully convinced that there was but *one* Mozart!"

Still, the child had only to touch the keys for his power to be instantly manifest. Choosing for his theme a gavotte by Bach, his little fingers glided over the notes with perfect ease and delicacy. His touch had that peculiar satisfaction to the ear which musicians recognise at once, but which is so hard to define, and his little face wore a serious, settled expression, which seemed to say, "This is my chosen work, baby though I am!"

Already he had a quiet, steady hand; no jerkiness or over-haste, so natural to a child's early efforts, were perceptible; on the contrary, ease, flexibility, and smooth rapidity—above all, absolutely correct time—marked his performance. Withal, there was a sweetness in his delivery of the notes that marked the soul of the musician within him.

Lucinda sat by in wonder. Herr Mozart leaned back in his chair with a thoughtful look and closed eyes. He was pondering over his darling's future life, as he was wont to do. When the little musician had ceased there was a stillness, broken by Wolfgang himself jumping up from the stool and springing gaily into Lucinda's lap. "Have I played you to sleep?" he cried; "papa is already slumbering." The child-nature seemed to awake suddenly within him, and he was not content until he had dragged off Rudolf into the garden to play at soldiers.

As Paul Engelhardt followed more quietly, he happened to raise his eyes towards an oil painting in the hall, brought into relief by the clustering frame of ivy twined by the children. It represented a woman of mature years, with a singularly sweet countenance, that seemed to him as if he had seen the original somewhere.

"That is my grandmother," Elsa's voice said at his elbow.

"She has a very beautiful face," replied the tutor.

"She was good; oh, very, very good!" said Elsa, confidentially. "Like some of the saints I have heard of. But she was a Protestant, and it was really she who helped grandpapa to leave home when the Protestants were driven away from Salzburg, all that long time ago, because she was so brave and cheerful about it."

"Who told you about her?" inquired Paul.

"Aunt Lucinda; and she says that grandmother never thought of her own comfort at all, but only of what was right. 'For conscience' sake' was her favourite motto."

Paul glanced kindly down at the earnest face beside him, and saw the resemblance that had vaguely puzzled him: the look in Elsa's eyes and brow of her grandmother of long ago.

"You may be like her, my child," he said. "You have a touch of her expression in your face, and you may grow up to be a noble, self-denying woman."

"I shall never have to leave home for any such reason, I expect," declared Elsa doubtfully.

"Not for the same reason, for people are growing wiser, and do not persecute each other now; but, who knows? Some other trial may come, and then it will be noble to give up ease and comfort 'for conscience' sake.'"

Elsa raised her eyes wistfully to his, then smiled, and went with slow steps into the garden.

The Mozarts' visit was not destined to end quite so harmoniously as it had begun. Herr von Eberstein was just now returning from the forest, where he had viewed with satisfaction a kind of sacrificial grove, in which dead polecats, badgers, stoats, and weasels were suspended from the trunks of trees.

As he tramped down towards the courtyard, and marked the fair scene before him—the old castle in the foreground, the wooded ravine beyond, from which the murmur of the torrent arose, the hills on the further side of the stream, and the opening of the glen towards the plain where Salzburg stood—his heart swelled with pride and gratification. A peasant took off his slouched hat as he passed, and the *parvenu* could not repress the thought: "Once I, too, was like that fellow there; now, here I am, lord of the castle yonder."

An abrupt shock was given to these pleasing reflections by the sudden spectacle of his grandson, shouting with terrific energy, and preceded by a tiny figure in an apple-green coat, shouldering a violin, and playing with might and main. Two girls, with arms entwined, sat upon a garden seat, cheering this mimic regiment marching to the wars.

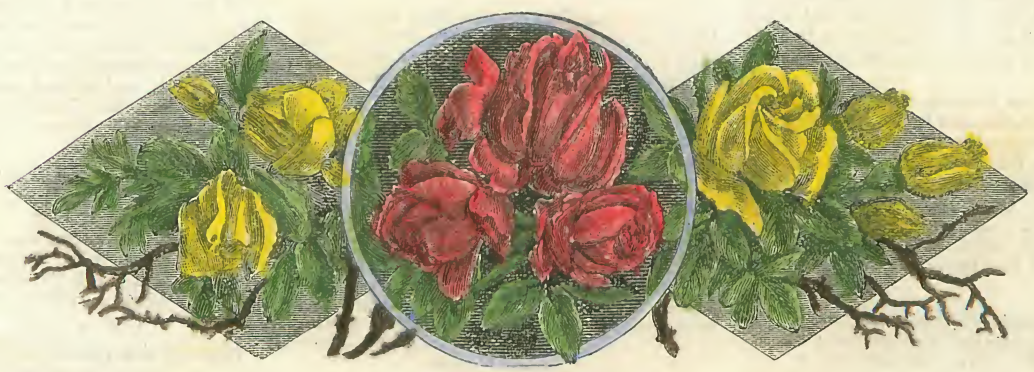
"Who can these children be?" thought the Herr. "Oh! by-the-bye, I said Mozart might bring up his boy and girl. They seem quite at home, upon my word and honour!"

The sight of Leopold Mozart, walking with Lucinda and Paul Engelhardt in the distance, enjoying the lovely evening, and smiling on the children's play, was resented by the host as an additional annoyance. Such familiarity was not at all to his taste. According to his ideas, the Mozart visit would proceed somewhat after this fashion. The father and his children were to wait in an ante-room, enlivened by an occasional gracious word from their patron till he chose to call for music; then, before the assembled family circle, the infant prodigy was to be produced, and to perform. Having been amazed and delighted by the present of a florin all for himself, the little Mozart was to be then taken home with his sister by their proud and gratified father.

Like many self-made men, the Herr von Eberstein had ridiculously exclusive ideas, and, as has already been shown, his appreciation of art was that of an ignorant boor. He should not be too severely blamed for this. In the age in which he lived musicians were frequently treated like lackeys, even by the rich and great. "Music," observed Handel's father, a respectable surgeon, "is an elegant art and fine amusement, but as an occupation it hath little dignity, having for its object nothing better than mere entertainment and pleasure." If an educated professional man could so express himself on this divine theme, an uncultured *nouveau riche* might be pardoned for sharing the same opinion.

"Tut! tut! what a hubbub!" he shouted, and strode towards the castle, muttering, "These Mozarts need to be taught to know their place. It is the last time those impudent children come within my gates." The Herr Mozart was not slow to perceive the lowering frown upon the brow of his host; and as the Court composer was in no mind to bear open rudeness, he took an earlier leave of Castle Höhenfels than he had intended.

(To be continued.)





HOPE:

AS A TONIC FOR BODY AND MIND.

By MEDICUS.

By the time this reaches the hands of my readers, spring will be commencing to merge into summer. Anxious invalids who have been confined to the house all through the long dreary winter, with its wild winds and its drifting snow, will be lured out of doors by beautiful weather. They will—many of them, I hope—spend hours in laying out and looking over their walking dresses, and the very act and fact of doing so will cause Hope—blessed Hope!—to spring up in their hearts, like the grain of mustard seed in the parable.

Look, the sun is really shining, the leaves are on the trees, the corn is green in the fields, hyacinths are growing by hedgerows and in wooded dells, the mournful cry of the peewit is heard on the uplands, and the woods resound with the mad, melodious melody of the birds. If you are Scotch, the charming and most expressive words of Tannahill will rise to your lips and find vent in song:

"Gloomy winter's noo awa',
Soft the westlin' breezes blaw;
'Mang the birks o' Stanley Shaw
The mavis now sings cheerie O!

Tow'ring o'er the Newton Woods,
Lav'rocks* fan the snaw-white clouds,
Silver saughs,† wi' downy buds,
Adorn the banks sae briery O!

Round the sylvan fairy nooks
Feathery breckans fringe the rocks,
'Neath the brae the burnie jouks,
And ilka thing is cheerie O!"

There is no finer poetry than that in any language, and there is no more lovely melody than that to which these words are sung.

But stay, it is early summer with you while you read, but not with me while I write. For there is still a week of March to pass ere winter weather goes. But, nevertheless, I already feel at my heart an earnest of bright days to come. And I am not alone. I have only to take a short turn round my garden to find that out. We have just got clear of the snow and the hard frost, that left the birds so dependent on our charity. To-day they are not so, and the great speckled-breasted thrush did not come to breakfast; both he and the blackbird prefer rooting about among the dead leaves under the laurel shrubbery for insects, to eating breadcrumbs. The sparrows are already examining last year's nests in the wistaria trees, with a view to repairing them for another season. (N.B. As laziness is contrary to the rules of health, I shall make sure they build new ones.) Cock-robin does little else but sing all day in the cherry trees; he has Hope now, but last week he was feeding from hand, a wretched, draggled bird, because his son knocked him into a pail of water. The rooks, who used to thieve from the smaller birds, have gone away to the woods, and will not come back again.

Every poet since David's time has sung of the pleasures of Hope. Says the spirited Tupper:—

"Hope is the sailor
On every sea;
Never a failer
Or falterer he.
Though the waves rise up,
Though the skies fall,
Hope ever flies up
High over all."

With all due respect to the genius of the bard-philosopher, let me parody his verse:—

* Laverocks—Larks.
† Saughs—Willows.

Hope's the physician;
None better than he,
Who, whate'er thy condition,
Stands steadfast by thee.
When in sickness you linger,
Tho' near to death's door,
Hope points his bright finger
To the health that's in store.

Hope is the tonic
That strengthens the heart,
And, like true sign masonic,
Fends many a dart.
No dangers are feared,
Though with trials we cope,
When the barque of life's steered
By the bright star of Hope.

And now to descend from Parnassus to the plains of practicability—in other words, from rhyme to reason. In my Medicus papers, then, while writing, I have always before my mind's eye the delicate and invalid, including those who suffer from long-standing troubles of a chronic nature, rather than they who suffer from acute complaints. These latter run their course rapidly for good or ill, and it is the family physician only who can stand by the wheel—so to speak—and guide the vessel safely through the storm.

Of chronic complaints, on the other hand, I may tell you at once that there are but few nowadays that are beyond the pale of Hope.

I was much surprised the other week to meet a neighbour of mine, who was given up last year, and who really has little more than one lung to boast about, walking sturdily through the snow, in the teeth of a north-easter. And if he takes ordinary care of himself there is no reason why he should not weather many a gale for years to come.

I can remember, and it is not such a large number of years ago, when consumption was regarded as incurable. Great strides in medical science have been made since then; doctors themselves have learned to hope for the best in this complaint, and to do their best for their patients, and dispense Hope to them also.

In one of my medical works I make a few remarks on the remedial agent, Hope, which are so *àpropos* that I must be forgiven for quoting them.

Hope, it appears to me, works for good in two ways, and herein lies the mystery. For, firstly, it may emanate from the body itself towards the mind, or soul, or consciousness, and therefrom be reflected to the body as a healing power, after the mind has considered and taken full cognisance of it. For instance, Hope is one of the first signs in a great many ailments—I do not say all—which the doctor has that his patient is going to do well. The Hope may arise in the first instance from a mere cessation of pain and uneasiness in the afflicted part, which gives the nerve centres time to rest and obtain nutrition. The ultimate nerve cells of the brain fall into their ranks, as it were, ready for more healthy action, ready to resume their sway and power over the life movements of the body. This same falling into their ranks of the nerve cells may be due to a greater amount of nutrition supplied to them, and purer blood from administered food or medicine.

The mind becomes every hour more sensible of the improvement that is being effected, and Hope increases in a direct ratio, till health is established.

Secondly, Hope may arise in the mind itself. It may be generated there by the words or looks or actions of the medical man, the attendants, or of friends and relations. Here, again, there will be the same falling into their ranks, as I have called it, of the nerve cells, the same resumption of sway over the body, with the same happy results, even though in this case the mind has to struggle with a weak and enfeebled, or, it may be, even a diseased body which has not yet succeeded in making a start towards recovery.

Despondency is quite the reverse of Hope in all its results. The latter is a natural stimulant or tonic, as the case may be; the former a depressant.

These facts only prove to medical men that the greatest caution over words and actions should be maintained in holding intercourse with patients in some cases, especially those in which the nerves are finely strung, for verily, verily, a word may kill, where a word might cure.

I was lying ill—very ill—once in a strange town, with only an old woman as an attendant. The doctor had opened his mind to her pretty freely, and she took no pains to conceal from me that he had no hopes of my case at all.

I crawled out of bed next day when I heard the wheels of the carriage on the gravel. As the doctor stepped out he gave one short glance up at the windows. How well I knew what it meant! He was looking to see if the blinds were down. I shall never forget that. But on the same evening an older doctor made a friendly call on me, and he gave me the blessed medicine—Hope.

"Faith," said He who spake as never man spoke, "can move mountains." I do not think that: this is mere figurative language. For Hope—in itself invisible, intangible, incomprehensible—has power over matter—over visible, tangible, solid matter. Is not this a proof, I ask, that man is possessed of a soul, and that there does exist a spirit-world to which that soul really belongs? To me it seems so.

Medical men nowadays, recognising the powerful agency of Hope, never fail to give a cheerful account of a patient's case, both to herself and friends. Yet, of course, even a doctor must be guarded in his prognosis; that is, he will seldom or never give any decided opinion as to the ultimate termination of a case where danger is to be apprehended, well knowing that this is a world of constant change, and that even in the midst of life we are in death.

But it is the friends and relations themselves that are, or ought to be, the chief dispensers of the medicine Hope. And they cannot be too careful how they do dispense it. Invalids are oftentimes difficult to deal with. Too much sympathy exhibited is seldom otherwise than a mistake, and pity is very often offensive to the ailing one.

While on the one hand, then, we try to cheer her—and this is best done by talking about matters entirely apart from the state in which she happens to be in—on the other we should not treat the ailment so lightly as to cause her to think we are altogether unfeeling. It requires a good deal of tact, indeed, to steer the middle and correct course; but it has to be done, if we would see our friend once more restored to health.

Very often the relations behave seemingly with the intention of raising Hope in their own hearts, rather than in that of the ailing one.

"If I could only see her eat," they say in one case; and they force her to do so, to ease the burden of their own minds.

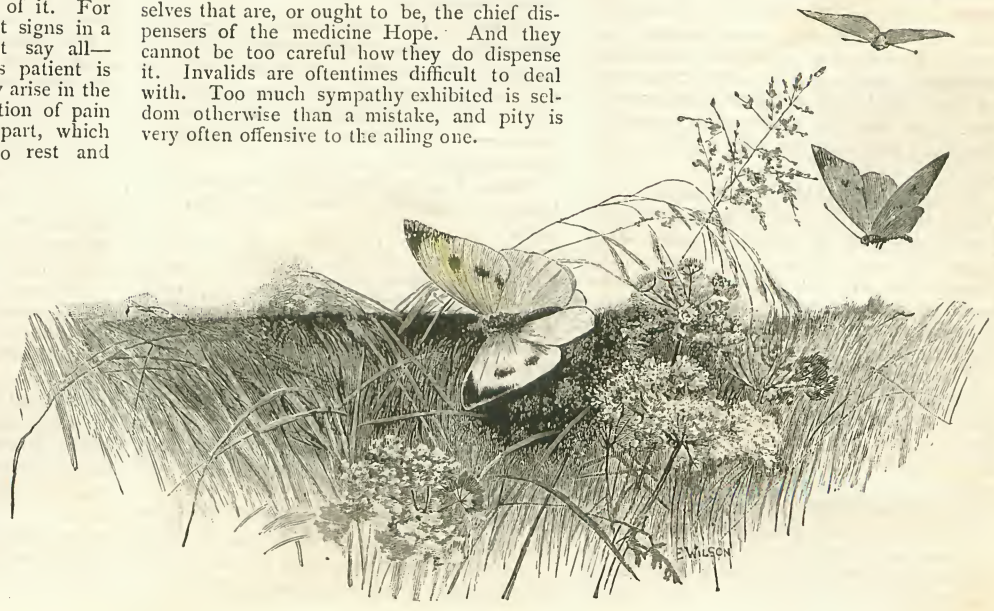
"If I could only see her out of doors," they say in another, and forthwith on the first fine day force her into air perhaps too strong for her to breathe, and cold enough to chill her to the marrow, though they may not feel it.

It should be remembered that health will only return by slow degrees; any attempt to force Nature too much will make the last state of the case worse than the first. It should be remembered, also, that invalids are nervous and most sensitive in mind. Very little hurts them, either in body or in feelings. I have known a patient thrown back considerably, and her chances of recovery very much lessened, by the stupid practice of whispering in the sick-room, or of the attendant rushing out after the doctor and coming back with a long face.

Medicine and proper food and regimen, all of which the doctor will prescribe, must go hand in hand with Hope, and cheerfulness of demeanour in the attendant. Another thing that must be urged upon an invalid's friends is the great importance of her getting good sleep at night. Let the room be warm, but not close, with a fire in the grate if the weather be cold, but so rested or banked that it will burn all night. The fender should be drawn back, lest a piece of coal drop out on the grate upon it, which might make the invalid start as if stabbed.

Let me conclude by remarking that Hope should be centred in another world as well as in this.

But, even for this world, as far as illness goes, I say never give up Hope; the longest lane may have a turning, and there is nothing certain except the unforeseen.



ISABEL'S FORTUNE.

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

CHAPTER IV.

FOR HONOUR'S SAKE.



As time went on things did not improve in the Randolph household. There were faults on both sides doubtless, for it was a difficult position for a young girl to fill, and her father possibly expected too much of her, and with the most hearty goodwill there would have been mistakes made sometimes. But as it was, Mabel put no heart into her work; she did what was necessary in a perfunctory fashion, looking upon the present as a time to be got over somehow.

At length Mr. Randolph decided to take the direction of affairs into his own hands. "Mary and I will do it between us," he said. "Cook shall come to me for orders before I go to business, and Mary shall keep the daily book-slate, and set down everything as it comes in," and by this means a check was imposed upon the expenditure.

But Mabel was dreadfully hurt at thus being superseded. She believed herself that she had tried—honestly tried—to do her best, and that she could not prevent things going wrong as they so often did. That anyone could blame her for looking beyond these petty carking cares of everyday life to the grand things she would do by-and-by with Isabel's fortune, never entered her head. To set up a high ideal, and keep her mind fixed upon it, surely this must be right, and had not her mother said that the use to which she intended devoting this fortune was a truly noble one?

It soon came to be an understood thing that Miss Mabel was going to Cambridge, or somewhere away from home the next year, and Mary fully acquiesced in the plan, though she found it rather hard work now to prepare German and French lessons, teach the little ones every morning, and keep the household accounts for her father. But still she had always expected some such arrangement as this would be made since her cousin's fortune had been made over to her sister, and so she set her whole heart on doing the best she could to supply her place.

She never imagined that she could do as well as her sister. Mabel was so calm and dignified, and took everything so entirely as a matter of course, while she, Mary, was so eager and impulsive, making so many blunders, and upsetting people's nerves so continually, that everybody must prefer Mabel, she thought. And so they would, perhaps, if she had taken up her household duties as Mary was doing—heartily, earnestly, and lovingly—in spite of all the blunders she made over it. As it was, Mabel congratulated herself that she was not fitted to manage such common affairs, and readily let them slip out of her hands, and gave herself up to her preparations for a lengthened stay at Girton.

Her mother had been dead about nine months when there came the startling news that her uncle had died very suddenly after a few hours' illness, and her father was asked to go to the funeral, and look into his brother's affairs.

When he came back he was looking a little worried, Mabel thought, and he remarked that he had found things in more confusion than he expected.

A week later Mabel had a letter from her aunt asking her to come and stay with her and Julia for a few days; and Mabel, thinking they must be very dull in that great, lonely house, Glenavon, readily consented to go, as her father was willing she should do so.

But the very evening of her arrival she knew that her aunt had some deeper motive for asking her than the mere desire for her company; but she did not know what it was until the next morning, when her aunt proposed to go with her to see the gentleman who had undertaken the management of her uncle's affairs.

"But why should I go to see him, aunt?" said Mabel, in a tone of surprise. "I do not understand anything about business."

"Neither do I, my dear," said Mrs. Randolph, putting her handkerchief to her eyes; "but this gentleman tells me we are all ruined, and your uncle's name will be dishonoured unless—unless——" and here Mrs. Randolph's sobs stopped her utterance.

Mabel felt as though she was turning to stone when these words fell upon her ears.

"Ruined!" she murmured, and then she sat very still, with her hands clasped in her lap, seeing, as it were, with double intensity everything that passed as the carriage bowled along the smooth country road. There was a child crying over a broken jug, and Mabel, as she looked, could recall even the pattern of the pinafore the child wore, and yet her tongue seemed frozen, and she could not utter a syllable after her aunt's last words.

When they reached her uncle's office, she got out of the carriage and walked in, her aunt saying, with a sob, "Tell Mr. Symons I cannot come in to-day."

Mabel nodded. She took it quite as a matter of course that her aunt should remain in the carriage now. She walked silently up the steps, and one of the clerks, recognising the carriage, instantly announced "Miss Randolph" to Mr. Symons in the private room, and took Mabel thither at once.

At the sight of the familiar room, where she and Isabel had so often waited for her uncle when out on their shopping expeditions together, Mabel's firmness almost forsook her, and she was glad of the chair the clerk handed her.

The old gentleman sitting in her uncle's place looked at her and cleared his throat, then said, rubbing his hands in a hesitating manner, "Mrs. Randolph has told you the very painful circumstances that have compelled her to send for you, and the business we must consult you upon."

"I think I know what it is," murmured Mabel. She could scarce hear her own voice, but the words sounded hollow and unreal as she uttered them.

Again Mr. Symons cleared his throat. "I find the late Mr. Randolph's affairs are in great confusion, and to save his good name and——"

"Yes, yes; that must be done, of course," said Mabel, feverishly, "and I will relinquish Isabel's fortune at once. It is what she would have me do, I am sure."

"It is very good—very noble of you," began Mr. Symons; but Mabel could not bear more now. It might be noble, she knew it was right; but, nevertheless, all her life would be maimed and broken from henceforth, and she stumbled out of the room, half-blinded, and scarce hearing what Mr. Symons said about the necessary papers being prepared for her to sign in the course of a day or two.

"I have done what you wished, aunt," she said, in a steady voice, when she went back to the carriage.

"What I wished, my dear! I have not said a word," said Mrs. Randolph, with a look of injured innocence.

"But I knew what you meant, and it is right, quite right. It is what Isabel would have done. She would have given up everything to clear her father's name, and I will do it for her," said Mabel.

For once the world-hardened heart of Mrs. Randolph was touched. When she sent for Mabel she made up her mind that it was no easy task she had undertaken; but still, if she could be persuaded to relinquish Isabel's fortune to clear off the business liabilities, it would be worth all the trouble it might cost to accomplish it, for if the estate was not cleared in this way, some of her own, or Julia's money, would have to be given up. To find, therefore, that almost without a word being spoken, Mabel was ready to relinquish her five

thousand pounds, so astonished her aunt, that she made up her mind Mabel had expectations from someone else, and hinted to Mr. Symons the next time she saw him that her niece would not feel the loss of the money, as she was already well provided for—a tale that she repeated so often now to herself and others that she came to believe it at last.

Mr. Symons, however, had his doubts. He could not forget the stricken look in Mabel's face, and the dumb despair that seemed to have taken possession of her, and he hated the thought of meeting her again, and forcing her, as it were, to write her own doom.

But having made up her mind to the inevitable, Mabel was anxious to get over the business as quickly as possible, and so she begged that all the necessary papers might be prepared without delay, as she wished to return home.

Glenavon, without her uncle or Isabel, could be no home to her, and it was easy to see that her presence was rather irksome to her aunt and cousin now that their object had been attained, and so they made no objection to her speedy departure.

Mabel had only hinted to her father that she was wanted upon business connected with her uncle's affairs; but what the business was she did not mention in her letter, preferring to tell him all about it when she went home.

He came to meet her at the station, and as soon as they were clear of the crowd, she said, "Papa, I have had to give up all the money uncle made over to me—all Isabel's fortune."

Mr. Randolph looked at her as though he did not understand. "What do you mean?" he said.

"It was necessary that I should give up this money I had begun to think was my own to clear uncle's name from dishonour," explained Mabel. She spoke in a chill, constrained voice, as though she was holding herself in with a tight hand.

"Do you know what all this means to you, Mabel?" said her father, after a pause.

"Yes, yes; I know I must give up everything I had looked forward to; but, papa, it was right. It was what Isabel would have me do."

"Yes; it was right. The only right thing to do if there was the need for it; but are you quite sure the need existed?"

"Aunt told me they were ruined, and they are going away from Glenavon as soon as all the business is settled," replied Mabel.

"Dear me! I knew things were in a terrible muddle when I was there, but I had no idea they were so bad as that. Why did not your aunt write and tell me all about it?"

Mabel shook her head. "I don't think aunt cares about telling anybody," she said. "My money was wanted to pay up some shares, or something of that sort, in which uncle had lost a good deal of money, but which were obliged to be paid to save his name from dishonour."

"Speculation! I thought so," ejaculated Mr. Randolph. "So your money had to be thrown into the bottomless pit after a good deal more," he added, bitterly.

"Never mind, papa. I daresay I can do without it very well," said Mabel, trying to speak cheerfully.

"I daresay you can, but I wish you had never had the expectation of it, and you would have settled down at home as your mother's daughter should; but now——"

"What, papa?" asked Mabel, as her father stopped.

"Well, it has complicated matters dreadfully, and I wish we had never heard of Isabel's fortune." Further discussion of the topic was impossible now, for they were near home, and Mary was coming to meet them.

"You are a good Mab to come back so soon; I was afraid aunt would want to keep you until it was time for you to go to Girton," said her sister, kissing her.

"There, don't talk about that," said her father, rather roughly; and then Mary saw for the first time that Mabel looked pale and ill, and her father cross and anxious.

"You shall tell me all about everything when we get home," she whispered, slipping her arm under Mabel's cloak to grasp her hand.

Mr. Randolph left them at the doorsteps, and went back to his office, so they were left undisturbed to exchange confidences upon the changed aspect of life for both of them. Mabel made up her mind that she should have to take her place at the head of the household again, and try if she could not manage a little better than she had done before; while Mary—well, Mary would just do her lessons and help with the children sometimes, and, with a sigh, Mabel saw herself bending over the housekeeping books again, vainly trying to make both ends of her income meet when there was a wide gap between them.

But that evening Mr. Randolph called her into his room, and opened to her a very different plan for her future.

"I have been thinking matters over, Mabel, and I have come to the conclusion that it will be best for you to follow out your intention of leaving home very shortly."

"But how can I, papa?" she exclaimed.

"You cannot go to Girton, of course; that idea must be abandoned at once and for ever; but I tell you plainly that I must draw in my expenses at home, and so I have decided that Mary shall go on managing the house, and we must dismiss one of the maids, and have only occasional help in her place."

"But what am I to do?" said Mabel, aghast.

Mr. Randolph cleared his throat nervously. "There is only one thing you can do, my dear: become a governess. I am very sorry there is the necessity for this; I had hoped that you would always stay at home, and be a mother to the little ones; at least, as long as they wanted you," he said. "But you know yourself, Mabel, that this is impossible. The experience of the last few months has been too painful, and too costly, to be repeated, and so there is nothing for it but for Mary to go on as she has begun. Things have gone on very smoothly and comfortably since you have been away, and she is altogether much steadier than I expected she would be."

Mr. Randolph paused, but Mabel sat silently looking down into her lap. She could not move or speak, her father's words had so overwhelmed her. She felt as though she should sink into the earth with shame. She had saved her uncle's name from being dishonoured, but who could save hers, if she was thus to be banished from her home? What would friends say and think of her? And she had talked of being a missionary, and doing a great work for God among the heathen.

All these thoughts, and many more, rushed through her mind as she sat there, dumb and shivering, under the weight of this fresh calamity that had fallen upon her. After a minute or two she crept away to her own room, and, locking the door, she kneeled down, trying to put this leaden weight of sorrow away from her.

But for a long time she could only rest her head on the pillow, and heave heart-breaking sighs. Surely it would have been enough to take Isabel's fortune from her without adding this burden of shame and disgrace, for she looked upon it as the keenest disgrace to be told that her father's house could be managed better without her.

What would friends think she had done? There would be whisperings and head-shaking, and hints of bad temper and extravagance, and all sorts of faults that she would never be able to contradict or disavow; and thus her whole Christian character would be questioned and discussed, and she would bring disgrace upon the name of Christ and His religion.

The mere discomfort of being in the subordinate position of a governess Mabel never glanced at. For her the shame, disgrace, and agony of the whole lay in being banished from what she now looked upon as her rightful position at home. A little while ago she had despised the small everyday duties connected with this, and longed for the time when she should escape from them, but it was not such an escape as this that she desired. Yet she saw that it was inevitable. She knew her father had calmly weighed the matter, and quite made up his mind, or he would not have spoken as he had done, and so she must tread the thorn-strewn path of scandal and misrepresentation, and bring disgrace on the holy name she loved.

Of course it was an exaggerated view for her to look at it in this way; but still there was a good deal of truth in it, and there began to dawn upon Mabel's mind, through all its mists, that she might not be so absolutely blameless in her management of home affairs as she had supposed.

(To be continued.)

SUCH A COWARD!

CHAPTER I.

IN THE SCHOOLROOM.



The schoolroom in Mr. Marston's house in Wimpole-street was very quiet; for it was half-holiday, and Alfie and Janet were off to the Serpentine, defying wind and rain, for which they cared little enough.

There was seldom much quiet for anyone else when Alfie and Janet were about; but now the room was only tenanted by gentle, fair-haired Juliet, Emmie, and Céline.

Juliet was emancipated from the thrall of the schoolroom, but did not despise it occasionally when lessons were not in progress, and she could bring her work and be quiet for a time. She was busy now with her lustra painting, quickly and cleverly designing wreaths of Virginia creeper on dark olive velvet, which was destined for the drawing-room mantel-board.

Emmie, a little child of seven, the pet and baby of the family, had been crooning softly to her favourite doll, and had now fallen fast asleep before the fire, her treasured companion's waxen face in perilously close proximity to the heat.

In a big chair by the window Céline was sitting, crouched up in a not very elegant attitude, with a book open upon her lap, and her sad brown eyes staring vacantly over the forest of roofs and chimneys, with an occasional tree, which was all there was to be seen from the window of the rather dreary room in the rather dreary street.

Outside the wind was howling and moaning and dashing the flying rain-drops against the panes, while the distant trees, covered with their first spring foliage, but looking cold and piteous notwithstanding, were tossed to and fro by the cruel blasts.

To Céline, sitting there in rather a miserable humour, the day seemed about as dreary as it was possible for a day to be. They had just had such a pleasant taste of real spring weather, and that only made the cold east wind, the rain, and the sleet more unwelcome and unbearable. What a wretched climate England had! thought the girl, with a shiver. How she wished she could be back once more in dear, sunny Brittany. Of course it rained sometimes in Brittany: of course it was cold there sometimes, and there were occasional days there as damp and depressing as this one. But though Céline knew this well enough, it seemed to her, as she looked back to her old home, and the happy life she had led there, that she had never known anything but unending summer-time, blue skies, and bright sun. How well she could recall everything! The snug little home—the château, the neighbours called it—with its absurd little turrets and cupolas, almost like a doll's house; and the gay garden and the wide-spreading orchard, with its rows of apple-trees, its wealth of wild flowers; the hens and chickens, the old cat basking in the hot sun, the father in his broad-brimmed straw hat inspecting his crops of fruit, the dear mother moving quietly about the house, on hospitable thoughts intent, and the kind elder sister in her basket-chair under the trees, never too busy or too much self-absorbed to have time to listen to all Céline had to say, and to enter into all her small interests.

What a happy life it had been until that terrible time, two years ago, when deathly sickness had come to the village, and, not sparing the château, had carried away father, mother, and kind elder sister, leaving poor Céline, a fragile, delicate child of thirteen, alone in the world.

No, not quite alone either. That was something to be thankful for.

Céline's father had been Mr. Marston's only brother, and, having failed in business some seventeen years ago, with broken health, had left England and betaken himself, with his wife and daughter, to Brittany, where living was cheap, and where he could eke out the remainder of his fortune by turning fruit-grower, and keep up his feeble health better than he could manage it in England.

It was there Céline was born; so that, though of English parentage, the girl was more than half French—French from her small, dark face, with its big, brown eyes, and her thick hair worn in a long plait down her back, to the tip of her little high-heeled slipper.

Her English cousins were almost complete strangers to her, and when her uncle—who, when the sad news of his brother's death reached him, had come direct to the help of his little orphaned niece—brought her into their midst and kindly told her that from that day she must look upon them as her brother and sisters, and her aunt and himself as father and mother, the delicate, timid child could only thank him very brokenly, feeling that she could never—no, never—be happy and at home in that gloomy London house.

That was two years ago, and since then Céline felt as if she had grown very old. She had been still almost a child when first she had come to England; but she seemed to be almost a woman now—older in sorrow and experience than gentle, placid Juliet, with her nineteen years.

The feeling of strangeness had worn off in time almost entirely, and, with the elasticity of youth, the girl found she could feel even happy sometimes, though she had lost all those nearest and dearest to her. For her uncle and aunt were kindness itself, and had done their utmost to make up for an irreparable loss, and Céline loved them accordingly, with all the depth of a shy, sensitive, and affectionate nature.

She was very fond of Juliet, too, and looked up to her with wondering admiration, as a perfect paragon of talent, knowledge, and unexceptionable manners; while Juliet, in turn, regarded her little shy, half-foreign cousin with a quiet, easy fondness that was not altogether free from a shade of contempt.

With little Emmie, however, Céline was a prime favourite, and some of the happiest hours she knew were spent in the child's company, telling her the long stories, to which she listened spellbound, singing little airy French songs to her, or playing games with a delight and interest which were not in the least a pretence.

But of Alfie and Janet she always stood in awe. Alfie was just her own age, but a head taller—a noisy, thoughtless fellow, overflowing with health and good spirits, always in mischief and always full of tricks, whose fun he always saw, but the cost of which to others he never remembered.

Janet was a thoroughpaced tomboy—a merry hoyden of fourteen, always at Alfie's elbow when it was possible, doing her utmost to keep up with him in all his games and pranks and mischief, daring all he dared, and lamenting unceasingly that nature had not made her a boy instead of a girl.

"It is so stupid being a girl," the young lady would assert with angry vehemence. "Everybody is always telling me I'm too old to do this and that, when all the time I can do it every bit as well as Alfie does, and enjoy it just as much as he does. But I'm a *girl*," with supreme contempt; "and this is not proper and that is not ladylike. How I hate it all!"

These two from pure love of fun and mischief often made poor Céline's life rather a burden to her. She had hitherto been unaccustomed to all sorts of teasing and *practical* jokes, and she seemed as if she could not get used to their horse-play.

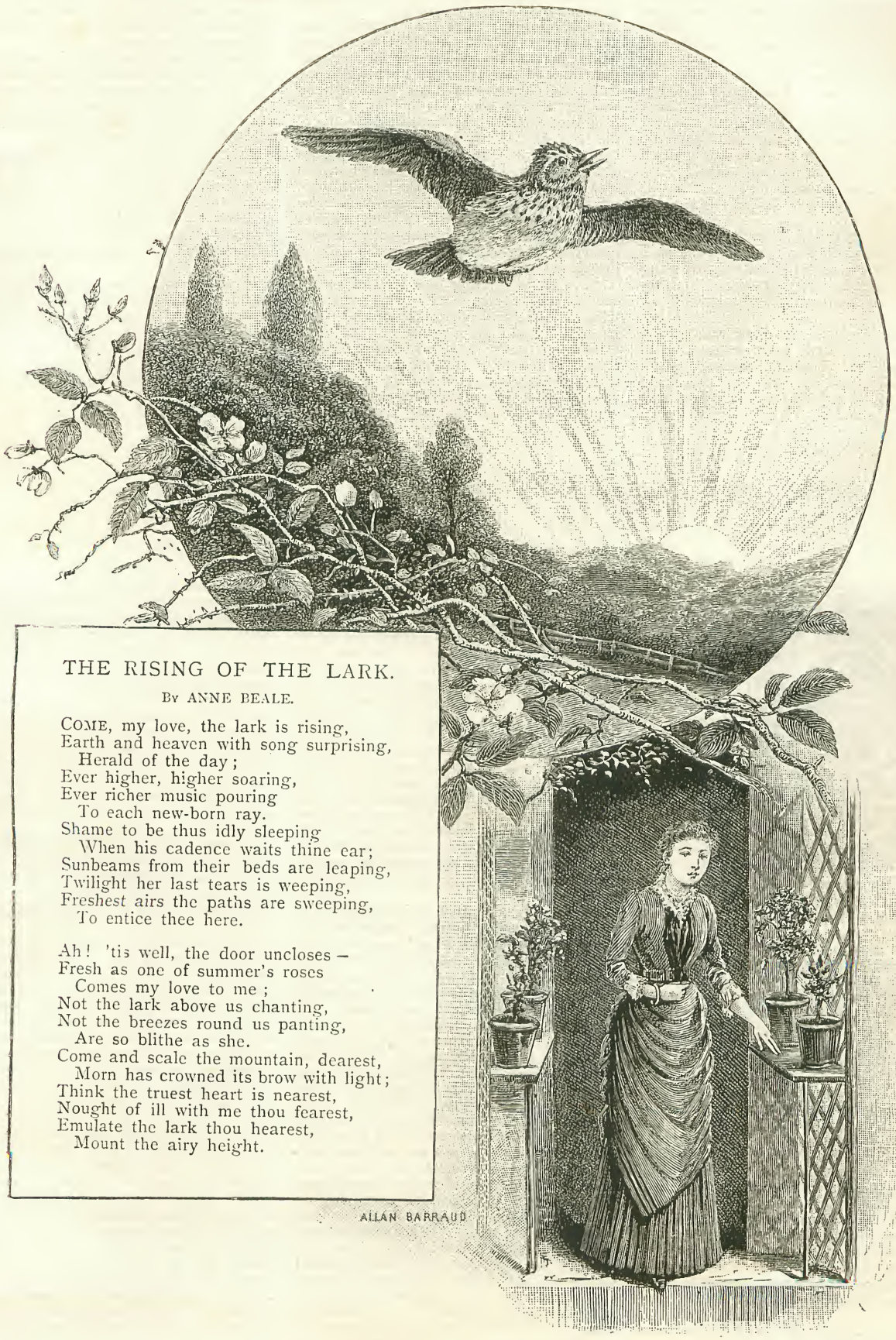
She tried hard not to show temper and to laugh back at their often rather cruel jokes, but it was not always possible to meet them good-naturedly; and when the two saw their sensitive little cousin's face flush up and her eyes fill with sudden tears, they would shout with malicious glee to think they "had got a rise out of Frenchy," as they would say.

All this teasing was easier to bear when Céline felt bright and well, but the delicate girl too often felt so weak and languid that she had not sufficient energy to meet their onslaughts, and it was at such times that she dreaded their tricks and jokes with an almost morbid fear.

This cold spring weather was trying her just now more than she would care to have admitted, for she was a warm, sunshine-loving nature, susceptible to changes of season and weather; shivering before the rain and cold east winds, and cheering and expanding in the genial sunshine.

Calm, placid Juliet, with her equable temper that never knew these ups and downs, could in no way enter into these fits of gloom any more than into her cousin's frequent bursts of wild delight, and she used to wonder exceedingly and smile condescendingly when Céline sometimes tried to make her enter into the ecstasies which filled her soul with a sort of intoxication. The sunlight shining on the Serpentine; an apple tree in full blossom, waving its snowy arms against a bright blue sky; the shimmering haze of the hot sunshine; the trailing morning mists rising from the meadows;—one and all were a source of intense delight to Céline, quite unintelligible to the more matter-of-fact Juliet.

It was unintelligible to Céline herself in a way, and she hardly understood why such sights filled her with such an intoxicating sense of delight; but she only knew she loved nature with a keen love that kept her longing and homesick while she was shut up in the heart



THE RISING OF THE LARK.

By ANNE BEALE.

COME, my love, the lark is rising,
Earth and heaven with song surprising,
  Herald of the day;
Ever higher, higher soaring,
Ever richer music pouring
  To each new-born ray.
Shame to be thus idly sleeping
  When his cadence waits thine ear;
Sunbeams from their beds are leaping,
Twilight her last tears is weeping,
Freshest airs the paths are sweeping,
  To entice thee here.

Ah! 'tis well, the door uncloses —
Fresh as one of summer's roses
  Comes my love to me;
Not the lark above us chanting,
Not the breezes round us panting,
  Are so blithe as she.
Come and scale the mountain, dearest,
  Morn has crowned its brow with light;
Think the truest heart is nearest,
Nought of ill with me thou fearest,
Emulate the lark thou hearest,
  Mount the airy height.

ALLAN BARRAUD

of the great city, with miles of bricks and mortar all around her.

"I feel as if I should suffocate sometimes," she said to herself as she looked out drearily at the rain and listened to the wind; "whenever will the warm weather come again, that we may get away out of town? I cannot say how I long to go, and aunty has promised we shall before very long. I am sure I shall feel all right directly we get away. They talk of two whole months in Cumberland, amongst the beautiful lakes there. It won't be like my own dear Brittany, but it will be lovely for all that. Oh, I wish the time had come!"

She was roused from her thoughts at this moment by the tramp of noisy footsteps outside the door. Unmistakably Alf and Janet had returned; she could hear their voices in low, hurried consultation just outside the door, interrupted by bursts of stifled laughter; and Céline, not in a humour for talking with either of them at that moment, hastily resumed her book.

The next moment the door was opened unceremoniously, and Janet entered, rosy-cheeked and out of breath, bringing quite a blast of cold fresh air with her. She flung herself down on a chair by Juliet's side, and threw her hat on the table.

"Take care, Janet," cried her sister's warning voice. "You're almost pulling the table-cloth off, and you're upsetting all my things!" in a tone of tried remonstrance.

"Oh, all right; there you are; what a fuss you make over nothing, Julie!" retorted Janet, jerking herself into another position to loosen the corner of the table-cloth upon which she had been sitting. "What a real old maid you are, with all your fads and fusses! But look here, Céline!" she broke off, turning to the girl in the window; "see what I've brought for you. Here's a good big spray of double cherry; I know you're fond of it, and so I brought it, and a precious lot of trouble we had to reach it, I assure you. The blossoms all grew so high up, and we were terribly afraid of being caught while we were gathering it." And she held out the delicate little branch to her cousin.

"Oh, thanks, Janet; how kind of you!" cried Céline, warmly. "But what made you think of taking so much trouble for me? You know how fond I am of flowers always."

"Well, if you'll listen I'll tell you," Janet replied, with a wicked twinkle in her eye; and then she launched out into a highly-coloured description of the perils through which she and Alf had run to obtain the blossom, keeping Céline's attention fixed the while so closely that she did not observe that Alf had silently entered the room, and was stealing up behind her chair with a suspicious smile on his face, and his favourite little black and white terrier held under his right arm.

Close behind Céline's chair he crept, she all the time quite unconscious of his proximity as she admired her flowers and listened to Janet's glib description. Another moment and he was close upon her, and had unceremoniously tumbled the dog right into her lap.

There was a sudden shriek of surprise and terror, and in an instant Céline had sprung from her seat with a wild cry of "Oh, take it away! take it away!" and letting the dog fall to the floor had rushed across to the farthest corner of the room, white with fear and taking refuge behind the large arm-chair standing there.

There was a quick succession of yelps from the injured dog, unaccustomed to such rough treatment; and a cry of alarm from Emmie, suddenly wakened by the sound of Céline's terrified voice; while Alf and Janet set up a long ringing peal of hearty laughter, the latter executing a sort of wild war dance of triumph the while.

(*To be continued.*)

OUR GIRLS AND PARISH WORK.

By A MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN.



ONE of the best features of the present day is the increased sense of responsibility in our young people. They do appear to realise more frequently than in the days of our grandmothers that youth and health, intellect and leisure, money and position, are talents entrusted to us by God, to be used, not for our pleasure, but in His service. The desire for usefulness seems more widely diffused than of old. We all rejoice in the knowledge that this is so, and that the band of faithful workers in the Lord's vineyard should be, as it is, largely recruited from the ranks of "our girls." But

"Here every drop of honey hides a sting;
Worms wind themselves into our sweetest flowers,"

and it must be owned that new temptations and new dangers arise out of the very improvement which we hail with thankfulness and joy. I propose, then, to point out some of these pitfalls, in the hope of helping some of our readers to avoid them. Earnest and well-meaning girls are often heard to complain of the opposition with which they have to contend at home as soon as they endeavour to be of use beyond its bounds. The secret of the hindrances thrown in their way is frequently an unspoken dread that the tenderly-loved daughter or sister may develop into one or other of the characters I am about to portray.

There are several different types of "the parish young lady." We will begin with the one frequently met with in novels of an anti-religious tendency—a young person who loves flirting and showing-off, who is earnestly desirous of being married, and thinks the curate an eligible *parti*. She fondly imagines that courting his society, professing a violent interest in his sermons, and busying herself with a great deal of church decorating and a little district visiting are likely means of winning his affections. With this for her sole object, she flutters about among the poor, rustles in and out at "matins and evensong" (as she is usually careful to call the services), and makes herself conspicuous at all treats and parish meetings where the curate is sure to be encountered. It is a satisfaction to know that, as a rule, she fails ignominiously in her unworthy pursuit, and only succeeds in making herself ridiculous in the eyes of her neighbours.

I wish it were possible to believe this very objectionable young woman a mere creation of the novelist; but, at least, it may be hoped she is not so often seen in real life as he would lead us to suppose. I am not going to enlarge on her peculiarities, and sincerely wish I could be sure she would never cross my path again in fact or fiction.

There is another sort of girl who cares nothing for the curates, and not much for the rector, but is devoured by a desire to do something, and be somebody of importance. She is not fond of society, perhaps she is so situated that she has little opportunity of entering it. She is generally (not invariably) unattractive in person, and not very successful in making herself agreeable in conversation. Very frequently she is shy and constrained among her equals. She is not accomplished; she cannot sing or play well enough to amuse herself or please others; she has never touched pencil or brush since she left the schoolroom. She has an active, energetic nature, and a strong will, she enjoys advising and planning for others, and abhors idleness as nature is said to abhor a vacuum. Needlework is monotonous; besides, she likes to see people, and mopes if left too long alone. Her mother does not wish to be relieved of the cares of housekeeping—what remains for her? The parish, clubs, libraries, committees, penny banks, mothers' meetings, sewing classes, schools and district visiting, may be so combined with church services, Bible classes, and prayer meetings as to fill up the week—so thoroughly, indeed, that the young lady has absolutely not time left to make calls with her mother, or execute commissions for her country friends. I do not mean that she makes an excuse of her other engagements to neglect home duties, but that she simply has not time to perform them in addition to the public work she cannot leave undone, having once undertaken it.

The whole mind and affections of this girl are occupied as well as her time. She is always thinking of the parish, and if two well-bred to be also always talking of it, she sits silent from inability no less than indisposition to talk of anything else.

This kind of girl is much respected and valued by many people. To the clergy she is invaluable. She does a large amount of steady, hard work, and she wants nothing from them in return but kindly sympathy, freedom to carry out her own ideas, consideration for her opinions, and perhaps an occasional word of praise and encouragement. The poor people with whom she comes in contact respect her also, but she is generally too busy and hurried to be very tender or sympathetic; she looks on the people as "cases," rather than individuals, and consequently fails to win their hearts. Still, they think highly of her, and if she be just and have no favourites, will commend her loudly as "a real good lady." They come to her for advice in all manner of odd circumstances, and she is rarely at a loss for an answer. This girl has influence everywhere but at home. She is a power in her neighbourhood. When she goes for her summer holiday, the date of her return is anxiously asked by many of her neighbours. She is usually contented herself, and as nearly happy as the average woman can expect to be in this world of trouble and

worry. She feels she is useful; she knows that others feel it too She contrasts herself, half-unconsciously, with her sisters—one, perhaps, entirely engrossed with her husband and children, the other living the ordinary life of a young lady at home, with the hope of exchanging it one day for a home of her own. Her conscience is at ease, and if she does not in words thank God that she is not as other women, she considers that it is the truth, and a truth to be rejoiced in. I do not say that there is no love for her Saviour buried under the thick crust of her self-satisfaction. It may be that at first it burned brightly, and in time may burn brightly again; but at present she loves the work as work, not only, if at all, because it is for her Lord.

A great contrast to this steady, industrious worker is the one we have next in notice. It is to be feared she is well known in most parishes. She begins work vigorously and enthusiastically, stirred up, probably, by a mission service or popular preacher's appeal. Nothing is allowed to stand in the way of "*my* district" and "*my* class." All her friends hear of them till they are heartily tired of the subject. She hunts up places for the boys, gives teas to the girls, provides delicacies or hospital tickets for the sick, and pays all kinds of attentions to the robust. She is really extremely kind, and her people are quite conscious of it, though perhaps they rebel a little now and then at her unconscious air of patronage and superiority. Her regularity at the Sunday-school is most praiseworthy; not even a snowstorm will keep her away. Her mother's fears for her health, even the doctor's orders, are powerless to keep her at home. Whoever else may be absent from the district meeting, her eager, cheerful face is never missing, and if her lively voice is heard a little too often, the rector readily overlooks it in reflecting on her zeal and activity.

But, alas! before long "a change comes o'er the spirit of her dream." She takes up some other hobby as she previously took up parish work, or there is some alteration in her circumstances; she is engaged, or married. She does not give up her class and district, she still wishes to pose as a worker, but she ceases to do the work. She discovers that going out directly after dinner on Sunday gives her headache, so three Sundays out of five she leaves the superintendent to find a substitute, and has a chat with her lover or husband, or a comfortable doze on the sofa instead. When she does appear at school she is usually late, and badly prepared, so that she finds it hard to catch the attention of her scholars, who yawn, fidget, look about, and disturb the neighbouring classes. Her friends observe that her district has dropped out of her conversation; her family know that it has almost dropped out of her life. She finds the stairs fatiguing, the close rooms unwholesome, the people ungrateful, and puts off from day to day and from week to week the duty which she has grown to secretly dislike. She lets the pile of parish magazines repose on her table till the month has so far advanced that she is ashamed to see them there, and sends them round by an obliging friend, or even—if nobody else is to be had—a servant. She is no longer on the watch for opportunities of influencing her people. She rarely distributes notices early enough to be of any use, and, as to running round the district before a children's service, or special address, or missionary meeting, with painstaking effort to make the people attend, the idea never seems to occur to her. Old inhabitants go away without a parting word, new ones come and settle down without a welcome; children grow up and go out into the world with no kind warnings against new temptations. Worst of all, her people may be ill, and even die, without her knowing of it till all is over. Her presence at a district meeting is now as rare as once was her absence. The rector, little as he realises to what lengths her neglect has gone, shakes his head sadly as he remembers the vehement interest and fluent tongue of former days. Her people—ah! if she could only hear the sarcastic remarks they make, and comprehend the contempt they feel for her (a contempt they too often ignorantly extended to the religion she professes), she would certainly hasten to put an end to the farce, and resign an office the duties of which she does not even attempt to fulfil.

The maiden who is next to be described is very different. There can be no doubt in the mind of anyone who knows her as to the reality and fervency of her piety. She seeks to yield herself body and soul to her heavenly Master. The words of self-consecration in the Communion Service are no mere form with her. The one idea of her mind, the great wish of her heart, is to live

"Always only for her King."

She is ready—nay, eager—to sacrifice herself, her tastes, her worldly prospects—everything, in short, for Him. She has only to be convinced that she ought to do such and such things, and she tries to do them at once, however repugnant to her feelings the task may be. This girl is a member of a family; she has parents, brothers, and sisters. She is not rich, but she has not to provide for her own living. No very definite duties are assigned her. There are errands to be performed, clothes mended or made, flowers to be watered and arranged, calls to be returned, visitors to be entertained, letters to be written, children to be cared for, and numberless other little matters too trivial for special mention. These duties, with the cultivation of the girl's particular taste, whatever it may be—music, painting, literature, or languages—fill up her days fairly well. She has leisure sometimes for amusement pure and simple, or for doing a good turn to a friend or relative. She can copy a manuscript for her father, take the housekeeping when her mother is away, make a bonnet for her sister, and spend two or three evenings a week in playing duets with a musical brother, without being in the least overstrained or tired out. If the governess has a headache, she will take her place in the schoolroom for the day, and the even course of the family arrangements are in no way disturbed. She herself may have to set aside some little plan of her own; but it makes no real difference; she can carry it out later, or, if it be merely a passing pleasure, she is quite unselfish enough to be willing to exchange it for the gratification of helping another. Everyone in her home loves a girl of this sort; everybody goes to her for sympathy and help. She has not only ready hands, but

"A heart at leisure from itself
To soothe and sympathise."

Her brothers confide their schemes to her, and their scrapes when they have any. Her mother likes to discuss housekeeping difficulties with her. She is the favourite playmate of the children, "because," they innocently say, "she doesn't just do it to amuse us, you know, but likes games." Her father pronounces her "intelligent," and talks to her about astronomy, or poetry, or whatever his special hobby may be. Her sisters enjoy a chat with her about their mutual little social successes or failures, and she is sure to be chosen as a confidante when a lover first comes on the scene.

Perhaps my heroine is sometimes a little dull, and fancies she would like a more eventful life. She wishes her time were not so entirely engrossed in "little things." She thinks how happy clergymen and Biblewomen must be who give their whole lives to work for God—direct work. It is true she has her Sunday class, and she prepares very carefully for it, thinking often of the lesson during the week, praying for her children one by one, and visiting them when ill or absent. But they are healthy children, and much too fond of their teacher to stay away often. Some of the mothers are fond of her too, and she tries to persuade them to go to church, and now and then lends them a nice book. She is not very ready with her tongue on religious matters; she finds it a great effort to speak to a woman older than herself (or, indeed, of any age) about her soul. Still, she does do it occasionally in fear and trembling, and always prays afterwards that she may have done no harm by the attempt. She prizes greatly the services of the Church, and often wishes that the family hours permitted her more frequent attendance at them. She happens to mention these aspirations in conversation with an energetic, hardworking friend, and is assured that she wants more work. "You are young and strong," says the friend; "surely you might easily accomplish your simple home duties and have time for outside work too. Labourers are urgently needed. How can you reconcile it to your conscience to hold back?" The girl considers. Has she no leisure? asks the friend. Yes, certainly; she might give up painting flowers and reading stories. She sometimes walks in the Park or drives with her cousin; she spends a whole summer day occasionally in expeditions to suburban lanes and fields in search of wild flowers or for the pleasure of sketching. Undoubtedly she is wasting time not her own. How could she have been so long content in slothfulness and self-pleasing? What can she do? The friend speaks to the rector. He calls and asks the girl to take a district. The mother, half pleased that her child should be sought after and appreciated, half doubtful whether she has not enough to do already, leaves the decision to herself. The district is modestly accepted. The girl blushingly owns that she is not at all good at talking to people, fears she shall not be of much use, but will do her very best. The clergyman speaks kindly and encouragingly, reminds her where strength and wisdom must be sought, remarks on the privilege it is to be allowed to do anything, however slight, for our Lord, and perhaps in departing drops a word of gratitude for the help rendered to himself in his arduous work by each faithful district visitor.

Every leisure afternoon is now filled by "the district"; it becomes more and more interesting as she gets to know the people. The district meetings encroach a little on her mornings. She becomes known in the parish as a willing worker; by-and-by she is asked to join the parish working party, to help at the Band of Hope meetings, to become a missionary collector, and so on. She does not do half she is asked, but undertakes as much as she considers it possible to do without neglecting home duties. She leaves no margin for enjoyment, and has never an instant now of absolute leisure. She rises early and late takes rest, draws out plans for herself, in which every waking moment is utilised, and seldom indeed succeeds in accomplishing all she has intended. She is harassed by a constant sense of conflicting claims, of duties only half done. She grows thin, and loses her bright colour. She finds it difficult to interest herself in the little family plans of which she used to be the life. How can she like the idea of the long day at Epping Forest or the Crystal Palace, which will prevent her going to read to blind Susan Jones in the afternoon, and keep her away from the Bible-class in the morning? She would stay at home alone; but the others would be vexed; so she goes; but it is plainly no pleasure to her, if she

manages to conceal her annoyance. Her cousin calls in vain to take her for a drive. "Very sorry; but really I have no time," she says, with perfect truth. "Where is Eva? I have got that duet at last," says the musical brother, her own special crony; "we will try it after dinner." Eva agrees, but is so out of practice that she cannot make much of it. "Oh, dear!" says the brother, "I can't think what has made you go back so; you used to play much better at sight. I don't believe you ever practise now." "I never seem to have any time," says Eva, again very truly. There is no one to take the governess's place now, if she is ill or away; she must get on as best she can, or the children must run wild and get in everybody's way. Eva still copies her father's manuscripts; but she sighs when she takes them, instead of smiling brightly. She knows they will entail long hours of weary nightwork or the omission of some other work she feels she ought to do. She has made up her mind now that her sisters must do their own millinery; it is bad for people to be dependent upon others; and she groans (not without reason, perhaps) over the selfishness of country people who seem to imagine that their friends in town have nothing to do but to execute their commissions. Nevertheless, her love of helping others is not extinct, and she prides herself specially on never neglecting home duties; so she seldom refuses to do any little kindness she is asked. The difference lies in her manner of doing it. Formerly it appeared a pleasure; now it is manifestly an unwelcome task. Her temper, once so rarely ruffled, is now uncertain and irritable; she sees other people's faults much more clearly than of old, and has much less hesitation in pointing them out. She labours under a continual sense that too much is required of her. As a matter of fact, she is overtasked in body and mind. She requires more rest, more recreation, and less work and worry. She could do her parish work well enough if she had nothing else to distract her. She could live her useful, beneficent home-life peacefully enough, if she had no outside duties; but she has been led to believe that God requires both of her, and the effort to accomplish the two, little as she imagines it, is wearing her out prematurely, and slowly turning her into a fretful, nervous valetudinarian, or an impatient, discontented cynic.

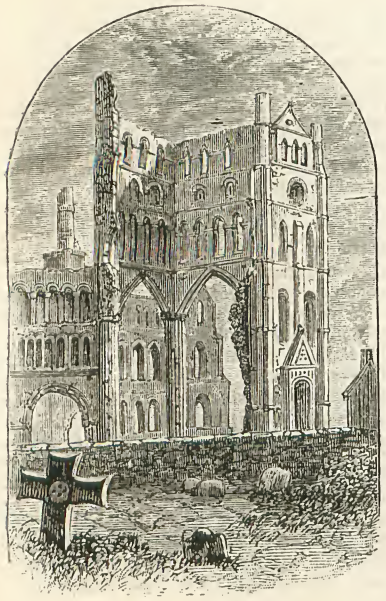
What then is the outcome of these remarks? That young ladies ought not to be allowed to help at all in parish work? A thousand times no!

But that young ladies should look carefully to their motives, examine themselves faithfully and frequently as to the object of their labours, not be weary in well-doing, discriminate between duties and duties, and finally avoid attempting too much.

It is not true in all cases that change of work is as good as play. God is not a hard taskmaster, but a living Father, and what kind earthly father would desire his child to fill up every moment with toil, so as to make it impossible to use the means and opportunities of enjoyment he himself had bestowed upon him? Besides, the policy is shortsighted. The value of work done by a tired, overstrained hurried person cannot be equal in value to that performed by one in a tranquil frame of mind, full vigour of body, and able to give plenty of time and undivided thought to the matter in hand. Furthermore, overwork sooner or later breaks down the worker. She may die, and her work be prematurely cut short by her own folly, but she is more likely to live and become one of a class which the conditions of modern life unfortunately render larger year by year—a class composed of persons with no definite complaint, but permanently out of sorts. They always feel languid, and nothing interests them vividly. They are forbidden to exert themselves. They must not work their brain, they must not overtax their bodies, they must not on any account "worry." They may eat and drink, and amuse themselves (if they can), and be as happy as possible under the circumstances. Nature is having her revenge for the way in which they treated her in youth. They are not old, but they are worn out, of little use to other people and a weariness to themselves.

Two words of warning in conclusion and I have done. Do not be too ready to urge others to add to their responsibilities, or too hasty in condemning good women who, while manifestlyadorning their Christian profession, in other respects seem backward in taking up outdoor work. On the other hand, do not, when you read this paper, run over in your minds your friends and acquaintances, and try to settle which of the characters sketched above will suit them. Consider instead if any one of them reflects yourself. If that cannot be because you do no direct work for God at all, ask yourself if there be any good reason for such a state of things. It is quite possible, as I have shown, that such a reason may exist, but it is also true that many who ought to "Come to the help of the Lord," are kept back by nothing but sloth. Self-indulgence, indolence and careless frivolity eat up many a young life, and destroy in the bud many a promising career.

A FATHER'S LETTER TO HIS DAUGHTER.



THE following interesting and instructive letter was written to his daughter by the Rev. Horace Bushnell, a celebrated American essayist and divine, during a sojourn he made on the Continent of Europe in pursuit of his health in the year 1845. It has been transcribed from a volume entitled "Life and Letters of Horace Bushnell," published by Sampson Low and Co:—

Geneva, October 6th, 1845.

My dear child,—Your mother has said to me once or twice that you were preparing a letter for me. I should be most happy to receive one as good as you can write, partly because I love you, and partly because it will do you good to compose it.

I have thought many times of the possibility that I may never see you again; in which case I should wish very much to have left you a father's message and counsel; and it is this, in part, which moves me to write to you now.

I expect, of course, to see you again after a few months are past; but you know, my dear child, that we are certain of nothing in this world. How much I long to see you again I cannot tell.

No earthly prospect is so bright to me as to be once more in our pleasant, happy home, where I may hear the voices of my dear children, and see them gathered at our simple table, saying father and mother, as before I left them.

I think of you at night; every child and family calls you to mind by day. I tell the French people and the German people by signs—for I cannot speak their language—that I have three daughters at home, one *so* long, another *so* long, and another *so* long. The fathers and mothers, I find, will understand me; for they know how fathers and mothers feel, and they show by their smile of sympathy how quick they are to catch my meaning. Your dear mother tells me that you are now at your studies at home, and are doing well in them. This I rejoice to hear. I want to have you get a good knowledge of Latin and Greek, and then of French and German. The very first day that I went out in Geneva to call on a gentleman, two lovely daughters were interpreters between me and their mother. They spoke English very well indeed, and it gave me so much happiness, as a lonely stranger unable to speak their language, that I could not but wish that my dear daughter may be able hereafter to make somebody else as happy as they made me, and thus repay my obligations. You are now precisely of the age to study, and there is nothing I so much desire for you on earth as that you may have a truly accomplished mind and character. I do not wish to excite in you any wrong or bad ambition, and yet I wish you to feel as you grow up that you are not doomed to any low or vain calling, because you are a woman. I have no son upon whom I can lean, or in whose character and success I can find pleasure. God, you know, has taken away the one that was so dear to us all. Therefore I desire the more to have daughters whom I can respect, and in whose beautiful and high accomplishments I can find a father's comfort. You cannot be a soldier or a preacher, but I wish, in the best and truest sense, to have you become a woman. This you cannot be without great and patient cultivation of your mind; for neither man nor woman has any basis of character without intelligence. You must be able to maintain intelligent conversation; and *this requires* a great deal of intelligence of every sort, and the more in a woman, because she must not seem to be book-wise and scientific, as men may do, but to have her fund in herself, and speak on all subjects as if she had the flavour of all knowledge in herself naturally.

But if intelligence is necessary to make a fine woman, other things are quite necessary. Her mind and heart must be perfectly pure as that of infancy. She must be the very expression of modesty, and without the least affectation in her manners. Here, the best rule is always to feel beautifully, and she will act beautifully, of course; whereas if she undertakes to fashion her manners by rule, or to copy others, she will as surely be stiff and affected. As to her looks, she will look best if she is never conscious that she has any looks at all, provided only that she has enough beauty and refinement of feeling to clothe her person out of it; for dress itself is never happy or becoming, if it is not the natural clothing of a lovely spirit.

As to temper, a woman should never seem to have any. A sharp temper pricks through the garment of softness, and it seems to be only a covering of thorns, of which the observer will be duly cautious. She ought never to vent or entertain a harsh judgment of others, but to cast a mantle of sweetness and charity over all she looks upon; for harsh judgments savour of passion, and imply a kind of grossness which is unbecoming to a woman. Study contentment, look on nothing with envy: for it is half the merit of a fine woman that she can bear so much with so beautiful a spirit.

The bright side of life is in her; therefore she is to make adversity and loss smile by her patience. The angel who comes down to cry peace and goodwill to mortals must not fret himself because there are clouds in his way; and if his locks are wet by the rain, or singed by the thunder, he will not justify the beauty of his message if he is not able still to smile and to sing.

Do nothing to excite admiration, for that is the way to excite contempt, and, what is more, to deserve it. The woman who flatters, and fawns, and studies her methods to attract the admiration of others seems to ask for it, and, in asking, to confess that it can be gotten only by means that are without the scale of merit.

The humblest flower is never so unwise. It gives out its colours and sheds its fragrance in the air because it has the secret stores of colour and fragrance in its sap, and not to please some casual observer.

Above all, the fine woman must be unselfish. We demand that she shall seem to have alighted here for the world's comfort and blessing, and all the ways of selfishness are especially at variance with her beautiful errand.

I have said nothing thus far, my child, of what is the first and radical ground of security for all I commend; viz., that a woman shou'd be a Christian. Her character should be the very blossom and flavour of piety. No goodness or beauty is truly natural which is not the flower of this germ in the soul. Most men agree that a woman ought to be religious; in which they say more than they think, both for woman and for religion.

What is that without which the most perfect loveliness cannot be made to subsist? And what is she whose character can be finished only by assimilation to God? To be conscientious in duty, to go on errands of charity to the poor, to have the passions laid and the tempers sweetened by a habit of prayer, to draw from the fountain of truth that truthful habit which expels all affectation and makes a creature at once confiding and worthy of confidence. This is the soul of all that enters into a woman's accomplishments; and without this her woman's accomplishments must want a soul, which is the most grievous of conceivable wants. Therefore I am anxious, my dear daughter, that you should begin the Christian life now, and grow up in it. If I have proposed to you something angelic in the model of a woman, I am far enough from believing that any mere self-cultivation will enable you to reach it. Such is man and woman, such all human nature, that only grace can raise it into beauty and true goodness.

Man is not so good or susceptible to good that he can fill out the ideal of goodness without proximity to God, or drawing himself up to his mark by the assimilating power of God's love and communion.

Besides, I do not see that there is anything angelic in the earthly lot of either man or woman, unless that in the midst of much deformity and sorrow he may aspire to be an angel.

In a few years, my child, I shall probably leave you and the world together. I know not what roughness may be in your lot after I am gone, or what wrongs or sorrows may fall upon you. And you must bear them as a woman. Your victory, too, will be a woman's only—the victory of patience, purity, and goodness. God only can be your sufficient defender and upholder. And if, when all these earthly trials are over, I am ever to greet you in a better world, it will be only because we are sanctified by the Spirit of God and forgiven through His Son. Be it, then, your first thought to be religious. Let your childhood be religious; your girlhood, and thus your womanhood; your whole life, and thus your death and all beyond.

I took up my pen, not knowing that I was going to write such a letter; but I had nearly finished before my candle burnt out. The language and the sentiments, I am aware, are often beyond your age; but your mother will interpret them. In the meantime, as you grow older and more cultivated, you will be able to see their meaning more perfectly, and, I hope, to respect them and value them highly. I wish you to keep this letter as a father's counsel. It is written partly for the future. Perhaps when I am gone it will be the dearest remembrance I leave you. To God, my dear child, I commend you; with Him I leave you. Farewell.

Your loving, but not your best nor only father, HORACE BUSHNELL.

SALUTATIONS.

THE many forms of ceremony observed in the salutations of different countries have, in most cases, a curious and interesting history. In tracing some of the more striking influences which have moulded certain modes of salutation, we may, in the first place, notice that of climate. Indeed, it is remarkable that just as the national characteristics of a nation depend, more or less, on a variety of causes—such as its situation, physical condition, and advancement in culture—so, in like manner, may be explained the origin and development of its various usages in ceremonial etiquette.

Referring then to climate as influencing the formation of social customs, it is noticeable that some salutations which would seem to display a want of refinement or delicacy, assume a different aspect when one is acquainted with the nature of the country whence they proceed.

Thus, it is easy to understand how the inhabitants of a hot climate, in which mosquitoes abound, would in process of time use as their ordinary morning salutation, "How have you been used by the mosquitoes?" In the same way an expression much used in Egypt is, "How goes the perspiration?" Amongst other salutations which have arisen from a like cause may be mentioned one of common occurrence in Persia, "May your shadow never grow less," a form of speech which would be meaningless to one unfamiliar with the physical characteristics of the country. And to quote one further illustration, the usual Oriental phrase, "Peace be with you," to which the person so saluted replies, "With you be peace," is exactly the mode of expression which one would expect to find among a people who, naturally inactive through living in a sultry and relaxing climate, devote their time to pursuits which do not require much exertion—indulging as far as possible in the enjoyment of peace and quietude. The same principle may be found in other countries exerting considerable influence, as in the French salutation, "Comment vous portez-vous?" which very tersely sums up the distinguishing features of a people conspicuous for their wonderful buoyancy. Similarly we may also compare our own familiar expression, "How do you do?" It has been observed that to a thoroughly business people like ourselves, it would be difficult to find a more expressive phrase, for, "whatever may be the employment in which one is engaged, it is only natural that by a common bond of sympathetic feeling each should be anxious to know how his neighbour does." Then there is the well-known Dutch salutation, "How fare you?" or, "How travels my lord?" illustrative of the voyaging and trading character of the Hollander. Truly, as Mr. Tegg notes, in his "Meetings and Greetings," "does not this salutation at once present to our imaginations a big Dutchman, well fed and well clad, travelling at his ease in a gaudy treeschuyt on one of his superb canals, and hailing a passing friend to inquire if he also travels as conveniently?" Again, the popular German salutation, "How goes it?" or "How do you find yourself?" indicates their quiet and solid stability, evidences of which are afforded in their independent and persevering character. Once more, the old Greek salutation, "Rejoice and be glad," admirably expressed the characteristics of this active people, who, satisfied with their own resources, and proud of their position, were desirous that every person should be cheerful, of good courage, and ready at any time to meet any emergency that might happen. The Roman salutation, also, "Be strong and healthy," was most appropriate for a people who "set less value on pleasure, and were more interested about that strength which constituted the basis of a warlike character. Such a phrase paints well the character of the Roman, who distinguished himself more by force, energy, and power, than by activity, talents, and serenity of disposition." The old Scandinavian expression, "How can you?" or in other words, "Are you strong and vigorous?" was worthy of a brave, hardy, and daring nation whose exploits have from time immemorial been famous.

So much for salutations which owe their origin to national characteristics.

A few illustrations, in the next place, of primitive or savage modes of salutation deserve notice. But, as D'Israeli, in his "Curiosities of Literature," observes, "Primitive nations have no peculiar modes of salutation; they know no reverence or other compliments, or they despise and disdain them." Thus the Greenlanders laugh when they see Europeans uncover their heads and bend their bodies before those persons they consider their superiors. On the other hand, as "nations decline from their ancient simplicity, much farce and grimace are introduced." The inhabitants of the Philippine Islands, for example, go through a most elaborate succession of attitudes, bending their bodies almost to the ground, placing their hands on their cheeks, and raising at the same time one foot in the air with the knee bent. Another variety of salutation formerly practised by the same people consisted in their taking the hand or foot of him they wished to salute, and with it gently rubbing their face. Speaking of the face, it is curious to find rude and semi-civilised tribes paying special prominence to the nose in their salutation ceremonies. The Laplanders are in the habit of applying their nose strongly against that of the person they salute. The natives of the Sandwich Islands, when they wish to show any special mark of respect, shake hands, and then rub their nose against that of the person to whom they pay their respects. In like manner some of the tribes of the Neilgherry Hills are said to salute a person by "raising the open hand to the brow, resting the thumb on the nose"; and the Esquimaux show their respect by the not very pleasant practice of pulling their friends' nose as a compliment. Passing on to other primitive salutations, it is noticeable that these, in many cases, are the exact reverse of those employed in civilised countries. In some parts of Africa, as well as in the Pacific Islands, it is customary to turn the back to a superior when saluting him, an act of courtesy which would indeed have a strange appearance in our own country. Again, whereas some nations uncover a portion of their body in their salutations, others do the very opposite. In Ethiopia it would seem that in times past this usage assumed various forms; and in modern times we are told that men occasionally place themselves without their garments before the person they salute, thereby implying that they regard themselves as unworthy to appear in his presence. On the same principle the Japanese take off a slipper and the people of Arracan "their sandals in the streets and their stockings in the house." There can be no doubt that as nations advance in civilisation the tendency is for them to discard this practice, and it has been asserted that the English do not uncover their heads as much as the other nations of Europe. The grandees of Spain, on the other hand, go so far as to claim the right of appearing covered before the sovereign, this act implying that they do not consider themselves so much subject to him as the rest of the nation. Similarly, Mr. Hobhouse informs us that with the Turks uncovering the head has from time immemorial been regarded as a mark of undue familiarity.

The Chinese, writes Mr. D'Israeli, in his "Curiosities of Literature," are singularly affected in their personal civilities. They even calculate the number of their reverences. The men "move their hands in an affectionate manner, while they are joined together on the breast, and bow their head a little. If they respect a person, they raise their hands joined, and then lower them to the earth in bending the body. If two persons meet after a long separation, they both fall on their knees and bend their faces to the earth, and this ceremony they repeat two or three times." In Valencia, when a friend accidentally meets another, he salutes him in these words:—"Gentle sir, you are well come"; and on taking his departure he says, "God remain with you"; whereupon the former answers, "Go in a good hour." In Italy there are three kinds of salutation for the day. In the morning the common expression is, "God give you a good morrow"; at noonday, "God give you health"; and at evening, "Good even."

Again, it has been remarked that savage nations frequently imprint on their salutations the disposition of their character. The Siamese, if desirous of testifying to the sincerity of their friendship, scratch their hand, and in turn suck a drop of blood from the wound. The Franks, too, are accustomed to tear the hair from their head, and present it to the person they saluted.

Amongst further salutations in use in different parts of the world, we read that in Japan it is customary for the inferior of two persons saluting to take off his sandals, put his right hand into his left sleeve, and, passing the person with short, measured steps, exclaim, with an expression of fear on his countenance, "Do not hurt me!" In Morocco foreigners are saluted by the Moors on horseback in a most extraordinary fashion. It seems that the Moor rides full speed towards the stranger, as if with the intention of running him down; he then suddenly stops and discharges his pistol over his head. The Cingalese, in saluting a superior, raise the palm of their hand to the forehead, and make a low bow.

Lastly, amongst some of the curious old salutations in our own country, we may note that the phrase "God den" was used by our forefathers as soon as the moon was past, after which time "Good morrow" or "Good day" was esteemed improper. The phrase "God ye good den" was a contraction of "God give you a good evening"; and as an illustration we may quote from *Romeo and Juliet* (Act ii. sc. 4):—

"NURSE: God ye good morrow, gentlemen.
MERCUTIO: God ye good den, fair gentlewoman."

Upon being thus corrected, the Nurse asks, "Is it good den?" To which Mercutio replies, "'Tis no less, I tell you, for the hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon." A further corruption of the same phrase was, "God dig you den," as used by Costard, in *Love's Labour Lost* (Act iv. sc. 1)—"God dig you den all." Another old salutation very popular in bygone years was, "Good even and twenty," in *Merry Wives of Windsor* (Act ii. sc. 1), which was equivalent to "twenty good evenings." Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps quotes a similar expression from Elliot's "Fruits of the French" (1593): "Good night, and a thousand to everybody."

Then, again, there was the old form of salutation known as "Salve," a reference to which occurs in Spenser's "Faerie Queene" (II. viii. 23):—

"By this the stranger knight in presence came,
And goodly salved them."

Lastly, we must not omit to mention a widespread custom that still prevails to a large extent among semi-civilised tribes—namely, the custom of saluting a person after sneezing. This superstitious observance is a relic of primitive culture, and has existed from a very distant period. Thus, for instance, should a Samoan sneeze, the person who happens to be near him exclaims, "Life to you!"—a formula which most of those present re-echo. To quote a further example, when a Hindu sneezes, bystanders immediately salute him, and shout as loudly as they can, "Live!"—a gesticulation which is much to the same effect amongst most races. Once more, Mr. Bosman tells us how, in Guinea, throughout the last century, when a principal personage sneezed, all present instantly fell on their knees, kissed the earth, clapped their hands, and wished him happiness and prosperity. From the illustrations given above, it will be seen how extensive are the salutations employed in various parts of the world, and from what a variety of causes they have originated. The subject is an interesting one, inasmuch as it bears closely on the social culture of the human race.

T. F. THISELTON DYER.

VARIETIES.

PRUDENT COUNSEL.—Whosoever will live above her present circumstances is in great danger of living, in a little time, much below them.

MENTAL MEDICINE.—The maladies of the body may prove medicines to the mind.
Buckminster.

THE ART OF GIVING ADVICE.—There is nothing so difficult as the art of making advice agreeable. How many devices have been made use of to render this bitter potion palatable.—*Addison.*

IN PROSPERITY AND IN ADVERSITY.—The virtue of prosperity is temperance; the virtue of adversity is fortitude . . . . . Prosperity is not without many fears and distastes; and adversity is not without comforts and hopes. We see in needlework and embroideries it is more pleasing to have a lively work upon a sad and solemn ground than to have a dark and melancholy work upon a lightsome ground; judge, therefore, of the pleasure of the heart by the pleasure of the eye. Certainly, virtue is like precious odours, most fragrant where they are incensed or crushed; for prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue.
Bacon.

AN IMPROVING SENTENCE.—A girl with a kind disposition and a happy heart will always look charming; but it is said that one without either, who wishes to have a small, prettily-shaped mouth should repeat at frequent intervals during the day, "Fanny Finch fried five floundering fish for Frances Fowler's father."

A USELESS DISCUSSION.—The question whether brides should be required to obey as well as to love and cherish in the marriage ceremony is not worth discussion. They won't do it, ceremony or no ceremony.

TRUTHFULNESS.

Take care to be truthful, even though truthfulness should cause thee to be burned with the threatened fire;
And seek God's approval, for the silliest of women is she who angereth the Lord and pleaseth his servants.—*Arab Saying.*

SEEKING AND FINDING.

Seek God upon thy way,
And he will come to thee!
Schiller.

UNKIND WORDS.—An unkind word falls easily from the tongue, but a coach and six horses cannot bring it back.

Chinese Proverb.

STRONG POINTS IN COOKERY.—The cardinal virtues of cookery are cleanliness, frugality, nourishment, and palatableness.

A FIRST MATE WANTED.—A bachelor sea captain was complaining that he couldn't get a satisfactory chief officer, when a young lady remarked that she should like a situation as first mate. The captain took the hint and the young lady.

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

A lady was lamenting the ill-fortune which attended her affairs, when a friend, wishing to console her, bade her look upon the bright side.

"Oh!" she sighed, "there seems to be no bright side."

"Then polish up the dark one," was the quick reply.

A FALSE REPORT.—It is very easy to start false reports. Just because a woman, while buying a broom, wanted one with a heavy and strong handle, it was reported by all the neighbours that she was in the habit of beating her husband.

THE ADVICE OF THE CHURCH BELLS.

A certain widow in a country district in France, having gone to ask the advice of her curé whether she ought to marry again, told him she was without support, and that her servant, for whom she had taken a fancy, was industrious and well acquainted with her husband's business.

The curé's answer was that she ought to marry him.

"And yet," said the widow, "I am afraid to do it; for when we marry we run some risk of finding a master in our servants."

"Well then," said the curé, "don't take him."

"But what shall I do?" said the widow. "I cannot support the labour of my husband's business without assistance."

"Marry him, then," said the curé.

"Very well," said the widow; "but if he turns out a worthless fellow, he may get hold of my property and spend it."

"Then you need not take him," replied the curé.

In this way the cure always coincided with the last opinion expressed by the widow; but seeing at last that her mind was really made up, and that she would marry the servant, he told her to take the advice of the bells of the church, and that they would counsel her best what to do.

The bells rang and the widow distinctly heard them say, "Prends ton valet, prends ton valet" (take your servant, take your servant).

She accordingly returned and married him immediately. Some time afterwards he drubbed her heartily, and she found that, instead of being mistress, she had really become the servant.

She returned to the curé, bitterly lamenting the moment when she had been credulous enough to act upon his advice.

"Good woman," said the curé, "I am afraid you have not rightly understood what the bells said to you."

He rang them again, and then the poor widow heard clearly, "Ne le prends pas, ne le prends pas" (don't take him, don't take him), for the drubbing and bad treatment she had received had opened her ears.—*Monage.*

UNWORTHY APPRENTICES.—Hurry and cunning are the two apprentices of dispatch and skill, but neither of them ever learns his master's trade.

AN ORIGINAL TAX.—Dean Swift proposed to tax female beauty, and to leave every lady to rate her own charms. He said the tax would be cheerfully paid and would be very productive.

THE CHOICE OF A WIFE.—"Choosing a wife," Sir Thomas More's father used to say, was like trying "to catch an eel in a sackful of snakes."

IN CONVERSATION.

Immodest words admit of no defence,
For want of decency is want of sense.
Roscommon.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

E. F. T.—The passage (1st Cor. xv., 29) is one which refers to a custom of which there seems no historical record. It has been supposed that some bystanders, who listened to the last words and testimony of the early Christian martyrs, and witnessed not only the steadfastness of their faith, but their peace and joy in their last sufferings, were thereby converted to the faith (as many were), and confessed Christ on the spot. Regretting their inability to be baptized in His name, and being hurried off to receive judgment and martyrdom, they desired to carry out their first act of obedience by proxy, and thereby, also, make their profession more full and complete. Such a supposition might explain the difficulty.

FLORENCE F. STEPHENSON.—We gladly inform all inquirers respecting Girls' Educational Societies, that the new Secretary of your Society is Miss Paterson, Craigdarroch, Sanquhar, Dumfriesshire, N.B.—your own address (Newstead, near Nottingham, as before given) being now misleading. We hope that your being compelled to resign the direction of your Essay Society is not from ill-health.

FRANCES M. MASON (9, Highbury Grange, N.).—Your society, including so many branches of a good general education (arithmetic, Algebra, French, and English) ought to be in considerable request. We regret to hear that, contrary to all good feeling and honesty, the girls who write for your rules often omit to send a stamp for their postage, and two more, as the price of the printed paper; and then frequently drop the question of joining the society after all. We take this opportunity of drawing our girls' attention to this lack of good breeding. If they write on business—for information requiring a reply—a stamped envelope should *always* be sent for it, and the price enclosed for any printed paper.

ROSE (Dorking).—We recommend you to lend your sceptical friend some of the lectures of the Christian Evidence Society. There is a series of five at one shilling each. Suppose you get the 5th set, "Strivings for the Faith." (Office, 13, Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C.)

MUSIC.

MINEVA'S trouble about her singing arises from nervous fright. If she could forget herself all would go well. We thank her for her kind note, and the spray of ivy. For the stiffened fingers of her musical pupil, we should try friction with a little olive oil, and the constant use of gloves for a time.

MURIEL.—We can see no reason why you should not take singing lessons if you have a voice, and can afford them. Try singing some scales for yourself, and purchase a cheap instruction book.

MABEL FLORENCE.—A cantata was originally for one voice. It is a poem set to music, a musical composition comprising recitatives and solos, arranged in a somewhat dramatic manner, without action. An oratorio (derived from the Latin *oratorius*, "belonging to praying") is a sacred composition with voices and instruments, consisting of airs, recitatives, duets, trios, choruses, etc. The subject is generally taken from the Holy Scriptures.

EUTERPE, POLLIE JUGGAR.—The only way to learn a piece of music by heart is to proceed as if you were learning prose. Play it several times over, then put the music aside, and go over each part striving to recall it. If you can get a friend to sit beside you and hear your lesson, you will learn more quickly. Perhaps you do not keep your attention fixed on your work.

MELUSINA.—The principal home of the zither seems to be the Tyrol. It is placed on a table before the performer, who plays on it with both hands, as it lies flat. The strings are twenty-eight in number.

VIOLA.—We sympathise truly with you, and trust you will be able to make use of the gift you profess, in a fine voice, for the support of your mother and yourself. If you take an egg beaten up in milk in the morning before your singing begins, it will be quite sufficient, and you can take your family breakfast afterwards. As your voice appears to be your only means of support, ask your Heavenly Father (who bids you to pray for your "daily bread") to strengthen that voice, and so enable you to retain your work and your salary. But all prayer must be accompanied with thanksgiving, and offered in the Name and for the merits' sake of our Blessed Lord.

LAURA.—"Counter-point," or melody with harmony, was invented, or rather discovered, by Guido, about the year 1022; and the time-table owes its origin to Frameo, in 1080. No tunes can be played on church bells but those free from sharps and flats. Although magnificent bells are to be found in foreign churches, bell-ringing as a system is altogether English. Eight bells complete the diatonic scale, and give 40,320 changes or "permutations."

MISCELLANEOUS.

ONLY A PANSY.—1. Your letter, so kindly and earnestly expressed, has been deeply gratifying. If our advice has taught you to find your help and your rest in Him "whom, having not seen, we love," and desire therefore to serve and please, we can only thank Him for directing us to "speak a word in season" for His glory, and your present, as well as eternal, happiness. With a view to pleasing your Heavenly Master, of course all your "every day duties become quite a pleasure." May He ever guide and bless you! 2. Sponging the roots of the hair with rosemary-tea is the best thing for promoting its growth. Your handwriting is fairly good.

FORGET-ME-NOT.—You have not far to seek to know "why it is cruel" to kill birds for the decoration of our bonnets and hats. Such has been the wholesale slaughter that some beautiful species are nearly extinct. Why should you deprive these lovely, harmless creatures of the little life their Creator gave them—not for the sake of necessary food or warm clothing, but for purposes of unnecessary personal decoration? Besides, they are killed often when their young ones are still in the parent-nest, and thus the number destroyed is trebled and quadrupled.

MERLE'S CRUSADE.—Your kind letter gratified and interested us. We think that the dog, "Lady," is the culprit. He should not be allowed to come into any room where the child is, as fleas always attack children—showing their good taste! Get the blankets washed, as that is where they hide, and place a few sprigs of pennyroyal between the bed and the mattress. The plants called "Wormwood" and "Fleabane" are useful in the room, to keep them away. A small bag of camphor sewed into the child's nightdress is also a good preservative; and to have the floor under the bed washed with water in which a little chloride of lime has been dissolved is a good plan likewise. You should get some dog soap, and get one of the men to scour yours well with it.

IGNORAMUS.—It is right to say "I wish it were"—not "I wish it was." It is wrong to say "Nobody knew I was going but him;" as the nominative case answers to the question "Who?" and you could not say in reply, "Him knows," but "He knows." Thus the phrase should be, "Nobody knew I was going but he." "But" is a conjunction. If you cannot afford to buy the book by Dr. Angus on "The English Tongue," any little grammar for beginners would teach you this much.

TWO SUSSEX SPINSTERS.—It is usual to consider the year 1840 as the year of the earliest experiment of a penny postal system; but in point of fact, such an institution existed in England nearly 200 years previously. In 1683 Robert Murray started a penny post for the use of people in London, small parcels being conveyed in the same way. The enterprise was transferred from him to Wm. Dockwra, who found it to answer so well that it attracted the attention of Government, and they declared he was infringing their rights; and in taking the private speculation out of his hands, they presented him with an annuity of £200 in compensation. In 1708 a Mr. Povey started a halfpenny post for the metropolis, but this also was prohibited by the Government. Yes, Margaret Roper is the person to whom

reference is made in the quotation you give from the "Dream of Fair Women." It is a historical fact that she was buried holding her father's head in her arms.

No Botanist.—The botanical name of the plant known as the "Redhot Poker" is the *Tritoma Uvaria nobilis*.

Six Years' Subscriber.—Pronounce *appliqué* and *macramé* as in French. The Atlantic cable and all submarine telegraphic lines are covered with an insulating material, such as indiarubber or gutta-percha.

Daisy.—Wear your stays and dress looser, drink less, abstain from eating oranges, and attend to your digestive powers, which are weak.

Ruth's letter is gratifying. We are glad that her mother and sisters derive so much assistance from the directions supplied by "The Lady Dressmaker," and the various recipes given, as well as our advice on so many questions. We thank her for her kind letter.

Daisy No. 2.—We see no reason why you should feel uneasy under the circumstances you name. But if it would further satisfy your doubts to communicate them to the clergyman who prepared you for confirmation, you had better do so.

Paisley Lassie.—We are not expecting any "seque's" to our stories. Your writing is very good.

Troubled One.—The complaint of nervous shyness will become less as you grow up. It is rather desirable than otherwise in very early youth. There are no two chapters in the Bible that are "exactly alike."

Little Fan.—It is possible that you may have caught some complaint of the skin, as you say that a friend of yours suffers in the same way, although not, so far as we know, afflicted as you are. Under the circumstances, we strongly advise you both to show your hands to a doctor at the nearest dispensary.

Honeysuckle.—It would be in very bad taste, and ill-bred as well as undignified, to show your annoyance towards the lad of sixteen who ceases to notice you by sending him a valentine of any kind, especially a vulgar one. You are older than he is, and, as a girl, should know better.

Namwod.—The status of a "Poet Laureate" was conferred as a regular degree in our universities, the graduate being *laurea donatus*. Thus Caxton says (in his preface to "The Boke of Eneydos" (1490), "I praye Master John Skelton, lately created poete laureate in the Unyversitie of Oxford." The earliest Court Poet of whom any record is preserved in England is Martyn Henry de Avrinee. He was called a "Court Versifier," and was paid sixpence a day by Henry III. (1256). Chaucer was the first that assumed the present title of "Laureate." The phrase "eating humble pie," or having to humble yourself for some fault, is derived from the circumstance of a certain dish made of some inward parts of a deer being allocated to the retainers and servants of their lord. It is a play upon the word "umble," the umbles of the venison (corresponding somewhat to the giblets of a goose) being made into pies for those who "sat below the salt" at the table, the family and guests "sitting above" it, and partaking the superior venison pasties. Thus the allusion to the "umble pies" is very significant, and made more comprehensible by the use of the word "humble" in lieu of "umble." Perhaps someone would like to try a very old recipe for these "umble pies." It is given in the 1743 edition of Mrs. Sarah Harrison's Cookery Book (of Devonshire). Boil the umbles of a buck, chop them small, as for mince pies, and put as much of beef suet to them, adding eight apples, half pound of sugar, one and a half pound of currants, a little salt, mace, cloves, nutmeg, and pepper. Mix all together, and put it into the paste. Add half a pint of sack and the juice of one lemon and orange. Close the pie, and when baked serve hot.

Ayesha.—Our chief "object in life" is to serve our Divine Master, and to attain to a blessed immortality in His presence. Attention to little everyday home duties forms one great portion of our life's work, and thus requiting our parents, we fulfil His will. As to external work, we recommend the "Odd Minutes' Society" to your notice—Secretary, Miss Janette Powel, Luctons, Buckhurst Hill, Essex. Write for her prospectus and rules. If you get the shilling manual called "A Directory of Girls' Clubs" (Griffith and Farran, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C.), you will find plenty to occupy your thoughts and hands with profit.

"Modest Violet" will find the hymn about which she inquires in a book called "Hymns of Consecration," published by Marshall Bros. (Amen Corner, Paternoster Row, E.C.) It is set to music by Mozart, published with it. The verse you fail to recall completely is as follows:

"Take my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee;
Take my moments, and my days;
Let them flow in ceaseless praise."

Rainbow.—Knitting employs both hands, and therefore must fatigue a stiff arm that has been broken. Crochet work would not do so, as the left hand has only to hold the work, all being done with the right. Sorting and arranging pictures for hospital children's scrap books, and even pasting them in, might be an occasional occupation. Also making simple lambswool (or "fingering") fringes for comforters, or little knitted shawls would be light work, and small scissors would suffice for it. We sympathise with her and you.

Theodosia.—Use the lightest dumb-bells; heavy ones would be injurious; and it would be wise to err on the lightness rather than the contrary of these appliances. For weak nerves, as much gentle open-air exercise as you can get without fatigue, and early hours at night, together with light, nourishing food, are desirable. Gardening, when the weather is dry, is much to be recommended.



FOR THE POST.

Carina.—If you object to a glass door to your bookcase or shelves, your mother's recommendation of a curtain suspended on a rod by brass rings is a good one.

Trustee.—You had better consult a lawyer. You do not mention the length of time since the testator's death. It would have been better to have treated all creditors alike in the first place.

G. F. S.—We think a mistress has a right to require that a young girl in her employment should be properly clothed and look respectable in her service. Many mistresses, in taking young girls of fourteen, make first an arrangement with the parents that her small wages shall not be taken from her, as is too often done by selfish parents, leaving her poorly clad and untidy, and forcing the mistress to supplement her wages by gifts of clothes, to make her look respectable. The question is not exactly as to what people are entitled by right, but how far it is wise to take even our just rights.

Aizek must read the articles, entitled "Luke and Belinda," in vol. vii., G.O.P.

A Sorrowing Heart.—We do not think you need worry yourself so much about a thing that happened so long ago. If you did harm or wrong, you appear to have repented of it very sincerely. You must beware of getting what we once heard a very powerful preacher and thinker call "an inflamed conscience," which means an unhealthy sensitiveness. Take your repentance to God, but then turn over, at once, a new leaf, and do the thing that pleases Him, so making repentance a stepping-stone to higher things.

K. A.—The wearing of marriage rings owes its origin to the Jews; but it was their practice to put them on the fourth finger at the time of espousal, when the contract was made, not deferred till the wedding ceremony took place. These betrothal rings were originally signet-rings. In ancient times, when few could write, seals were used in evidence of the binding character of the bargain made. Giving the seal to a wife at marriage constituted the sign that the husband "endowed her with equal rights with himself, and made her an equal partaker of all his worldly goods." The use of plain gold wedding-rings is of Anglo-Saxon origin; but the Ecclesiastical rubric enjoins the use of a ring, but not its form nor substance. It is recorded that on one occasion, at least, a leather ring, cut from the finger of a glove, has served for the purpose, and the ring of the church doorkey has frequently done so. A reference to the giving of a seal as a pledge of undying love is to be found in the Song of Solomon viii. 6. In these modern days, when engagements are so thoughtlessly and rashly made, and as frequently broken, the giving of the wedding-ring is wisely postponed till the vows are made irrevocable, and an engagement ring is substituted for it until then.

Miss Madge.—Your fat friend who has "fasted for three days," and feels "ill and faint," appears to have lodgings to let in all her attics, and will shortly have unfurnished ones to find in still narrower quarters before long, if not already provided for her. If still above ground, tell her that her own unskilful doctoring will probably result in dropsy, supposing she gave up her total abstinence for meagre and insufficient diet. If fatty degeneration be her ailment, an experienced doctor should be consulted.

Eileen R.—As we know nothing of your constitution nor habits of life, we cannot answer your first question. As to the second, if engaged to him you may accept his escort; otherwise you should have a suitable chaperone, or at least a female companion, and obtain your mother's consent.

Lover of the G.O.P.—Certainly no one who does not believe in our Blessed Lord's divinity, and who is not a baptised communicant, is qualified to be the Sunday-school teacher of any Christian Church, nor anyone who does not endeavour by God's grace to follow the divine precepts which such a vocation renders it obligatory that she should teach.

India.—To seek such a vocation as that of a missionary in a foreign country, much grave and wisely-directed consideration is due. Good health, aptness for acquiring languages, aptness in teaching, patience, perseverance, tact, and good temper are natural qualifications which should supplement a lively faith, clear views of the Christian religion, and a readiness to devote yourself to the service of your Heavenly Master in life and in death. The next consideration is this: Are you running away from duties already God-given, to undertake those of your own selection and of a more exciting and less commonplace, humdrum character? If your parents be pleased with your choice, you may feel one great obstacle that might have proved quite prohibitory removed. The addresses of the Zenana Mission Society's secretaries are, respectively—Mrs. Stuart, Roxteth Lodge, Harrow; and Miss Webb, 267, Vauxhall-bridge-road, London, S.W.

In Repentance has, we must say, been pursuing a course of conduct quite derogatory to the least educated of her sex. She has shown no self-respect and proper maidenly reserve, and no man of good sense or refined taste could have desired the introduction which she sought in such low, vulgar ways. The death of the young man was sad, and, doubtless, startling to her. "God's leading" was not sought by you in the matter. What do you mean by asking "where it was in all that"? God did not lead you to send silly cards and photographs, and to follow about and stare after a strange man.

Bell Richmond, Becca Nash, and others.—Write to Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., and enquire for the bound volumes. The price varies from 7s. 6d. to 8s. The extra parts are, of course, separate.



VOL. VIII.—No. 385.] MAY 14, 1887. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

SUNLIGHT AND SHADOW.



"WE PASSED THE MEADOWS BY."

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ONE summer day we two set sail,
My little love and I,
And, careless in our happy glee,
We passed the meadows by
To seek a land where ne'er a shade
Upon our path was cast,
Where rainy days and wintry days
Were things but of the past.

And still we floated on and on,
This fairyland to find,
Where happiness should rule the day
And everything be kind;
But ever when we reached a spot
Which seemed so bright from far,
Then surely was some shadow there
Its sunniness to mar.

At last, in words so soft and low,
My love, she whispered me,
"Ah, sweetheart, if there were no shade,
Our love would withered be.
For close together we are drawn
To comfort one another
In darksome days, that we may be
True helpmeets to each other."

I clasped her loving hand in mine,
Adown the stream we went;
And aye, since then, whate'er betide,
We've ever been content.
The shadows fall, the sun shines bright;
Sometimes 'tis wintry weather;
But we are calmly sailing on,
My love and I together.

DAVINA MACKIE.

ON LEARNING TO SING.

By MADAME LEMMENS SHERRINGTON.

Would'st thou soar heavenwards on its joyous wing?
Cast off the earthly burthen of the Real;
High from this cramp'd and dungeon'd being, spring
Into the realm of the Ideal.
Das Ideal und das Leben.

"Where is on earth the rapture like that which is known to genius when at last it bursts from its hidden cavern into light and fame!"
Zanoni, page 32.

I ACCEPTED the invitation to write a series of articles on singing with conflicting emotions.

The perfume of a flower, the strain of a melody, perhaps the sight of some object, will bear one back in thought to those far-away days, of which the memories of yesterday were so shadowy. How vividly the dreams of youth return to mind!

"So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more!"

So in taking up my pen to write a few words to the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, my thoughts were turned retrospectively to the time when I was a girl, fired with mysterious longings for success, building for myself a beautiful aërial castle of fame.

What poet has ever sung like the heart of dreaming youth? But, oh, how evanescent are these playful mirages, which intoxicate both mind and soul, with a restless, joyous energy! How they lure and recede, dance again into view, brighter and more bewildering, while life seems a song of love: years creep on, and they grow dimmer, and soon pass away—for ever!

Then a change came o'er the spirit of my dreams, and I thought of the years of hard, never-ceasing work, of the moments of disappointment, the many heart-pangs, and of the determination necessary to overcome them.

For we must not forget that no difficulty in art is overcome without constant energy and never-tiring endeavour. The same for the heaven-born genius as for the man of ordinary talent: both have to work, and both have to fight desperately to dispel the cloud which clings round every early essay.

Too often the greater the originality and depth of the talent, the greater the difficulty to secure public sympathy. The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table says that the average intellect is very mean; and the lives of the truly great point to the same conclusion.

My counsels shall not frighten you, girls, for my own struggles were too severe, and are too well remembered for me to cast gloom over the healthy ambitions of the young. I shall try to be a friend, to point the surest way to success. I shall not come to your morning's work as a teacher, but as a friend—to cheer you all to further progress.

Alas! there are too many teachers who kill the talent, instead of encouraging it, either by too much praise or by too much heartless criticism. It is an art to be a good instructor, as it is an art to be a wise parent.

To-day, people who fail in every undertaking, turn their attention to music or other art tuition. Yet it is a very difficult task to fill the young heart with hope and healthy ambition, without placing vanity to be the companion of these two monitors. A very ugly companion, believe me, and one that will soon usurp the whole heart, poison the mind, and bias every action and judgment.

So, you see, I begin with the old maxim—be modest. To be so, you must all read, and read thoroughly. Always judge your own powers by comparing them with a companion's, whose talents are more cultivated than yours. Strive to extend daily the horizon of your ideas, the cycle of your knowledge. Those who study art, forget, very often, to educate themselves with Herr Teufelsdröckh, professor of Things in General.

Apropos of modesty, I have heard young ladies in London drawing-rooms, and in country ones, too, who talk very loudly about "false chiaroscuro," "false quantities," "contrapuntal errors," of "strong colouring or woolly texture," when in the very infancy of the study of their different arts—always, I have noticed, keeping a sly eye on the people round them, to see if their knowledge meets with the recognition they believe it to be worth. Each age has its craze. That of the present day is to talk of subjects and of things about which we know nothing, with that peculiar appearance of wisdom which long words and an arch of the eyebrows lend to desultory chatter.

This is the general sin of modern society. A very natural one, too, by the bye, for very few people study any subject with seriousness. Art, to most of them, is a pastime, like a novel, to be taken up and thrown aside without regret. Their love of art is a butterfly love, whose life is short, but so fiery while it lasts that it actually kills itself.

Now we have come to another point. Limit your endeavours to your powers.

Whatever branch of art you take upon yourself to cultivate, be sure that you graft it with the best and purest thoughts of your nature, that the fruit may be good and beautiful in the summer.

Remark that I say "in the summer." For I want you all to work, and wait for the fruit of your labour, recognising that all things must have their time to mature, and not to fancy that every trivial success denotes "that tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune." You must accumulate your seed before you can sow, and then you must wait for the time of the harvest.

Most of the young singers of to-day are hot-house plants whose voices have been forced, and are gone at the age when they should be at their best.

I write these words to parents more than to children, knowing how inconsiderate most fathers are in such matters. Talent to most English fathers is nothing unless it brings in money. But pray think of the future, my dear sirs! Forced talent fades as quickly as hot-house flowers, and are as wanting in perfume. I say, let all children work, accumulate their knowledge, slowly and surely, and the day will come when your patience, dear sirs, will be rewarded, when the money you have spent will bring in interests tenfold greater than the small payments given to immature talents.

It is absurd to force the growth of art, for it is the concentration of years of thought—of noble thought, born of patient study.

Artists should be the priests and priestesses of their professions, and should not prostitute them, as do many singers, painters, composers, poets, and prose-writers of to-day.

We all know that man is a duplex being; but art has to show his life of thought, his ideal kingdom of grander and of nobler aspirations.

So, dear girls, you will have guessed before this that I want you to view song from a high intellectual level; that I want you to pour forth the purest thoughts of your tender young hearts into your songs; that I want you to be brave and work, and not fickle when you say, "We shall study singing!"

You must begin with the *solfeggio*, for that is the A B C of music. You must work at many subjects to develop your intellect; but, in doing so, you must recollect you have one subject, the study of which is the aim of your life; the others are only rivulets of knowledge running into the main channel. It

is very nice to have several strings to your bow, but take care lest the cords break the bow! In other words, you must not permit too many occupations to ruin your health; they must not make you forget which one has the first draw on your energies.

A cosmopolitan affection for all the arts, when carried into active devotion, is worthy, but very dangerous. Life is so short, that probably the worshipper at so many shrines will die before he knows which one he loves the most.

Art is a creed with several catechisms; we must give our whole being in faith to one, but extend our sympathy and respect to the others.

You must not be prodigal with your strength. You must work by system. When you read, see that the book is worthy of the time. Peruse your volume slowly, building up thoughts from those you read. Thoughts are seed, and, sown in the fertile mind, have grown into gigantic trees, whose widely-spreading branches extend into time, join the present to the past, and will tell our great-grandchildren of to-day.

When you walk in a field, see that you notice all its beauties, the growth of the different trees, and plants, and flowers, the nature of the leaves.

People have eyes, it seems to me, only for the sins of their neighbours, and not for the debonair bounties of God. They buy a painted sunset, when they might see a God-painted one each evening, if they would but look!

You must not neglect your own language. This is a modern failing, however, but do not pander to it. Foreigners delight to know our language, while we pass it by as ugly, and not worthy of the study of its grammar. Learn to speak clearly and enunciate properly.

There is no greater charm in a woman than a sweet enunciation. Who will dare to say then that our mother-tongue is ugly? You must seek the hidden meaning of the words you sing. The simplest song will require much patience to learn, for the thoughts of the poet must well from the heart, and vibrate in each note of the melody.

Now we have come, girls, to another point. Do not despise, or pretend to despise, the songs of your country. There are many lovely ones, without resorting to foreign music and poetry, the words of which few of your friends understand—that you pronounce very badly. What situation, indeed, can be more painful than that of a listener to an ill-trained voice, trying to interpret the thoughts of a poet, in a language the singer has never sufficiently studied, that no one present understands? How the people present smile in the corners behind the fans!

Oh what lovely old ballads we have, equal, in all respects, to the German national songs. Irish, Scotch, and English, nearly all of them are worthy of our pride.

None of Addison's papers in the *Spectator* were received with such scoffing and ridicule as those in which he corrected the ignorant for their condemnation of our glorious old ballads. Yet, as Macaulay wrote, "the same gold which, burnished and polished, gives lustre to the Æneid and the odes of Horace, is mingled with the rude cross of Chevy Chace!" But Addison has been sleeping now for nearly one hundred and seventy years, and the scoffing and derision still continue. So little, then, has the progress of time added to the judgment of the multitude.

Do not, I pray you, my dear girls, trouble yourself about English being a "nasty horrid language to sing!" French, German, and Italian are just as horrid and nasty when badly enunciated, and much less pleasant for those who do not understand them to listen to. No! If these cavillers pronounced their English words agreeably, and sang with intelligence, our ballads would never have roused their anger. The truth is they do not enunciate well.

At the end of a room, the unhappy poem sounds very like a university Greek ode. So the poor language is brought to fault by the ardent amateur, and other languages are sought for to be ill-treated in their turn.

There is too much of this affectation in England; there are too many foreign songs twanged in a bad accent, while Moore's melodies, and many and many a modern ballad, lie neglected.

Let me repeat myself, for many things must be repeated before the mind grasps them thoroughly—

Song is an intelligent harmony of thought and passion.

What power and delicacy a voice needs, what concentration of thought and sentiment, before it can thrill a multitude, and overflood its one heart with anger, pleasure, or tears.

There are plenty of voices, and the greater number are over, rather than under "par." I will give two reasons why there are so few great singers:

(*a*) Few voices have any depth.
(*b*) People are inclined to think that voice is everything, and enunciation nothing.

Of all the celebrated artists of past days I heard but few who possessed that distinction and subtlety of inflection which bespeaks a thorough education, not only of the mind but of the feelings—that harmony of tone and bearing, of natural art, tempered and made more brilliant by study, which is acquired by a confidential intercourse with books and by mixing in polite society.

Again, I would wish you to choose the words you sing, as well as the music. Bret Harte has satirised the words of our modern ballads as "Poetry for the Parlour and Piano." But the songs of our greatest poets have been set to worthy music. Select such songs, and think over their inner meaning before you strike a chord from the piano. You will never be an artist until you can make your hearers listen to the deepest thoughts of the poet.

There has been much controversy of late concerning ballads—that artists sing ballads unworthy of their talent. For my part, I know no singers who for their own sakes would study songs they did not like. Besides, it is a psychical impossibility to assume that poetic elevation of the soul which is the life of song. The poetic element is subjective to the power of reason and will, but it is certainly not awakened by either. To sing truly well, one must love the song.

Amusing words, set to pretty, vivacious melodies, are a relief in a programme of classic masters. It is this relief to excited, over-wrought minds, which constitutes the successes of modern ballads in concerts where the classic element predominates. Such successes do not prove a want of love for the divine composers whose works have preceded these popular ditties, which bring comfort to the mind, like a spark of wit in the gloom of a tragedy, or like Thackeray's touches of pathos in his most satiric passages.

Though we adore Shakespeare and Spenser, we can lend an ear to the sprightly wit of Addison, and be charmed by his gentle virtue in a wild and licentious age—we can stop to listen to the gay, the loud, the vain Will Honeycomb, and the hearty and noble old squire, Sir Roger, without swerving from our loyalty to the diviner creations of the greater geniuses.

Thus, while we bow before the glory of Bach and Handel, and are dazzled almost to blindness by the glorious flame of Beethoven's genius—while, I assert, we listen in ecstasy to the winning souls of Mendelssohn and Mozart, and are saddened by the morbid, plaintive repinings of Chopin—we can lend an ear to the lighter airs of Sullivan, to the melodies of Molloy, and Cowen, and Moore.

Though the wrath of the tempest, with its flashes of lightning and its thunder divine, spellbinds the spirit, we must not forget that the breeze is beautiful and beneficent—that both plainly show the "exuberant and overflowing greatness of God."

I shall not apologise for treating my subject so seriously. Art is too sacred for me to play with.

From an ideal point of view, we are all amateurs, for the progress to comparative perfection in art is so gradual that the most perfect of an inferior species of talent is nearly equal in merit to the most inferior of that which is immediately above it. Indeed, the greatest genius of that superior species is farther from supernal perfection than the most inferior of the lower one is from him. I will quote a passage from Addison: "Notwithstanding there is such infinite room between man and his Maker for the creative power to exert itself in, it is impossible that it should ever be filled up, since there will be still an infinite gap or distance between the highest created being and the Power which created him."

But this is, as I have said, an ideal theory; the real one, we see, is sad enough. Amateurism has become a disease of so catching a nature that it has seized upon and decimates the professional body. The amateur, in fact, robs the professional of his daily bread, and so perverts the taste of the people that the artist of talent and education must need descend to his level. It is one of the most wonderful things of this age, how the educated, who say they have discernment, are imposed upon by the numerous charlatans in art. There are two powerful causes which tend to poison the minds of our artists and lower the art of our country: this amateur element, of which I have just spoken (void of sentiment and barren in thought), and the curse of commercialism, which has stamped a trade mark even here. Painters sell their talents before maturity; singers are over-trained, and quickly lose their voices; even the glorious art of Japan is dying—so universal are the debasing tendencies of commerce! And when every work is wrought for a market, when Youth worships at the shrine of the beautiful, with a desultory devotion sullied with a burning desire for gold—when, I say, parents thrust the commercial side and not the ideal glory of art before the minds of their children, and Government does not lend a helping hand to genius, as in France and Belgium, how can we hope that this curse will soon be removed?

And now I will say a few words about the Bruxelles Conservatorio, of which I am a professor, under the directorship of M. Gevaert, one of the greatest musicologues in the world. I was educated there myself, and there, also, I met my husband.

The pupil who wishes to join my singing class must be examined by me; should she have a good voice, she is authorised to attend the class until a vacancy occurs. In the meantime I have her entered in a class for *solfeggio*, that she may learn to read fluently at sight. She must also study the piano, that she may be able to accompany herself; and attend a class of elocution, and one of deportment, where she will learn to carry herself properly and appear at ease.

All these classes are compulsory, so you see how many qualities are necessary to become a good singer. My next article will treat of the development of the voice, and then I will turn my attention to criticism—its philosophy, and its use and abuse by the critics of to-day.

(*To be continued.*)

IN THE DAYS OF MOZART.

THE STORY OF A YOUNG MUSICIAN.

By LILY WATSON.

CHAPTER V.



FROM the time of little Wolfgang Mozart's visit, Rudolf's earnestness in the study of music increased so much that his good-natured aunt ventured to suggest he should take regular lessons. The effect produced upon Von Eberstein by this appeal was somewhat alarming.

"No!" thundered he furiously. "Do you want him to grow up to follow his father's example, and fling himself away upon a strolling musician?"

"My poor sister-in-law was not a strolling musician," answered Lucinda firmly. "I have heard that Ottilie was a good and virtuous maiden, who supported herself by teaching, and never lent her voice to unworthy songs. And she has trained her children to be docile, modest, and true."

"Child, you know nothing about it," returned her irascible father, more gently. "But I will not, considering the past, hire your Leopold Mozart to teach Rudolf music. He is to enter the commercial house of Wolff Brothers when he is old enough."

"But he may have recreation; and he loves music."

"Recreation! yes. I don't want to cut the little lad off from his amusements. He is a good boy enough. Let him strum on the clavichord, then, as a pastime; but let me hear of nothing more."

Lucinda was forced to be content with this rejoinder; but Rudolf longed to spend more time over his beloved instrument than was possible in the room of state, the *salon*, where he was always fearful of disturbing others by attempting to work out his musical ideas.

One July afternoon there was a great thunderstorm among the mountains. The crashing peals reverberated from height to height, the sky was dark and lurid, the jagged flashes shot athwart the clouds in dazzling terror. Rudolf was the only inhabitant of the castle who was not alarmed. Even little Elsa, though she strove to exercise self-control, quivered with excitement, and hid her face in Aunt Lucinda's lap. But Rudolf, though he was in one sense more timid than his sister, seemed to rise above the stir and strife with undaunted courage. Before harsh or unsympathetic men he shrank; before the warring of Nature he showed a composure that amazed his elders. From a window in a little turret chamber at the angle of two of the castle wings he watched the darkness brooding over the valley, the lightning blazoned on high, and, when the tempest was well-nigh spent, the fierce rainstorm driving in long, long shafts athwart mountain, forest, and hamlet. It gave him a wild delight to witness it all: a kind of joyous excitement took possession of him.

At last the storm was nearly over, and, released from the mental tension, Rudolf began to wonder what he should do next. His lessons were learned; he would not be allowed to go out, for the rough paths were streaming like rivers; Elsa was with Aunt Lucinda in her chamber, and he had nothing to read, while if he descended to the *salon* and began to play the clavier, grandpapa would be disturbed. A thought struck him. There was much of the castle he had not explored; the present was a favourable time, and he would set forth at once.

It has been said that the castle consisted of three wings, built on three sides of a courtyard. One of these wings had fallen into partial decay; the outside was covered with ivy, that drooped thickly over blank casements, from which no face ever looked forth. The deserted wing was to be the scene of Rudolf's investigations, and his starting-point, the tower chamber, stood at the junction of this wing with the rest of the castle.

Carefully descending the winding stair, and closing the door behind him that led up to the little turret chamber, Rudolf found himself in the oaken gallery on the first floor, before a huge portal. It was locked, but the key was there, and with much ado he ventured to turn it and enter the sombre and deserted corridor. Closing the door behind him, he trod carefully along the creaking boards, enjoying the sensation of doing something quite unusual. Upon his right hand, towards the courtyard, stretched a row of closely-shuttered windows; on his left hand were doors leading from the gallery into rooms, as he supposed. The only light came from a lofty window, high up in the wall at the distant end of the corridor facing the little adventurer, tapestried thickly with cobwebs, and with ivy nodding and beckoning through the broken panes. The light that pierced through this casement was pale and spectral.

Rudolf tried the doors of the rooms he passed. Some of them were tightly fastened, for although he knew it not, the flooring was broken away within, and, had he entered, he would have looked down into the dark region, given over to stores and lumber, that formed the lower part of this wing. At last he tried a door that yielded to his efforts, and in he went.

What a strange room! The casement was unshuttered and unveiled, save by the ivy that had encroached without; and by the evening light that pierced through its dusty panes Rudolf could see the room was furnished in the meagre fashion that was then considered ample. The door of an empty dressing-closet stood ajar in the further corner, and a huge four-post bedstead, with curtains of faded tapestry, and with spiders' webs thickly festooned above them, had evidently been long untenanted. There was a table covered with a piece of faded green cloth, a set of rush-bottomed chairs, thick with dust, and, oh! wonder of wonders! there, in the further corner of the room, stood a spinnet or clavier. Upon its surface lay the dust of months, perhaps of years; above it, from the ceiling, waved the dim, grey banner of the spider; long-legged insects of portentous size and alarming shape scudded away across the floor as Rudolf entered, and the gnawing of mice or rats was distinctly audible behind the wainscot. There was a strange mouldy smell, as of a room shut up for a long, long time from the air of heaven or the cleansing hand of any human being. Yet the boy had but one thought as he went towards the instrument—Would it come open, and would it play?

His anxiety was relieved on the first point. He raised the cover, and laid a tremulous hand on the keys. With a sound, faint and quavering as his touch, they answered him, and strangely unnatural seemed the tones in that deserted chamber. Rudolf quickly discovered that the instrument had been an excellent one, and that, although it was sadly in need of tuning and care, it was really of a better stamp than the clavichord in the room of state.

Here was a delightful discovery! The boy played away with all his might and main, sending the long-disused notes thrilling through the startled air, and only when the gathering darkness warned him to retreat did he become cognisant of the great strangeness of the circumstances. Why was a furnished room shut up like this, and never mentioned? Why was so good an instrument neglected so shamefully?

"You shall not be dusty any more!" said Rudolf tenderly, as if the clavier were alive. With his handkerchief he strove to remove a little of the dust; then, finding this was hopeless, he boldly seized the mouldering green table-cloth, dislodging several spiders in the act, and scrubbed vigorously at the case. After reverently closing it, he left the room, shut the door, and threaded his way back through the dark corridor to the inhabited portion of the castle.

Aunt Lucinda, Elsa, and the servants

were too much absorbed in dwelling on their terror at the past storm to notice the begrimed state of Rudolf's attire. He felt like one with a guilty secret on his mind. How happy he should be if he might only go to that room when he liked, and make music there to his heart's content! He would get the instrument tuned somehow, and then no king would be happier or prouder than he in his own little kingdom!

But he could not be satisfied without speaking to someone about it; and yet he shrank, he knew not why, from addressing his Aunt Lucinda. His mind was soon made up. Seeking out the old Bettina, who was sitting spinning in her little sanctum, he boldly inquired of her why there was one furnished room in the deserted wing of the castle.

She started from him with horrified gaze.

"Ach, my child! thou hast not been there?"

"And why not, Bettina?"

"My child, that room is haunted!"

"How do you know it is haunted?" was Rudolf's not unnatural inquiry, though his heart beat a little faster.

"Do not ask me, my son. Not a person in the castle would enter it. The wife of the last owner, the Baroness Höhenfels, was very unhappy—cruelly used, they say, though I know not. She loved that chamber in the ruined wing, and died there. Her spirit still walks the room at night. At her death the baron was overcome by remorse or terror. He would let no one touch the furniture; so it stays as she left it, or else the unquiet ghost would perchance visit the other part of the castle, being driven from its haunts. What possessed thee to go there? We must bar the door into that wing."

"No, no; please do not," pleaded Rudolf. "Tell me, Bettina, has anyone ever seen the ghost?"

Bettina could not say that anyone had. She certainly had not.

"Has anyone heard it?"

Bettina could not recollect that any of her master's household had done so.

"But if you don't know that anyone has ever seen or heard it," pursued Rudolf, "how do you know there is such a thing? I don't believe there is; or if there was a ghost, it has gone away by this time. So, kind Bettina, don't bar the door. I will not tell my aunt, if you think it would frighten her."

"Pray don't, my son," exclaimed the old nurse; "and tell no one else, unless thou wilt alarm the whole household. Perhaps thou art right; yet I wish thou hadst let the room alone."

Paul Engelhardt was surprised the next day by Rudolf's earnestly questioning him as to the existence of wandering spirits. It was a superstitious age; but fortunately the tutor had sufficient good sense to argue forcibly on the side of courage and reason.

The next point was the tuning of the instrument; and in this fortune unexpectedly favoured the little musician. The tuner of Aunt Lucinda's clavichord happened to come up from Salzburg a few days after the great discovery. No one but Rudolf was within, and he contrived to convey the stolid Salzburger unseen into the deserted wing, after his ostensible work was done, bribing him with his pocket money to put the instrument in order and keep silence.

So now the boy was provided with a kingdom of his own, in which he might take refuge and make melody to his heart's content, secure that none would follow him. There was little chance of being heard in the courtyard, for two massive walls and a corridor intervened, and all the windows in that direction were heavily shuttered. A deserted grass-grown space, sloping down into forest, lay below the front of the wing in which was the haunted chamber. No foot of prying mortal was likely to come that way; but if anyone did happen to wander there, and hear strains from the closed and ivy-grown upper window, there were ten chances to one that he would flee without further investigation, in the terrified belief that the spirit of the former Lady of Höhenfels was awaking echoes from the spinnet she touched of old.

Rudolf's secret was easily kept in that huge rambling building and among the scanty household. Early in the summer morning, before anyone was stirring, he would steal off to the deserted wing of the castle, and give himself up to music—his sweet child's voice ringing through the carefully-closed room, his fingers growing more and more skilful, and his brain prompting sometimes a simple melody that he wrote down to show to Herr Mozart when he came. There were other times when, as there was nobody to exercise a very active surveillance over his proceedings, Master Rudolf would vanish to his retreat; and he chose them well, lest he should be detected and forbidden.

But at evening, in the gloaming, even his love of music would scarcely suffice to send him to the room that had been called haunted, though his self-control and reason kept him safe from fears in the daytime.

He longed to share his secret with Elsa, but he knew her imaginative nature so well that he feared she might be alarmed so far as to betray him. Nurse Bettina said no more about the matter to him, nor he to her.

And not the clavier only, but the violin, absorbed his leisure hours. He has not been introduced hitherto as a performer on that instrument, because, to speak candidly, he has not yet arrived at the stage when performance is agreeable to the listener. None the less does Rudolf possess a good violin, the gift of his mother, upon which he is beginning to be a fair performer. Lessons in Vienna early laid an excellent foundation, and Paul Engelhardt gives him many a spare half-hour's instruction. Herr Mozart also often hears him play, and has presented him with a copy of his own "Attempt Towards a Fundamental Method for the Violin."

So Rudolf is in a fair way to become a musician of no mean order. How is it that Von Eberstein does not observe and put a stop to these incidental lessons from Mozart and Engelhardt?

There was no concealment about their proceedings. But the grandfather's strictly commercial way of looking at matters blinded him to what was going on under his very eyes. Nothing for nothing, he argued. Mozart and Engelhardt were not paid for teaching Rudolf music; therefore they would not teach him music, or, at least, teach him anything worth paying for. It was only "amusement" for him and for them, not to be seriously noticed.

And, indeed, all the boy's play-hours soon became devoted to music. He was often hidden with the clavier in the "haunted room" when his aunt and sister supposed him to be scraping away at his violin in his little chamber, or out in the woods, as had been his wont. But Elsa did not fail to notice his long and frequent absences from her.

"Rudolf," she said, one evening, as they were rambling in the forest, "I believe you are like the King Numa Pompilius we were reading about with Herr Engelhardt."

"Why?" demanded her brother.

"He used to go away a great deal alone to see a nymph Egeria, who talked to him in secret in the woods and groves. You are always leaving me now, and going away. Do you know a nymph Egeria?"

"Yes, I do," answered Rudolf; "but her name is not Egeria; it is Music. If I do not play all I can now, I shall never grow to be a musician, like Herr Mozart. He told me so yesterday, and he says Wolfgang is always busy with music."

Elsa sighed, but tried to stifle the pain that was growing in her tender heart. She suddenly recollected an important piece of news that she had intended to disclose gradually during this forest ramble.

"I have had a letter from Nannerl Mozart," she observed, with a mysterious look.

"Well! What? Are she and Wolfgang coming here again?"

"No; I don't think grandpapa would ask them. That is not it at all. Well, I suppose I must tell you. Wolfgang is going, on the first of September next, to take part in a piece with a Latin name, 'Sigismundus Hungariæ Rex,' set to music by Eberlin, the Court Organist. It is to be acted in the hall of the University at Salzburg."

"Oh, I wish we could go!" cried Rudolf, his pale face kindling into animation.

"I wish so, too; but I am afraid grandpapa will not let us."

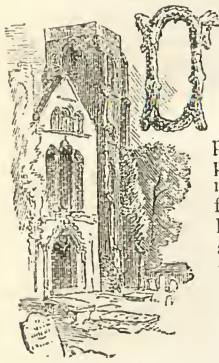
The fear was well founded. Herr von Eberstein had naturally no interest or part in the festivities of the Archbishop's court, and he could not conceive why his grandchildren should wish to attend this performance. So when the weeks came round, Rudolf and Elsa were obliged to be content with merely hearing of the appearance of the infant object of their adoration among the counts and students—the first public appearance of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, on September 1, 1761, at the age of five and a half.

(*To be continued.*)

TINNED MEATS: THEIR VALUE TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

By A. G. PAYNE, Author of "Common-sense Cookery," "Choice Dishes at Small Cost," "The Housekeeper's Guide," &c.

PART V.



OF all the various kinds of tinned provisions, probably none will be found so useful to the housekeeper as preserved fruits. By preserved fruit I do not refer to the bottled fruit which most housekeepers prefer to make at home from fruit picked fresh from their own garden, but the fruits which are unattainable in this country preserved in tins. Practically speaking, peaches and apricots are as much foreign fruits as pineapples. So, too, with regard to pears. A large dish of really good ripe, juicy pears cannot be obtained in this country without considerable expense, and then only for a very short period of the year. Whereas all these fruits can be obtained all the year round, owing to their being preserved in tins in climates where their cost is very considerably less than in this country. It is, perhaps, needless for me to state that of course we are all agreed on one point, viz., that there is no fruit equal to that freshly gathered from the tree. But then in our climate some of the best fruits can only be obtained by forcing, and even peaches and nectarines and pears that are grown in the open air entail a great deal of expense, and are unobtainable in large quantities; while with regard to pines, although no pineapple is equal to an English hothouse one, it must still be remembered that these hothouse pines very often fetch in Covent Garden Market a sum varying from ten shillings up to thirty shillings each. Of course pineapple fritters are a delightful dish; but were I to recommend you to go to Covent Garden Market, and buy a pineapple for a sovereign for the purpose of making fritters, you would at once laugh at me for my pains. When, however, I tell you that you can get a ripe pineapple preserved in a tin for the sum of 1s. 8d., equal in every respect, so far as flavour is concerned, to what you would obtain in Covent Garden for ten times the amount, you will see at once that my remarks become practical.

I will, however, begin at the beginning, and take one fruit as a specimen, which will guide you in using all kinds of tinned fruits. I will take for my specimen apricots, and will endeavour to describe a few of the almost infinite number of dishes that can be made from this cheap and delicious luxury.

First of all, the simplest way of having them is to open the tin, and turn the fruit out into a glass dish, and send it to table just as it is. This dish could be served as an *entremet*, or sweet, and also as a dish for dessert. I will first suppose that you have opened the tin and turned out the apricots. Now let us look at the apricots. As a rule you will find that some of them are riper than others. Tinned apricots are generally cut in half, the stone is removed, and if the apricots are well preserved, you ought to find the white kernel of the stone mixed in. This kernel helps greatly in flavouring the juice. It is somewhat bitter, and tastes like noyeau. Indeed, first-class noyeau is *supposed* to be made from the kernels of peach stones, apricot stones, etc., though probably in noyeau essence of almonds is the only flavour employed.

Now we can use apricots not only as they are, a dessert dish, but for improving many other dishes, and if you are going to have some of the apricots used for making a sweet and also some for dessert, I would advise you to open one or even two tins, and take out all the soft ripe ones, which can be put by in a glass dish for dessert, and reserve all the—I do not say unripe pieces—but those that are not what we may call mellow, as it will be found that these, having more consistency, are much better adapted for cooking purposes. Suppose our *entremet* is apricot fritters. Each piece of apricot must be strained from its juice, dried in powdered sugar, dipped into very stiff batter, and then plunged into fat that is smoking hot and deep enough to cover it twice over. As soon as the batter surrounding the piece of apricot turns a light brown colour, the fritter is done. Let the fritters thoroughly drain on a dry cloth or piece of blotting-paper for a few minutes, while some powdered sugar should be shaken over them directly they leave the fat.

I need hardly remind you that pineapples and peaches, as well as apples and pears, preserved in tins, can be made into fritters exactly in the same manner. I do not, however, consider that pears make good fritters. Francatelli recommends that the fruit should be moistened in a little brandy or maraschino before being dipped in the batter. There is no doubt that this addition, though expensive, would be a considerable improvement. However, as a rule, in private houses an addition of this kind is quite unnecessary.

Another very delicious form of using tinned apricots is to make apricot ice. The warm weather is now approaching, and during the ensuing summer there is perhaps no luxury (for it is a luxury) that is more appreciated than home-made ices. Refrigerators or ice-making machines can now be obtained very cheaply, and if we are content with water ices we shall find that these can be made at a very small cost indeed. Also, if we wish to have cream ice—thanks to the wonderful invention of preserving goods in tins—we can now obtain this at a very small cost, though perhaps not quite equal to ice that is made from real fresh cream.

Suppose we wish to make first apricot water ice. Open a tin of apricots, and rub the contents, juice and all, through a wire sieve. Now add sufficient powdered sugar to make the mixture of the desired sweetness. This is a matter of taste. I think it will be found as a rule that ices on the Continent are sweeter than those made in England. There is no doubt that foreign jellies are sweeter than English, and we all know by experience how very different the French palate is compared to the English in the case of champagne. I therefore leave the quantity of sugar to be put to the pulp and juice of the apricot an open question. The mixture now simply requires freezing, and the ice is done.

Next, suppose we want apricot cream ice. In making cream ices, the proper proportion is to allow about a pound of fruit-pulp to a pint of thick cream. If you can all of you afford to use cream, I should strongly advise you to try nothing else; and if you cannot—and I am afraid that this latter class will be the majority—do as follows:—Open a tin of Swiss milk, and put it in a basin, and rinse out the tin with a little ordinary milk, so that you do not lose all the Swiss milk that sticks to the tin. Add sufficient milk in all to make a pint. Stir this up with a wooden or silver spoon till the milk is dissolved; and you should bear in mind that Swiss milk is as soluble in cold milk as it is in hot. Now add this pint to the apricot pulp—say a pound of apricot pulp, or rather more; for when you do this I should recommend you not to use the juice of the apricots at all, but to strain off the juice, and simply send the apricots themselves through the wire sieve, otherwise the mixture would be too thin. Now freeze this, and you will have a most excellent apricot cream ice, and very few people would be able to tell the difference between it and ices made from fresh cream.

You will perceive that I have not added any powdered sugar. The reason of this is that the tin of Swiss milk contains so much sugar itself that probably you will not require any sugar at all. However, when you have mixed the apricot pulp and Swiss milk, besides the ordinary milk, together, you can taste the mixture, and add sufficient sugar or not, according to taste. In some cases you will find it too sweet already; if so, add a little more milk and pulp.

Another dish can be made from this mixture of Swiss milk and apricots, which makes a very delicious sweet. Instead of freezing it, add about two ounces of gelatine to a quart of the mixture, and dissolve this gelatine in the milk before it is added to the pulp. Mix the pulp in while the milk is hot, and put it in a mould. When it is cold, of course the gelatine will cause it to set, and you can then turn it out of the mould as a solid apricot cream.

You can make pineapple water ice, peach water ice, and pineapple and peach cream ice, and pineapple and peach solid cream exactly in the same way. I think peach water ice is far preferable to peach cream ice.

Now let us turn back to our glass dish containing the other ripe apricots, which we have not used for cooking, and then let us consider the question, Is it possible to make this dish look a little prettier than it is now? Certainly it is, and that, too, at almost no cost at all. I will suppose that you always have in the house a few preserved cherries and also a little preserved angelica. Preserved cherries can be now bought for about 1s. 3d. a pound, and angelica can usually be obtained at a trifle over a shilling a pound. When I tell you that half a pound of each will be sufficient in quantity to ornament, not one dish but twenty, you will see that the cost of ornamenting the dish of apricots or peaches will be less than a halfpenny. First place all the half apricots with the convex part upwards and the concave part downwards. Now take a dozen or so of preserved cherries, and simply put a cherry in each little corner where the fruit meets. Next cut a small piece of angelica into little strips about an inch long and an eighth of an inch in thickness. By sticking the point of a penknife into the apricots, a little piece of angelica can be stuck into the aperture exactly similar to the way in which strips of white almond are stuck into a tipsy cake. You will now see what a very great difference this makes in the appearance of the dish.

Another very pretty way of ornamenting the dish is to cut out of the green angelica four little leaves, each leaf about half an inch in length. Place a preserved cherry on the top of each apricot, making a little incision with the point of a knife, in order to keep it firm, and place the four green leaves of angelica round. This green has a very pretty appear-

ance, as each concave surface of the apricot is surmounted with a little ruby-coloured centre, set in emeralds. Peaches, of course, can be treated in exactly the same manner.

Apricots are very useful in ornamenting what we may call high-class sweets. For instance, take an ordinary pie-dish, and some slices of stale brioche cake or plain bread, and butter the cake or bread with apricot jam, and soak the cake or bread in the juice of the tinned apricots. A little brandy added to the juice is a very great improvement. Now place these slices of bread and jam in a pie-dish, and fill the dish up with a custard made from three good-sized eggs, or four small ones and half a pint of milk. Bake the pudding in the oven. When it is quite set, take it out and let it get cold, and then turn it out on to a dish—a glass dish or silver dish. It turns out very easily, as you can cut the pie-dish round the edge with a very thin knife. Although this is a very nice dish, it is by no means artistic in appearance. Next take a little jelly—orange or lemon; and as jelly can now be obtained in half-pint bottles at ninepence, or in quart bottles for two shillings, in the case of having a few friends to a dinner or supper-party the expense will not be very great. Dissolve a little jelly in a cup, and when it is cold, but not set, pour the jelly gradually and gently over the pudding, which is placed, of course, with the small end uppermost, so that the jelly quickly sets over the pudding. Use a spoon for this purpose, and take care the pudding is very cold. By this means the pudding is covered with a coating of clear jelly. You can, however, surround the pudding with a coat of what looks like custard by simply adding a dessert-spoonful of Swiss milk to the jelly in a teacup before it is cold. Now place a row of apricots round the pudding on the top, and on the top of each apricot place a preserved cherry and four little leaves of angelica, as we have described; or, if the apricots are very ripe, you can put a row of the apricots round the edge of the top of the pudding, and place a cherry and a strip of angelica between each apricot.

You can also make an apricot, with a cherry on the top and green strips stuck in it, a centre ornament on the top of a pudding. Scrape off all the jelly, or jelly mixed with Swiss milk that has run off the pudding into the dish, and wipe the dish round with a hot cloth. Some more apricots can now be placed round the edge, or the remains of the jelly and milk, or jelly by itself, can be made quite red with a small quantity of cochineal, and poured round the base of the dish. This has a very pretty appearance, more especially if the pudding itself be white. I only mention mixing the Swiss milk with the jelly as a makeshift, because, of course, a little so'id custard made separate would be better; but when we have a bottle of jelly open, as is probable in the case of a dinner party, or in preparation for a supper, it saves a great deal of trouble to use the jelly in the way we have described.

Preserved pears are, I think, best served just as they are—plain. A great improvement, however, in their appearance is to strain off the juice, place it in a saucepan, and let it boil, and dissolve in it a little gelatine, and add to it enough cochineal to make it a bright red. The gelatine should be added in sufficient quantity to make the sauce thick when it is cold, but not quite a jelly. When the sauce is very nearly cold, it should be poured over the pears slowly. By this means the pears are covered red, and have the appearance of being encased in a pretty red jelly. This dish should be ornamented with some kind of green, as the cherries will not contrast with the red juice. The green should be alternated with some white almonds. The almonds should be blanched and cut in half.

Another very pretty dish can be made out of preserved apricots or peaches by piling them up in a rice border. Rice borders are made by boiling rice tender in milk; Swiss milk can be added, in which case no sugar will be required, and the rice border can be flavoured with vanilla, cinnamon, lemon, or essence of almonds. When you flavour the rice with lemon, you must never use essence of lemon, as it is apt to taste like turpentine, more especially if you put a few drops in an apple pie; but the flavour of the lemon should be obtained by rubbing lumps of sugar on the lemon rind. A dozen lumps of sugar rubbed on all six sides on the outside of a lemon will obtain a very strong lemon flavour indeed. A very good method of making a rice border can be obtained by placing a small cake-tin in a large cake-tin, and filling the space between the two with the rice. Sufficient eggs must be mixed with the rice to set it when baked in the oven. The tins also should be buttered in the parts where the rice meets them. After baking the rice in the oven, you can take off the two tins, and you will have a circle of rice quite firm. This rice circle can now be filled in the middle with any kind of fruit you like. The apricots should be put in the centre, and piled up in a pyramid form. The top of the rice border makes a wall, on which can be placed a variety of different ornaments. I would suggest instead, in addition to the apricots themselves, ornamented with cherries and angelica, to use various kinds of crystallised fruits. For instance, crystallised greengages and crystallised apricots, placed alternately, would have a very pretty effect, especially if we made a border of red cherries, placed on each side of the fruit where the fruit meets the rice.

If you ever have a few spare apricots left over from a dish after you are making a fruit pie, and have a little piece of pastry left, roll the pastry out as thin as you possibly can—say as thin as a sixpence—and line a few little buttered tartlet tins with it. Place half an apricot in the middle of each tin, after having partially baked the pastry in the oven, and in the centre of each apricot place a preserved cherry. Cut a few thin slices of pastry, no thicker than a piece of string, and place over the top, and bake in a sharp oven for a few minutes till the pastry is set; but do not bake it too long, as in that case the fruit will dry up and spoil. A little apricot jam should be placed over the piece of the half-baked pastry, if you have any, the apricot on the jam, and the cherry on the apricot.

Then a nice little dish can often be made from the odds and ends of a few things that have been left over from the previous day's dinner, and which otherwise would probably have been wasted.

It is of these little acts of carefulness that true economy may be said to exist. There is a good old saying, "Waste not, want not." A good housekeeper is always looking out for trifling acts of saving—taking care of kitchen pence, thereby saving kitchen pounds. The preservation of food in tins enables us not only to obtain the produce of distant countries fresh in our own, but also to carry out the wise forethought of making years of plenty protect us in after years of famine.

I would, therefore, before bringing these remarks on tinned goods to a close, ask you to regard the subject from a higher point of view than one of mere gratification of the appetite. Meat in Australia was once thrown away. Now it is either tinned or frozen and eaten, in addition to the wool and tallow being used.

It has been well said that the greatest benefactors of the human race are those who help most to increase the food supply of the world at large. It is a hard struggle with many of our poor in the present day to obtain even the common necessaries of life.

In this great and mighty city each morning, day after day, the cry goes up to heaven from thousands of households, "Give us this day our daily bread," not knowing if the prayer will be answered. Let us hope one and all that our faith may never be put to such a test, but we should still remember the good old maxim which ought to apply to us not only individually but as a nation—"God helps those that help themselves."

[THE END.]

NOTES FOR JUNE.

IN "leafy June" the foliage in our woods and parks is seen at its very best; the leaves are fully out, but not yet scorched and dusty. Now is the time for noticing the way in which the leaves are set on the stalks, and the angle at which the stalks start from the branches.

Is there any method in the way the leaves are arranged on the trees?

The question opens the way to hours of study indoors, as well as out of doors among the trees themselves; a study that would benefit alike our "girls'" minds and bodies. Sir John Lubbock gives a hint which we can follow up, when he says: "Our English trees may be said, as a general rule, to be glad of as much sunshine as they can get." In some tropical plants the object, on the contrary, is to "expose as little surface as possible to the overpowering sun;" and their leaves are wonderfully adapted to this end.

It would be interesting to try with a given number of leaves and stems, if we could arrange the foliage better than it already is.

"Whoso is wise, and *will observe these things*, even they shall understand the loving-kindness of the Lord."

In the garden there is plenty to do this month. Some seeds may yet be sown, if there is any room left. Amongst those which may still be planted is the old-fashioned hollyhock. It should be sown in light, rich soil at the beginning of June; the plants must not be allowed to grow too near together; and they must be carefully staked, and the side shoots taken off as soon as they begin to grow tall. If the soil is light, they can safely be left out all winter. Wallflowers, too, may be sown now for next year's flowering.

Bedding-out plants are arranged in the garden now, and need well watering in dry weather. Much of the seed sown last month, mignonette especially, will need a good deal of thinning out.

Window and greenhouse plants must be watched for green-fly, and the infested plants washed and syringed frequently.

The grass must be constantly mown and rolled, and if the weather is dry a thorough watering once or twice a week improves it.

Crabs can be caught on our English coasts all the year round; but they pass through the most interesting stages of their history in the early summer, and this is consequently the best time for observing them.

The mother crab carries its eggs under its tail, which is folded closely under the body. They are hatched in May or June. The young ones are so unlike their parents that, when first noticed, naturalists thought they had discovered a fresh creature altogether, and gave it a distinct name, till, to their surprise, after watching it for a time, the new discovery developed itself into an ordinary crab. It is shaped at first like a dome, with a peak at the top, two portentously large goggle eyes in front, and a long, flat tail behind. It is very independent, and swims away on its own account directly it is hatched. After going through various transformations it takes on its final form. For the rest of its life it moults in the early part of each summer. Its cast-off shell is wonderfully perfect, eyes, and even small hairs, being found on them quite intact.

Would-be collectors will find the shells of British molluscs an interesting field to begin upon, and less common than many others. Land molluscs are more numerous in the south and south-east of England than in the other parts of the islands. There are only a few varieties peculiar to the British Isles; but strangers sometimes find their way here, and become naturalised. For instance, among the chalk hills of Surrey is found the large edible "Roman" snail, as it is there called. It is said to have been introduced by someone suffering from consumption, who wanted a supply for his own eating, and it has since thriven and spread.

Some kind of net is necessary for collecting freshwater molluscs. The easiest way of extracting the occupant from the shell is to drop it into boiling water, which kills it instantly.

Girls who live near the sea can collect an almost endless variety of salt-water molluscs; some very beautiful, and some very minute forms of molluscan life can be found amongst the fine dry sand above high-water mark on a sandy beach, or the same and other varieties, still living, on the clumps of wet seaweed.



SUCH A COWARD!

CHAPTER II.

SILENCED, BUT NOT CONVINCED.



CHILDREN, children, do stop! What an awful noise you're making!" cried Juliet, dropping her paint brush in horror, and stopping her ears. "Céline, whatever is the matter? and Alf and Janet, what have you been doing to her? Stop crying, Emmie dear; no one is hurting you."

"It was only a joke," Alf answered, speaking as well as he could for laughing. "I didn't do anything but just drop Pinto on her knee, when she set up that awful yell and flew as if her last moment had come. Oh, Frenchy, you'll kill me yet! I never saw such a face; and all for a poor, harmless little dog that wouldn't hurt a fly." And he broke out into another inextinguishable peal of laughter.

"Oh, you donkey!" chimed in Janet, still hopping about in malicious glee. "To be frightened of a poor, harmless little dog! Oh, what a donkey you are! And didn't Alf and I do right when we said you were silly by name and silly by nature? Before I'd be such a fearful coward, I'd—I'd—I don't know what I wouldn't do."

"Oh, do be quiet, Janet," cried Juliet again, despairingly. "I can't make out whatever is the matter. "Oh, here's mother! now she'll make you be quiet."

And indeed Mrs. Marston at this moment opportunely entered the room.

She looked round in surprise, wondering, like Juliet, what was the matter, for Janet was whirling wildly round; Emmie was sobbing, she knew not why, over her doll; Alf was hugging Pinto in his arms and laughing incessantly; while with a white, terrified face, and her hands pressed tightly over her heart, poor Céline was crouching behind the big easy chair in silence.

"You may well ask what the matter is, Julie," Mrs. Marston said, rather severely, after pausing for a moment to survey the group of young people. "Alf, what is up? What have you been doing?" for she knew from long experience that in such a case Alf or Janet was sure to be the culprit.

"Have you been teasing Céline or Emmie, or what have you been doing?" She lifted Emmie in her arms as she spoke, and sat down in the easy chair by Céline, putting her arm round the silent girl with a caressing, protecting gesture, repeating gently, "What is the matter, my dear?"

"It's nothing, mother," Alf broke in rather defiantly. "At least, nothing in the world to make such a fuss over. I only did it for a bit of fun. I just put Pinto on her knee, and she sprang up with a terrific yell, and threw the poor little doggie down and ran away to hide. It was such fun to see her run, and there was no harm in it; Pinto wouldn't hurt a fly, and she shouldn't be such a donkey as to be afraid of him."

"You shouldn't have done so, Alf," his mother answered, sternly. "You know I have forbidden you again and again to play such tricks upon your cousin with your dog or any other dog, and you disobey me again and again."

"I quite forgot, mother; I'm very sorry I forgot you'd told me. But why should she be so frightened of a harmless little dog like Pinto? Céline's such an awful coward,"

"Hush, my dear, you are not to say such things about your cousin; it is rude and ungentlemanly. Now beg Céline's pardon for your cruel trick. Don't be frightened, dear," she went on, addressing the trembling girl by her side. "Alf will not let his dog touch you again. I am so very sorry he should have given you such needless fear."

"I'm all right now, auntie, thank you," Céline answered, her voice breaking into a little hysteric sob. "I know I am an awful coward to be frightened of such a little thing, but it took me unawares, and I couldn't help screaming. Oh, I wish I was not frightened, but I can't help it." Her heart was even yet beating so wildly she could hardly speak.

Mrs. Marston turned to her son reproachfully. "Alfie, you will make your cousin really ill if you play such thoughtless tricks upon her. I will not have it. Tell her how sorry you are for having frightened her. Remember she is not so strong as you are."

"I'm sorry if I've hurt you, Céline," he answered, rather graciously; "but it seems so absurd to be frightened of a dog like Pinto. If it had been a big bulldog I could understand it better, but Pinto——"

"I know it seems awfully cowardly," Céline answered, penitently, "but I do try, auntie; I don't think Alfie knows how hard I try to get over my fear. And I really have been better lately, haven't I, Julie? I played a little with Pinto the other day and was not very nervous, only I haven't felt quite up to the mark the last few days, and I suppose that makes me more nervous, and you know, Alfie, you did come upon me very suddenly. I seem as if I cannot get over my horror of dogs ever since that time I was attacked by that fierce one in our orchard when I was quite a little child. See, I've got the mark still where he tore my arm," rolling back the sleeve of her dress and showing a white scar below the elbow. "I was very ill for a long time after, and I've been terrified of dogs ever since."

"And I could understand your being frightened of some dogs," answered Alf, incredulously, "but not a little thing like mine; it's too ridiculous."

"My dear boy," said his mother, "because you have iron nerves you must not forget that other people have not the same, and though you may not be able to enter into all their feelings, you might take them on trust. It is often quite as much a question of nerves as of real bravery. I once had a friend, a very clever, intellectual woman, not one bit a coward, and yet she never could bear to have a cat in the room where she was, and she could always tell if even a kitten were there. If she did not see it she knew it was there. She tried hard to overcome the weakness, for, as I said, she was no coward, but she never could."

"Well, it seems uncommonly like being a coward to me," said Alf, loftily, "and I must say I should be ashamed if I were as weak over anything; and until Céline gets over being afraid of a harmless dog, I shall always think she's a coward. I can't help it."

"And yet I don't think I'm a great coward, auntie dear, over anything else," put in Céline, pleadingly. "I think I could be brave other ways if I had to. Why, only yesterday Julie cried out because she found a cockroach on her dress, and three days since Janet screamed when a mouse ran across the room."

"That was only for fun," said Janet, unabashed. "I was not really one bit frightened, though I know Julie is in mortal terror of a cockroach. I don't think either Alf or me knows what fear is," she went on, complacently.



"THE APRONFUL OF FLOWERS."

"Alf and me knows," repeated Julie, laughingly; "where is your grammar, Janet?"

"Well, well," interrupted the mother, "do not let us boast of what others fear and what we do not. We none of us know what we are made of until a real test comes, and I should not be at all surprised if in a case of real danger Céline would not be fully as brave as either Alf or my dear little tomboy here, who thinks she does not know what fear is."

"Perhaps," said Alf, very doubtfully; "only until Céline gets over such ridiculous fear of nothing, I'm afraid we shall always think her a coward."

Céline sighed rather heavily, but said nothing.

It was quite true what Alfie said, and she was always the first to admit how foolish and unreasonable was her terror of dogs; but the terror was so real to her that overcoming it seemed almost an impossibility. Alf had no idea of the courageous effort it had often required for the timid girl to put out a reluctant hand to stroke his inoffensive pet dog; an effort which, had anything cost that young gentleman as much, he would probably have been unable to make.

This great terror, which no effort of ridicule or expostulation could overcome, all dated back from a certain day seven years ago, when Céline was a bright, healthy, rosy-cheeked lassie of eight.

How well she remembered that day! A fine hot afternoon in August in the dear old orchard at home; how she had found her sister sitting under the shade of her favourite tree, and how she had run to her for her admiration of the apronful of flowers she had been gathering by the side of the stream.

It was while the two were bending over the floral treasures, admiring them and arranging them into bouquets for the decoration of the house, that they were suddenly startled from their quiet occupation by a fierce-looking dog, which, with foam-flecked mouth, and pursued by an excited crowd of farm labourers with sticks and pitch-forks and wild cries of "Mad! mad!" came bounding over the low boundary and right upon the spot where the girls sat. In another moment he had flown at Céline, and his cruel fangs had closed upon the child's arm. Her elder sister shrieked wildly for help, trying ineffectually to beat the savage animal from his prey.

Happily the dog's pursuers were close at hand, and in another minute the child was rescued and the animal killed.

Whether he had been really mad or not they never knew, but the wound his cruel teeth had inflicted, and the sudden shock to the child's nerves, were sufficient to cause an illness of several weeks; and even when she was pronounced well again, it was found that the nerves had not recovered their tone, and though the medical men declared she would outgrow the weakness in time, that special phase of it had remained ever since—an unconquerable terror of all dogs.

She had never been so strong again either, and it was when she was feeling below par that this fear was at its worst, and perhaps no one—not even her kind, thoughtful aunt—had any idea of the agonies of terror she often endured, nor of the brave efforts she made to conquer her weakness.

But a great deal of the latter both Mr. and Mrs. Marston observed, and commended her warmly for it.

"You will get over your fear in time, my love," her uncle would say, "if only you persevere in your brave efforts. And you, Master Alf, with all your boasted courage, if you knew anything of your cousin's feelings I doubt very much if you would be brave enough to overcome as much as she does."

At which Alf would shake his head incredulously, silenced, but not convinced. He did not know what the question of constitutional nervousness meant, and could not understand how anybody who was frightened of a small, harmless dog could be anything but a coward.

(*To be continued.*)

"SHE COULDN'T BOIL A POTATO;"

OR,

THE IGNORANT HOUSEKEEPER, AND HOW SHE ACQUIRED KNOWLEDGE.

By DORA HOPE.

ELLA was kept very busy during the first few days of this month, looking over and putting away her own and her aunt's winter clothes.

Mrs. Wilson prided herself on being an old-fashioned person and clinging to old-fashioned ideas, and so, in spite of what she considered Ella's "new-fangled" arguments to the contrary, she still held firmly to the opinion that the summer months were always warm, and that therefore winter clothes, with the exception of a few shawls, might safely be packed away, with the comfortable conviction that they would not be wanted again till the autumn.

Ella gladly undertook to carry out all her aunt's wishes, though with an inward presentiment that she would long for her fur cloak many times before the summer was over. But she found that she had undertaken a good deal more work than she expected. First of all each article had to be looked over, to see if it was worth keeping at all.

"Whatever you do, my dear," Mrs. Wilson exhorted her, "do not hoard up rubbish. Plenty of people will be glad to have the things we do not need, and they will only harbour moths and dust here."

So after a great deal of sorting and consultation, a large bundle was made up of half-worn garments, together with all the patches and fragments of material belonging to each, and was despatched to a home for waifs and strays, in which Mrs. Wilson was interested.

Then there was a further looking over, to see which of the remainder needed mending before putting away; and a needlewoman had a day's work strengthening thin places, putting new buttons on underclothing, and shaking, brushing, and repairing furs and outer garments.

At last everything was so thoroughly cleansed and mended as to pass even Mrs. Wilson's critical examination, and to satisfy her that they were ready to wear again directly they were needed, without any fear of finding loose strings or worn braid. Ella had bought a quantity of bitter apple at the chemist's the previous day, and now she sprinkled this over each article, being particularly careful to shake it well into the fur.

She was then directed to find several large bags of thick, unbleached calico, into which the garments were laid, and they were then stowed away on the top shelves of wardrobes, which had been previously well dusted and sprinkled with bitter apple.

Ella thought this was all rather unnecessary trouble, but she changed her mind when she heard from Kate one day that a shawl of her own, which had been laid by without any such precautions, had been found eaten by moths into such large holes as to be quite unwearable, and this unpleasant experience made Ella resolve that she would never again have her clothes spoilt for want of a little trouble.

The spring cleaning had been carried on with the rather headlong vigour natural to a young housekeeper, and the whole house would have been thrown into a state of chaos but for Mrs. Mobberly's timely warning, to keep it as comfortable as circumstances would permit, by only turning out one, or at most two rooms at once.

Mrs. Wilson had been too ill at the time to take much active interest in the work, and had not previously warned Ella of the necessity of looking out for moths; and consequently, owing to Ella's inexperience, a good deal of the work had to be done over again, for it was a large house, and many of the rooms were hardly ever used, so that the woollen curtains and covers and horsehair mattresses were very liable to become infested with moths—a danger which Ella had never thought of, and had taken no precautions to prevent.

It was very trying to the temper to have to take down the curtains again, and upset the rooms which had only just been put straight, but Ella was soon convinced of the wisdom of the proceeding, for moths were found in several places. One cushion which seemed full of them was condemned to be burnt, as the only way to prevent them spreading to other things; and one or two other articles, not quite so bad, were wrapped in a cloth and baked in the oven to kill the eggs, and afterwards well shaken and brushed, and insecticide was squirted into all suspicious nooks and corners.

"Housekeepers, like poets, are born, and not made," was the remark with which Ella began her next letter to her mother, after this experience. "I have overcome some of the ignorance which our departed and never-lamented domestics so much sneered at, and not only can boil a potato, but could make a large and miscellaneous assortment of dainty dishes at a pinch; but I feel that I was born without the genius necessary to manage even a small establishment like this. It requires a massive intellect to always know at what particular juncture curtains will get full of moths, unused beds will get damp, and steel fenders rusty."

Her mother's reply, as usual, was a comforting one, giving her as it did the assurance that unless girls have had the good fortune to learn the art of housekeeping at home, they must of necessity find out what is necessary

by their own experience, which might generally be translated by their failures and mistakes.

This cleaning and turning out of the house had kept Ella busy for some time, and Mrs. Wilson, who was always fearing she might feel dull, was very glad to hear that Mrs. Mobberly had two lively nieces coming to stay with her, and that she was depending upon Ella to help her entertain them.

Ella had been living a secluded life with her aunt for so long that she felt very shy, and was not at all pleased at the prospect of entertaining "two lively girls"; but her nervousness soon vanished when Doris and Joan Mobberly appeared, for they were so merry, and took so much for granted that she would be ready to join in all their girlish pranks, that she quite forgot her cares, and the two houses were soon ringing with laughter and merriment.

Before long the girls made a plan which at first shocked their elders' old-fashioned ideas of propriety; but very soon Mrs. Wilson, as Mrs. Mobberly said, "went over to the enemy," and declared that tricycling was the most healthy amusement possible, and that the sooner the girls carried out their scheme and hired machines, the better she would be pleased; and if Mrs. Mobberly did not care to have them, there was room to keep all three tricycles in her coach-house.

This was all the encouragement they needed, and in a marvellously short space of time the three girls had stowed themselves into the little pony-carriage, and were off to the town to see what they could hire.

Joan seemed suspiciously well acquainted with the merits of the different tricycle shops, and led the others straight to an establishment which she said was kept by a fatherly old man who would take an interest in getting what they wanted. He certainly had a very paternal way of giving them good advice, and insisted on them taking the tricycles which *he* thought most suitable, regardless of their own ideas. At Joan's request he showed them how to alter the height of the seat, and how to oil the machines properly, and explained the action of the steering wheel; and finally promised to send the machines home the same evening in good order.

Joan had ridden a good deal and Doris a little, and they beguiled the homeward journey with anecdotes of feats and accidents, which alternately made Ella long to start, and vow she would never mount a tricycle at all.

"Come in and see our dresses first," said Doris, as they drew near home, "and then we will consider the best way to manage yours."

Their tricycling dresses were made of rather thick grey homespun, with well-fitting but not tight Norfolk jackets fastened with a belt, and with a convenient outside pocket for a handkerchief and whistle. The skirts, to Ella's surprise, were neither long nor wide, in fact Joan's, which answered very well, was barely longer than an ordinary walking dress, and measured hardly three yards round the bottom; and Doris said she must take a perpendicular tuck in hers, to reduce it to the same measurement, as the extra width caught in the wheels. The skirts were perfectly plain at the sides, and the necessary fulness was supplied by one or two box pleats in front and behind.

For the rest of their costume they wore soft felt hats, or on sunny days, when there was no wind, straw sailor hats, and either tennis or ordinary walking shoes. Joan preferred the former, finding they did not slip off the treadles so easily as those with leather soles.

"The first time I went for a long ride," interposed Doris, "I wore laced boots; and when I reached home I found a row of blisters all down my foot and ankle, where the laces had crossed, so I have used shoes ever since."

"And gloves are not such a trifling matter as you might think," chimed in Joan. "I have tried most kinds. Once I went out in silk gloves, and I came home with my hands thick with the mud and dust which had worked through the silk, and covered with blisters into the bargain. Another time it was cold when I started, and I wore woollen ones. They were black, and when I got warm the dye came out, besides letting the dust through, and my hands did not look clean for a week after."

"What should you wear then?" asked Ella.

"I like good, stout leather, with gauntlets, the best. You see, your hands are so near the wheels all the time that you cannot help getting a good deal of dust thrown on to them; so you must have something thick to keep it out, as well as to protect your hands from chafing; but you need to be careful that they have not seams where the friction comes, or you will soon have your hands blistered."

As Ella had no proper tricycling costume, they chose one of her old skirts, which she would not mind spoiling, and after taking out the steels and all unnecessary frills and bows, all the drapery which would be likely to catch in the cogs or wheels, but which could not be dispensed with, was sewn down as closely as possible to the foundation skirt.

The next morning the tricycles arrived, and the girls eagerly mounted and tried them up and down the quiet lane between the two houses. They had chosen a "Sociable" and a single tricycle, and as Ella was a beginner, she rode the double machine with Joan. There seemed to her a bewildering number of handles, and as the pedals moved and the wheels began to turn, she felt a great inclination to fall forward, and entreated Joan to stop. Joan, however, had no mercy, and in a few minutes Ella was able to sit upright, her feet worked up and down almost unconsciously, and she even dared to raise her eyes now and then from the road before her, and glance around.

After a short practice in the morning they arranged to have their midday dinner early, and go for a proper ride afterwards, so that Ella might settle her aunt for her afternoon nap before leaving her. Accordingly, early in the afternoon Mrs. Wilson was comfortably tucked up on her couch, with a hand-bell on the little table at her side, so that she might ring when she wanted anything, without needing to rise, which she could not easily do without help; and the door was left just unlatched, so that the maid, Sarah, could look in now and then without disturbing her mistress if she should be asleep.

Having made all these preparations, Ella started with an easy mind, feeling sure that her aunt could want for nothing during her absence.

Before starting, as Joan intended to steer the Sociable herself, she explained to Ella that her share of the labour would be to work as hard as she could, and ring the bell whenever it was necessary. Joan had insisted on having a spring bell fixed on to one of the handles, instead of the ball bell which was provided, but which would have kept up its aggravating tinkling all the time. Ella soon felt so perfectly at her ease, and they enjoyed themselves so thoroughly, that they were very loth to turn homewards; but Joan was stern, and insisted on turning back long before the other two felt tired. Indeed, it needed a very vigorous tinkling of the alarm bell, worked by Ella, and an ear-splitting series of calls on the shrill whistle with which Joan had provided herself, to recall Doris, who had shot ahead on her lighter machine.

"It is a great mistake to do too much the first day," Joan said, when the others protested. "Ella will be almost too stiff to move to-morrow as it is, and I will undertake to go as far as you like, and probably further, before I give you up."

They were out altogether two or three hours, and like most beginners, alternately rode at the top of their speed till they were hot and breathless, and then stopped in some shady spot to rest and cool themselves; and before turning homewards they sat for some time on a mossy bank, enjoying some fruit which Joan had brought in a little basket slung under the seat.

Consequently, the next day, to Ella's great mortification, not only was she, as Joan had predicted, very stiff, but she had in addition caught a bad cold. Happily, it soon passed off, and did not, as she feared, develop into one of the bad sore throats to which she was subject; but she could not hide the fact that she had taken a chill, and Mrs. Wilson came to the conclusion that tricycling was a less healthy amusement than she had imagined.

Joan, who felt herself responsible for the party, was very penitent, and begged Mrs. Wilson to believe that it was all her fault for not remembering to warn Ella of this risk. She herself, she said, used to take cold at first, from getting over-heated, and then trying to get cool as quickly as possible by sitting in the most breezy and shady place she could find; but she had learnt wisdom by experience, only, unfortunately, had forgotten to pass on her knowledge to Ella. She herself always put on flannel or merino underclothing for tricycling, even when she was not using them for ordinary wear, and she found that they not only made her much less liable to take cold, but added very much to her comfort also. Moreover, when she did not forget it, as she unfortunately had on this occasion, she always took a light jacket or wrap of some kind, to slip on whenever they took a long rest.

This explanation mollified Mrs. Wilson, who made no further objection to the girls riding again as soon as Ella was well enough; and during the remainder of Doris' and Joan's visit the trio had short rides almost every day, besides making several long excursions. On these occasions they always carried a small bundle of wraps slung under one machine, either rolled up in a mackintosh or packed in a small leather bag, as they found that without some such protection, by the time they wanted their jackets they were either saturated with dust or splashed all over with mud, according to the state of the roads. Under the other machine they carried a good-sized basket with a lid, which held a little fruit, and cakes or biscuits, as well as their sketch-books when they started, and served as a receptacle for flowers on their homeward journey. At first they used to take a bottle of milk or lemonade in the basket; but it added considerably to the weight, and they found, too, that when they were tired and thirsty, nothing refreshed them so much and gave them so much vigour for the start home again as a cup of tea, which they generally managed to obtain in some of the little villages they passed through. To avoid any chance of being deprived of their favourite beverage, they generally took a tiny packet of tea with them, and they never found a village so poor that it could not at least supply them with boiling water.

Ella felt a good many scruples at leaving her aunt so much; but Mrs. Wilson took such a keen interest in the expeditions, and so decidedly refused all Ella's offers to stay at home with her, that she had really no choice in the matter; and she had the comfort of knowing that in her absence the servants were both able and willing to do all Mrs. Wilson needed, and that Mrs. Mobberly could always come to spend part of the day with her, and so prevent her feeling dull.

(To be continued.)

ISABEL'S FORTUNE.

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

CHAPTER V.

NEW SCENES.



THERE was only one adviser that Mabel Randolph could venture to go to in her trouble and distress. Mrs. Rose had been her mother's friend for many years, and to her Mabel decided to go the next day.

It was not easy to tell one so kind and sympathising even as Mrs. Rose a trouble that was regarded almost as a disgrace, but at last Mabel managed to open her whole heart to the lady, and sob out her fear that she had brought disgrace upon God's name and cause.

Mrs. Rose smiled as she looked at the drooping head. "My dear, I think we often exaggerate our own importance in this particular. We fancy we are such important people, that all the world must be looking on, to praise or blame what we may be doing; but the world has its own affairs to take care of, and very little time to spare for ours. What we should think of more is the effect of any particular action upon ourselves, and our own inner life—whether we are hurting our own conscience or forfeiting our own self-respect."

"I did think I was doing my best when I managed the house, but—but I see now, I ought to have taken up things more heartily," admitted Mabel.

"That's right, my dear; I am glad you can see what was a very real fault, and are ready to admit it. I saw it, and often deplored it, and tried to make you see it too, but without success. Now, that failing to take hold of things was the root cause of all the mistakes that your father had to complain of. You had set your mind upon going to Girton or becoming a missionary, and had no heart in the work that lay nearest to your hand. To see and acknowledge, and try to remedy this in the future, is far better than all the vain vapourings about dishonouring God; and having once seen it, I shall expect you, Mabel, to be on your guard against it for the future," said Mrs. Rose, "and now let us discuss this point. What is it you wish to do?"

"There is only one thing I can do," said Mabel, with a sigh—"become a governess."

"A missionary among English heathens—well, Mabel, that may be as good a preparation as Girton," said Mrs. Rose.

Mabel opened her eyes. "I do not understand you," she said.

"Perhaps not, but you know, Mabel, there is in many a well-to-do English family as much forgetfulness of God—as much practical heathenism—as there is in many heathen lands. We have Sunday-schools where the children of the poor are taught of an inner spiritual life, but there is many a child of wealth who has no one to tell him or her of a life beyond that of eating and drinking and enjoyment. I often think of these poor spiritually starved children of the wealthy classes, and wish we could have Sunday-schools or send missionaries to them."

It was not without purpose that Mrs. Rose talked in this way to Mabel, for while she was pouring out her trouble to her a sudden thought had come almost as an inspiration, and she wanted to prepare Mabel's mind for what she had to propose.

Mabel began to think there must be some purpose in Mrs. Rose's talk, and she said eagerly, "But how can I be a missionary to these neglected well-to-do children?"

"There is of course only one way—by teaching them—becoming their governess, and without actually forcing religion upon them, leading their minds to think of a higher, purer, nobler life than the present one of mere enjoyment can be, and enforcing it by example, as well as precept. Now I must tell you of some news I had this morning. A friend of my sister's is in search of a governess for her two little girls. They have been left entirely to the care of servants, and are very wild and unmanageable, although only six and eight years of age. Now, if you could become a missionary or governess to these poor little English heathens, I believe you would be doing God's work just as much as though you went out to India or China to find them."

This view of a governess's duties was altogether a new one to Mabel, and she was evidently so taken with it that her friend thought it would be wise to say a word against any exaggeration of the idea.

"Of course, the wish the mother of these little girls has is that you shall teach them the usual rudiments of an English education. Beyond that, I believe she has no idea of anything being necessary, but no one can live with children without influencing them for good or evil, and I am particularly desirous of securing something of that for these little girls. Mind, it would give great offence, I believe, if you talked much about religion, but no one can resist its power if you live it, and that is what I believe you have desired to do, in spite of all the blunders you have made over it, Mabel."

"Oh, thank you for believing in me still," said Mabel, tears welling up to her eyes again as she spoke.

"Why, of course I believe in you, and you must believe in yourself, if you are ever to do any good in the world. You have made a grave mistake lately, but I don't think you will repeat it, although you may make others; but if you are true to your own highest ideal, and to the work that lies nearest to your hand, with all the heartiness that is in you, believing that that particular thing is God's work for you, your mistakes will not be many in future. And now we will come to particulars. Mrs. Winthrop wants a governess who will take entire charge of these two little girls, teaching them a little French, music, and drawing, in addition to the usual English reading and writing. All this I believe you can manage, dear."

"Yes; I could teach German and a little Italian too, if it was necessary," said Mabel, in an eager tone.

The project as presented to her by Mrs. Rose was so different from what it had appeared before, that now she was anxious to enter upon its duties as soon as possible.

She went home looking cheerful and happy, and quite forgot that as yet Mary had heard nothing of her projected departure from the family circle.

"You've been to see Mrs. Rose, I know," was her sister's greeting, as she entered the breakfast-room. "What is the trouble, Mabel? I could see there was something when you came down this morning, but before I could get a chance of speaking you were gone."

"Yes, I thought I should feel better if I talked it over with Mrs. Rose first, and I do—indeed, it seems the next best thing to being a missionary to India."

"What does? What grand scheme have you got in your head now?" asked Mary, laughing.

"Send the children away, and I will tell you all about it," said Mabel, who was quite eager to unfold her news now.

Mary glanced at the clock on the mantel-piece. "In ten minutes it will be time for them to go and get ready for their walk," she said, "and we have not quite finished lessons."

Mabel frowned. "You might let them go for once," she said.

"They shall as soon as they have finished, but you know mamma used to say it was so necessary to be regular with children."

Mabel took up her bonnet, which she had laid on the table, and went to her own room without replying, and thither Mary followed her, as soon as she had sent the children to the nursery.

"Now tell me all about everything, Mab; I know there is something the matter," she said, seating herself on a low chair.

"I thought it was a dreadful something last night, when papa first told me. Did he say anything to you about it?"

"No; he only looked worried, but I

could see there was something amiss. Don't keep me in suspense, Mab; what is it?"

"I am going away from home—going to be a governess," said Mabel, gravely.

Mary looked horrified. "Going out to earn your living," she gasped.

"Don't—don't speak of it that way," said Mabel.

"But I must. What other way is there of speaking of it?" said practical Mary.

"Mrs. Rose saw it only as an opportunity for doing God's work in the world, and that you know is what I have always desired."

"But to be a governess," protested Mary. "I thought to be a missionary was your great desire."

"So it was, but they are alike in this, that both have to teach, and Mrs. Rose has shown me to-day that a governess can also be a missionary, in teaching her pupils something of the higher life, as well as history and geography."

"But, Mabel, it isn't fair; you are the eldest, and ought to stay at home," protested Mary. "Mamma often told me that I might have to go out, if papa's business did not improve, and she said I should not feel it such a hardship as you would, because I could accommodate myself to change of circumstances better than you."

"Then perhaps that is why it is the more necessary for me to go," said Mabel. "At all events I am going, if papa approves of the situation Mrs. Rose has heard of. The salary is very good for such young children—forty pounds a year for teaching two little girls like Selina and Constance."

But Mary would not see anything good about this proposed arrangement. She was almost as full of grief and dismay as Mabel herself had been, and looked upon it as a piece of cruel injustice on the part of her father.

So Mabel had to become comforter in turn, as Mrs. Rose had been to her, and convince Mary that the proposed arrangement would be best for all parties in the end, although they might not like it at first.

Mrs. Rose's proposal was laid before Mr. Randolph when he came home, and he so far approved it as to sanction Mabel's writing herself to Mrs. Winthrop about the matter.

After some little correspondence had passed, all the preliminaries were arranged, and it was agreed that Mabel should join the family in London, where they were going to spend the season.

She found that her two pupils had been, as Mrs. Rose said, woefully neglected. The nurse who had had the care of them was an ignorant but plausible woman, and Mrs. Winthrop had been too much occupied with her society engagements to give much attention to her children, and so their childish faults had grown on unchecked, so long as they did not greatly interfere with the comfort of the nursery party, and when it did, and there was an outbreak of temper on the part of either of the little girls, nurse had always one unfailing threat ready. She always told them that God was very angry with naughty girls, and would put them down the pit hole if they were not good.

So Mabel found one day, when trying to teach them a simple prayer, that their only idea of God was one of terror, for Madeline, the younger of the two, burst into tears and exclaimed, "No, no, I can't say that, for if I speak His name, perhaps He'll come and put me in the pit hole when I ain't naughty."

"My dear Madeline, what do you mean?" said Mabel, lifting the child on to her knee.

She had been with them a week now, and they began to feel some confidence in her, so Ellen, the elder of the two, nestled close up to her side, and whispered, "We never talk about God, only when we are naughty. Nurse tells us He will come and put us in the pit hole then."

Mabel looked horrified, as her thoughts went back to her conversation with Mrs. Rose.

"My dear Nellie, nurse has made a great mistake about God," she said, and there she stopped, puzzled to know what to say next, in face of such a terror as the children showed, as she again repeated the dreaded name.

At last she said, "Did you ever hear about Jesus coming down from heaven, and making the little children and the poor people well, who had been ill a long time."

"Did their heads ache, like mine did when I was ill?" asked Nellie, eagerly.

"Yes, and one little girl died," went on Mabel.

"Did they put her in the pit hole?" asked Madeline, with a shiver.

"No, no, dear; Jesus went into the house and looked at her, and then put strength and life into her again, so that when He said to her, 'Sit up,' she sat up in the bed, and then He told her father and mother to take care of her."

"Who is Jesus?" asked Ellen.

"He is God's dear Son, who came down from heaven to teach us that God loves us—every one of us."

But Madeline shook her head at this. "He likes to put people in pit holes," she said.

"Never mind that now; tell us more about Jesus, please, Miss Mabel."

Randolph was rather a difficult word for them to pronounce, and so it had been arranged that the children should call her "Miss Mabel."

"Very well, dear, I will tell you a story every day, and read to you about Jesus out of a book I have got upstairs."

There was no more said about the prayer just then, for Mabel saw that she must first of all try to open her pupils' minds to receive the ideas the words would convey, and rid them of this senseless terror concerning the pit hole.

So the name of God was avoided for some time, but she read to them every day some incident from the life of the Lord Jesus Christ, and on Sunday she sang and played to them on the schoolroom piano simple hymn tunes, when of course they soon wanted to learn the words.

At first Madeline could never repeat the name that had been such a terror to her without a shiver, even when singing it, but by degrees it began to wear off, and then Mabel ventured once more to teach them a simple prayer.

By her own desire she went to the night nursery when the children had been bathed ready for bed, and kneeled down with them beside the little white cots, and slowly said the words which they repeated after her. It gradually dawned upon Ellen that she used to do this a long time ago, but who had taught her she could not remember, but there was less fear in her mind than in her younger sister's, and this recollection of bygone days seemed to dissipate the last remnants of it.

Mrs. Winthrop was delighted with her new governess. She did not take the trouble to find out what she taught the children, but the result, as shown in their improved behaviour when they went down to dessert, and the affectionate way in which they always spoke of "dear Miss Mabel," convinced her that the children were under better control and better tuition than they had been before, and that was sufficient.

She was speaking of her treasure of a governess to some friends one day, who had been complaining of theirs, and then she added, "I must say I was a little afraid of her at first, for the lady who recommended her is, I know, a clergyman's wife, and particularly religious, and I thought Miss Randolph might be the same, and would want to thrust her opinions upon me at every seasonable or unseasonable opportunity."

"Yes, that is why I hate religious people," remarked one of the ladies; "they are so very inconsiderate."

"Well, for my part I don't believe in religion at all now. I've seen so much of it, and got so tired of it, that when anyone professes to be religious, I just shake my head and make up my mind that they are rather more selfish than most people, and I told Miss Randolph this as soon as she came," said Mrs. Winthrop.

"Ah! it's best to begin as you mean to go on," said another lady.

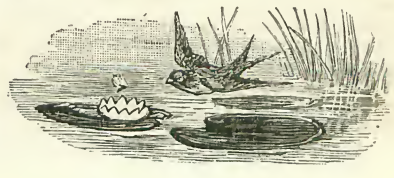
"Yes, and I was determined I would have none of Miss Randolph's religion in my house."

"But what about the children—will she not teach them?" asked another.

"Oh, yes! I daresay she will, as she teaches them music and French, and I have no objection to it as a sort of accomplishment. I told her I should never interfere with what she taught them, so long as she made them well behaved and lady-like, and I must say she has succeeded beyond my expectations."

"Well, it is a comfort to hear of a governess who does her work thoroughly in these degenerate days, and I would forgive any amount of religion to get my children properly taught," concluded another of the ladies, rising to bid her hostess good-bye as she spoke.

(To be continued.)



LADY JANE

A TRUE STORY.



"GRANNIE," said Ethel Deane, one afternoon, in the summer of 1872, to about the most kind-hearted, sweet-tempered, and comeliest old lady that ever rustled in stiff black silk, "I am utterly at a loss to understand how you can bring yourself to be so patient and courteous to that tiresomely talkative old maid, Miss Henderson. Why, I declare, this is positively the third time she has called since my visit here began—only last Monday week; and on each occasion she has remained here, jabbering away about nothing, for upwards of an hour. Do you know——"

"Well, my dear Ethel, pray proceed," said Mrs. Nares, observing that her granddaughter had come to a full stop, and at the same time withdrawing the keen and scrutinising glance which had suddenly checked her tongue in mid career. "Do I know what?"

"Oh, I was only going to say that she irresistibly reminds me of Miss Bates in 'Emma.' I can't think why you should make so much of her," replied Ethel. "Were I in your place, I am quite sure I should be giving her a good broad hint to 'make herself scarcer.'"

"Were you really in my place, you would have my feelings, Ethel, on every point," remarked Mrs. Nares, rather severely for her. "The observation is trite enough, but so was yours; therefore they are well matched. But, my dear, let me tell you that, though you could not be aware of it, you were absolutely rude to Miss Henderson just now; you interrupted her twice. Three times she asked you a question, to which you deigned no reply, once you almost yawned in her face, and all along you hardly listened to her."

"Oh, grannie! I am truly sorry that I allowed my feelings to appear so plainly as all that," said Ethel, "and I am not only sorry but surprised, so much so that, had anyone but you been the accuser, I should have hesitated to believe them."

"If I am wrong, my eyes and ears must be failing me—quite suddenly, too; for hitherto I have found them tolerably trustworthy, notwithstanding that they have been doing duty for seventy years. But come, Ethel, do you think you could manage to conjure up sufficient interest in a plain, middle-aged unmarried woman, not unlike Miss Henderson, to listen to her history, blended with a little of my own—just by way of seasoning, you know?"

"Ah! grannie, now you're getting satirical!" exclaimed Ethel.

"In a very mild way—as becomes an old woman and a grandmother, Ethel. But seriously, I have often noticed that you appear to take no interest except in persons who are either very young or what you consider very aged. Had I the pen of a ready writer, I would indite a novel for your especial benefit, and call it a 'Romance of Middle Life.' I could find materials enough to make the title true."

"I should enjoy reading it immensely, grannie. And now, I am all ears for your *viva voce* story of a middle-aged spinster."

"Well, then, Ethel, 'here goes,' as your brother Philip says. Sixty years ago, as near as may be, my father and mother went to live at Featherstone Hall in Yorkshire—a large, rambling, red-brick house, which was even then somewhat old-fashioned. Our nearest neighbours in our new 'old' home were the Earl and Countess of Leith, who had a very large family of young children and a very small income—certainly not more than £700 a year, which is surely little enough for an Earl. The Leiths called upon us within a month or so of our settling at the Hall; but the acquaintance did not rapidly ripen into intimacy. Though, as we subsequently discovered, the Leiths were glad enough of our society, the poverty which debarred them from associating on equal terms with people in their own rank, rendered them somewhat shy and reserved with everyone, at the outset. Their eldest daughter, Lady Jane Haigh, then an awkward, ungainly, over-grown girl of twelve—though she afterwards developed into a beautiful young woman—manifested a similar tendency, even at her tender age, to keep folks at a distance; and though my own disposition was frank and unreserved, even to a fault, I found it at first extremely difficult to get on with her—which was the more provoking, as I needed a companion, and we were just of an age. (My eldest brother John, who had been my companion, had joined the army three years before, and fallen in the Peninsular War.) One fine day, however, the ice was broken in a very comical manner. The garden of the house which the Leiths rented was separated from our kitchen garden by an ivy-mantled wall about six feet high, which it was my great delight to scale, and there sit mounted on the coping, sometimes for hours at a stretch, surveying all that could be seen, and feeling as if I were monarch of all I surveyed.

"One bright June morning, as I was seated in this singularly undignified position, and looking into our neighbours' garden, who should pop from behind a thick laurel hedge but my Lady Jane! I bade her a good morning, which she shyly returned, at the same time looking wistfully, as I thought, at me, on my elevated perch. Without more ado, I invited her to join me. She hesitated, from fear, as I fancied; whereupon, I hastened to assure her that, thanks to the ivy, there was neither danger nor difficulty in climbing the wall. Thus encouraged, she proceeded to make the attempt. Somehow or other, however, in the final effort to seat herself on the top of the wall, she lost her balance, and fell headforemost into a water-butt which our gardener had freshly filled from the pond in our orchard. I can hardly refrain from laughing now at the recollection of the absurd figure she cut, with her heels kicking helplessly in the air. But it was no time for laughter then. Down I jumped in a moment, and hauled her out by main force, dripping like a water-rat, but otherwise none the worse for her sousing. From that day forth we were bosom friends. Scarcely a day passed without our seeing something of one another, either morning, noon, or night. She made me her confidant; and she sorely needed one, for she was always full of troubles, and had nobody to whom she could breathe them. Poor Jane! Her mother was the very reverse of a fond one; and, I need hardly tell you, it is upon a mother's affection that a young girl's happiness principally depends. As for Lord Leith, his wife ruled him, as she ruled her children, with a rod of iron. Well, as time wore on, I confess that I began to find poor Jane, with her long face and longer list of petty grievances—which yet made up a substantial sum of misery—now and then a 'bit of a bore,' as you would say. Her plaints were sadly monotonous. It was always the same old story of Lady Leith's, as it seemed to me, groundless severity. For Jane was, in the main, a good girl, whose heart might have been entirely won by a little steady kindness, but who was fast learning to hate her mother and her home, under the influence of the harsh treatment to which she was subjected. Meanwhile, I had fondly hoped, and encouraged her to hope, that as she grew up her mother's severity would relax; but, on the contrary, it seemed, if possible, to become more stringent.

"So things went on with her, poor girl, from bad to worse, for about six years from the date of our first going to live at Featherstone. Then came a change. Love entered on the scene. A handsome young officer in the Life Guards, who happened to be staying in the neighbourhood, saw her at church, took a fancy to her fair, pale face, procured an introduction to her parents, wooed her, and won her heart. They were formally engaged. The wedding was fixed to take place on the eighteenth anniversary of her birthday, the 1st of December, 1818. The day arrived, and brought not the bridegroom, but a curt and formal letter from him, stating that important business, which brooked of no delay, would prevent him from keeping his engagement. The letter was delivered only just in time to hinder the bridal party from setting out for the church. On the 31st of December she learned from the newspaper that Captain Damien had jilted her in favour of a widow fifteen years her senior."

"The wretch!" exclaimed Ethel, fiercely. "Of course, he married her for her money."

"No, my dear, that is the strangest part of the matter, and the one redeeming feature in his conduct. By her second marriage the widow forfeited every farthing of the large fortune which her first husband had settled upon her. And, after all, it is better that a man should be faithless before the knot is tied than after. Probably that philosophical reflection never occurred to poor Jane. At any rate, it was not likely to afford her much comfort then; and thereafter—but you shall hear.

"Pending her engagement, which followed very shortly on her first introduction to Captain Damien, Jane entirely neglected her old friend. I felt deeply hurt at being thus cast off, yet I think I should have received her with open arms had she flown to me for consolation in the dire distress which overtook her. However, as it happened, my magnanimity was never put to the test in that way. She not only abstained from seeking me out; she even refused to see me when I called upon her in the old informal fashion, and barely condescended to acknowledge the letter of condolence which I sent her. Once, from the window of a summerhouse which overlooked the Leiths' grounds (by this time I had abandoned my childish propensity for climbing walls), I saw her strolling in the shrubbery which divided the garden from the paddock. She looked so utterly wretched and woebegone, that in a moment I forgot my wounded pride and dignity, and beckoned to her. The gesture could not have escaped her, for our eyes met, and she looked embarrassed; but, instead of responding to it, she turned upon her heel and ran away. Then, she was obviously bent upon shunning me, and

I—I secretly resolved to think of her no more.

"This was in the second week of January, 1819. Meanwhile, love had begun to play its part in my life, too. I had met your grandfather, Ethel, once at an evening party on Twelfth Night, and was to meet him again at a concert—a classical concert—at York, on Candlemas evening. Now, I have often heard it said that well-conducted young ladies never fall in love at first sight; then I was not a well-conducted young lady. Most assuredly, it was nothing but the desire to see your grandfather again that made me so anxious for Candlemas to come—so loth to miss that concert. Well, as I was dressing for it in a great hurry—for dinner had been delayed, and the delay had made me late—the parlour-maid brought me a note from Lady Jane—of all persons in the world!—begging me to go and meet her at once "in the shrubbery," where she would be waiting for me. This was too much for me in my then frame of mind. Was I to be at her beck and call after she had so deliberately cast me adrift? to forego my long-expected pleasure for the sake of one who had treated me so cavalierly? No; moreover, if Lady Jane really wanted to see me, why could she not have come to me instead of sending for me? In any case, since she had contrived to do without me so long, she must now contrive to do without me till next morning. Such, though couched in a somewhat politer form, was the substance of the message which I gave the maid, to be conveyed through Lady Jane's messenger, the stable-boy, to Lady Jane. I had no time to write a note.

"Shortly afterwards, I went down to the drawing-room to wait for the carriage. The rumble of its wheels effectually dissipated the slight twinge of remorse with which my neglect of my old friend's summons had inspired me. Nor did she once recur to my thoughts till Priscilla—yes, that was the parlour-maid's name—came rushing into my room next morning, at half-past eleven, with an 'Oh! miss, have you heard the news?' upon her lips, and her eyes half-starting out of her round, red face. 'The news!' I said, 'why, you silly girl, I am but just awake. How should I have heard the news? what news?' 'Oh! dear, miss, about Lady Jane. She's been and gone off with Tom Billington.' 'Tom Billington!' I exclaimed, 'and who on earth may he be?' 'Why, a sodger, miss, belonging to that there regiment as is quartered at York. Tom was billeted at my aunt's in the Norgate; and a rum customer he is, miss, by all accounts. They was seen together, in a fly, on the York road this morning, as ever was, at six o'clock.'

"Preposterous—wildly improbable—almost impossible, as the girl's story sounded, it turned out to be only too true. And before the day was over, all the county knew that Lord Leith's eldest daughter had run away with a private soldier."

Here the old lady paused, folded her delicate white hands on her lap, and seemed lost in sad reflection.

"Yes, grannie?" said Ethel, after a while, by way of reminding her that her narrative was unfinished.

"Judge of my sufferings," Mrs. Nares slowly and solemnly resumed, "when Priscilla's tidings were confirmed! This, then, was what poor Jane wanted to see me—probably, to consult me—about. And, had I, instead of studying only my own selfish enjoyment, acceded to her request, I might have prevented this catastrophe! So, at least, I then fondly imagined; believing that my influence with her would have been sufficiently powerful to dissuade her from taking that fatal step. I had yet to learn how little the voice of the truest and most faithful friendship can avail against the impulse of headstrong passion. Nor have I ever quite succeeded in convincing myself that in this instance my voice would have been uplifted in vain.

"Well, the runaways were married—at Gretna Green, of course—lived together unhappily for two or three years, had one child, and then parted for ever. She was better off, poor creature, in every respect, without him. He was, at best, a selfish sot, who spent every shilling of his pay at the pot-house, and left her to shift for herself on the pittance she from time to time received—not from her family, who simply ignored her existence—but from her only friend. At his worst, he was a vile brute, who, when cajolery failed to extort from her the little all that she and her child had to depend on, resorted to threats, and from threats to actual violence. Lucky, indeed, for her was the day when he deserted her. Meanwhile, her little daughter—God bless her!—was growing up to be a help and comfort to her. For her poor mother's sake, she refused, to my certain knowledge, a most advantageous offer from an officer in the East India Company's service, rather than leave her alone in England, or take her to a country where the climate would have killed her. It was no slight act of self-sacrifice, because she really loved him. By this time, however, she had received a good education from her mother's one friend, and was keeping a small school, the profits of which sufficed to maintain both her mother and herself. In course of time, the little school expanded into a large one; and she was enabled to repay her mother's friend every farthing that she had advanced, to afford her mother—who is still alive, though now palsied and bedridden—every comfort that her condition required, and to make some provision for the day when she herself may be old and infirm. Fortunately for her, she has a relish for her vocation. But, as there is no blessing—except that of a clear conscience—without its concomitant drawbacks, during the holidays she finds the time hang heavy on her hands, and is very thankful to have anyone to talk to—especially an old friend. And now, my dear, you know why I took the trouble to teach, and why I do more than tolerate—why I love and esteem the lady to whom you were so uncivil an hour or two ago."

"But her name, grannie, is Henderson, not Billington!" exclaimed Ethel, thinking that the old lady's mind must have been wandering.

"Her father had so disgraced that name that she and Lady Jane deemed it prudent and justifiable to change it. And now, Ethel, is not this, in its way, the story of a heroine—a plain, hard featured, somewhat dowdy heroine, if you please—but still a heroine?"

"Yes, grannie, and I promise you I will never be rude to Miss Henderson again. Only—only, will you permit me to say—just between ourselves, you know—that I think she must have been a terribly dull pupil."

"There, my dear, you are right. It was very hard to teach her anything; though what she once learnt she never forgot. But the task was trying. That was the arduous part of my atonement."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

A. L. B.—If in want of French books to read by way of improving your knowledge of that language, you had better procure Lamartine's poems and Mme. de Genlis' *Veilles du Château*, and her *Petits Emigrés*; also the fables of La Fontaine. In German you might read the *Heroen Geschichte* of Niebuhr. But you will find no lack of books perfectly suitable for you in that language. Schiller's minor poems would be very suitable for you to learn by heart.

Constant Reader.—Make a careful study of our two articles on "Punctuation," vol. iv., pp. 726 and 794. Also those on the "Art of Penmanship," vol. i., page 538. Mr. Tarn is our publisher; the editor does not interfere with his department.

Forearmed had better become a student of the Christian Evidence Society, 13, Buckingham-street, Strand, W.C., of which the president is the Archbishop of Canterbury. If you write to the secretary, the Rev. T. T. Waterman, he will tell you how to be admitted to the instruction classes. Prizes and certificates are given. Pupils of all ages and both sexes are eligible.

Marion.—You should examine your motives for wishing to go out as a missionary to China, whether really from love to Christ and anxiety for the salvation of souls. Then your aptness for acquiring a very difficult foreign language. For we have known of godly persons selecting this vocation who had to return home again in consequence of utter inability to learn the language. You had better apply to the Deaconess in Charge, Deaconesses' Training Institution, 41, Ferntower-road, Mildmay Park, London, N., or The Willows, Stoke Newington, N.

Violet.—The University of Cambridge is said to have owed its origin to Sigebert, King of the East Angles, about 530 A.D., restored by Edward the Elder after the Danish invasion, by whom the town was burnt, in 870 and 1010. In 1110 it began to revive, Henry II. bestowing on it many privileges. At Oxford there was an academy, described as "ancient" by Pope Martin II. in a deed, dated 802. In 879, King Alfred founded the schools, and in 1248 Henry III. granted them a charter. Queen Elizabeth incorporated the schools in both Cambridge and Oxford into Universities, the former in 1571, and the latter in 1570.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Blue Bell.—The truths of Christianity preached by the apostles and their contemporary disciples were exactly the same as those contained in the New Testament, "such as we read in Church." The Gospels and Epistles and Book of Revelation which we possess, they were Divinely inspired to write. The Books of the Old Testament, to which our Lord Himself, as well as they, referred, are also just the same.

Ellen White.—If you have your living to earn, to qualify yourself for a situation as lady's maid, you must make the best of temporary privations in the matter of walks, and perhaps make various sacrifices. But when you have learnt dress-making, millinery, and hairdressing, you will, if sufficiently tall, well mannered, and respectful, be worth good wages; and you will enjoy more open-air exercise, or at least quite sufficient. The motto "*Laborare est orare*" means (in Latin) "To Labour is to pray."

Tom's Sweetheart.—We are glad to hear that you are "a good girl," although such a testimony to your merit would come better from another's lips than your own. The word "courtesy" was one of those about which, in the last century, there was an arbitrary fashion, now, happily, discarded, for it should be pronounced as spelt, or as "core-tesy."

Loyal and True.—We think you must have been misinformed. "Peroxide of hydrogen" is also called sometimes "oxygenated water." It is a bleaching agent, generally used to modify or lighten the colour of the hair. We doubt its utility for other purposes.

Mistress Agnew.—The Marshal Niel should have a south aspect. We fancy, from your letter, that air and sun must be lacking to it, and perhaps the old wood has yet to be thinned out. Why not get a gardener to look at it for you?

A Puzzled Competitor need not worry herself if she be not intentionally dishonest.

Madge had better get some older relative to say something to her shy lover, if she really means to marry

him. In all probability he sees that she is *half hearted*; and even after their three years' engagement, he is not quite sure that she really loves him enough to be a good wife. "Madge" had better try to see *his* side of the question, as she is evidently anything but perfection herself, and may be eminently unsatisfactory to her lover.

PYBUS.—Navy-blue serge should be trimmed with braid on a white foundation, which is let into the blue serge in panels. The 12th of Jan., 1870, was a Wednesday.

ROB ROY.—The bride wears her wreath and veil during the wedding breakfast, and it is she who makes the first incision in the cake, but it may be cut into small pieces by the bridesmaids, or done for them.

ENID MAY.—April is the general time for sowing perennials.

DAUGHTER PEGGY.—Many different recipes are given for the cure of drunkenness, but the only true cure lies in the person's own determined effort, resting on God's help.

LILY.—The sentiments of the poem are, as is usual amongst young people, morbid; and the story a miserable one. The lines, though rhymed, are not poetry.

BAD CIRCULATION should read the advice of "Medicus" in the G.O.P., and would also do well to consult a doctor personally.

QUAM.—You might advertise for the back numbers of the G.O.P. that are out of print. Many books may be obtained in that manner.

DAISY J. U.—We sympathise much with you on the state of your complexion, but we know of nothing except patience, if the advice of "Medicus" be of no use. However, you say that you do not use his chief prescription, *i.e.*, soft water.



PURPLE CLEMATIS.

HONEST PENNY could patent her recipe, and then get a person to manufacture it for her, of course.

SNOWDROP can always wear a pair of old kid gloves as she goes about her housework, and should adopt a little mop or handled dish-cloth when washing up.

LIEBLING.—Probably a course of strengthening food, medicine, and change of air are what you need.

MARTHE L'AIGLY.—We have no regular times for proposing competitions, but their recurrence from time to time is always announced in our paper beforehand. It is not at all necessary that you should assume a name other than your own. For present competition, see page 416 in the part for April.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. VIII.—NO. 386. MAY 21, 1887. PRICE ONE PENNY.

SOME NORWEGIAN CHARACTERISTICS.

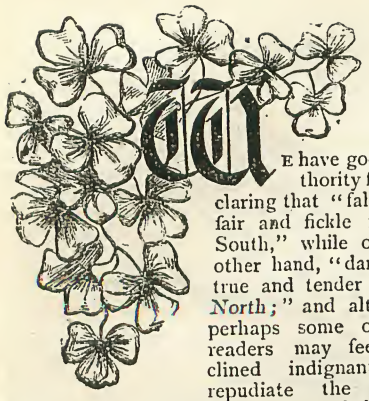
BY THE REV. THOMAS B. WILLSON, M.A., Author of "The Handy Guide to Norway."



(From a painting by Tidemand.)

INTERIOR OF A NORWEGIAN HOUSE.

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We have good authority for declaring that "false and fair and fickle is the South," while on the other hand, "dark and true and tender is the North;" and although perhaps some of my readers may feel inclined indignantly to repudiate the theory which Lord Tennyson has propounded in his charming song from "The Princess," yet I think, on reflection, we must admit there is a considerable element of truth in it.

The readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER are at present enjoying the record of the travels of two London bachelors in the "false, fair, and fickle South," and I have no doubt the description of those scenes, in which nature and art combine to produce beautiful results, must make many who have not seen them, long to cross the icy wall which shuts out the northern barbarians from the land of Giotti, Raffael, and Michael Angelo. Still, I venture, notwithstanding all that, to direct the reader's thoughts in another direction, from South to North, from the land of vines and olives to the land of juniper and pine; from the fair, and often "false and fickle" Southern, to the rugged, dark, and honest Northman.

I ask you to come to the Northern land, to *Gamle Norge* (Old Norway), so loved by its sons and daughters, and to see something of its people, to learn something of their character, to sit with them in their homes, to listen to their music, not so much the finished classical works of men like Grieg or Halfdan Kjærulf (though they, and like composers, do not fail to reproduce many of the national characteristics), but rather the folk songs so typical of the land in which they have their birth; a music tinged with the sombre hue of their own rugged mountains, full oftentimes of the melancholy which seems always to exist amongst a people who live in a land where existence is more or less of a struggle against nature, and where there is more of gloom than sunshine.

But do not imagine that all is cold, and dark, and gloomy in the Northern land. The winter, it is true, is long, but the nights are made glorious in the far North by the aurora and by the moon, which, during the absence of the sun, never sets. And then the days come when the sun shines with warmth again, the snows quickly melt away, and summer (for spring can hardly be said to exist) comes in "by leaps and bounds," and transforms the land into a country of which it may truly be said, "there is no night there."

Such surroundings cannot fail to influence the character of those who live among them, just in the same way as the almost perpetual brightness of the

". . . warm South, where Europe spreads her lands
Like fretted leaflets breathing on the deep,"

has affected that of the Southern nations. And so it is that we find the people of Norway influenced in no small and inconsiderable degree by the nature of the land in which they dwell. It is true they have changed more or less since the days of their forefathers. There is not now, perhaps, the same spirit of unrest and desire for adventure which marked the Norseman of the eighth and ninth centuries, whose fierceness sent up in the churches of Northern France the piteous prayer: *A furore Normannorum libera nos, Domine.* Those wild days have come to an end. Nations, it seems, no less than individuals, have their *wanderjahre.*

The national misfortunes may have had something to do with it. The centuries which followed the days of Haakon Haakonsson, the union with, and subsequent dependence upon, Denmark, would have been enough to quench altogether the flame of national life out of less hardy breasts, and when the nation's renaissance came, the old heroic days had passed away, and other channels must be found for the courage and activity of the Norseman.

It is not always easy for summer tourists to form correct ideas of the national characteristics of the country they visit, but in Norway it is easier than most other European countries ordinarily accessible. The travellers are yet, comparatively speaking, so few, and the country so large, that you come more directly in contact with the people. You do not, as in Switzerland, find yourself surrounded by the same kind of people you will meet in Bond Street or the Park. Neither do you find the vast hotels, and luxurious mode of life common in the Swiss summer resorts. No, you are in a land where there is still plenty of "elbow room," and ample opportunities for studying the character of its inhabitants. It was, it is true, once the same in Switzerland, but those days are gone by, and one can only hope Norway may long retain the delightful freshness which is so characteristic of it now.

There is one point which must strike at once even the most superficial observer of Norwegian character, and that is its independence. There is very little of cringing servility in the constitution of the genuine Norseman. This independence is not the self-asserting independence which is generally supposed to be characteristic of the Yankee American. It is a grave, solemn affair. The man feels he is a free man, dwelling upon his own land, and that he has a right to be respected by those he comes in contact with. It will not do for the English tourist in Norway to expect that he can, by merely commanding, obtain what he wants. He must adopt another method. I have often seen this illustrated. If you do not treat a Norwegian properly, he will leave you to your own devices until you come to another frame of mind. If, on the contrary, you are properly polite, you will meet with as much kindness in Norway, or more, than in any other country. It would be wrong to blame them for this independence of character; on the contrary, it is one of those very qualities for which they are to be commended. It is an inherited quality, and has come down to them from the times when the King and the peasant met in the *Thing* to settle the affairs of the land.

Hand in hand with this independence goes very true courtesy. It is not fair to judge the national character by occasional unpleasant station keepers, whom tourists may chance to come across. Because such and such a man, at such a place, may have turned a deaf ear to your reiterated demand for three horses when, perhaps, he had only one, it is no reason to assume the Norwegians to be uncivil, and to feel it your duty to enter a long complaint on that score in the *Dagbog*. People who will, without a murmur, get out of their beds in the middle of the night to let you in and get you food, as I have often known them do, when the remuneration they receive is very small, sometimes next to nothing, are not an uncivil race. Any small present given to a Norwegian is invariably acknowledged in a way which makes you feel you are almost assisting in a religious ceremony. If you give your post-boy a few *öre*, he will take off his hat, and shake hands solemnly with the whole party, and the same ceremony is gone through on the very smallest provocation by others. As you drive through the country, and pass the peasants at their work, they lift their hats to you, and expect you to do the same. This custom, I fear, will not long survive on the frequented roads, if tourists imagine, as many do, that the people are merely saluting them, as the village labourer touches his hat to the squire, and fail to return the salute.

After meals in a Norwegian family the guest is expected to shake hands with, or bow to, the host and hostess, and exclaim "*Tak for maden*," or "Thank you for the meal," and this is repeated on each occasion. And in some places when you meet your host, say in the street a week after, you exclaim "*Tak for Sidst*," or "Thank you for the last occasion"—a form which recalls South's sarcastic definition of gratitude, "A sense of obligation for favours expected." The Norwegian is hospitable, and always ready to drink your good health with you; sometimes it is in the innocuous and pleasant currant wine, a favourite drink in the south; at other times it is in the *aqua vit*, which to the uninitiated seems to be a compound of spirits of wine and caraway seeds, but is highly esteemed in the country. The custom is trying at times. I have had to attempt to drink a compound which professed to be a brown sherry, at 6 a.m., and to appear to enjoy it! It would never do not to respond to the kindly feeling which prompts such acts.

Travelling through Norway, one must be struck by the love of animals which the Norwegians display. Their horses or ponies are always kindly used, and they quickly resent any attempt on the part of a traveller to overdrive them. There is a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in Christiania, and it has printed suggestions as to the way in which horses are to be driven in long stages, &c., which are very useful, and worthy of being carried out.

Birds are cared for as well as beasts. There is always a sheaf of corn put up in winter on a pole outside the barn, for the birds to eat. Norwegians are very fond of the little birds. In many places they fix boxes in the trees, to induce them to build there, or hollowed logs with a perch outside. These homes for their feathered friends are soon used by the birds, to the delight of the people who place them there. They take every care, also, that the birds will not be injured by cats, for around the trees in which these boxes are placed is often put a leather band with spikes in it, which, when puss attempts to climb the tree, quickly drives her back again.

The same care is shown with regard to other animals; dogs and cattle have their due share of the love of their Norwegian masters. It is very rare, I think, to find in Norway the same amount of cruelty which is practised with impunity in many countries of Europe. This love for animals may arise, I imagine, from the close contact in which the people live with them during the long winter months, when they must be fed and cared for at home, and, if left untended, would soon perish. It is a part of the sympathy which is natural between those who share the same hardships and perils.

In a former article in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, I said something about the honesty of Norwegians, which is a very remarkable characteristic of their race. It is a virtue which is, unfortunately, becoming rare nowadays, and one which may naturally be highly prized. How long they will continue to be marked above other nations for this quality will depend, I fear, on the amount of contact which they have with other people. Of course, one will meet with black sheep here and there, just as you will meet those who are

uncivil and grasping; but if we take them as a whole, I do not think there is any nation in Europe more conspicuous for the virtue of sterling honesty than the Norwegians. There are instances of persons having left purses behind them with considerable sums of money, which were restored to the owners, after being passed from hand to hand through the country, and reaching their rightful possessors without a single coin being missing. There is one thing which proves a severe trial to the honesty of the Norwegian *skydsgut*, or post-boy, and that is any kind of leather strap, especially neat little ones on knapsacks, etc. I don't know why this should be especially attractive, but I have had them taken more than once, and I have heard other people mention the same curious fact. It is certainly the only thing I have ever had "conveyed" from me in Norway.

The reader must not imagine that they are an altogether model people, entirely free from those failings which afflict humanity in other parts of the earth. They have their faults, it is true, but I do not think in what I have said there is a word which is not strictly accurate. There is, indeed, a singular charm in the homeliness, honesty, and simple religious feeling of these dwellers in the North.

I have alluded at the commencement of this article to their national music, and will conclude by a few words with reference to it. I do not think the Norwegians are what might be called a musical people. They have not as much music as their neighbours the Swedes, who have furnished us in recent days with two of our most famous queens of song. Nor, of course, can they compare for a moment with their German kinsmen. But if we consider the smallness of the population, and, until recent years, the manner in which they were isolated and cut off from opportunities of musical knowledge, they have not been wanting in names well known in the musical world. The fame of the late Ole Bull, the great violinist, whose life has just been written, might well be called world-wide, and the modern composer, whose name I have mentioned at the commencement (Grieg), will show that the race of musicians is not by any means extinct.

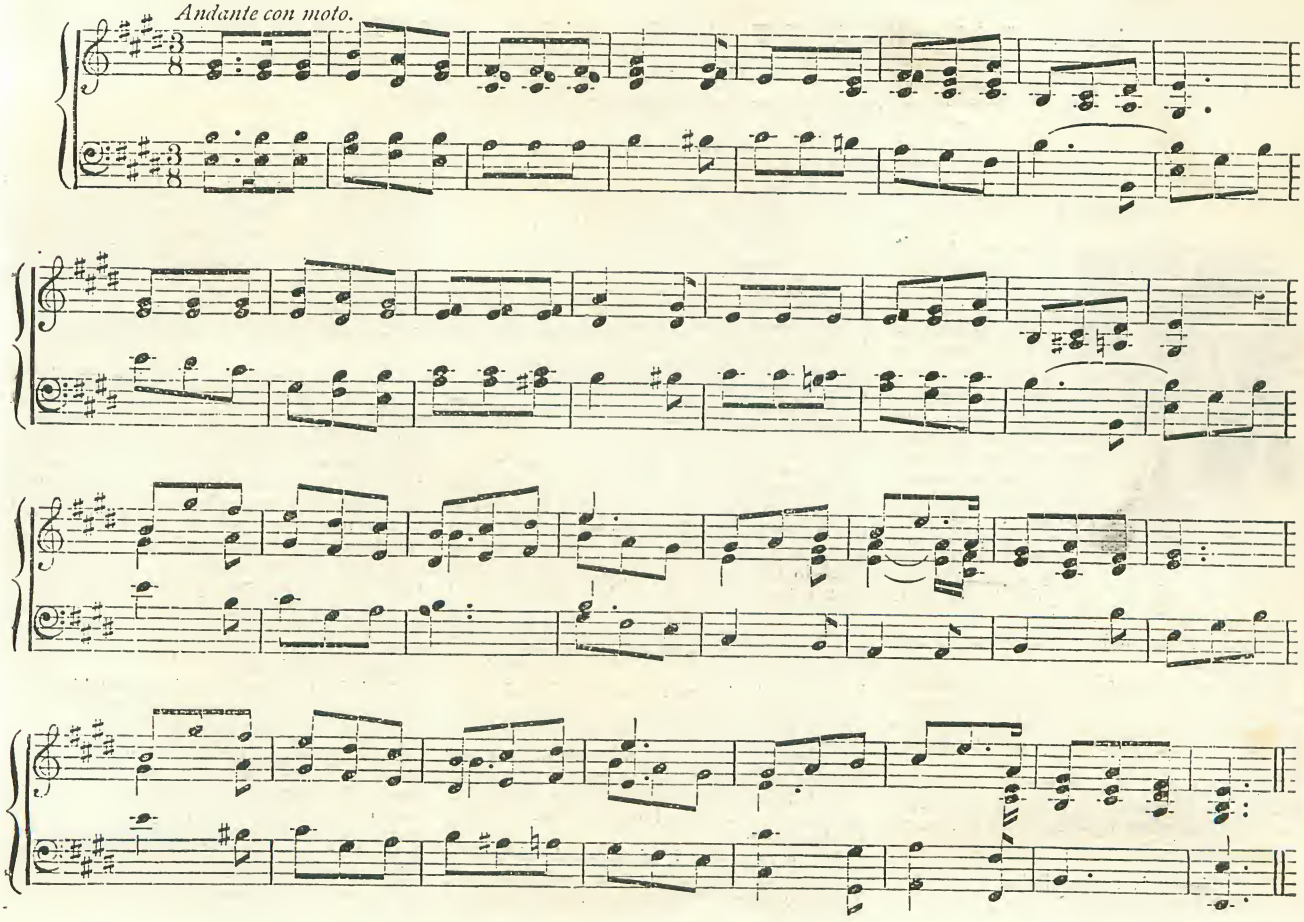
One cannot say much for their ecclesiastical music. It consists, chiefly, of the long *chorales* common in Lutheran services; they are principally set in minor keys, and are rather doleful to listen to, though sometimes you hear a well known hymn from the land of Luther, like "*Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott.*" Part singing does not seem to be much practised, and even in churches like the cathedral in Trondhjem the music is very harsh and grating. But what it lacks in graceful rendering is made up for in heartiness, and it certainly does one good to hear everyone in the vast congregations, which fill to overflowing the large churches such as you may see in Trondhjem and other towns, joining in those old Psalm tunes which they have learned to love so well. Of the secular music indigenous to the country, the *Folkemelodier*, there is considerable variety, but through it all seems to run that wild, sad strain so characteristic of the land and the people. These songs you will chiefly hear in their festive gatherings, and at times when they are engaged in their work. Sometimes you will find the people ready enough to sing their national melodies for you. The boatmen, as they row you along their lakes and fjords, will often enliven the way with their national songs. I remember well, a few years ago, rowing across the Indvik Fjord, in the beautiful light of a Norwegian midnight, while our three boatmen sang that fine spirit-stirring song:

"Ja vi Elsker dette Landet
Som det stiger frem,
Furet Veirbidt over bandet,
Med de tusind Hjem."

I had an experience of a different kind upon another occasion. We were having a long and rather monotonous drive in a *stolkjærre*, and as our *skydsgut* was a very intelligent lad, we had had a good deal of conversation with him. Then it occurred to us that it would be very nice to hear him sing some of the music of his native land. The boy was shy, but we coaxed him to sing (not suggesting anything to him), but being pretty sure we should have one of his national melodies. What were our feelings you may well imagine, when the boy began, in a shrill treble, to sing "Hold the fort!" We did not ask him to give us any more music.

One Norwegian national air is very familiar to many of us. It has been arranged by Mr. Pearsall, and published in Messrs. Novello's "Musical Times," and is entitled "The hardy Norseman's house of yore." It is very popular in Norway, and is often heard there, though the one I have alluded to, "Ja vi Elsker dette Landet" ("Yes, we love this land"), seems in some parts more popular.

Very curious is the music of the *Hallingdans*, a curious form of national dance, which takes its name from the Hallingdal district, a large valley, with several lateral ones, lying between Christiania and the Sogne Fjord. The people of that region preserve to the present day many of their old customs in a greater



degree than other parts of Norway, except, perhaps, some of the southern valleys, like the Sætersdal, etc. The movements accompanying this music are very wild and fantastic, and the music itself is equally strange. The following description of it, given by the celebrated Norwegian writer, Björnstejerne Björnson, in his "Life by the Fells and the Fjords,"* will give some idea of it:—

"The music struck up, everybody became quite silent, and he began. He squatted on the floor, hopped sidewards in time with the violin, swung to and fro, crossed and uncrossed his legs under him several times, sprang up again, and stood as though he were going to take a leap, and then went on hopping sidewards as before. The violin was played by a skilful hand, and the tune became more and more exciting. Nils bent his head backwards, and suddenly kicked the beam, so that the dust from the ceiling came scattering down upon the folks. They laughed and shouted around, and the girls stood almost breathless. The sound of the violin rose high above the tumult, constantly egging him on by wilder and wilder strains. He did not withstand their influence either, but bent forward, hopped in time with the music, stood up as if about to take a leap, but shirked it, and swung to and fro as before; and then, just when he seemed as though leaping was the furthest thing from his thoughts, leaped up and gave a thundering kick upon the beam again and again. Next he turned 'cartwheels' forwards and backwards, standing up quite straight after each. Then he would do no more. The tune passed through some wild variations, quiveringly sank, and at last died away in one single long low note."

This description of Björnson's will bring before our minds this strange dance and the kind of music that accompanies it.

The love-songs and others have in all of them something of that strain of melancholy of which I spoke at the commencement, though very often the words do not always convey the same feeling. There is one very beautiful air which accompanies the words of a sort of duet between a certain Sveinung and his lady-love, Astri. They are in a kind of peasant dialect, and I had considerable trouble to get them translated into English; but at last a Norwegian friend of mine succeeded in procuring them for me. They are amusing and interesting, and I give them in the shape I received them. The form of the song will remind us of our own "Huntingtower." First the lover begins:—

SVEINUNG.

Astri, my Astri, the only one that cared for me,
Those days when you bestowed on me your friendship,
Those days when you shed tears whenever I left you,
Each Saturday night, as you may well remember,
Then I was the happiest man in the country; I would not have changed with the priest or the bailiff.

ASTRI.

Those days when you loved none but Astri,
When you did not find Svanaug more lovely than me,
Those days when quickly on foot each Saturday night you came to me.
I would not have changed with the judge's daughter,
If thereby I should have lost you.

SVEINUNG.

Henceforth only Svanaug I woo—
She who is always so kind and gentle—
She who so cleverly plays the "Langeleik."
Svanaug the fair shall now be mine.
Twice I would die with the greatest pleasure,
If that would bring joy to my darling with the beauteous eyes.

ASTRI.

Now I care for none but the smart Torgrim;
Him alone I chose among many suitors.
Sveinung! oh, Sveinung! think not of my loving you any more.
Thrice would I die if my Torgrim were safe.

SVEINUNG.

But if I left Svanaug, and thought no more of her—
If my love for Astri returned once more—
If now I will swear to be true to you—
Astri! my Astri! what then would your answer be?

ASTRI.

More beauteous than the sun which shines behind the hill is Torgrim; of that I am sure;
And you are more wicked than the fiercest wizard—
More false to me than the foam of the sea.
But still I am your most faithful girl.
Only with you will I live and die.

The music wedded to these quaint words will be found on the preceding page.

* "Life by the Fells and the Fjords. A Norwegian Sketchbook." Strahan and Co., Limited, Paternoster-row.

THE ROMANCE OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND;

OR,

THE OLD LADY OF THREADNEEDLE STREET.

By EMMA BREWER.

CHAPTER IX.



I MUST not permit this my last interview with you to pass without thanking you for the patience with which you have listened to an old woman's story, and also for the opportunity you have afforded me of drawing the attention of the present generation to my home and public life.

It will be a pleasure to me in the future to meet you in my children's reception rooms, and to be recognised by you as a trusted and faithful friend.

In our first meeting I gave you Mr. Punch's caricature of me. In this, my last, I present you with my likeness, sketched by myself as I think I am, and as I wish you to remember me.

There is a good deal of money about me; but I am not the worse for that if I use it well, as I learned when a girl from an old Saxon verse. Here it is:—

"Money is a consolation
To every man;
Yet shall every man
Liberally distribute it;
If he will that before God
Honour shall fall to his lot."

I feel lonely and sad that I am no longer to look forward to your bright faces in my bank parlour as the months go by. But I must not be swallowed up with regret at parting from you, for there is still something left undone.

You asked me at our first meeting how England came to have a debt which it has never been able to pay off.

It is a formidable subject, and one which the nineteenth century would call a dry one for girls; but we will try to get at the root of the matter without finding it weary. But you know the phrase that "eloquence is not so much in the mouth that speaks as in the ears that listen"; and so, if this subject is to prove acceptable, you must help me by a strong desire to know about it, and then, dry as it is, the knowledge will fall pleasantly on your ears.

You think that to be in debt is to be in a state of great discomfort and unrest; and so indeed it is; and, as an old woman with much experience, I say to you all—Avoid it, if you want to be happy and keep your self-respect.

But I am not asked to go into the subject of individual indebtedness, but into the debt of the nation.

It is curious that I, of all people, should be asked to do this, seeing that I might be supposed to take a one-sided view of it, as I live by it, and it is bound up with every action of my daily life. But I will not disappoint the confidence you have placed in me, but endeavour to give you all the particulars clearly, and then you can judge for yourselves of its effect upon the country.

For a beginning to this interesting story, for such it really is, we will employ the old phrase—

Once upon a time, when the people of England had money over and above what was required for their daily wants, there were but one or two ways of employing it, if they desired to make the little more. One was by applying it to some trade or industry, and the other in the purchase of land, by which means the spare cash did good both to the country and the individual; for, says an old pamphlet, yellow with age, which I came across a few days ago, "The property of this nation consists alone in the profits arising from the industry of the inhabitants, and becomes more or less as they multiply and their gains increase or diminish."

And in this quiet and respectable way money was doing its work in and for the good of England and the English, when one day it became known that the Government, which is the nation's housekeeper, was dreadfully in want of money, and had no idea where to turn for it. It had no expectations; its funds were utterly exhausted, and it had not as yet learned an easy way of supplying its wants. This was just before I was born, and therefore in the reign of William III.

There are many points of resemblance between an individual and a nation being in debt. In both one and the other it is not difficult to trace it to a cause.

There is no doubt at all that our National Debt sprang into existence by means of Louis XIV. of France. He would, I have no hesitation in saying, be very much astonished at this charge, if he could have heard it. But it is so, as you will see.

I do not mean to say that all had been smooth sailing in times previous to his reign; for I remember hearing, when quite a child, that there had been money troubles in the reign of Henry VI., and that Charles II. was so angry with his Government for not granting him a supply of money equal to his wants, that he sent the Duke of Buckingham into Holland with the Crown jewels, in order to pawn them, and this was done for £300,000.

There is no doubt that the seed of indebtedness was sown in the land by the wasteful expenditure and illegal demands of this king; but it assumed no real and significant importance until the time when William III. occupied the throne of England and Louis XIV. was on that of France.

With this period of our country's history I am aware that most of you to whom I speak are well acquainted; but for the sake of the few who are not, I will give a rough outline, as far as it concerns our debt.

Louis XIV., not content with having raised France to a high pinnacle of fame, busied himself with Holland, and, for purposes of his own, wrought sedition between the great houses of De Witt and the Prince of Orange.

The country was overrun by French troops, until they were driven back by the voluntary act of the Dutch in opening the gates of the Zuyder Zee upon them.

You can easily imagine after this that Louis of France and William of Holland were bitter political and personal enemies.

We have nothing to do here with the Edict of Nantes, except to say that he thus raised against him an opposition both political and religious, and that one of the most vehement of his opponents was the young Stadtholder, who, by a concurrence of strange events, was invited to take the throne of England.

This naturally brought England into the league against Louis XIV., and the result was a period of costly and sanguinary wars.

In this crisis of affairs I am sorry to say that the resources of England were exhausted, and her credit was pawned to supply William III. with means to pursue his plans of humiliating the pride and tarnishing the glory of his foe.

It was the war of 1688, concluded by the peace of Ryswick in 1697, three years after my birth, that laid the foundation of the present enormous debt, and commenced the practice of borrowing money for the purpose of carrying on war.

Perhaps in this instance it was unavoidable, and had the same care been exercised then as in late years, the debt would not have passed outside the bounds of control; but, "having departed from the strict line of national thrift in contracting the debt, the next necessary point of departure, viz., failing to pay the principal, followed as a matter of course."*

It is an awkward circumstance either for a country or an individual to have large sums of money to pay, and nothing wherewith to pay it. It makes one set an undue value on money, and agree with Mr. Dombey that "money can do anything—anything, almost."

Sometimes help comes from unexpected quarters, but not often enough to induce those in perplexity to trust to it.

I don't think the poor harassed housekeeper of William III. could have expected that a tiny baby just struggling into life at Mercers' Hall that July morning, 1694, would prove the means of rescue from her unpleasant condition. Yet so it was. The first act in this long life of mine was, by means of my friends and governors, to relieve the Government of its trouble, and come forward with £1,200,000.

I need hardly say that the Government accepted the loan thankfully, and promised to pay it back as soon as possible.

In the meantime it agreed to appropriate certain taxes to pay me the interest of the loan, which was to be eight per cent., and a further sum of £4,000 for the management of this debt. This meant something like £100,000 a year of taxes for the people.

Now we have arrived at a clear understanding, I hope, as to how the National Debt commenced, in whose reign and for what purpose, what percentage was to be paid for the use of the money, and, further, that I was the lender, and the people of England were to be called upon to pay the interest by means of certain taxes.



THE OLD LADY'S PORTRAIT.

My firm belief is that the Government at first expressly intended to pay back the loan, as any honest individual would do, but that circumstances occurred which tended so to increase the debt that all hope of paying it back was destroyed. This being so, the honour of the nation is impawned to pay the interest perpetually.

But I am forestalling. I must go on as an old woman should—regularly, without haste.

As I said just now, the debt did not remain stationary, but, owing to various causes, went on steadily increasing, and it must be clear to you that the large sums which the Government was able to borrow from time to time was more in proportion to the wealth and prosperity of the nation than to my resources.

When it was suggested to me that the nation was in difficulties, and I must find the means of extricating it, I published throughout the land that a certain sum was required by the Government, for the use of which it would give a certain interest. I offered it for sale, as it were, and men having money found that more could be got for it by bringing it to me than by using it in trade or industry, and therefore withdrew it from these, and laid it at my feet.

I did precisely as Allsopp and Guinness did a month or two ago, and with similar results.

One view of this debt always strikes me as curious, which is that the lenders pay their own interest, although they may not be aware of it. The interest of the money lent is paid by the taxes of the country; and who pays the taxes? Why, the people, including the lenders.

National indebtedness must of necessity entail burdens upon the people.

An old pamphlet of a hundred and fifty years ago says:—"The National Debt is a share out of the profits and expenses of every inhabitant of Great Britain, which he is bound to pay for, as there is not the slightest chance of its being paid off."

Does a person or a nation hopelessly in debt ever sit down calmly and impassionately to think how the money borrowed was spent, and if a particle of good was done with it? and to ask with a groan, "Is anyone so miserably, so hopelessly involved as I?" If so, let us follow their example.

Not quite two hundred years have passed since I proudly lent my first money to the Government, and now the debt is over seven hundred and seventy-five millions, entailing on the people the burden of more than twenty-eight millions a year for the payment of the interest and management.

What has become of it? On what have these vast sums been expended?

Among other things there was the war with France, which ended with the Treaty of Ryswick?

There was the Spanish Succession.

The war with America and the Crimean War.

Is there nothing, then, that we can look on with pleasure?

Yes, there were two very honourable causes of an increase in the debt, which may fairly be admitted. The one was freeing the slaves in the colonies, which cost twenty millions of money, and relieving the Irish famine in 1847, which cost ten millions.

National Debt seems to be in this age so universal an institution, that it has been described as the first stage of a nation towards civilisation.

Since the year 1870 our National Debt, large as it is, is by no means the largest. Efforts have been made to reduce the debt, and it is something to our credit that England was the only European Power which in the long years of peace following 1815 attempted to pay off her debt.

You have, no doubt, heard of the Sinking Fund in connection with the National Debt. It is formed by setting aside a certain amount of national revenue for the reduction of the principal of the National Debt.

A very great deal has been written against the National Debt and its evil influence on the nation; but I do sometimes picture to myself the utter confusion into which we should be thrown if one day we awoke to find the nation had the means of paying off the whole debt. I and my children—indeed, the whole family of Funds—would lose our lives, and money would fall into the hands of its owners in such heaps that there would be no means at hand for investment.

The debt may be bad or it may be good for the nation; but I wish every one of you to whom I am speaking were large lenders, even though you had to contribute towards the interest.

Of course I have only been able to trace the barest outline of this subject, which you who are fond of history can fill in for yourselves. It is full of interest, and will well repay looking into.

And now there is nothing left for me but to thank you for listening to me, and to beg you to keep a corner of your heart for The Old Lady of Threadneedle-street.

[THE END.]

* See Burdett's "Official Intelligence."

IN THE DAYS OF MOZART

THE STORY OF A YOUNG MUSICIAN.

By LILY WATSON.

CHAPTER VI.



ONE afternoon in October Herr Leopold Mozart was riding leisurely round to the back of Castle Höhenfels to give Lucinda her weekly lesson, when his quick ear was caught by a faint sound of music, coming, as it seemed, from the uninhabited wing. He dismounted, gave his horse to a groom, and walked swiftly away, turning the corner, until he found himself below the front of the deserted part of the castle. Yes; he was not mistaken. There were the tones of a clavier floating from above, and faintly as they were heard, he thought he recognised Rudolf's touch.

After the usual greeting to his lady pupil, he began—

"I am glad, Fräulein, that you allow your gifted nephew an instrument on which to practise at his will. I now comprehend a little more distinctly the reason for his remarkable and swift improvement. Yet I have never heard him speak of another clavier, which surprises me somewhat."

"I don't understand you," answered Lucinda, with wide open eyes.

"I have heard but just now Rudolf von Eberstein performing in the deserted wing of the castle."

The formal professor was astonished to see Fräulein von Eberstein turn pale, and put forth both her hands.

"Do not—do not say so, Herr Mozart. You frighten me!"

Herr Mozart waited calmly until the explanation came—in broken, gasping utterances:

"The haunted chamber is there, in which the Baroness Höhenfels died. It is her spirit you heard."

Leopold Mozart was remarkably free from superstition, and of a quiet, cautious temperament. The subject, once aroused, could not be allowed to drop, or he saw Lucinda would terrify herself into illness. Even now her trembling hands showed that she was totally unfit to take a lesson in music.

Her alarm was not so ridiculous at that period as it would be at the present day.

At the Prussian Court—seat of military stoicism, cold philosophy, and not by any means of lively imagination—the inhabitants of the palace had long shuddered at the White Lady, sweeping with her spectral raiment, and knocking with her phantom broom against the skirting of the walls at midnight. And a few years later Cagliostro mystified and plundered all Vienna, making men and women believe that they could, by looking into a mirror, foresee future events, or behold the forms of departed friends.

"Mademoiselle, will you allow me to point out to you that I heard just now performed an air by Wagenseil, which the late lamented Baroness Höhenfels cannot have been acquainted with, as it was not published in her lifetime. And I apprehend that her spirit has not opportunities for procuring and practising new music. I should like to elucidate this mystery, if I may do so, without delay. Will you be so kind as to have me conducted to this haunted chamber?"

"Nobody will take you there," faltered Lucinda, pale with terror.

"At least, then, indicate to me the way, that I may find it alone."

Herr Mozart's calmness gave the poor young lady a certain degree of confidence. She summoned to her aid as much self-control as she could, led him up the oaken staircase, and along the inhabited corridors, till they arrived at the great door communicating with the ruined wing.

"You will not come with me?" inquired the maestro.

"Oh, no! no!" gasped Lucinda.

"Wait but a moment, and I shall reassure you," said the professor. The door re-echoed behind him, and his quick step sounded fainter and fainter in the distance.

Rudolf, playing away on his clavichord in the blissful certainty that his aunt was engaged with her music master, that Elsa was working at an embroidery frame with Bettina, and that his grandfather was out hunting for the day, felt his heart throb violently on hearing through the door he had carelessly left ajar, that step coming towards his secret haunt. In another moment he was confronted by Herr Leopold Mozart, who, taking him by the collar without more ado, marched him off to the oaken portal, outside which Lucinda had succumbed upon a low window sill.

"Behold, mademoiselle, your family ghost!" he observed, kindly. "Reassure your aunt, my little virtuoso. There is nothing in that chamber more terrible than a great deal of dust, and a great many spiders, with perhaps a few mice and rats; but I should suggest that the instrument is too valuable to be left to such companions."

"Rudolf, how could you?" ejaculated Lucinda, half shuddering still.

"Come, come," said the professor, "let us descend to the fire in the hall, and hear all about it."

When Lucinda was closely questioned concerning the reason for her superstitious terrors, it proved, as is frequently the case in such matters, that they had no definite ground of any kind. At the time her father bought the castle, the servants were told that room was haunted by the spirit of Baroness Höhenfels, whose story had been a sad one, and who had died in the lonely chamber among the ruins where she had taken refuge in her lifetime.

"A family ghost probably enhanced the worth of the property to the bourgeois purchaser," reflected the astute Mozart. "Ghosts do not, as a rule, belong to *nouveaux riches*. I hope Herr von Eberstein will not bear me a grudge for intruding into the domains of this one, and lessening its prestige."

Rudolf's earnest assurance that he had never seen any ghosts, or heard them, and Herr Mozart's half caustic raillery, succeeded in making Lucinda a little more reasonable about the matter.

"But you are a naughty, naughty boy!" she cried. "How could you go away in the cold?—and you have a cough, too, and your cheeks are thin! Oh, Rudolf, it was very thoughtless and wicked of you not to tell me."

"It has not been cold weather long, and I did not tell you because I thought you would be frightened," said Rudolf, much crestfallen at this new aspect of the matter. "Nurse Bettina said you would."

"Nurse Bettina is getting near her dotage," declared Lucinda. "If her eyes were not so dim she would have seen how ill you are looking, and done something to put a stop to all this. She is very much to blame."

"Come, come," said Herr Mozart, soothingly. "Boys do not think much of attending to their health, and doubtless the nurse of whom you speak acted for the best. But now I would urge you to have the chamber swept and cleansed, Fräulein, and to allow a fire to burn there, if only for the health of the clavier."

Lucinda at first declared no servant would go near the room; but by degrees she became a little more reasonable, and the upshot of Herr Mozart's persuasion was that she found a stable boy without imagination who was willing, for a few groschen, to keep the chamber in order, and to kindle a fire on the hearth daily. Much horror was excited in the household by this proceeding, but the stable boy did his work unmoved, and Rudolf reaped the benefit in health as well as the clavier; for, indeed, they had both already suffered a little from the autumn chills.

Herr von Eberstein was not at first told of this little domestic episode. He was thoroughly occupied in shooting

over the neighbouring hill slopes and forests, and was out from morning till night, sleeping heavily all the evening after his meal. So there was little encouragement to conversation, and Lucinda disliked the subject. Nothing would have induced her to approach the haunted chamber. Her judgment might be convinced, but for all that, the superstition had too strong a hold upon her to be shaken off. Rudolf was a strange child. He might play there if he were really not afraid, but *she* could not go.

And Elsa? When Paul Engelhardt entered the schoolroom one day after she had been told of the discovery, he found her with her face pressed against the window, her Latin exercise on the table only half written, and the books lying neglected at the side. At his voice she turned round, startled and unwilling, and he saw great tears coursing slowly down her cheeks.

"What ails you, Elsa?" he inquired. Elsa shook her head, and hurriedly dried her eyes.

"I am sorry the exercise is not done, Herr Engelhardt," she said. "I did not know you would be here so soon."

But her attempts at self-control were useless, and she broke into a fresh fit of weeping.

"You are not crying about the Latin, I know," said Paul Engelhardt, gently. "If you are, show me the difficulties, and I will explain them away."

Elsa was very much in need of some friend to whom she could unburden her little heart; and Aunt Lucinda, kind as she was, would hardly understand her. This tutor, who always treated her so courteously and gently, with the respect he would give to a woman of his own age, save that he extended to her the protection due to a child, wooed her confidence. Then he loved Rudolf, too! Slowly, and with many a fresh burst of tears, she confessed her grief. She was very sorry to be so foolish and selfish, but she wished Rudolf had told her his secret about the haunted room. He spent so much time away from her now. It was not *that* she minded, if he would tell her things. But she knew nothing about music, and was stupid, and no friend for him now. Her mother, just before she died, had begged her to take care of Rudolf always, and be a little mother to him; and she loved him—oh, so dearly!—but she could not be so much of a help to him as she ought to be, and wanted to be. If she were, he would have shared his secret with her. Much more, to the same effect, the child poured out to the sympathising ears of her friend.

Paul saw that it was not feminine jealousy at being left much alone, or of a pursuit in which she had no share, that tormented the little sister. Rather was it the passionate desire to be a help and comfort in every part of her brother's existence, and the feeling that here she must stand without; that Rudolf was slipping away from her to live his own life; that she had no longer the full confidence of the companion who was all-in-all to her, and could not, much as she longed, be his "second self." These thoughts rent the tender heart.

"I think I can comfort you," said Paul, kindly. "The reason why Rudolf did not tell you his secret about the hidden room was that he did not want to frighten you. Haunted chambers are apt to alarm people, Elsa; and older persons than you, silly as it seems, were scared at the thought. I know that Rudolf wanted to tell you," added Paul, positively; "but he did not, from love and thoughtfulness for you. He told me so himself."

Elsa looked up, and a gleam of brightness stole into her tear-stained face.

"That was very good of him," she murmured; "but, then, Herr Engelhardt, it is true that I am not a fit friend for him now. I don't know enough of music. I try, but I cannot understand, though I like the sounds; and I have never anything to say that can help him. I am so silly and stupid. It seems as if he lived somewhere away from me, and I cannot get at him," continued poor Elsa, trying to explain herself. "Now, with Nannerl Mozart it is different. She loves Wolfgang as I love Rudolf; but she can play wonderfully, too, and she can sympathise with everything."

"Elsa, I want to speak seriously to you," said Paul Engelhardt, clasping his hands behind him, and beginning to pace up and down the room. "Rudolf will one day, I believe, be a great musician. He will want all the gentle and soothing care he can have. Men do not want to be always on the strain—always talking and thinking of their art, noble though it may be. They need some grateful quiet for nerves that are painfully strung; some soothing tenderness to come home to and rest in—to gather fresh energy for work. You have seen the lark sink down to its nest. Well, so a 'genius,' as I believe Rudolf to be, needs a warm, quiet nest, even though it is lowly, to sink down to and nestle in, to rest for the upward flight that is to follow. Now, you may do one of two things. You may be always fretting and worrying that Rudolf lives a life apart from you in one way, and trying to be a musician yourself—which, my child, I can tell you you never will, nor can be, in his sense—thus irritating and chafing himself and you. Or you may be content just to do that which you can do well for him—give him the love, the care, the soothing he needs, and which, when he grows older, he will day by day want more and more. If you do this he will insensibly let you into the secrets of his inner life. Just now he is much absorbed, and forgets, as boys will, that you may be pained by it. Well, do *not* be pained by it, but remember what ministry may be yours in days to come, and never fail in being his self-forgetful little sister. It will be all he needs, do not fear."

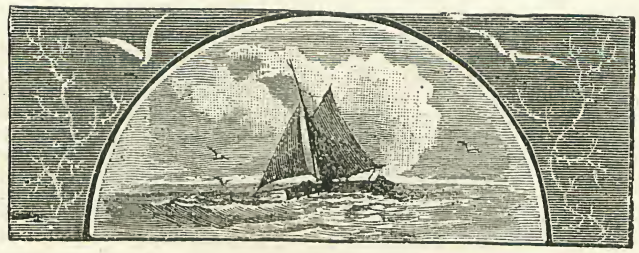
"I am so glad if that is true," murmured Elsa, after a pause. "I was afraid I was not enough for him any longer."

"Never think so again. Why, unless I am very much mistaken, you will be his chief comfort and helper in days to come, and laugh when you look back upon these childish misgivings."

Elsa smiled, her tears were dried, and Paul Engelhardt saw that the trouble was over.

Oh, that love between brother and sister! Keep it, girl-reader, as your choicest possession. Guard your heart and tongue with tenderness, that never a harsh or bitter word escape you. Strive to yield the help, the love, the sympathy that you only can give. For, if in the friction of home life you neglect to cultivate this true sisterhood, there may come a day when a grave lies at your feet, and when the bitterest pang in the agony of separation comes from the thought, "It is too late!"

(*To be continued.*)



SONG.

"WHILE CUCKOOS ARE CALLING."

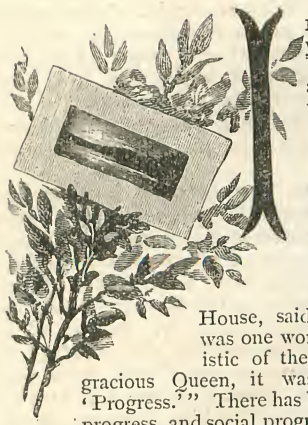
By CLARA THWAITES.

WHILE cuckoos are calling
In the greenwood gay,
Through windflowers and daffodils
I take my way.
Ankle-deep in bluebells,
Deep in moss and fern,
The primrose sweet and violets meet
My steps at every turn,
While cuckoos are calling.
None so blithe as I,
While cuckoos are calling.

Through the bridge's broken rafter,
Where I stand and sing,
Comes the river's gleam and laughter
Like a call of spring.
Oh, there's laughter from the throstle,
Rapture from the sky,
Yet in all the woodland rustle
None are blithe as I,
While cuckoos are calling.
None so blithe as I,
While cuckoos are calling.



DOMESTIC CHANGES OF THE LAST FIFTY YEARS.



IN this jubilee year of Queen Victoria the air is filled with reports of manifold changes and improvements. The Archbishop of Canterbury, in a speech at the Mansion House, said, "If there was one word characteristic of the reign of our gracious Queen, it was the word 'Progress.'" There has been political progress, and social progress, and progress in science, art, religion, education, invention, and in all departments of public life. But there has been little said as yet about the changes that have been witnessed in domestic life. Let it be our more modest task to refer to a few of the changes in this respect. Wherein do things differ now in our houses and homes from what they were in the days of our mothers and grandmothers?

In some of the most important points of home life, in household relations and arrangements, there is little of change to record; furniture, dress, service, cookery, and other domestic affairs are very much now as they were in other reigns and times. In fact, there has been in some of these things the reverse of progress. I do not think, for example, that servants are now better than in olden times; dress may be cheaper, but certainly is not better in substance than in times before stuffs and "shoddies" came in. It is the same with furniture; the old things were more solid and substantial than in this age of veneer and French polish. Still, there are sundry novelties and inventions of recent times that have brought additional comfort and pleasure to our homes.

For example, what an immensity of time and toil is saved by the sewing machine, an instrument unknown a few years ago! Other American inventions as ingenious, if not so important, are of recent introduction. In the South Kensington Exhibition, popularly known as "The Inventories," there was quite a multitude of machines and contrivances of varied use quite unknown in former days. A whole host of useful things are produced from caoutchouc, or indiarubber, from "mackintosh" cloaks and sheets to the substitutes for ancient "clogs," familiarly called by our American cousins, "rubbers." Even in so small a matter as striking a light, what a contrast in the safety match to the old tinderbox or phosphorus bottle of fifty years ago!

Letter-writing is one of our common home occupations. What an advance we have seen in every epistolary and postal arrangement! The use of metal pens, whether steel or gold, is a great improvement over the old goose-quill pens, the frequent mending of which by a penknife must have been a great nuisance and waste of time. Paper is cheaper and better, with envelopes of every sort. Postage is vastly cheaper, and the conveyance of letters cheaper and safer, both by home and foreign mails. Do you know that no steamer had ever crossed the Atlantic to America until Victoria came to the throne? Railroads had only began to run. The postage to Scotland was more than a shilling, and the time twice what it is now. There were no cheap newspapers in those days, and the so-called "taxes on knowledge" made books and advertisements, as well as newspapers, dear.

Photographs, with all their family and social pleasures, were unheard of in the early years of Victoria's reign. The new art of sun-printing was just beginning to be spoken about among scientific men; but it took years of invention and experiment before the now universal photograph, whether in portrait or in landscape, became popular.

In the department of the kitchen and larder there is not much change to mention, except it be the introduction of gas cooking-stoves and register grates. The enormous supply of all sorts of provisions in tinned cases—meats, soups, vegetables, fruits, and even milk—is the chief novelty in the store-room.

In bedrooms the old wooden beds are very generally superseded by iron and brass bedsteads. The huge four-poster beds, with their heavy drapery, have disappeared from all but old-fashioned state rooms. We are told by Burton, and J. K. Lord, and other travellers, that not a few of the British four-posters have found their way to the houses and tents of Arab sheiks, and there do duty as the raised dais, on which the chief sits in ceremonial dignity smoking his pipe.

With regard to general changes in our houses, the last fifty years have seen improved drains, water supply, baths, and other sanitary arrangements. In the homes of the rich there are also various conveniences in the matter of lifts, speaking tubes, electric bells, and other comforts unknown in earlier years of the reign.

Last, not least, let us be grateful for what our parlours and libraries show of improvements in books and magazines. Take the illustrations alone. The art of wood-cutting has made immense advance since the days of the *Penny Magazine*, the first volume of which was contemporaneous with her Majesty's accession. Compare the pictures in that once popular periodical with those in similar works of our own day, the *Leisure Hour*, for instance, and the advance in illustrated literature is striking. Most conspicuous is this improvement in every branch of youthful literature. To go no further than the publication now in the hand of the reader, the earlier years of the Queen's reign could not have witnessed the production of a periodical known throughout Her Majesty's empire as THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.



"NONE SO BLITHE AS I."

SUCH A COWARD.

CHAPTER III.

A STRAWBERRY PARTY.



THE treacherous spring weather that had been so trying to delicate Céline passed away at last, ripening into warm summer time, and the girl seemed to brighten and expand like a flower in the genial warmth and brightness.

With July the family bade good-bye for two months to the gloomy house in Wimpole Street, and took up their quarters in a roomy farmhouse in a Cumberland village, on the borders of one of the lovely lakes for which that county is so noted.

The weather was gloriously fine—wonderfully so for that rainy district; the farmhouse was all that could be desired by people who were not dependent upon French cookery and all the luxuries of town life; the lake—never-failing source of delight!—was close at hand; the grand old hills rose blue and hazy around; the woods and meadows were green and tempting; wild flowers abundant. What more was there left to be desired?

How much Céline enjoyed it all it would be impossible to say. The beautiful excursions, by coach or by water, to neighbouring show places; the family boating parties; the long walks through the woods or along the shady winding roads, whose every turn showed some fresh peep of beauty; the long lazy afternoons spent out of doors with books or work; the merry tea-makings in the garden or hay fields—all were sources of intense delight to her.

Alfie and Janet, full every day of some plan and idea of their own, were too much occupied to have time for their frequent amusement of teasing, and Céline, free from such small persecution, was perfectly happy in the company of her uncle and aunt, or Juliet and little Emmie.

"We went an awful long walk this morning, mother dear," Janet announced one day, when the family sat down to early dinner. "Alf and I did—I don't know how many miles, but it was ever so far up the lake, and we found a lovely meadow by the side of a wood where there was any amount of wild strawberries growing. We picked lots, but we want to go again and bring back lots more for tea, and then we can have strawberries and cream."

"Let us make up a party and go for them," suggested Juliet. "It is a lovely afternoon, and as papa is away it will be something to do until he comes back!"

"And then he can have some of our strawberries for supper," said Alf. "Mother, will you go with us? We'll go in the boat, for it's such a long way to walk, but we'll be there in no time by the water."

"I don't think I can go this afternoon, my dear," his mother answered. "I have a headache, and fear the hot sun would make it worse. But, Alfie, I hardly like you venturing in the boat without papa. Are you sure you know how to manage her? I never much like sailing on lakes of any sort. Couldn't you leave the sails behind, and row?"

"Oh, mother," in tones of injured expostulation; "and when papa has taught me how to manage the sails until I know as well as he does! Besides, we couldn't row; it would be too hot with that great heavy boat. There can't be the slightest danger on such a day as this. We'd have one of old Smith's lads with us, only they're as busy as they can be with the hay. But I'll tell you what we'll do; we'll take Céline, and then you won't have a fear! you may be sure there'll be no danger where Céline is; she's too easily frightened to run into any."

"I don't know about that," Mrs. Marston replied, with a kind smile at the girl, who had flushed with annoyance. "What will make me happier will be if my steady-going Julie will be with you. I shall feel you are much safer under her care."

"All right," said Alf, but not very readily. And so with many instructions to be very careful and hoist very little sail, and keep themselves very quiet while they were in the boat, Mrs. Marston let the little party set out.

It was a cloudless summer's day, with just a faint breeze stirring, enough to fill the one sail Alfie unfurled, and to urge the boat gently along the oily surface of the lake.

Alfie, with Janet to act as his cabin boy, as he called her, and to obey his orders, sat in the middle of the boat, while Céline reclined in the bows, with her hat pulled over her face to shield her eyes from the sun, while from her comfortable resting-place she could watch with loving admiration her cousin Julie seated at the stern, calm, placid, and contented as usual.

She was leaning over the side, dipping her hands every now and then in the water, enjoying the cool feeling as it swirled through her slim fingers. Her dark blue dress fitted her to perfection, her usually rather colourless face was slightly flushed with sun and air, and her smooth fair tresses were ruffled in the light wind, and hung round her forehead in untidy but becoming little tendrils.

Near her sister sat Emmie, singing happily to herself, and responding with gay ringing laughter to Alfie's jokes and stories.

Céline joined in the fun too, and it was only when Alfie began to play tricks which made the steady old boat rock perilously from side to side that she ventured to remonstrate.

"Take care, Alfie," she cried; "please don't begin to play with Emmie now; it is so dangerous, and one can't take liberties in a boat as you can on land. *Do* be careful."

"Oh exactly, Miss Silly," he retorted, turning upon her; "perhaps you will tell me next how to manage the sails; or perhaps it would be better for you to come to my place and manage them yourself, as you know so much. Really though," he went on in his usual tones, dropping those of polite irony; "I do know *something* about a boat, and I wish you'd remember we are not all as great cowards as *some* people are!" with withering scorn.

"I know you understand all about managing the boat quite well," Céline hastened to explain. "It isn't that, only I was afraid you were growing rather reckless, jumping about that way, you know."

"*Afraid*," he repeated, scornfully. "You're always afraid. What with dogs and boats, and all sorts of things, I never knew such a coward."

Céline after that subsided into silence. She was not unreasonably frightened, but she had had far more experience of boating than even Alfie, with all his vaunted skill, and she knew well enough that the most experienced boatmen are the most careful, while reckless carelessness usually springs from the ignorance of danger. But Alfie's taunts hurt her feelings sorely, and she said no more. Only she would not show him that she was grieved, nor would she spoil the pleasure of the afternoon by sulking, so she had apparently forgotten all cause of offence when at last the keel of the boat grated against the shore, she was made fast to a convenient tree, and the whole party stepped on to the land.

Alfie lifted Emmie off; then came a search for the baskets, and when each was supplied, they set off under Janet's guidance to the place where the strawberries grew.

First came a long stretch of waste ground that sloped down to the water, bounded on its far side by the wood, and with a fenced meadow on the right.

"The berries grow right there," said Janet, pointing to the bank below the wood; "such quantities of them as you never saw. We must all work hard and fill our baskets, and mind you don't eat more than you pick, Miss Emmie."

Emmie gave an indignant disclaimer to so base a suggestion, and as soon as the place was reached they all set to work filling their baskets with the ripe red berries, which certainly were fine and sweet, and not so small and seedy as wild strawberries usually are.

They gathered industriously for some time, but soon Alfie's attention flagged. It was rather stupid work kneeling there upon the ground to gather such small fruit in the hot sun. He had had about enough of it. Let the girls work away as long as they liked, but he felt he must stop for a while to rest and stretch himself.

He had almost reached the boundary of the wood when he came to this determination, and Céline was close at hand, working away as busily as ever, her basket more than half full.

"It's awfully hot, back-aching work," said Alfie in a tone that was meant to be very gracious.

"It is rather," Céline replied, rising to a kneeling posture, and pushing her hat back to cool her face. "Only I am interested in the work, and I do so want to fill my basket."

So saying she resumed her work, leaving Alfie to wander round seeking for some amusement wherewith to beguile the time.

"Oh, I say!" he cried suddenly. "Céline, look what an awful old fellow! What a nasty customer he'd be! Aren't I glad there's a good strong gate between you and me, sir!" apostrophising a huge, sulky-looking bull which he had just discovered grazing in the neighbouring meadow.

Céline came running towards him as he spoke.

"What a dreadful-looking creature!" she cried with a shudder, as the animal slowly raised his huge head and surveyed them with a threatening aspect. "You'd better come away, Alfie; it may make him angry if he sees us, and when a bull is roused he's a very dangerous animal."

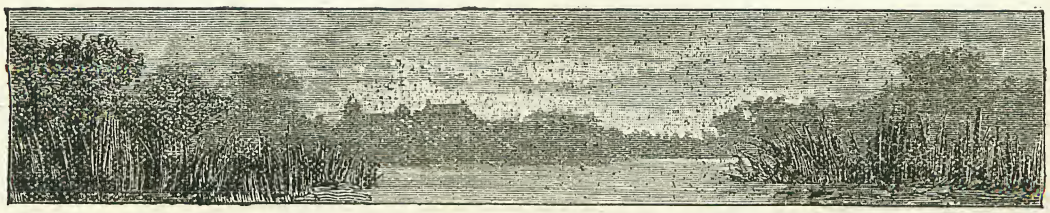
"There you are again!" cried Alfie, mockingly. "Always frightened of something; always thinking of danger! I tell you he couldn't get at us with that strong gate between. We are safe enough, so let us have a bit of fun and make him angry." And the foolish fellow began to shout and dance to attract the animal's attention.

"Oh, don't, Alfie! pray don't!" cried Céline, in alarm, trying to draw him away; for the bull, easily roused, had paused in his grazing and was regarding them with a low menacing roar.

"Leave me alone!" cried Alfie, and continued his foolish game, the bull making short futile runs towards the gate, from which the boy each time rapidly retreated, laughing merrily, as if it were a capital joke.

Céline knew from past experience there was no use in her trying to draw him away, so she quietly left him alone and retreated to where the girls were, Juliet and Janet still at work, the former perseveringly and the latter fitfully, while little Emmie had given herself a holiday and was making daisy chains, with which she was decorating her hat, much to her own satisfaction.

(To be concluded.)



HOW TO SHARPEN A KNIFE.

ALTHOUGH a pocket-knife seems most in its place in the hands of a boy, there are many girls who find it a very useful article; and every girl ought to possess a penknife, not that such a knife is much needed now for the purpose its name suggests, but because a small knife is found to be handy in many ways.

But how many girls know how to sharpen a knife when it becomes blunt with use? Not very many, perhaps. Most girls who possess

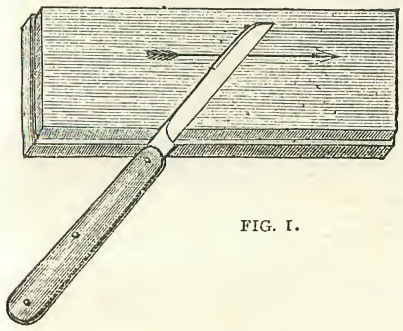


FIG. 1.

knives probably get some masculine friend to sharpen them, or, if living in a town, send them to the cutler's. Still, it happens sometimes that neither the one course nor the other is open to the possessor of a blunt knife, and in any case it is a useful accomplishment to be able to sharpen it for one's self.

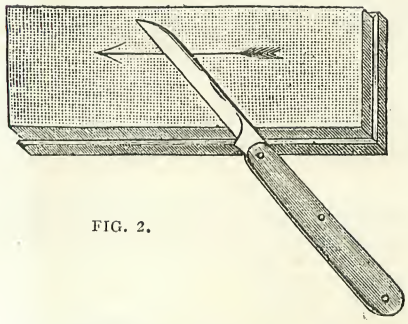


FIG. 2.

In order to do this it is necessary to possess at least one whetstone. It is better to have two, however, one of a somewhat roughish grain, to grind down and slightly roughen the blade, the other of a finer grain for putting a fine edge upon it. These can be purchased at any ironmonger's for a small sum. In many places, especially in the beds of streams and on the shore, it is easy to pick up bits of stone that answer perfectly well for ordinary purposes. When about to make use of a whetstone it has to be moistened with a few drops of oil or a little water. Paraffin oil is said to be about the best, as it does not clog up the pores of the stone.

Some stones are best when used with oil, and others with water. It will be necessary when you buy a stone to ask which is best for the stone you purchase. If you have a choice, it is better to prefer a water stone, because water is always at hand. If you have picked up stones for yourself, you can use water, and if you like to experiment you can try how a little paraffin oil answers; it will do the stone no harm.

After wetting the stone, lay it on a table with a bit of newspaper below it, to avoid stains. Then take firm hold of it with your left hand, in such a way that there will be no risk of cutting your fingers should the knife slip. Take the knife in your right hand, and

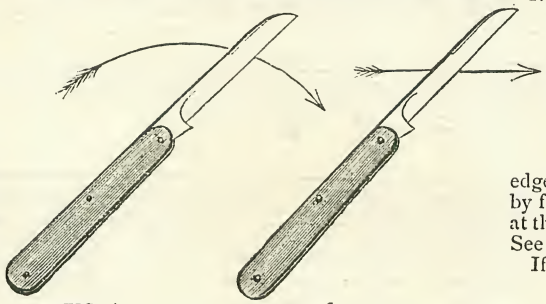


FIG. 5. FIG. 6.

lay the blade flat on the stone, the side of the blade resting on the stone and the edge just touching it, the edge of the knife being held from you. Then, while applying some pressure to it, work the blade along the stone in a straight line from you, and draw it back lightly without pressure. See fig. 1.

After a few passes of this sort, turn the knife and reverse the action. Draw it to you with pressure in a straight line, and push it back without pressure or even without touching the stone at all. See fig. 2.

After there is a sufficiently sharp rough edge on the blade, repeat the same process on your smoother stone, turning the blade in a very small degree more, so that the edge may come more directly on the whetstone. Do not press so hard now, and try the knife every few passes, so that you may not overdo your work, for if you use the smooth stone too long you will take off the grip of the sharp edge altogether. Several things require to be carefully attended to in using a whetstone.

1. If the knife has become very blunt, and the blade is thick towards the edge, you will require to work the knife for a considerable time upon your rough stone, taking care to keep the edge as much as you can off the stone, just touching it and no more, because your object at first is to reduce the thickness of the blade close to the edge.

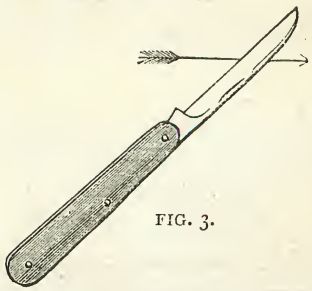


FIG. 3.

2. Never sharpen a knife backwards, that is, making the back of the knife go first, as in fig. 3.

If you do, you will produce a thin, useless edge, which will double up and break off.

3. Be careful to keep the knife always at the same angle to the stone. If you fail to do this you will not obtain a good edge. The reason is that the lines produced by friction on the stone will cross each other at the edge, and destroy it if not kept parallel. See fig. 4.

If we suppose the blade to be transparent,

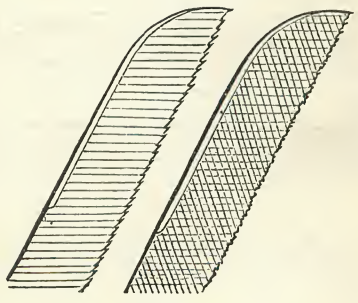


FIG. 4.

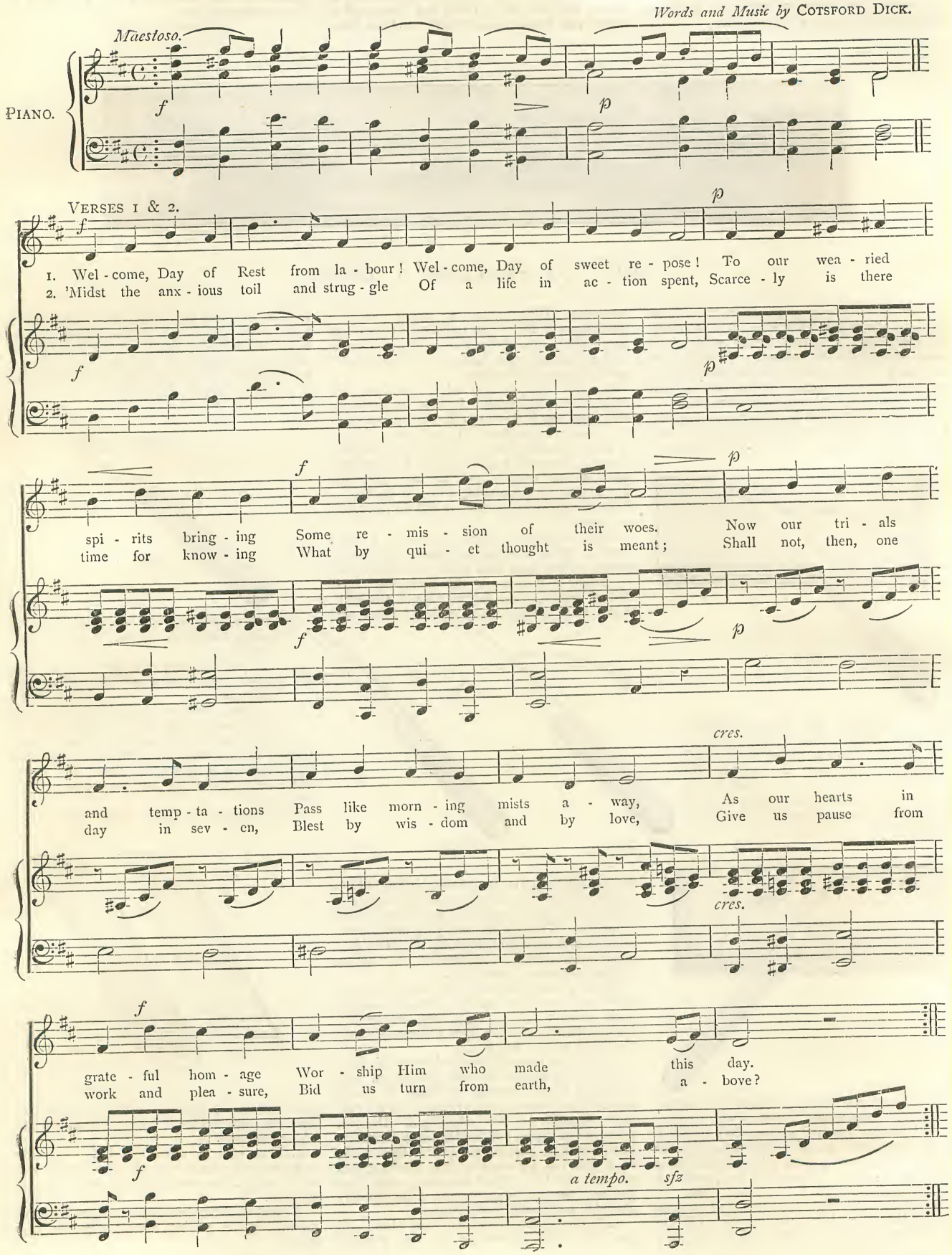
you will see in these two figures the effect upon the edge produced by the crossing of the lines of friction.

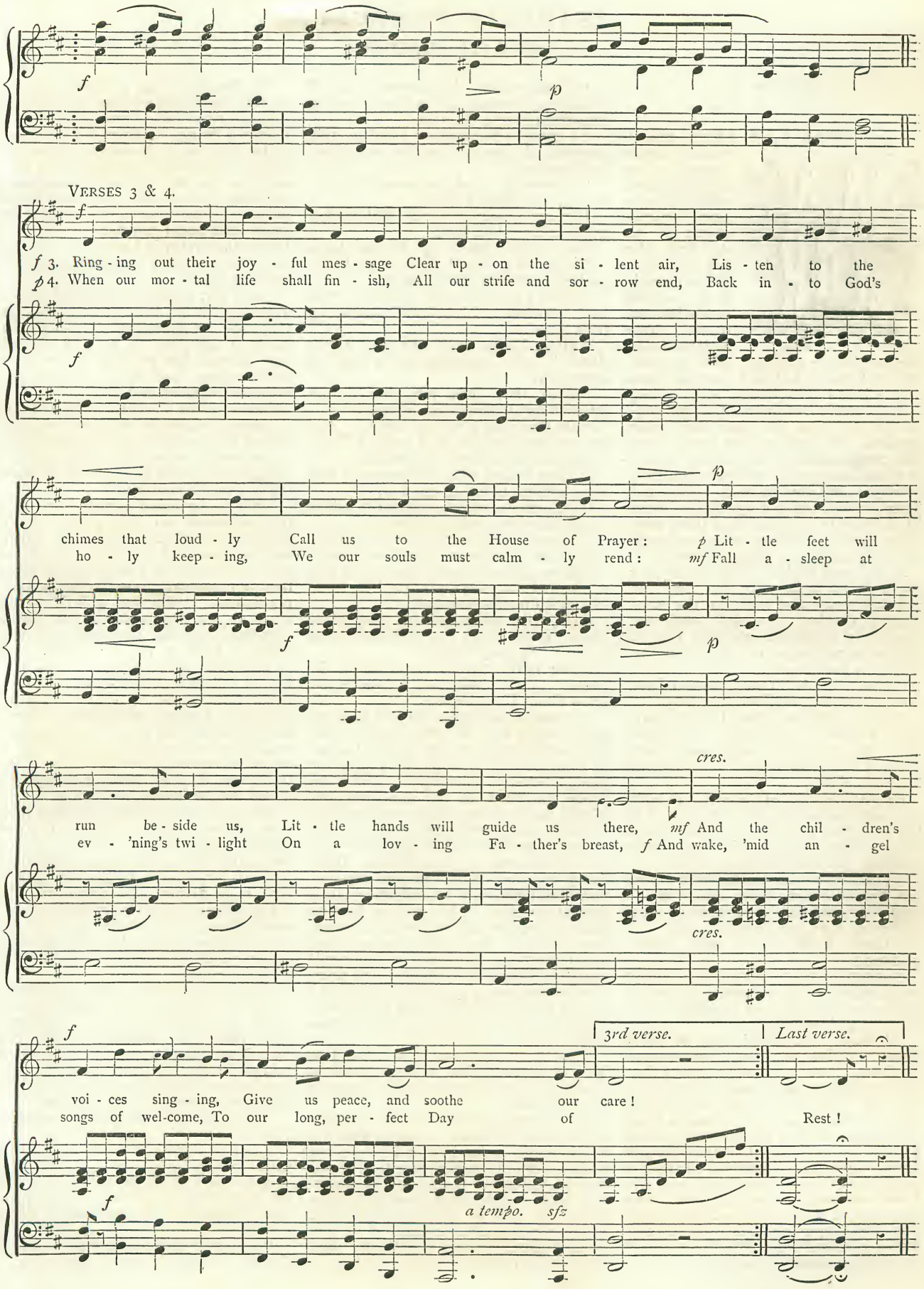
4. Take care to move the knife backwards and forwards, not with a circular motion, but in a straight line—not as fig. 5, but as shown in fig. 6.

Attend to these directions, and you will find no difficulty in putting a good edge on your knife.

THE DAY OF REST.

Words and Music by COTSFORD DICK.




VERSES 3 & 4.
f 3. Ring - ing out their joy - ful mes - sage Clear up - on the si - lent air, Lis - ten to the
p 4. When our mor - tal life shall fin - ish, All our strife and sor - row end, Back in - to God's
chimes that loud - ly Call us to the House of Prayer: p Lit - tle feet will
ho - ly keep - ing, We our souls must calm - ly rend: mf Fall a - sleep at
run be - side us, Lit - tle hands will guide us there, mf And the chil - dren's
ev - 'ning's twi - light On a lov - ing Fa - ther's breast, f And wake, 'mid an - gel
cres.
cres.
voi - ces sing - ing, Give us peace, and soothe our care!
songs of wel-come, To our long, per - fect Day of Rest!
3rd verse.
Last verse.
a tempo. sfz

ISABEL'S FORTUNE.

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

CHAPTER VI.

A NEW FRIEND.



ABEL made herself fairly happy in her new situation, when she once grew accustomed to it. At first she felt very keenly the deprivations involved in leaving the home circle and the friends she had known so long. After the children had gone to bed, and she came down to the lonely schoolroom, with a long evening before her and nothing particular to do, was the time she most dreaded, but after the first week or two she conquered this by setting herself to a steady course of reading in German, by way of self-improvement. This, and letter-writing, effectually drove away all dulness for the time, and there were other changes drawing near, although she knew nothing of them just then.

It was part of her duty to take her pupils for a walk every day, and one morning when they were in the Kensington Gardens she was somewhat startled by seeing the children run off to meet a gentleman who was hurrying along the path near.

"Uncle, Uncle Edward, when did you come?" exclaimed Ellen, gleefully.

"When did *you* come, I should say, little woman?" said the gentleman, glancing at Mabel, who had slowly followed her charges, and was the only person in sight.

He lifted his hat as his eyes fell upon her, and he said to the children, "Is this lady your governess?" And he held out his only disengaged hand, for both children were clinging to the other.

"Yes, Uncle Edward; and Miss Mabel can tell us better stories than yours," said Ellen, seizing her governess's hand as well as her uncle's as she spoke.

"Hush, hush, dear," said Mabel, colouring.

"But you said we must always tell the truth, Miss Mabel, and uncle knows his stories are not as good as yours," said the little girl, stoutly.

"I have not heard any of Miss Mabel's stories yet," said the gentleman laughing, "so I cannot decide the point. But, seriously, I have much to thank you for," he said, turning and walking by Mabel's side; "we have heard a great deal about you from my sister lately, and I cannot be too grateful for the way you are managing these little girls. That nurse would have ruined them very soon, and I told my sister so the last time I was here, and it was chiefly on my advice that the change was made; so you see I feel a personal interest in the matter," added the gentleman, smiling.

"Uncle, when did you come?" asked Madeline, feeling that she was being neglected during this talk.

"I came to Kensington Gardens this morning; I came to London yesterday, little woman."

"Yesterday! And you never came to see us," exclaimed Ellen.

Her uncle laughed. "Is that such a great crime?" he said.

The child looked up in his face. "Uncle, why didn't you come to us yesterday?" she said, gravely.

"Must I tell the truth about it?" he said, glancing at Mabel, and then at his little niece.

"Miss Mabel won't like you if you don't," said Madeline, in a tone of solemnity.

"Well, then, little inquisitor, I was busy all day looking over houses."

"Do you want a house, uncle? Are you coming to live in London?" exclaimed both children in a breath.

"I don't want a house for myself, but I am coming to live in London."

"Oh, uncle, where, where?" asked the children, in joyful excitement.

"Come and live with us," said Ellen.

But the gentleman shook his head. "You've got somebody else to tell you stories now, and don't want me," he said, in a mock melancholy tone.

"Oh, yes, uncle, we do, and Miss Mabel might teach you to make yours better," suggested Ellen.

"You never tell us about Jesus in yours," said Madeline; "didn't you know about Him, uncle?"

A shade of annoyance passed over the gentleman's face at this question, and without replying to it he said, "I must be going now, little people, for I have not found a house to suit me yet." And as he spoke he lifted his hat and bowed to Mabel, but in a more distant manner, she thought, than when he first greeted them.

The news that "Uncle Edward" was in London was carried to Mrs. Winthrop as soon as the children reached home, and evidently caused her a good deal of surprise. "He will be here to dinner I expect, and will want to have the children downstairs longer than usual, for he is very fond of children," said Mrs. Winthrop to Mabel. And then, after a momentary pause, she added, "I should like you to come with them, Miss Randolph, for I wish my brother to know you."

So Mabel was formally introduced to Mr. Burgoyne that evening, and it proved to be the commencement of a new era in her life.

On being introduced as Miss Randolph, the gentleman started slightly, but made no comment, and it was not until a day or two afterwards that Mabel heard incidentally that it was for a Mrs. Randolph that Mr. Burgoyne had undertaken the task of house-hunting, and even then she thought little of it, and quite failed to connect it with her aunt and cousin Julia.

Mr. Burgoyne was a doctor, she very soon learned; but whether he was going to buy a practice in London, or what he intended doing, his sister did not know. "He has such peculiar, unpractical notions," she said, with something like a sigh, as she was talking to Mabel one morning, and as she spoke she glanced at her governess, wondering whether she knew, and could tell her the object of her brother's stay in London, for she had seen the two deep in conversation the evening before.

But if Mr. Burgoyne had told Mabel anything of his purpose in staying so long, she did not feel justified in divulging it to his sister, as he had not told her himself, but in point of fact their conversation had been of principles rather than facts, and Mabel had been pained to learn that Mr. Burgoyne, like so many scientific men of the day, looked upon religion as little more than a worn-out superstition that no one thought of taking as their rule of life in the nineteenth century.

Mabel soon found herself worsted in the argument on this point, for the gentleman could of course quote numerous instances of inconsistency on the part of professing Christians, in which their actions had given the lie to their profession. "Let but a little money stand in the way, and your professing Christian will do anything or everything to hold on to it," he said. "It is the same with society. You profess to believe that rich and poor are of equal consequence in God's sight, but look at the fighting, struggling, envying, and bickering that goes on, in the effort to get into society a rung above that to which we rightfully belong. Are Christians free of this, Miss Randolph?" asked the gentleman, mockingly.

Mabel hung her head, and the colour rose to her cheeks. "I must plead guilty, in part at least, to the charge you bring against us," she said; "but indeed it is not our religion, but the want of it, that is to blame," she added, frankly. "Our Master, whom we profess to serve, was willing to sit at the table of the most despised of society in His day—the publicans and tax-gatherers—in order to do them good."

"Ah! and it's the only way to lift them up, and make them feel they are worth the name of men," interrupted Mr. Burgoyne, enthusiastically. "I have been thinking a good deal about our social problem lately, and how the poor are to be raised, and I can see the pitchfork method is a total failure."

"The pitchfork method?" repeated Mabel.

"Yes, yes; people going from a distance, and preaching in a mission hall, or something of that sort, but knowing no more about the wants, temptations, and struggles of the poor than I do of Chinese."

"What are they to do, then?" asked Mabel, blankly.

"There is only one way that I can see. If a man wants to raise his fellows, he must go down and live among them, make himself their friend by standing beside them, and trying to see things from their standpoint, so as to be able to make allowance for their failure to understand some things that are so easy of comprehension to us. After all, it is the way the Founder of your religion acted, when He wanted to raise the race, and makes me inclined to think you are right in saying that it is the want of religion, rather than religion itself, that makes religious people so anxious to take care of themselves and their own interests."

Mabel wondered whether Mr. Burgoyne contemplated any plan of giving practical effect to his views. She believed he did, although he had not told her so in as many words, but whether Mrs. Winthrop understood as much she did not know. She guessed, however, that the fashionable lady had quite other intentions regarding her brother's future. She was very anxious that he should stay in London, and become one of her own set, by entering into partnership with a wealthy and fashionable doctor. She had explained this to Mabel a day or two after his arrival, for she often went to the schoolroom for a chat with her ladylike, unobtrusive young governess before morning callers began to arrive; and in this way she learned a good deal about the family among whom her lot was cast at present. She learned that they were rather proud of being spoken of as sceptics in religious matters; that her brother had run counter to all the family traditions in becoming a doctor, but having done so, his friends wished him to be at the head of his profession and the most fashionable doctor in London, which would be some compensation for his giving up the position of an idle country gentleman.

Then by degrees she heard that the Mrs. Randolph who was coming to live in their neighbourhood was a wealthy widow with an only daughter, whom it was expected Mr. Burgoyne would marry, as he had interested himself so much in securing a suitable house for them; but about this latter contingency Mrs. Winthrop could not say much, as her brother was one who seldom spoke of his private affairs, even to his own sister.

Of course all this set Mabel thinking, and wondering whether her aunt and cousin Julia were identical with these strangers, and at last she determined to write home and inquire whether anything had been heard of Glenavon lately. She had to wait a day or two for a reply, and when it did come it only added to her present mystification, for it enclosed a letter from her aunt, in which she said she did not know what she and Julia would have done if it had not been for dear Mabel so nobly giving up Isabel's fortune. As it was, they were left with a mere pittance now, and were obliged to remove to London for the sake of Julia's future. The impression this had conveyed to Mr. Randolph's mind was that his niece, like his own daughter, would be compelled to adopt the vocation of a teacher, only Julia might go out as a daily governess, as her mother was removing to London.

"It is a great comfort to me, Mabel," wrote her father, "that you so promptly resigned Isabel's money. I will tell you now that I felt inclined to blame you at first for acting hastily in the matter, but I see that my poor brother's affairs must have been in a more involved condition than I thought possible. I need not tell you, if you should meet your cousin, to show her every kindness and attention. I know you never liked her, but we cannot afford to let our likes and dislikes stand in the way of showing kindness to those belonging to us," concluded Mr. Randolph.

Mabel's hands dropped into her lap, and she looked down upon the letter, exclaiming, "I wonder what it all means, for I feel sure it is aunt coming to this house in Mayfair, and she would never come to such an expensive neighbourhood for Julia to commence teaching. She had almost made up her mind to tell Mrs. Winthrop that she thought these strangers who were coming were relatives of her own, but her father's letter made her doubt this again, and she resolved to await their arrival before speaking.

During this time there had been a great change coming over the relations existing between Mabel and Mrs. Winthrop.

That lady now treated her as a friend rather than as a hired instructor for her children, and although Mabel never allowed this to interfere with her duties, it made her life much more cheerful and happy.

She often went to an afternoon concert, or to the Royal Academy, or an exhibition of art needlework, or a flower-show, sometimes taking the children with her, and sometimes making one of a party, in which case Mr. Burgoyne was sure to join them, and take Mabel under his own especial guidance. She often joined the family circle of an evening, too, going down with the little girls to dessert, or after she had seen them safely in bed, whenever the family were at home entertaining a few guests, for it was a rare occurrence for Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop to spend an evening at home by themselves.

One evening, when she went down to the drawing-room as usual, she was startled to hear her own name, as she opened the door, uttered in a tone of conversation, and the next minute she stood face to face with her aunt and cousin Julia.

Mrs. Randolph looked amazed as Mabel crossed the room, and turning to her hostess said, "I was not aware that you knew my niece"

"Your niece! Is it possible, Mrs. Randolph? Miss Randolph is my children's governess, and my own particular friend," she added, and as she spoke Mrs. Winthrop took Mabel's hand familiarly, as if to present her to her aunt.

But at the word "governess" a frozen look had come into Mrs. Randolph's face, while Julia coloured angrily, and fidgeted on her chair, to the evident amusement of Mr. Burgoyne, who was watching the faces of each of the actors in this little social comedy.

Mabel looked amused *too; she could* not help it, for she had never seen her stately, self-possessed aunt so disconcerted, while Julia forgot all her good manners in the frown that contracted her brow.

Mrs. Winthrop looked perplexed and a little distressed, and she whispered, reproachfully, to Mabel, "Why did you not tell me, dear, and we might all have been prepared for the meeting?"

"But I did not know, I did not think it could be my aunt," said Mabel, recalling the *letter she had read*, and mentally comparing its statements with the elegantly dressed figure before her.

Altogether everybody felt very uncomfortable for a minute or two, but the awkwardness of the situation did not last long. Mrs. Randolph was vexed that she had been betrayed into such a display of her real feeling, and smilingly greeted Mabel like a well-bred woman of the world, glozing over her annoyance by a well turned compliment on the improvement in Mabel's appearance since they last met.

"Indeed, I scarcely knew you, my dear," she protested, with a little laugh; "you have grown so tall and womanly that I can hardly believe you are the little girl who was in the schoolroom yourself only a short time ago."

"Ah! but I could," said Mrs. Winthrop pleasantly, "because Miss Randolph is so fresh and pure and enthusiastic. I assure you it is quite restful to go and have a chat with her sometimes," added the good-natured lady, who was very anxious to restore everything to a pleasant and proper footing.

"I am afraid Mrs. Winthrop is too partial, aunt," said Mabel, pleasantly; and then she moved away, feeling sure that her aunt would prefer to give her own explanation to Mrs. Winthrop of the awkward *contretemps*.

Mr. Burgoyne saw her moving away, and instantly placed a seat for her near her cousin. "Come and sit here, Miss Randolph," he said; "you will like to talk to your cousin." And, in spite of Julia's protestations, room was made for Mabel, where she could look over the book of engravings that Mr. Burgoyne had brought with him.

"I want you to see some of these, Miss Mabel," he said, adopting his nieces' name for their governess; "I want your opinion about one or two. You have seen the originals, for we were looking at them together the other day; I will not tell you where until you have seen these."

Julia was amazed and annoyed to hear Mr. Burgoyne talking as though he and Mabel were old friends, and not being used to the self control her mother so well exercised, she allowed her ill-temper to be seen by both her companions.

As soon as Mabel perceived it, she made some excuse for leaving them and went to the other end of the room, and shortly afterwards she slipped away and went to the schoolroom, making an excuse to Mrs. Winthrop as she passed, that she wanted to write a letter.

(*To be continued.*)



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MUSIC.

DEBUTANTE.—There are several charitable institutions inaugurated for the benefit of the professional musical world. Amongst them there is the Royal Society of Musicians, originally instituted in 1738, and incorporated in 1790; the Royal Society of Female Musicians, which will probably suit your requirements, and which was inaugurated in 1839. Then there are the Choir Benevolent Fund and the Sacred Harmonic Benevolent Fund.

"THE SINGING TREE."—The "Sicilian Vespers" is a term not applying to sacred music, but to denote the massacre of about 8,000 French subjects at Palermo, on Easter Monday, 1282, the French having conquered that island some twelve years previously. A Sicilian bride passed by with her train, while they were engaged in their Easter festivities, and a Frenchman insulted her grossly, and a young Sicilian stabbing the ruffian with the latter's own sword, the Sicilians rose with the cry, "Let the French die!" and the intruders were slaughtered throughout the island, without distinction of sex or age.

ACORN.—Dip your fingers in a strong solution of alum and water, to harden them for playing the violin.

M. M. AND BABY.—If M. M. cannot afford to pay for professional teaching, she should join a girls' club for music. Get the shilling manual called "A Directory of Girls' Clubs" (Griffith and Farran, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C). They can both take their choice from a variety of these useful societies. M. M. should play scales, and learn a simple piece by degrees, a few bars at a time. In reply to the "Baby," seventeen is far too young to be engaged. You ought to be at school, and you should see many eligible persons before making so grave and risky a decision. You will not have done growing, and your bones will not have hardened, nor your judgment become at all matured and reliable till you be of age, four years hence. Indeed, the judgment may be of much later development.

CHORISTER.—1. The music of our national song, "Rule, Britannia," was composed by Dr. Arne (Thomas Augustine, Mus. Doc.), born 1710. He produced various operas, oratorios, and comic operettas; and it was in "The Masque of Alfred" that this celebrated air first appeared. Dr. Arne died in 1778. 2. Bay-rum is a spirit prepared in the West Indies from the berries of the *Eugenia acris*, and is employed for toilet purposes, and prepared as a liniment for rheumatism.

MISCELLANEOUS

AMY.—Yes, there is a home for the benefit of shop assistants, established at Eastbourne, Sussex. It is called Westdown Boarding House. Young governesses may likewise be received here. For particulars write to the lady superintendent (or matron). There is also a Steam Laundry Training Home at Eastbourne, which may be recommended for a rougher class than those before named.

A. L. AND MARY W. AND OTHERS.—There is a very nice convalescent home at Sutton Veny, near Warminster, Wilts, to which the admission is charged at 6s. 6d. a week. A pony carriage is kept, and thus the patients can have frequent drives. It is, however, a smaller home than could be wished, as but eight beds can be made up. Patients from any part of the country are eligible. The lady superintendent will supply you with a copy of the rules on application. Remember to send a stamped envelope for her reply.

OLD MAID.—You had better get a bandage for your sprained wrist, and take care that you do not become mangy yourself. You should show your cat to a veterinary surgeon.

"WOODEN LEG."—The term "old maid" is a needlessly disparaging and ill-bred expression, which has done much harm to thousands of weak-minded young women, and acted as a "bogie" to frighten them into matrimony at all risks. A woman does not begin to grow old until she is fifty, if she has lived a healthy life and has a good constitution.

UNEASY GIRL.—You ought to be even more uneasy. Nothing could justify you in a course of deceit, especially towards your parents. Confess all to your kind mother at once, and follow her directions.

DOLBY JANE.—What a humiliating and disgusting idea! To "*strive* for a husband!" You should be ashamed of even suggesting such a course.

UNHAPPY GIRL.—We cannot guess what you mean. Does the man drink? You should not have accepted him, knowing that; and if he concealed it, the cause is sufficient for breaking off the engagement. Your parents could take the case into their own hands, and refuse their consent to the marriage.

HIRONDELLE.—The passage to which you refer, St. Luke xix. 26, is an example to the strong paradoxical style of preaching, which so much obtained and was well understood in the East. In this case it referred to the man who, having had one pound committed to him to trade with, was idle, and wasted his opportunities. Thus, having made no gains from honest trading, even the loan of the single pound was to be withdrawn from him.

APPLE PIE.—You must not make a tour all round the reception room to shake hands with everyone you know; but after speaking to your hostess, you may give your hand to any of those nearest to you, as you pass on to the seat indicated to you, giving a bow to all the rest—that is, one bow and smile—running your eyes along from one friend to another as you pass.

"READY ALSO."—You had better write to the editor of the paper advertising the bird-seller—Cross, of Liverpool—and state the case, that you sent a travelling cage for it, and neither the bird nor your own cage were sent you, and ask his advice. Tell him what you have told us—that you are a suffering, bedridden invalid, lying in a dark room, etc. If you can obtain no redress, your only plan is to get some friend to buy one, and personally bring it home to you. We are very sorry for your state of trial, and glad you have the only consolations of any avail under such circumstances.

EMILY GORDON.—We regret that we cannot discuss such a question as yours in these pages.

MISERABLE GIRL.—"Sin repented of is sin forgiven." Satan puts bad thoughts into our heads. He even made blasphemous suggestions to our Divine Lord and Master—tempting Him to evil. Pray that he may be sent away; and when evil thoughts come into your mind, read some beautiful chapter, such as St. John xiv., or sing a hymn. Remember the words, "He is able to save to the uttermost."

ELIZABETH L. S.—We sympathise much with you, but the verses are not correct in composition. Poets are exceedingly rare, much more so than artists or musicians.

LOVER OF THE G.O.P.—We do not know what kind of "society" you mean when you inquire whether "a farmer's daughter be thought more of than a tradesman's daughter." There are gentlemen farmers, yeomen farmers, and tenant farmers. Amongst those engaged in trade there are rich, highly-educated, and influential merchants, wholesale dealers, and small retail dealers, hucksters, and stall-keepers. A well-educated and well-principled girl, whether a farmer's or a tradesman's daughter, will be respected amongst all persons of her own class whose means permit of their associating together, no matter by which of those honest callings her father makes his living. You seem to describe the gout, and a special diet, rather than an outward application, is what is required.

PHŒBY.—We are glad you value our Answers so much. Remember that in the time of our Lord there were no charitable societies, homes, and hospitals for every complaint, as there are now, and thus the command to give to those that ask and lend to those that would borrow is already complied with; and much discretion is needed in the givers of private charity, or they may do far more harm than good. You should teach reading to your elderly scholar by words, not by spelling mere syllables, beginning with a book containing short words and with good-sized print.

FRANCESCA.—Your little discourse on "soul hunger," which can only be filled by a realisation of the love of Christ and your privileges in Him, is very well written, and we trust that, being able to express yourself so well, and from personal feeling, you will occupy yourself much with your young companions, to teach and encourage them to the glory of your Heavenly Master. May your work, thus early begun, bring in a rich harvest of blessing to them and yourself! We regret that we cannot give any promise of publishing what you have sent us, but we thank you.

CLYTIE.—We are sorry to hear that you write from a sick bed. We heartily agree with you as to the ungenerous, not to say unchristian, habit of merely accepting hospitality to turn upon your kind hosts and act like an ill-conditioned, mischievous spy. Do not hate backbiters, but backbiting, although you had better avoid their society. "You cannot touch pitch without being defiled." So if you cannot avoid intercourse with them, only try to dissuade them from so evil a practice.

L. E. W.—The star about which you inquire in the constellation of Gemini at present is no part of that group, but is none other than the planet Saturn. It has been wonderfully brilliant and conspicuous.

VIXEN.—If your landlady be doing service, or her maid, for you, the door should not be locked when you go out. It may suit her to dust, or take in coal, or lay the table, or take out and return plate and knives, etc., during your absence, shut the window in rain, and various other duties to be put in with her course of work for other lodgers. You can lock your sideboard cellarette and table drawer, if containing letters and things of your own, and that is sufficient. If you cannot trust your landlady with what you merely hire from her, you had better find other apartments.

CHRYSTAL must write to the clergyman of the parish, who will let her know what are the arrangements usual in the parish for such occasions.

IRISH KATHY.—Your letter is very gratifying. It is indeed encouraging to hear that it was through our paper that you were led to accept Christ as your Saviour, and that our answers to other correspondents seemed to have been intended for you. We wish you God-speed!

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. VIII.—No. 387. MAY 28, 1887. PRICE ONE PENNY.

OUR TOUR IN NORTH ITALY.

By TWO LONDON BACHELORS.



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LECCO, LAKE COMO.

IN our last article we expressed our wish to recount our impressions of the arsenal, galleries, and churches of Venice. Pages, however, would not suffice to describe these many interesting works and buildings.

Perhaps no monument of military and naval power of the Middle Ages which has been handed down to our times is more extraordinary than the arsenal at Venice. This vast building, or series of buildings, dates chiefly from the thirteenth century. Its embattled walls and towers were designed by Andrea Pisano. It is one of those structures which it is almost impossible to describe, but strikes one as being so remarkable because there is scarcely another building of the same description existing in Europe. Nor are its contents less interesting than the edifice itself.

Attached to the entrance are the two famous lions, brought from the Piræus, which gave the name of "Porto Leone" to Athens' celebrated harbour. They were brought to Venice by the doge, Francesco Morosini.

In the museum of the arsenal will be found the melancholy remains of the Bucentaur, the well-known barge which was used in the ceremony of "wedding the Adriatic." This singular custom appears to have been instituted by Pope Alexander III., in thanksgiving for a victory gained by the Venetians over Frederic Barbarossa. Once a year the papal legate, accompanied by all the court of Venice, sailed out into the Adriatic, on board the Bucentaur, and threw a ring into the waves, with the words "Desponsamus te, mare, in signum veri perpetuique dominii."

The present remains of the ship consist only of a portion of the mast, though in Byron's time the ship itself must have existed, if we may judge from the line—

"The Bucentaur lies rotting, unrestored."

In the arsenal are to be seen the banners taken by the Venetians, in their various victories, weapons, and ghastly instruments of torture.

Of the Venetian churches the two most interesting, next to St. Mark's, are those of the Dominicans and Franciscans, the one dedicated to SS. Giovanni e Paolo, and the other to Sancta Maria Gloriosa. They are both examples of the peculiar architecture which in Venice passes for Gothic, and although we look in vain for the beautiful clustered columns, richly-moulded arches, and delicately traceried windows which so charm us in English and French cathedrals, yet it cannot be denied that there is a considerable dignity about the interior of these churches. Much undoubtedly is owing to their height, vast dimensions, and their rich and costly furniture. The earlier tombs in both churches are remarkably beautiful, but the later ones are quite as bad, if not worse, than some of the abominations which disfigure the walls of Westminster Abbey. One of these, to the memory of Elizabeth, wife of the doge Sylvester Valier, in SS. Giovanni e Paolo (1708), is probably the most hideous combination of carving and marble ever put together, and reminds one strongly of Pope's lines—

"Lo, what huge heaps of littleness around!
The whole a laboured quarry above ground."

It is somewhat consoling to an Englishman to find that blatant vulgarity and coarse execution in monumental work are not confined to our country alone.

Amongst the other buildings which everyone ought to see in Venice, any one of which would be a great lion in a less interesting city, but is here almost overlooked by the casual visitor, are the Scuola de San Rocco, with its vast wealth of pictures by Tintoretto, an artist whose works the two bachelors are not sufficiently able to appreciate—(by the way, they are not altogether singular in want of appreciation of the works of this painter, for Titian, his master, not a bad judge of painting, kicked him out of his studio because, he said, he would never be anything else but a dauber); the church of the Jesuits, which, though very late in date, and far from pure as to its architecture, really possesses one of the most striking interiors of all the Venetian churches; and the churches by Palladio (who is generally regarded as the last great architect of the Renaissance period), Il Redentore and S. Giorgio Maggiore. Palladio's churches, though undoubtedly architecturally and structurally fine, strike one as being very cold and somewhat uninteresting. This is especially the case with their interiors. We do not know, of course, whether Palladio intended them to be richly decorated and filled with magnificent furniture, but in their present condition they form a startling contrast with other Italian churches, which owe by far the greater portion of their attractiveness to their richly-sculptured altars, screens, monuments, frescoes, pictures, and other works of art which everywhere abound.

The Accademia is the great picture gallery of Venice, and into it have been removed many fine works which were formerly in the churches. This practice of removing pictures from the position for which they were intended and painted is in every way to be condemned. In the first place, it is unjust to the memory of those benefactors who gave the pictures on the understanding that they should be placed in particular buildings. In the second place, it is unjust to the memory of artists who painted the pictures, because they intended them to have some relation to the surrounding objects and accessories; and, of course, when removed into a gallery, all such appropriateness of position is lost. In the third place, the history of a work is lost when it is removed. In the fourth place, experience teaches us that pictures are much safer in churches than in galleries; for we know of pictures that have existed in churches for over six centuries, but it is very rarely that any work of art remains in one gallery over a century. Dynastic changes, national debts, conquest by other powers, have over and over again caused the picture galleries of Europe to be denuded or removed. But it is the exception that pictures disappear from churches. It would be far better if the Italian Government, instead of removing these works of art into their already overcrowded picture galleries, would simply appoint a staff of officials to guard them in their proper home, so to speak. Moreover, it is really a question whether a picture gallery is not an artistic monstrosity, and a thing which had no existence when art was in its most healthy condition.

The Accademia contains a magnificent collection of paintings of the Venetian school. The great "Assumption," by Titian, is one of the gems. Though noble as a work of art, it does not impress one with the beautifully devotional feeling of Murillo's exquisite picture of the same subject in the Louvre. Perhaps to many people this will appear a rank artistic heresy; but the bachelors can only write as they feel, and will not delude their readers into the supposition that they are great authorities upon art, by simply praising works which they are told they ought to admire. In fact, they are bound to say that the pictures of the earlier school, Beato Angelico, Perugino, and Giovanni Bellini, as far surpassed their expectations as the works of Titian, Tintoretto, and Paul Veronese disappointed them.

There is, moreover, frequently a coarseness, almost bordering upon indelicacy, in the works of the latter school. With men like Titian the mind rather overlooks this in admiration of the genius and wonderful power over form and colour possessed by the artist; but his imitators, while lacking his great gifts, copied and exaggerated all that was objectionable

If anyone will compare Giovanni Bellini's "Virgin and Saints" (No. 38) with Titian's pictures, they cannot help being struck by the fact that the religious sentiment, which is noticeable in the work of the earlier master, must have almost become extinct in the days of the former; that is, at least, so far as its power of expressing itself in art is concerned.

We must now, alas! bid adieu to Venice. It is like saying good-bye to a very dear and to a very old friend, for, somehow, when one has seen Venice, the time and date of one's first making its acquaintance disappear from the memory, and one seems to have known it all one's life. It is impossible not to love it. Even its very defects and faults seem to interest one, and we doubt if there ever existed a man, who has once seen Venice, who would have felt happy and contented if he knew that he never was again to set foot in its silent streets or float in a gondola upon its canals.

When we left this poetry in brick and marble the sun was rising over its campanili and its domes. We wish that it had not been so, for we felt that ere that sun had sunk we should be miles away, and we would rather have left the Queen of the Adriatic enshrouded in her robe of night.

As, however, we had a long journey before us, poetry and romance had to give way to convenience, and, like Romeo, we bade our love adieu in the early morning.

Our readers must imagine us going off to the railway station in a gondola, alas! breakfastless and very disagreeable.

It is a very long journey from Venice to Bergamo, and a tedious one to those who have already passed over the same ground, *en route* for the Queen of the Adriatic. We said in a former article that this huge Lombard plain had charmed us greatly; but, it will be remembered, we had just come from scenes of the loftiest mountains and rushing torrents, and of Nature in its grandest and most awe-inspiring forms. Then this richly-cultivated plain, with its warmth and brilliancy of colour, had appeared interesting from the sudden contrast; besides which we had just arrived in Italy, and were experiencing an ecstasy of delight in being really in that historic and enchanting land.

Some of the most magnificent cities in Italy are passed between Venice and Bergamo; but many of these are not well seen from the railway.

How wretchedly slow the trains in Italy are! And what a noise there is at the stations! Surely there is more telegraphic clicking, slamming of doors, more jolting and shunting to be borne by the traveller here than anywhere else in Europe.

Arrived at Brescia, we asked one or two porters whether we were right for Bergamo, and received conflicting answers. There being no more time to ask questions, we jumped into a train, trusting to fate that its destination was Bergamo.

The same eternal plain for an hour or two more. After which one of us looked out and saw we were approaching a large town, which we sincerely hoped was Bergamo; but were disappointed, for it turned out to be Treviglio, on the main line to Milan. Thus had we travelled from Brescia for nothing, and

thought it probable we should have to return the same way. It turned out, however, that a train would leave Treviglio for Bergamo in about two hours' time. We were terribly hungry, and were starting for the inn at Treviglio, when it began to pour with rain, and we had to be content with the fare at the station—coarse bread and rank garlic sausage, no doubt "tasty" to the Italian peasant, but loathsome to our English palates.

Meanwhile the rain increased, and it was evident that a storm was brewing in the distant Alps. The thunder got louder and more frequent during our stay at the station, and by the time the train started, the storm reached us in all its fury. What a storm it was! We saw the lightning in all directions, and the thunder almost frightened us by its persistency and intensity.

Bergamo is an eminently pleasant place. It is beautifully situated at the base of the Alps, and consists of an upper and a lower town. As it was still pouring with rain, we dined on arriving at the town, trusting that it would clear up in time for us to see a little of the place before going to bed. This it did, and we had a pleasant stroll through the ancient city. The lower town, of course, was first explored It consists of little else but a straggling street filled with excellent shops (chiefly of silk materials and jewellery) and a piazza, called the Prato, where the celebrated fair, called the Fiera di S. Alessandro, is held during parts of the months of August and September.

It is some little distance from the lower to the upper town, called the *cittá*. This is surrounded by fine overgrown bastions, and boasts of a cathedral and several fine churches. We had not time to see the interiors of any of these, but passing the fine old Broletto, we made our way to the wondrously picturesque "Piazza Maggiore," and from thence to our hotel in the lower town. Arrived at the latter, we found that we could get to Lecco, on Lake Como, by starting rather late in the evening, which we decided to do.

We seemed to be the only passengers to Lecco, and before arriving at the station the lights in the train were put out. It was a dismal night—dark and rainy; and when at last the train arrived at Lecco, we found the station quite dark, and nearly deserted. The porters evidently thought there were no passengers, and the conductor of our train seemed astonished at seeing us. He had the goodness, however, to conduct us to the exit of the station. Would that he had taken us to the town itself!

Outside the station it was evident at once to us that Lecco was some little way off. We were considering what to do, when we saw approaching us about twelve rough-looking men, jabbering together and gesticulating. Who were they? What did they want? We were not long kept in suspense. They pounced down upon us—some seizing our luggage, the others quarrelling and shouting to one another, while one or two began to tell us of the superiority of the hotels they represented. They were all touts from the inns and coffee-houses of Lecco, and had been loafing about the station for unfortunate travellers. The first thing we did was to seize our luggage, a matter of no small difficulty, the second to get our "Baedeker," and select the hotel recommended. We shouted out this, trusting that one of the men represented the best inn, and would take our baggage, and drive away the rest. The men then crowded round us, some of them telling us, in French, that the hotel we mentioned was very bad, while others declared that it had ceased to exist; and one fellow, who seemed more plausible than any of the others, said that the inn he represented had succeeded to the one we wanted, and from these contradictory speeches we came to the conclusion that the inn did exist, although it had not sent a man to the station. We then commenced our walk to the town, carrying our own luggage, and followed by the touts, who seemed to be waxing angry at our obstinacy in not paying any attention to their recommendations. We suppose we went the right way to Lecco; but, if so, it must be a long way from the station. It was a very dark road, and after the tedious travelling we had done, it was the "last straw" to have to carry our own luggage. Meanwhile the touts kept on annoying all the time, and occasionally a bold one would attempt to seize our portmanteaux. We expected every minute that they would attack us, for it was evident they were forgetting their rivalry in their rage at our obstinacy. We even began to discuss what we should do if they did such a thing. It would be but a poor chance we should have—two against twelve, and several of them powerful-looking fellows. If such a scene had taken place in an out-of-the-way suburb of London, there is little doubt that a robbery at least would have been done. As it was, however, we were simply told lies, worried, and, it must be owned, frightened.

Just on arriving in the town we gave way, completely done up, and came to the conclusion to give over our luggage to the man who said his inn had succeeded to the one Baedeker mentions. This man soon sent away the others, and led us through some dark back streets of Lecco.

After awhile we began to think that it had not been a wise proceeding to trust to the man, an opinion which was strengthened when we reached a dirty little house in a back alley of the town. We entered a place which looked like the taproom of a low public-house, in which were gathered a group of filthy-looking Italians. Why did we not go somewhere else? It was late at night, and we were "dead beat." No, remain we must; so, following a very unpleasant-looking woman up the stone steps (there were no banisters), we were shown into a large room with no furniture in it except a bed.

Then we began to think over all the murders of innocent travellers in foreign inns, and to picture to ourselves a man coming in the dead of the night to murder us with a long, horrid knife, and we searched the floor for trapdoors and secret springs.

We went to the door to bolt it, if possible; but there was no key, and the lock was gone. The door would not even close. Necessity is the mother of invention; and we pushed the huge double bed against it, while, to be thoroughly on our guard, we unstrapped our umbrellas, which would have to do for want of more effective weapons in case of attack.

Strange to say, in spite of our fears, and in spite of the hardness of the bed, we both slept soundly—so soundly, in fact, that we did not wake until about half-past nine the next morning.

We looked rather sheepish pushing back the bed and doing up our umbrellas again, and to be half sorry (now that it was light and looked safe) that we *should not have* any exciting adventure to talk about when we got home.

When our bill was handed to us, we were surprised and disgusted to find the charges as high as they would be at a first-rate hotel. But our experience throughout the tour had been that the charges per day came to nearly the same whether we went to a first-rate or to a very inferior house. That "the dearest hotels are in the end the cheapest" is, of course, a laughable contradiction; but there is a certain amount of truth in the principle which it contains.

Lecco is well situated on *the lake* of the same name, which is really the eastern branch of Lago di Como. The far more popular western branch, starting from Como, meets it at Bellagio, where the two arms, now one stream, go due north, amidst the grandest scenery, to the Splügen Pass, near Chiavenna. The Lake of Como is thus the shape of an inverted Y, Bellagio being the spot where the three branches meet.

It was stormy and rainy when we embarked on the steamer at Lecco, but, like so many stormy days, it was a splendid one for effect. In speaking of the Lake of Como, authors are fond of describing it when "lashed to fury in tempest." That this immensely enhances the beauty of the scenery is evident. To any of our girls who may have *visited the Italian* lakes, or the more familiar Rhine, and come away disappointed, we would ask the question—"Was it a hot, cloudless day when you visited these scenes?" If so, it is probable you did not find that romance, that beautiful effect of colour, which you had expected. We are not recommending cold, grey days, but those which have bright sunshine, with passing clouds occasionally—such weather, for instance, as one gets at the end of April or beginning of May.

So many tourists when visiting the Lake of Como miss altogether the eastern branch, and spend all their time amid the luxurious beauty of the western side of the lake. This is a mistake, for the Lake of Lecco has its charms. Terraced gardens, luxurious villas, vine-clad retreats it has not; but its beauties are of a wilder order. The mountains rise often precipitately from the water, reminding us of the scenery of the Norwegian fjords, are rocky and jagged, often of finer forms and more irregular in size than the vine-clad *heights* of its fashionable rival.

But Bellagio is certainly the loveliest spot on the lake. Jutting out on a rocky promontory, the old town, on a hill, and the park of the Villa Serbelloni crowning it, would make a charming picture. Far finer, however, are the views from the villa itself. Thence is seen, at a glance, all that is exquisite on the Lake of Como—villas, orchards, vineyards, and luxuriant vegetation on the west side, a wild scene of jagged peaks and gloomy grandeur to the east, while to the north are the stupendous Alps, with their "dazzling shrouds of eternal snow."

In a comfortable room overlooking the lake are the two bachelors. The troubles of Lecco are forgotten, and in an extremely contented and amiable frame of mind they are gazing at the unrivalled beauties of the queen of Italian lakes.

(*To be continued.*)

IN THE DAYS OF MOZART.

THE STORY OF A YOUNG MUSICIAN.

By LILY WATSON.

CHAPTER VII.



RUDOLF and Elsa von Eberstein, now fairly established with congenial occupation in their home among the Salzburg Alps, might well be left to grow and develop for a term of years without too much observation, as children should; but there is one more incident to record before we pass to the story of their after-life.

November had come, with its shortened days, its mists fleeting amain down the valley, the roar of swollen brooks, and the sighing of leafless trees. In every season of the year there is beauty in Nature for the loving observer, and never did Elsa fail to delight in the surroundings of her home, though they had lost the glow and smile of summer. Rudolf, however, mourned that he had so little daylight in which to visit his music-room, for he was not yet brave enough to traverse the deserted corridor after the shades of evening had descended, or before the night had yielded to the dawn.

Indeed, a certain tremor of late had seized him when he found himself secluded from the rest of the household. The logs burnt brightly on the great hearth, an occasional faint ray of sunlight would steal through the ivied casement, the room was no longer an abode of dust and decay, and when he became absorbed in the tones of the clavichord Rudolf would forget his vague terrors. But day after day, when the fascination drew him back to his retreat, the old alarm would creep about him, till at times he would actually leap up and rush from the chamber, only to suffer remorse and vexation afterwards for having so abruptly cut short the precious hour of study.

Elsa was startled one day by seeing Rudolf come suddenly flying down the wide oaken staircase into the great hall where she was reading by the hearth. His face was pale, his eyes were wide open, with an indescribable look of terror in them.

"Oh, Rudolf! what is it?" she cried, turning paler than usual herself.

"Nothing; nothing at all, Elsa," he retorted, almost with irritation. Then he began to try and amuse himself by sliding down the oaken balustrades, thinking the while how foolish he was to have run away from nothing, and left the clavier open, too! He noted the look of distress in his sister's face, and heard her stifle a quiet sigh. Elsa did not know that it would have been absolutely impossible for Rudolf to share his terror with her, for to a child afflicted with vague apprehensions in which the supernatural has a part, to put the horror into words is to give it tenfold strength. What was it he was fleeing from?

Rudolf was fleeing from the conviction that in the deserted wing of the castle he was no longer alone. The sense of a companionship—unknown and therefore dreadful—had stolen vaguely into his consciousness. He could give no reason for this, and at times, when with Elsa or Aunt Lucinda, it would seem to him as a ridiculous dream. Then he would go boldly back to the lonely wing, where Hans, the stable boy, never failed to set the room in order for his little master. Rudolf would argue with himself:

"Hans comes here every day, and he is not frightened. I have been here for a long time now, and never seen or heard anything to scare me."

Sometimes the arguments would take effect, and sometimes not. If they did not, the boy would scold himself thus:

"Very well, you stupid fellow. Don't go to your clavier. Lose all your practice time, and be like a silly girl, afraid of an owl or a bat, or perhaps a mouse."

For two or three days he actually stayed away, suffering dreadfully all the time from vexation and self-reproach, till Aunt Lucinda asked him, with an effort, if he wished any more fires lighted in his retreat.

"Täntchen," said poor Rudolf, "could not the clavichord be carried out into some other room in this part of the castle?"

His face grew so pale as he spoke that the timorous Lucinda's heart gave a great throb. "The boy has seen something. That is why he will not go. And if the instrument is moved, who knows what the unquiet spirit (if there is one) may do next? Perhaps come and haunt this part also." She would have been ashamed to put this into words, so she only said, "No, no, Rudolf. Grandpapa would not like that room disturbed in any way. But had you not better give up practising there, and let me have the door locked?"

This would really have been a serious catastrophe, so Rudolf, mastering his fears, exclaimed, "No, Täntchen! Do not. I shall go there as usual tomorrow."

Lucinda looked uneasy. Should she forbid this outright? No. Herr Mozart's politely-veiled sarcasm when he found it out would be too trying. She said nothing, and the next day Rudolf returned courageously to his haunt, but started back on opening the door, for he had the feeling instantly, so inexplicable yet so familiar, that the room was not empty. He glanced around. The faded tapestry of the bed furniture, the chairs, the table—all were as he had left them, and there was no sign of a presence, human or supernatural. He rushed to the clavier to allay the visionary apprehension in the tones he loved so well, and, before long, he forgot his fears.

But they returned with each succeeding visit. Nay, more. The boy began to feel almost certain that he heard now and then a rustling, a stirring, and once an audible sigh close beside him.

Was it the spirit of the poor Baroness Höhenfels hovering round the instrument she had loved of yore? Rudolf tried to think of everything Paul Engelhardt had said of the absurdity of being afraid of ghosts, and ended by being afraid more and more. He felt that if the oaken door leading into the inhabited portion of the castle should one day, by any chance, be locked against him on his return, he should go mad with terror. Such a possibility began to haunt his thoughts, and he now seriously felt he must give up the mysterious room and his beloved clavier if he could not find relief from the horror of this impalpable dread. Yet what would his life be without that dear delight, and with the sense of a horrible mystery in its place? No wonder that the boy's cheeks grew pale, and his dark eyes looked out with a mournful gaze from sunken orbits. Elsa was inwardly almost broken-hearted by seeing her brother was not well, and finding that he would not confide in her. The truth was that he could not!

It was Paul Engelhardt who brought matters to a crisis. The tutor and pupil were alone together, and Rudolf had been struggling unsuccessfully with his lesson in arithmetic, when Paul suddenly shut the book, and said—

"Now, my boy, what is it? You are distressed and uneasy about something. Is it anything that has alarmed you in your music-room?"

Rudolf did not deny it, but was silent. His master waited, resolved, for the boy's own sake, to have an answer. At last, almost in a whisper, it came—

"I cannot help feeling there is something—or some one—there."

"Let us go and see, then!" said Paul, in his cheeriest tones, rising as he spoke. "There is nothing like searching into these matters at once."

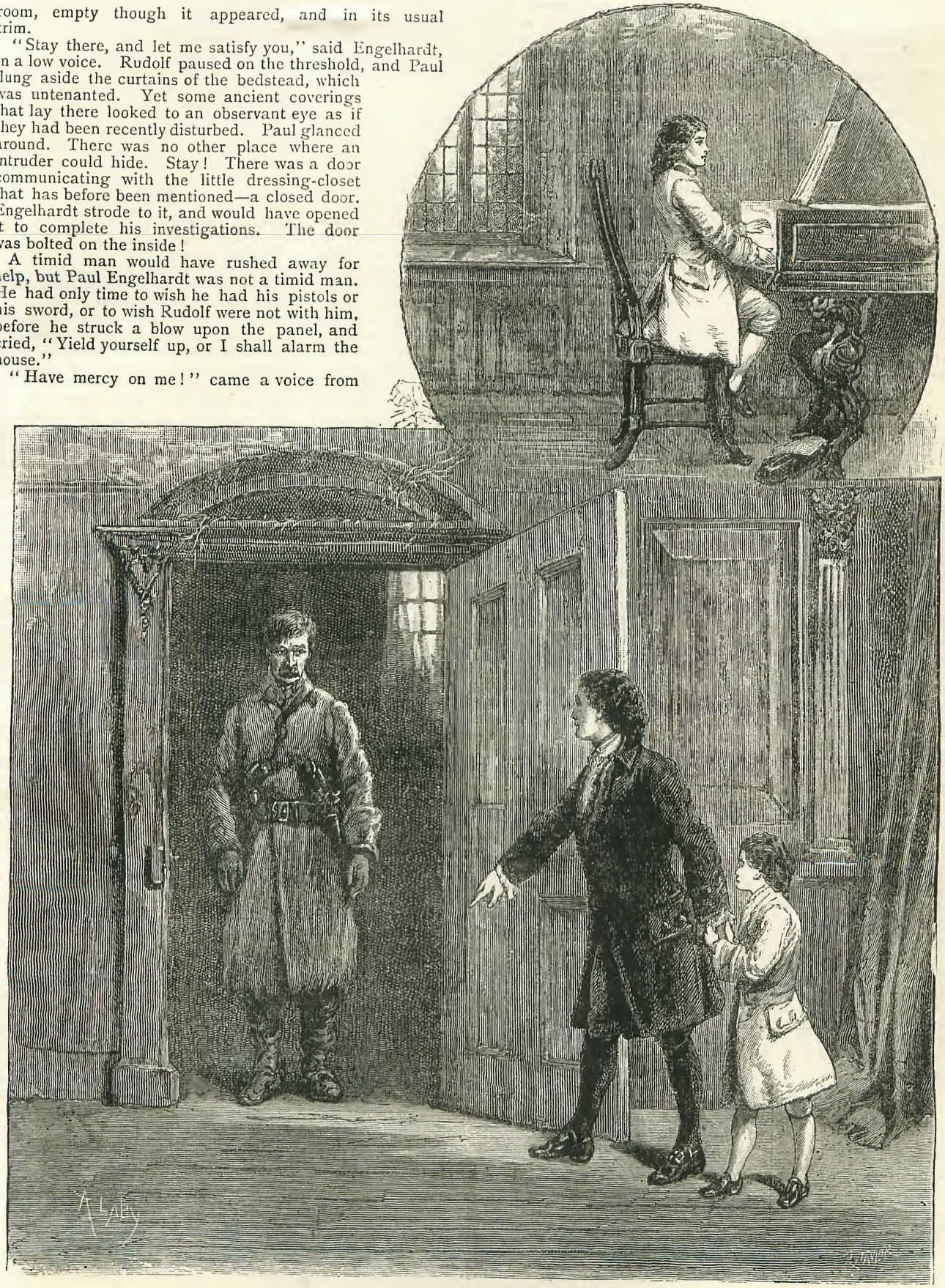
Half afraid, half relieved, Rudolf followed. The two passed quickly through the great oaken portal, and to the door of the "haunted room," which Paul flung open with an air of cheerful confidence. Strange! there certainly was a hurried sound as he did so: not the creaking of the door on its hinges, nor yet the crackling of the logs on the hearth, though Paul swiftly questioned himself as to the possibility of the noise being referred to either of these sources. There was also the indescribable feeling of "habitation" about the

room, empty though it appeared, and in its usual trim.

"Stay there, and let me satisfy you," said Engelhardt, in a low voice. Rudolf paused on the threshold, and Paul flung aside the curtains of the bedstead, which was untenanted. Yet some ancient coverings that lay there looked to an observant eye as if they had been recently disturbed. Paul glanced around. There was no other place where an intruder could hide. Stay! There was a door communicating with the little dressing-closet that has before been mentioned—a closed door. Engelhardt strode to it, and would have opened it to complete his investigations. The door was bolted on the inside!

A timid man would have rushed away for help, but Paul Engelhardt was not a timid man. He had only time to wish he had his pistols or his sword, or to wish Rudolf were not with him, before he struck a blow upon the panel, and cried, "Yield yourself up, or I shall alarm the house."

"Have mercy on me!" came a voice from



"'WHAT ARE YOU, AND WHAT DO YOU HERE?' STERNLY INQUIRED PAUL."

within the closet—a man's voice. "I am no thief. Have pity, and do not call any one. Promise me this, and I will open the door."

"If you are speaking truth I promise," returned Paul.

The door opened.

What a pitiable sight! There stood a man of some thirty years, tall but gaunt and thin, with wild eyes and ragged clothing. One ankle was bound round with bandages. In his girdle hung a pair of pistols; but at his aspect fear died away, to give place to the utmost compassion. Rudolf had rushed in, and caught at his tutor's hand.

"What are you, and what do you here?" sternly inquired Paul. "And give me those pistols before you answer."

"They are not loaded," replied the wretched creature, obeying nevertheless. "I am a deserter from the Prussian army. Swear you will not betray me, and I will confess everything."

"We are no friends to the Prussians in this house, and shall certainly not betray you," said Engelhardt. "But you are far enough away by this time from the field of war!"

"They can send after me. Their recruiting officers are keen as foxes, swift as bloodhounds!" cried the man, limping a step or two into the room, and dropping at the knees of Paul. "They hunt deserters all over Europe. They will torture me to death! Have mercy!"

"Why, you are famished for want of food, and want some heart put into you. Off, Rudolf, and get him something without letting anyone know."

Like an arrow from the bow the child sped away.

At the mention of food a wolfish gleam came into the man's eyes.

"I have eaten nothing but a little black bread for days," he said, faintly.

Paul forbore to question him till Rudolf returned with a loaf, a jug of milk, and a piece of cold meat. Then it was necessary to prevent the starving creature from eating too voraciously, which, in his condition, would have been highly dangerous. His hunger satisfied, the deserter gave an account of himself, to which the tutor and pupil listened with a mixture of pity and indignation.

It was, alas! no uncommon story in those days. The father of Frederick the Great, Frederick William I., had such a passion for having tall men in his army, that his agents, when they could not enlist them by fair means, would kidnap them by foul. The evil fashion thus begun laid down a low standard of morality in the procuring of soldiers, and Prussian recruiting-sergeants were by no means particular as to the methods they used for procuring tall and stalwart men for their sovereign's army. The Prussian military service was a horrible slavery. Strict discipline was enforced by cruel punishments. Men grew to detest their very lives under such a régime. Deserting became, therefore, a constant act, although incredible precautions were taken to prevent it.

The man was a native of a village in the Tyrol, not very far from Salzburg. He was, accordingly, not a Prussian at all, but he had been beguiled away from his wife and child by Prussian recruiting officers, and when, finding out his wretched fate, he tried to escape, he was cruelly beaten. After many futile attempts he had at last succeeded in baffling the vigilance of the sentries. Over trackless mountains, through pathless forests, he had for weeks been struggling towards his home, only sustained by the thought of his poor young wife. Peasants had taken pity on him, and helped him with a little food and money. He had escaped recapture, and had, somehow, in his journeying over the mountains, descended late one evening on the hamlet of Höhenfels. Lame and footsore, further walking was impossible. The courtyard was open, the deserted wing of the castle was the only shelter visible, and the deserter had dragged himself there to hide his pain and misery from the cruel November weather. For many days he had been lurking in the ruins, avoiding the periodical visits of Hans, crawling, for the sake of warmth, to the music room, and hiding himself when he heard the opening of the distant oaken door. A man who has been hunted like a wild beast gains wonderful aptitude in choosing and concealing a lair, wonderful quickness of hearing and of design. Heinrich Stern only intended to shelter in the castle till his lameness should be cured, and he could start afresh. He knew it was the last place where his enemies would look for him if they came to Höhenfels, whereas every peasant's cottage would be searched.

The story of his adventures would be a tale in itself, and cannot be recorded in detail. But it made the heart of Paul Engelhardt throb with rage and pity. The youth of Germany, nay, of Europe, were beginning to have new ideas of the rights of man as man, irrespective of social position or wealth. Why should this wretched peasant be snatched from his home, carried into a military slavery, beaten and tortured, at the will of a despot, and now obliged to flee in dens and caves of the earth? Paul's fingers involuntarily clenched themselves, and a crimson spot burned on his cheek.

"You shall be safe, Heinrich Stern," he said, in a voice of forced quiet. "You can walk well enough to get into yonder forest; there hide till I come for you. I have a horse in the stables. You shall ride back to Salzburg in my place. It is getting dusk already. I will keep you at my lodgings till you are strong enough to go home to your wife. On my honour I promise you."

The miserable man burst into tears. Paul would have no thanks, but made him depart by means of an unused staircase leading to the ground floor, and one of the ruined windows below gave him egress into the forest.

"Now, Rudolf, for the sake of yonder fugitive, not a word! I would not allow thee to have a secret hidden here, but thou mayest let me have mine."

"I would rather die than tell," exclaimed the excited boy.

He kept his word. In the shadows of the gathering darkness Heinrich Stern, wrapped in Paul's riding cloak, journeyed towards Salzburg, where the student took him in, tended and fed him from his scanty means, like the good Samaritan of old. Danger there was none, for the pursuers had long ago been distanced, and had given up their task as hopeless. When the deserter was convinced of this, he recovered rapidly, and in a few days Paul had the happiness of sending him, decently clad and restored to strength, to his wife and home. But before he went, Heinrich said to Paul—

"Didst thou not tell me yonder little sir was named Von Eberstein? One of his name, Colonel Conrad von Eberstein, perished at the storming of Schweidnitz."

It was too true. The tidings came late to the castle, but they did come, that the colonel had fallen. The forces of the Austrian general, Loudon, stormed and won the fortress of Schweidnitz on 1st October, 1761, but the gallant Conrad von Eberstein perished in the encounter.

Now, no word of penitence could ever come from the son to the father. A letter arrived, written by Conrad on the eve of battle, full of gratitude for his parent's care of the children, but breathing no acknowledgment of having done wrong in marrying the singer Ottilie, long years ago. Did Herr von Eberstein wish he had waived the demand for such confession? No one knew. He shut himself up for days after the news arrived, and no one dared try to comfort him. It is useless to dwell on the grief of the children and of Lucinda, but as sorrow is wont to do, it made them all cling more closely together. The tale about the haunted room and the deserter, which Rudolf was free to relate as soon as Stern was in safety, lost all its impressiveness beside this terrible news. But the father's absence had long been the custom of the children's lives, and, after a while, the days went on much as usual at Castle Höhenfels.

(*To be continued.*)



NOTICES OF NEW MUSIC.

E. Donajowski.

We have received a pamphlet, entitled "Why are there so few good amateur vocalists?" in which Mr. Lütgen answers this important question. The little book contains many words of warning, and several good hints to the parents and guardians of young England. There is little doubt that we all start with a voice of some sort, and that, as we grow, the majority of us either neglect to develop our natural gift, or, in an inexperienced attempt to cultivate it, have it ruined by unscrupulous and ignorant teachers.

Robert Cocks and Co.

Harbour. Song by S. A. Sabel, in F minor and major, is melodious and easy, and is a setting of very nice words by Clifton Bingham. It is intended for a mezzo soprano.

Until the Day Breaks. Song by Charles Gounod. Once again we eagerly seized the music, and once again we left the pages with a feeling of disappointment! *Could* they be the work of the composer of *Faust?* There have been several songs published lately, all bearing the honoured name of Charles Gounod, and not one of them written in the spirit of the master-mind which penned such noble masses and operas, and such magnificent songs. Such titles as "The Worker," "Maid of Athens," "My beloved spake," "There is a green hill," etc., rose before our vision, and made us wish for the composer perpetual youth and freshness.

The Afterglow, by Pinsuti. Many of the above remarks apply to the present song and its recent companions. In "The Afterglow" we miss many of the old charms in air, and specially in accompaniment, so justly connected in past days with the esteemed name of Pinsuti.

The Fables of Æsop, musically illustrated. A series of easy and effective pieces for the pianoforte, composed and fingered by Michael Watson. But why the Fables of Æsop? Why not Bradshaw's Time Tables, or if we *must* be classical, Macaulay's Essays? The fact is this: outside each of these pieces is printed a Fable of Æsop; inside is engraved a piece of music; and that is the only connection *of any kind whatever* between the two things. It is fabulous!

Old London Gavotte. Gavottes have so overrun the musical market of late years, that we get quite tired of noting fresh arrivals, but we may say that the above is a harmless and easy drawing-room piece by Marion La Thangue.

Studies for the Attainment of Mechanical Facility on the Pianoforte, by Alfred Whittingham. An extension of the exercises in Plaidy's and other well-known writers' works, in which, whilst holding down one finger, the student thoroughly exercises the rest of the hand. Mr. Whittingham wisely cautions the pupil against continuing such hard work beyond a time when the hand begins to ache. We recommend these studies to all young pianists.

J. and J. Hopkinson.

Bonne Nuit. Berceuse, to the poem by Béranger, for bass voice, piano, and violin. By Tivadar Nachèz—It is graceful and tender in treatment, and the effect of the ensemble is quite charming. The part writing is spoilt by clumsy octaves on page seven; these are probably an oversight.

Novello, Ewer and Co.

The Lord is my Shepherd. Anthem by Rev. A. Wellesley Batson—An excellent illustration of the Bible version of Psalm xxiii. Peculiarly happy is the composition to the first two verses of the Psalm; it is most comforting and refreshing.

Evans and Co.

Fair Rosamond is the title of a quaint pretty little Bagatelle for piano, by Cotsford Dick. Its phrases are very graceful.

Weekes and Co.

Royal Jubilee March, by Cameron Brock, for pianoforte or for organ—This is one of many similar things with which, in this year of grace, our music shops are flooded. It is a good march, but, like the majority of marches, the rhythm is its principal feature of interest, and the title is its main attraction.

J. R. Lafleur and Son.

Plantagenet Quick March, by the same composer as the above, is a much more spirited, and in every way suitable, composition. It has already been used by several regiments, and the swing about it is irresistible.

E. Schuberth and Co. (New York).

The Buried Flower. Words by W. E. Aytoun, music by Sebastian B. Schlesinger.

Arthur P. Schmidt and Co. (Boston).

The Midnight Wind. Slumber Song (violin obbligato) Songs by Sebastian B. Schlesinger.

Oliver Ditson and Co. (Boston).

Two Lyrics, by William Kennedy, set to music by Sebastian B. Schlesinger.

In the last volume of *The Girl's Own Paper* we had the pleasure of first calling our readers' attention to Mr. Schlesinger's compositions, and now, with a more extended knowledge of his powers as evinced in the songs before us, we can warmly recommend his work to the study of all those who aim higher than the drawing-room ditty, and who prefer intellectual recreation to merely superficial enjoyment. A special feature in all these songs is the varied rhythm and the ever fresh interest of the accompaniment. The pianist has a real duet with the vocalist. We hope Mr. Schlesinger intends to republish his compositions in England, and to give us the same facilities for obtaining them which our American readers enjoy.



USEFUL HINTS.

CREWEL CRACKERS.

Take a piece of cardboard about 6 inches long and 3 wide, and cover one side with thin silk or material. Then sew it up lengthwise, with the silk inside, to make a cylinder, or paste a strong piece of paper round it. Paper is preferable, as the join in sewing is apt to spoil the shape. Then cut a piece of figured silk or satin about 12 inches long, and sew very tightly round the cardboard, leaving about three inches of material at each end, half of which must be fringed out. Take two skeins of crewel wool, cut once and double, and insert one skein from each end, drawing gently in opposite directions till the cut ends are level with the end of the fringe.

Tie a piece of gold cord or ribbon very tightly round the silk just beyond the cardboard at each end. This gives it the appearance of a cracker, if made in suitable material. Large ones made in plush, the ends trimmed with lace, are very pretty for music cases, and also for work tidies. In the latter case they should have a round piece of cardboard sewn in at one end, and have cords or ribbons fastened from each end and tied in the centre, by which to hang them against the wall.

G. M.

Pied a la Poulette.—Take some sheep's feet (they can be bought prepared at tripe-shops), stew them very gently in sufficient water to cover them until they are tender enough for you to remove the bones. Then make some white sauce, in which put a dozen small button mushrooms which have been soaked in vinegar and water. Put the boned sheep's feet in this sauce, make them quite hot, add the juice of a lemon, and serve. The liquor that the feet have been boiled in makes good broth. Calves' feet that have been used to make jelly can be served up in this way. In France sheep's feet dressed à la poulette are much esteemed. They make an elegant little dish at a very small cost.

Cheesecake Pudding.—Take three ounces curd, two eggs, well beaten, and sufficient milk to make the mixture the consistency of a batter; add a few currants and some grated lemon peel, sugar to taste; line a pie-dish with paste, pour in the mixture, and bake in a rather quick oven.

Polishing Floors.

Floors polished with beeswax and turpentine are both agreeable to the eye and healthy. The floors should be thoroughly well scoured with strong soda, and then gone over with vandyke brown (which can be bought *ground in water*), mixed with a little size. If the boards have never been previously stained go over them twice with the brown. The beeswax will melt in turpentine, if the turpentine be warmed. When cold it forms a kind of jelly, and this must be well rubbed over the boards with flannel, and then polished by friction. If the boards when once stained and polished are occasionally rubbed over with beeswax and turpentine, a very polished surface can in time be obtained. In places where the stain wears off, re-stain with vandyke brown, and polish.

DRESS: IN SEASON AND IN REASON.

By THE LADY DRESSMAKER.

ALTHOUGH the spring garments of all kinds show various small changes, no great ones seem apparent. Fashions have grown quieter and more sensible, I think. There is less extravagance in the really good shops, both in dress and millinery, and less material appears to be used in the skirts of dresses, which hang in simpler folds. I am always so thankful to see any return to simpler habits; sooner or later, we must go back to them, if things go on as at present; and we had better make the change comfortably and before we are, in a manner, forced to make it. One of the best and wisest rules to make on this subject is, that before purchasing we should always consider whether "we can do without it." It is surprising—this rule once made and followed—how much we can do without, and how we can make old things do as well as new. This is particularly the case in small things; and with young people who fancy the pretty things they see, which look so cheap, and are really so dear, and who, nevertheless, cannot afford them without prejudicing and taking from something of more importance.

As a rule, most women and girls have more gowns than are at all needful, and they would be far better clad if they had fewer and wore out what they had more thoroughly. Three dresses are usually quite enough for comfort and good looks; and we should take care not to have more than one of a kind, excepting, of course, we live in lands of perpetual summer, where washing-dresses are a necessity. These three, for people who are of ordinary, or even of extraordinary means, consist of a house dress, a good tailor-made or walking dress, and a black or coloured silk as a best gown, which, if made with two bodices, would do likewise for the grander occasions of society life. When a change is needful, a new tailor-made dress could be got, and the old one made the morning gown. Always holding the ideal woman before our eyes—the "pink of neatness" and daintiness—what blessings should be showered on the head of the inventor of tailor-made frocks and gowns! Now that they are made by dressmakers, and dressmakers' gowns by tailors, all plain woollen gowns seem called "tailor-made" indiscriminately, provided they fit well, and are not overcome with too redundant trimmings, neatness and a good fit being the chief considerations.

For my part, I think that the secret of neatness in appearance, and good wear on the part



AT A PRIVATE VIEW.

of our gowns, is to keep them well brushed and dusted. It is surprising what a difference this makes; and men, as a rule, are much more careful about it than women.

A new subject of interest to all women in the matter of clothes now forms the subject of correspondence in some of the papers —*i.e.*, the weight of women's gowns. Some of these weights seem absurdly over-stated, because, save in the case of those trimmed with jet, I do not think the ordinary ones reach as high a weight as 10lbs., which some of the correspondents assert that they do. Taking the weight of an ordinary winter tailor-made gown of light fine woollen, I found it was a trifle over 4½lbs., and a fine Scarborough serge weighed 4lbs.; only this last was made on a silk foundation. All this seems to rest with the wearer, as she can easily avoid choosing such heavy materials. To my mind, the question of "dress reform" is a purely personal one, which every sensible woman can arrange for herself; so I carefully chronicle for this article every idea and question as it arises, so that my readers can mark them, and learn from them, if needful. Most women now look at dress from a higher point of view than they did a few years ago, and are anxious that it should be, not only pretty, but hygienic, and conducive to their everyday usefulness and comfort.

Amongst the changes in the making of dresses (as has already been stated) they are far more scanty than they were, and the amount of material used in them is far less. The fronts are, in



JUST OUT OF THE "ROW."

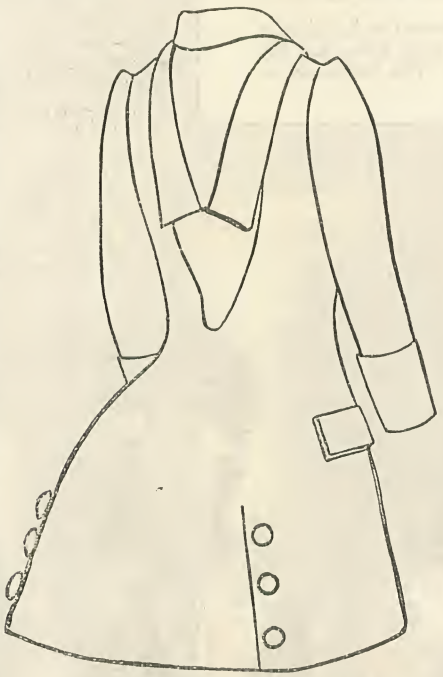
many cases, made full, either in one very full box-pleat, or else in a number of pleats, meeting in the centre of the front. The back drapery is not unlike that of the old "Burnous" cloaks we used to wear some years ago; and from this it obtains the name of "Bedouin drapery," the flapping ends of which are sometimes left to hang loose, and at others brought over the hips, like a flat and ungathered panier. Paniers promise to have a revival sooner or later, and kilted skirts have quite gone out; a narrow box-pleated flounce being used under the long straight tunic—and a few skirts are to be seen with several small gathered flounces at the edge of the skirt, under the long tunic. Most people at present seem to have the foundations of their dresses, and also the bodice lining, made of silk, with a view to lessen weight and make the skirt more slippery and less clinging. A very cheap silk has been brought out this season for the purpose, which costs less than a shilling a yard.

The chief change in the new bodices consists in their being made with flat basques (called "Puritan") at the back, with no fulness introduced at all. The darts in front are also ornamented with a straight trimming, of jet *passementerie*, and a yoke trimming of the same is often seen on the shoulders; the epaulettes forming a part of this trimming. This is very handsome, and also saves the necessity of employing any other trimming, as even the richest silk skirts are made-up untrimmed. Bodices with waistcoats are as much worn as ever, and white cloth waistcoats and cuffs are great favourites with materials that are crossed or striped with white, as so many of the newest woollen and cotton materials now are. Dresses are still made of several materials, and one part is often of plaid, or a stripe, while the other part, provided to match it most accurately in colour, is of the darkest shade of the plaid. Sometimes the whole costume is of plaid or a stripe; the waistcoat, cuffs and *revers* being of the plain. Each year there is less uniformity, and more scope for personal taste in the fashions; thus they are the more difficult to describe, so perhaps my dream is to be realised—that there will be no more fashions "cut and dried," but we shall all be educated up to the pitch of having a taste and an opinion of our own in these matters.

One of the great materials prepared for warmer weather is "zephyr;" but zephyr so improved, changed and altered, that it is quite a different thing to that we used to know. All the prettiest are plaided or lined with white, and where these white lines meet there is a large star or spot of white. Then some other pretty zephyrs are in chessboard patterns of two shades of colour, with a little rough *frisé* design on them, and others have one of the squares in a lace pattern with one plain square. Again, some are so deep in tone, that they might be woollen materials, and others of them are in designs of the real Scotch tartans. Amongst other cottons there is "Cairo crêpe," which was known last year as "Arabian crêpe," also "French cambric," and some new and pretty printed cottons.

Alpaca is now mixed with velvet in squares, and has satin spots on it, making it a much more stylish material than it was; and there are many "vicunas," in pretty colours, with and without satin stripes. "Llamas" are checked, as well as other woollens; and the new *voiles* are very delicately striped with silk and satin, and have dots of the same.

The favourite mantles of the season are all illustrated in our sketches of costume. Many of them have sleeves. Some are scarf-like in their drapery; and young ladies very generally fancy the small mantelettes that are like tight-fitting bodices, with epaulette sleeves, much jetted. The front and back of the bodice are trimmed in a pointed shape. The sleeve is generally only gathered in at the top of the arm, and has no back to it. There seems a fancy for hooded scarves, with long fronts falling straight down. These will be made of the same material as the dress; either in cashmere or silk, or else in lace lined with silk of some bright hue. Cloaks are illustrated in our sketch of "Just out of the Row," under the Achilles statue. They are made of fancy canvas, or light cloth; either cross-barred or striped. Sleeves are not very visible on them, as the sleeve is really produced by the cape, which gives rather a sling sleeved or "Bernhardt" effect, though they are certainly more like wings. Some of them have tight sleeves underneath these wings; and these are then made of a plain cloth, while the cloak itself may be striped or cross-barred. Some long and very stylish cloaks are being made of lace over coloured silk, in this shape. Jet is one of the principal



THE NEW TEA JACKET, CALLED "APRÈS-MIDI."

features on this year's mantles; and on the small ones I am sure the beads must weigh some pounds!

There is not so much as usual to say about colours; or rather, there is not much to add to that which I said on this subject last month. Grey of all shades is much worn, especially ashen-grey, and so is heliotrope. Pink and blue—the favourite mixture of Madame de Pompadour—is also liked; likewise blue and red, of a darker hue. This last is particularly affected on hats. There is a grey-blue called "Gobelin," with a greenish tint, which seems extremely popular, and amongst other greens we have "hay," "verdigris," "hop," "aloe," and pheasant, the tones of which are well explained by their names; but almost all are grey in their undertones. "Oyster" is a new grey-brown, and "chocolate" is rather a pink shade of brown. Some of the lavenders are very red, and are really revivals of an old shade called "Solferino," which came out at nearly the same moment as that dreadful "Magenta," of horrid memory.

The shapes of both hats and bonnets are seen by the illustrations. They are different from those of the winter, as they are flatter at the sides, and certainly more graceful-looking for the change. The hats are not quite so pretty, but are rather too much be-ribboned. Ribbons have quite taken the place of flowers as the favourite decoration of both hats and bonnets; and the new stock of ribbons is really lovely, both in colour and design. The new way of putting these picôt-edged ribbons into dresses, in place of frillings or collars, is pretty. The edges are placed one above the other, and the ribbon is tacked round the neck sleeves, any colour being used which will go with the dress, and be becoming. A little bow or rosette accompanies this ribbon edging, and is placed at the side or even in front of the neck. In tacking it in, the ribbon should be held a little tightly, in order to make it set well round the neck. These ribbons are now very cheap, so this is a decided saving on frilling, which was positively ruinous, as long as it remained in fashion, to slender purses. We do not seem to return to linen collars and cuffs, to which we were faithful so long; but as many ladies found their outline hard and unbecoming, this is perhaps the reason of their not being reintroduced.

The pattern I have selected for the month is one of the new "*Après-midi*," or tea jackets. These jackets have met with a great success since their introduction; and besides their being used for afternoon tea, many ladies have found them comfortable for breakfast in the morning; and also when invalided, and the tightness of the dress bodice becomes oppressive. I have given the sketch quite plain, but of course they need much trimming, such as lace or embroidery, to set them off, and make them pretty. The materials used are flannel, nun's cloth, striped flannel, Indian silk of bright colours, flowered brocade, plush, velvet, satin; in fact, of any material that may be convenient and pretty, and the trimmings are generally of lace or embroidery, in wool, cotton, or silk. The hood may be used or not as preferred. The jacket should reach nearly half way down the dress skirt, which may, of course, be of any material. The jacket or "*Après-midi*" consists of eight pieces; front, back, two sleeve pieces, collar, cuff, pocket, and hood; and the amount of material used (depending on the height of the wearer) is from five to six yards; but the width of the material used in making it must be considered. Price of pattern 1s. All paper patterns are of medium size, viz., 36 inches round the chest. No turnings are allowed, and only one size is prepared for sale. They may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate Hill, E.C. price one shilling each. It is requested that the addresses be clearly given, not omitting the county, and that stamps be not sent, as so many losses have occurred. Postal notes should be crossed, but not filled up with any name. *All patterns already issued may be always obtained*, as "The Lady Dressmaker" only selects such as are likely to be of constant use, in making and remaking at home; and she is particularly careful to give all the new hygienic patterns for children, as well as grown people; so that the readers of the "G.O.P." may be aware of the best methods of dressing themselves. The following, in hygienic underclothing, have already been given. Combination (drawers and chemise), princess petticoat (under-bodice and petticoat), divided skirt, under-bodice (instead of stays), pyjama (night-dress combination). Also housemaid's and plain skirt; polonaise with waterfall back, Bernhardt mantle, dressing jacket, Princess of Wales jacket and waistcoat (for tailor-made gown). Mantelet with stole ends, Norfolk blouse with pleats, ditto with yoke, blouse polonaise, princess dress or dressing-gown, Louis XI. bodice with long fronts. New pattern of Bernhardt mantle with pleated front, and plain dress bodice suitable for cotton or woollen materials. New tea jacket, or *après-midi*.

AN ANALYSIS OF BEETHOVEN'S SONATA IN G MINOR, Op. 49, No. 1.

By OLIVERIA PRESCOTT, late Professor at the Royal Academy of Music.
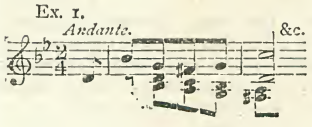


THE grouping of this sonata, in two movements only, distinguishes it from most of the sonatas we are accustomed to play now; and takes it back, in character, to the compositions of the early sonata writers. For the name *sonata* has two meanings in musical design. First, it means a group of movements with some connection in their keys, and contrast in their ideas; second, it means a particular course of key or modulation in one movement.

The first kind, which we may call the group-sonata, began with the compositions of Biber, late in the 17th century. These, which he called sonatas, were of two movements of different character, but in the same key. Later writers than Biber,—Corelli, Domenico Scarlatti, Veracini, Handel, Bach,—put in a middle movement of different character, and in a different key, making three in a group. Later still, yet another was put in, making four in all; and this was a minuet in the sonatas of Haydn and Mozart, and a scherzo in those of Beethoven and Mendelssohn. But, as their will or musical instinct bid them, composers returned from time to time to the older and simpler form of three movements in a group, or even two, as in the present example.

The second meaning of the name *sonata* is a particular design of one movement, which had its germ in some of the smallest of the old popular tunes, and had been used for longer movements by many composers. It was first used for the first movement of a group-sonata by Karl Philip Emmanuel Bach, son of the great Bach, and since that time it has been called, specially, the sonata form.
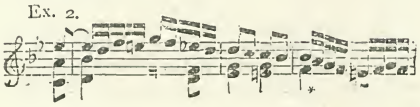
The first movement of the sonata, whose name is at the head of this paper, is in this sonata form. The first part of it (up to the double bar), which is in importance equal to half the movement, is, in this case, much less than half in length. It is divided again into first or tonic subject, and second or dominant subject. Here Beethoven uses one of the earliest varieties in sonata construction, for the dominant subject is not in the dominant key, but in that of the mediant or relative major. The feeling that this is suitable shows that the keys called relative major and relative minor (having one signature but two tonics) are two different keys; while at the same time it shows how nearly related they are. The first subject, beginning in G minor,

Ex. 1.



has two phrases of two bars each, answered by one of four bars, which comes to a half close on the dominant chord. The same idea begins again, but instead of the longer phrase the music is turned off into the key of B, and ends, with a curious shortening of the phrase, with a close on F.
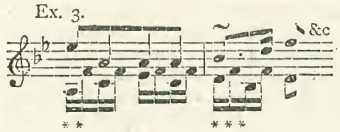
Ex. 2.



These few bars, which turn the music aside from the key of the first subject to that of the second, make that which is called by many different names—bridge, causeway, connecting link, etc. Because it turns aside without a close in the original key, there is a continuous effect in the music; we feel that it must be going on because there is no stop. This effect is wanted for the sonata form, and would be lost if a full close were put at the end of the first subject, like a full stop in reading.

The chord of F at the end of the connecting link (Ex. 2*) is continued into the next bar, which is the beginning of the second subject.

Ex. 3.



Here the chord of F (**) is not a simple common chord, but a dominant seventh in an inverted form; and when it is resolved into the tonic chord of B flat (***), it confirms the key of B flat, which was only suggested in the connecting link (Ex. 2). The second subject (Ex. 3) has two little phrases of two bars each, the second being a repetition of the first, an octave higher. A repetition of this for a third time is lengthened into a phrase of five bars, and answered by a similar phrase. The second of these begins rather curiously with the music of the second bar of the one which it answers,

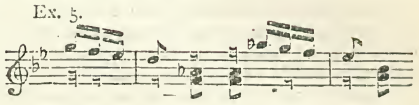
Ex. 4.



and is, as it were, stretched to an equal length by the insertion of a new bar in the middle. Another pair of short phrases are a repetition of the first thought (Ex. 3), and bring the second subject to a full close in its own key. The close of this music in B flat is also the end of what is called the first part of the sonata movement, and the return of all this must be looked forward to before the movement is finished.

The second part of a sonata movement should be mainly occupied with the thoughts of the first part shown in all new ways. Therefore Beethoven begins it with a free imitation of the second subject (Ex. 3), an imitation of the accent, but not of the intervals, and which is carried out differently. It is also in another key, viz., E flat, a key nearly related to both those of the first part, as it is the subdominant of B flat and the submediant of G minor. But a composer is not bound by hard-and-fast rules, and though principle says that this part should be chiefly occupied with new treatments of old things, it does not say that nothing new should be mingled with the old to renew their life. So there is now a new thought brought in, and because it is new we call it episodical—that is, of the nature of an episode.
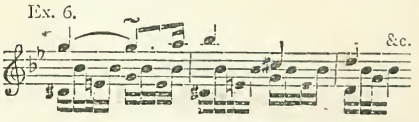
Ex. 5.



But Beethoven loves the old ideas, and soon the second subject returns (Ex. 3). One way of new presentation is to show old ideas in fragments as well as in new keys; therefore but two bars of this are given in the new key, E flat, and then it turns off to another new key, C minor, for a repetition of the two bars. This time is further changed by being in a minor key. Beethoven evidently thinks the turn into a minor key a happy thought; so, changing again, he brings the two bars in G minor. The two bars are now extended into new music, and shortly a dominant pedal begins, which ends the section called free fantasia, and grows into the return of the first part, which we have been looking for since the close in B flat.

Though this is to be the return of the first part, there is yet room for variety. Therefore, while the first idea (Ex. 1) is repeated up to the former half-close in G minor, the companion phrase has the principal melody put in the bass, instead of the top part, as it was before. In place of the turning off into B flat (Ex. 2, the link connecting with the second subject), the music here modulates a little sooner, and comes back to G minor at the end of the connecting link. Now the half-close is in G minor, instead of B flat, and leads naturally into G minor for the second subject. The new modulation, just before, makes this return of the old key as fresh as if it were really a new one. The second subject (Ex. 3) now comes, changed by being in the main key, and therefore changed the more by being in minor instead of major. The second five-bar phrase (Ex. 4) is turned off into a chord, which we think will take the music into D minor; but, after hovering awhile in the chord which suggests the change, it is proved to be really the chromatic chord of the supertonic of G, by its resolution in the tonic, and the apparent modulation is avoided.
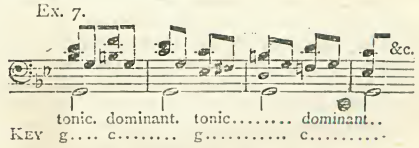
Ex. 6.



A little piece is "let in" here, to use a dressmaker's expression, which was not in the first part, and this adds to the new sound of the old music. From this follow the two final phrases of the first part, altered here by the principal melody being put in the bass, and the form of accompaniment changed.

A third reiteration of the little phrase grows into a coda of a few bars upon a tonic pedal. Little modulations in the course of this show the power of changing a pedal from tonic to dominant and back; for while in G the pedal note G is the tonic, the transient modulations to C change the pedal note, still G, into the dominant.

Ex. 7.



A return to G closes the movement. Notice that the key of G here is the major and not

the minor form of the key. This is in harmony with the old feeling which taught people to use what they called the *tierce de Picardie;* a feeling of dissatisfaction in a final close in the minor making it customary to close a minor movement with the major chord of the tonic.

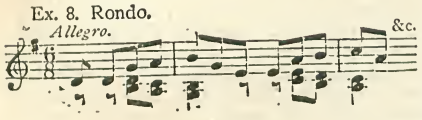
Throughout the recapitulation the key of G has continued, save in the shortest of transient modulations. This is in harmony with the general principle of key-form, which says that a movement should remain for a satisfactory time in its main key, should then go to new keys, and should return to the main key for a satisfactory time up to the end.

Second Movement.

The key of G is the key of G, whether it be major or minor. The difference is that of the same man in company with old friends or with young friends—of the same man in happiness or in sorrow. The tonic or key-note is one, though many of the notes related with it differ in character. Thus, while the first movement of this sonata is in G minor, the second and last follows in G major. The thought of closing the first with an extended *tierce de Picardie* makes a happy connection with the second in its major form of the key. Indeed, light-hearted happiness is the character of this movement—a happiness which the short-lived return of the minor here and there only disturbs to make more clear. It is but the shadow of a light cloud careering over the open heath on a windy summer day; what can be brighter than such a day, with such a cloud!
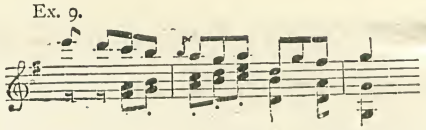
The first point which justifies the title of Rondo given by Beethoven to this movement, is the squareness of rhythm of the first or principal subject,

Ex. 8. Rondo.



and the full closes, like full stops, at the end of each of the two parallel phrases.
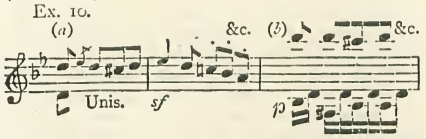
Ex. 9.



Such a rhythm would be less appropriate in the first subject of sonata form than, as here, in the principal subject of a rondo form.
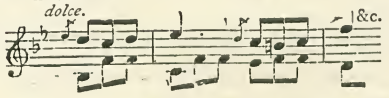
The next part, called the first episode, which is very long in proportion to the rest of the movement, begins in G minor (Ex. 10, *a*), and has a second idea or continuation of the first (Ex. 10, *b*).

Ex. 10.



This is carried on for several phrases, till the music is turned off into the key of B flat. A new idea begins now.

Ex. 11.



This is a complete song, with two companion strains. At the end of this song in B flat the G minor portion returns (Ex. 10, *a* and *b*); but instead of turning to B flat, as it did before, the music remains in G minor, with a full close. It is this return to the G minor passage which encloses the episode in one whole; the B flat song being, as it were, nursed by the repeated G minor. A bar or two of suggestion of the example 8 brings a return of the complete principal subject (Ex. 8 and 9).

After this repetition we are to have a second episode. In most rondos this would be a new thought; but in this case Beethoven prefers to use the same song which he used in the first episode. There is plenty of room for variety, however, and it is brought in quite differently. The old G minor music (Ex. 10, *a* and *b*) is cut out, and, in its stead, little phrases of the principal subject are treated after the fashion of the free fantasia of a sonata. The phrase (Ex. 9) is chosen for this. It is imitated from one hand to another, first in E minor, then C: then the last few notes are cut off and played first in C, then A minor; then G and D. The final D chord changes to be the dominant of G, and from that follows the old B flat song of the first episode (Ex. 11) now transposed into G.

The use of this second principal dea in the main key towards the end of the piece gives a resemblance to the sonata form which Beethoven often puts in his rondos—other musicians also. It points to the general feeling of key-form alluded to before, that there must be a great deal of the main key towards the end. The music of this B flat song is unaltered, save by transposition and by a charming turn of the melody at the end of the first strain. The G minor passage does not come again.

Any doubt as to the rondo character of the movement is fully cleared away by the return now of the principal subject (Ex. 8). Most tenderly and playfully is the little tune treated, so as to give it every effect of novelty; while it must be recognised as the old friend, and while no modulation disturbs the feeling of the closing key. The first little phraselet is arrested and repeated in the bass; then it starts again, and gets a little further. Now another phraselet is interrupted and repeated in the bass: again in the top part, again in the bass, and worked up to a pause on the dominant seventh. The resolution of this becomes a new melody, growing out of the first—nay, a duet of melodies, for the bass is as important as the top. From this a tonic pedal draws on the end, with little fragments of the first thought (Ex. 8) twisted into divers intervals, and the whole swaying to and fro between the tonic and dominant chords, as befits a coda.

To sum up, then, this rondo consists of three presentations of the principal subject and two episodes. Of these five numbers, the second episode is a transposed version of a greater part of the first, and the last time of the principal subject is treated so as to take also the character of a coda.

SUCH A COWARD!

CHAPTER IV.

WHO WAS THE COWARD?

FROM their quiet occupations the four girls were suddenly aroused by a shrill shout of terror from Alfie, who came flying past them with a face of white horror.

"Run, run!" he shouted, hoarsely; "run for your lives! the bull is coming!" And he flew on down towards the shore.

The girls looked up in alarm.

His words were too true.

The bull, with whose anger he had been amusing himself, fancying the animal was securely fastened in his own meadow, had found a way out at the farther corner, and was now advancing upon them with lowered head and hoarse, threatening bellowings.

Janet grasped the danger at once, and, with the instinct of self-preservation strong in her, flung down her basket and took to her heels, rapidly following her brother to the boat and safety.

Céline's face had grown white, but she did not lose her presence of mind.

"We must run to the boat as hard as we can, Julie," she said, quietly; "you take one of Emmie's hands and I'll take the other." And without wasting breath on any more words the three set off in Janet's footsteps as quickly as they could.

Already Alfie, a strong and athletic young fellow, used to racing and gymnastics, had reached the boat and was unlocking the chain which moored her to the land, with fingers that trembled with haste and fear. Janet was close upon him, but the other three, hampered by the care of the small child, could only make but slow way. And what an interminable distance it seemed to the boat! Could they ever reach it in time? Already they could hear distinctly the heavy tramp of the advancing hoofs, and the horror of their danger began to rob Julie of all power.

"I can't run another step!" she panted. "Oh, Céline, we shall all be killed!"

"You *must* run," Céline answered, shortly. "We'll be at the boat directly. Don't give way; we'll be saved yet!"

"But he's close behind," cried Julie; "he'll be on us in a moment!" And as she spoke they could almost feel the ground tremble under the approaching charge of the animal behind.

"Don't look behind," said Céline; "and don't talk. See to Emmie, whatever you do, and I am going to save you. When I let go her hand you take her up and run."

Juliet scarcely heard what Céline said, and had no idea what she was going to do. She only knew that in another moment she had let go of Emmie's hand, and was hurriedly unfastening the buttons of the long "newmarket" she wore.

"Run now as hard as you can," cried Céline, suddenly, and then she came to a standstill herself, and turned round as if to meet the angry bull.

"You'll be killed! Come on, come on!" cried Julie, frantically; but when she saw that Céline paid no attention to her words, she hastened her own flagging footsteps, dragging the child after her, for the moment, in the selfishness of a great danger, heeding nothing but her own safety. Poor little Emmie could not keep up the hurried pace any longer, but stumbled and fell; and Juliet, blind with terror, let her lie where she had fallen, and flew on, regardless of everything but reaching the boat, where she knew safety was.

There Alfie stood holding on by the tree, ready to push off in an instant as soon as the others were safe, while Janet was dancing

with frantic impatience, and shrieked wildly to the girls to run.

Already Alfie was ashamed of his selfishness in seeking his own safety and leaving his sisters and cousin to look to themselves, but he had not sufficient courage to run to their assistance now. How could he? It would have seemed like rushing upon certain death to get in the way of the infuriated animal. What did Céline mean standing there to meet him so calmly?

"She will be killed!" screamed Janet, wringing her hands helplessly. "Oh, help, help! Oh, somebody come and help us!"

Meantime Céline stood waiting to receive the charge of the furious animal. She gave one swift backward glance to see if Juliet and the child were hurrying on, and then advanced a few paces to meet the bull. He was close upon her now. She could see the red fury of his eye; she could almost feel his hot breath. In another moment he would have been upon her, but that one moment was enough for the brave girl as she stepped lightly on one side to throw over the animal's head and horns the long newmarket from which she had disengaged herself, and which she was holding in her hands.

Blinded and hampered by the garment, from which in his fury he could not immediately divest himself, the bull knew not which way to turn; and the few moments which were employed in his tearing the cloth to shreds were sufficient for Céline to flee forward, pick up poor helpless Emmie from the ground, and reach the shore.

There eager hands helped her to scramble into the boat. Alfie pushed quickly off, and the little party was safe.

Not one moment too soon, for the bull was soon after them, and they could see him standing at the edge of the water, bellowing in frantic rage at being thus balked of his prey, and tearing the ground in his impotent fury.

But they were all safe. Oh, thank God for that!

Alfie, with a shamed look on his face, had hoisted the sail and was keeping the boat's head steadily in the direction of home. Emmie was sobbing from the effects of her late fear and exertion, while Juliet and Janet were tearfully caressing Céline, who leaned back faint and white after her brave exertions.

"Oh, darling, how could you?" cried Juliet at last, with wondering admiration. "You might have been killed. Suppose you had failed? Oh, I can't bear to think of it."

"But we might all three have been killed," faltered Céline, "if I had not done something; and you see I did not fail, and I shall be all right soon. And thank God, we are all safe!" she added, devoutly, under her breath.

"I wonder who is the coward now!" cried Janet, with open, honest self-condemnation. "Was it Céline, who saved both Julie and Emmie? or Alfie and me, who ran and only thought of ourselves?"

"Céline, I'm *so* ashamed of myself!" said Alfie, in low husky tones; "I can't tell you *how* ashamed I am!" And he crept to her side with a humility very unusual in Alf. "Will you ever forgive me for having called you a coward, when now I know you must have been ever so much braver than I am all the time? Would you mind giving me a kiss and letting us be friends?"

How warmly Céline responded need not be said. Her sensitive, loving nature was only too glad to respond to any appeal like that. She had loved her cousin always, though she had never dared to show her affection for fear of vexing him; and this was the first time Alfie had kissed her.

"And please forgive me too, dear," put in Janet, giving her cousin another warm, tearful hug. "I know both Alf and I have behaved like brutes to you, but I rather think we shan't call you a coward in a hurry again."

"But I'm afraid I'm a goose all the same over some things," Céline answered, with a watery little smile. "I'm afraid I haven't quite lost my fear even of Pinto, but I do try to be brave, and now I am so thankful I thought about my newmarket and what to do with it just at the right time."

"And if you had not, and had not risked your own life, we might all be dead now—or at least Emmie and I," said Juliet with a shudder; "not you, Céline, for you could have saved yourself—you can run so fast—but you would not desert the child and me. You have saved both our lives, and how shall we ever repay you?"

But Céline wanted no payment for her brave service. It was more than enough to her to have her cousins all so grateful and affectionate, and to feel that for the future both Janet and Alfie would be her firm friends; and all the way home she was lifting up her heart in silent joyful gratitude that she had been able to do this great service.

And what could she ask more than the speechless embrace which told more than any words what her aunt felt, when the story was told? But for the girl's prompt thought and brave action what a mourning household theirs might now have been! and as Mrs. Marston pressed the orphan girl more closely to her motherly heart, she felt that more than ever was she her daughter, bound to her now for ever by the warmest and deepest debt of gratitude.

It was Alfie who told the story, with many interruptions from the others, making no excuses for himself, but even heaping more blame upon himself than perhaps he really deserved.

"I couldn't have believed I could have been such a coward, mother," he said, in deep abasement, "as to leave the girls and Emmie to manage for themselves when I was the only man of the party, and ought to have protected them. I think I just lost my head with fright, and it's for Céline to call me the coward now, only she's too generous."

"Your uncle shall hear of your bravery, my dear child," said Mrs. Marston, tenderly, to the pale girl, whom her arm was still encircling in an embrace which she seemed as if she could not loosen. "How are we all to repay you for risking your life to save your cousins?"

"I don't want any payment," Céline answered happily; "I'm so thankful and so glad to think I have been able to do a little thing for you when you and uncle have done so much for me. And, indeed, I did not do a great deal. It was only what the others would have done if they had thought about it."

"You are as generous as you are brave, my darling, and I trust not one of your cousins will ever forget what you have done for them."

Nor have they ever forgotten.

Since that day there has been a bond of unity between Céline and her cousins which time seems only to strengthen.

She and Alfie are sworn friends now; Juliet has grown warmer and more tender than of old, and her affection for the orphan girl has lost altogether the easy condescension which used to spoil it and make Céline feel herself despised and looked down upon; while careless Janet has grown by degrees to admire and reverence the cousin whom she once scorned, and to tease whom it was her delight.

The nicknames Céline used once to hate are never heard now; "Frenchy" used to be a term of opprobrium, and is never mentioned; while to call Céline "silly" or "coward" would have been cruel, ungrateful, and untrue.

So Céline feels herself really one of the family now, no longer lonely and an alien; and each day finds her stronger, happier, and more contented, loving her English life and surroundings more and more, and feeling less and less the pining home-sickness for her native land which once made her so unhappy.

To Mr. and Mrs. Marston she had always been dear, but now she is more than ever their child. Her uncle very soon after that day presented her with a gold watch and chain as a memento of her brave act, but the girl had not wanted any such reward; she was far more than repaid by the increased love and respect shown by all. It was love alone that her warm, sensitive nature craved. And with it she was far more than content.

[THE END.]

FAREWELL TO MAY: WELCOME TO JUNE.

A MAIDEN'S SONG.

BY THE REV. A. H. DRYSDALE, M.A.

THE merry month has passed,
Yet who would have her stay?
For leafy June has come,
Outrivalling even May.

With stately rounded grace,
June walks in rich array;
More girlish gait and dress
Belonged to budding May.

Her face was fair, I ween;
Her laugh, a sunny ray;
Dewdrops like tears of joy
Stood in the eyes of May.

Her dress of varied hues,
Her bonnet primrose gay,
Her skirts of royal green,
Bright livery of May!

She led the children forth,
Like nursemaid to their play,
And caused us romp afield,
Oh, blithesome month of May!

She bade us hear the lark
A-carol with its lay,
And list the cuckoo's note,
Oh! music-loving May!

Ah! merry month soon past,
Yet who would have thee stay?
If nobler June has come,
Outrivalling earlier May.

So let my youthful prime
Grow richer day by day,
A maidenhood of June,
Improving girlish May.

Good Lord! to such desires
Thou wilt not say me nay;
Let grace fulfil the hopes
And blossomings of May!

THE BROOK AND ITS BANKS.

By the Rev. J. G. WOOD, M.A., Author of "The Handy Natural History."

CHAPTER VII.

Hedera-dash—A Wiltshire "burnie"—Bandusia—The Cataracts—An unexpected discovery—The DIPPER, or WATER OUSEL—Nesting of the Dipper—A "cool grot and mossy cell"—Eggs of the Dipper—General habits of the bird—Its mode of feeding—The FRESH-WATER SHRIMP—Its marine relatives—Its mode of life—The Dipper in the North—A game-keeper's indictment—Various names of the Dipper—Its structure no clue to its habits—Song of the Dipper.

NOT very far from the Shrivenham station, in Wiltshire, there is a tiny brooklet, or, as Burns would call it, a "burnie," on the banks of which I have many a time watched the water rat, the wagtails, the kingfisher, and the graceful antics of the water shrew.

Though small, and sometimes after a prolonged drought, reduced in places to less than a yard in width, it never is quite dried up, as is the case with more pretentious streams at no great distance. In one place it runs under a road which skirts the lower portion of a hill, and then plunges down some five feet, so as to form a waterfall on a small scale. Then, it rushes down a steep incline over stones of considerable size, and after twenty yards or so makes another plunge of two feet or so, and then flows on tranquilly over comparatively level ground. Ivy and moss grew profusely along the banks, almost concealing the first of the two waterfalls. It was a singularly picturesque spot, and I made a very rough and, unfortunately, hasty sketch of it, which is now before me.

We called the place by a variety of names.

The more classical among us called it "Bandusia," in allusion to Horace's exquisite and untranslateable ode. It is true that no ilex was there, nor even holly, though there were oaks which might take its place. There were plenty of the "hollowed stones."

——"unde loquaces.
Lymphæ desiliunt tuæ."

Some, in whom the niceties of the Latin tongue were imperfectly developed, called it by the name of Hedera-dash, an expressive, though hybrid term.

Then, the two little waterfalls were dignified in allusion to the Nile, with the name of the "First and Second Cataracts." However, the name of "Hedera-dash," like the equally hybrid but convenient word, "bicycle," prevailed above the others, Bandusia falling into undeserved disuse; while the First and Second Cataracts were seldom named, the single word Hedera-dash being used collectively for the whole of the spot as far as the smooth water.

One afternoon, while feeling under the ivy fringe that shaded the first cataract, I came on a soft, rounded cushion of peculiarly smooth moss, and presently discovered a small round hole in it. On inserting my finger, a bird suddenly dashed out into my face, startling me exceedingly, and almost making me lose my footing. There could be but one bird which would make such a nest in such a situation, and I knew, without needing to see it, that I had accidentally discovered the nest of a "DIPPER" or "WATER OUSEL" (*Cinclus aquaticus*).

In accordance with the usual custom of the Dipper, the bird had covered its domed nest with fine moss, and had arranged its position so that it should be always wet with the spray of the waterfall, and should be kept as fresh and green as if it had originally grown there.

The nest of the dipper, indeed, really seems as if it had inspired the poet with the familiar words:

"Here in cool grot and mossy cell
We rural fays and fairies dwell."

In the nest were several white eggs, of which we took one or two, leaving one as a nest egg which would encourage the mother



THE WATER OUSEL.

bird to complete her full number of five before she began to sit.

I afterwards found another Dipper's nest near the Swindon Reservoir, but at a much greater distance from the water than is usually the case with the nest of this bird.

Let those who are fortunate enough to meet with a Dipper watch it carefully. It cannot well be mistaken for any other bird, looking, as it does, very much like a thrush without its tail. As it finds its food chiefly in swiftly rippling brooks, it mostly inhabits the more northern parts of England and Scotland, where the country is hilly, and consequently the brooks run swiftly over their stony bed.

It is not an easy bird to watch, its sober plumage of brown above and white below rendering it peculiarly inconspicuous.

Moreover, it has a way of slipping into the water in a quiet fashion, and when there, behaves in a manner entirely different from that of the kingfisher. The latter bird watches for a fish from above, "flops" into the water, and immediately returns to its perch, being in the water only a few seconds, and never chasing its prey below the surface. Whereas the Dipper prefers to run, or jump into the water, forcing itself below the surface, and working its way up the stream by the united use of its feet and wings, its plumage being studded with little air bubbles, like those of the water-shrew and water-spider. As it goes along, it searches diligently for small aquatic insects and molluscs, turning over the smaller stones, so as to dislodge any living creatures that may be hiding under them.

Among the animals which constitute its rather miscellaneous diet are water snails, small fish, and especially the many species of beetles that inhabit the water, either in their perfect or larval states. The bird also seizes upon the "caddis worms" which crawl on the bed of the stream, but in order to get at the white grubs, it is obliged to carry the caddis together with its case to shore, and then to pull the tough case to pieces.

A staple article of its diet is the so-called "FRESH-WATER SHRIMP" (*Gammarus pulex*), a not very distant relative of the Sand-hopper, whose lively gambols on the seashore are so familiar to all who have walked along the sands at the edge of the receding tide.

It is sometimes called the Fresh-water Screw, because, when taken out of the water and laid on the ground, it cannot leap like the sandhopper, or even crawl on its legs. All it can do is to lie on its side, and kick itself round and round, leaving a corkscrew-like line of water on the ground. Several allied species are common on the seashore, and when laid on the sand, trace similar patterns on it, instead of jumping about and then burrowing under the sand, as is done by the sandhopper. The Fresh-water Shrimp is one of the inhabitants of the brook, whose very existence is often unsuspected, although there is scarcely a square foot of the brook's bed which does not contain one or more of these interesting crustacea.

The Fresh-water Shrimp has a singular mode of obtaining its food. It wriggles its way under stones, searching about until it is assured that no more food is to be obtained. Then it emerges from beneath the stone, and allows itself to be carried for a foot or two down the stream. Then it arrests its progress, and with a peculiar jerking movement, forces it way up the stream again until it has found another stone under which it may renew its search for food.

Just above Erith there is a little stream which once had a place in history.

Springing from a "holy well" at Lessness Heath, it ran swiftly down the spur of Shooter's Hill, at the extremity of which is situated Erith Church, and then spread and deepened until it formed the "Eare-Hythe," or "Old Harbour," in which the celebrated "Great Harry" used to lie at anchor.

It is now narrowed to a tiny brooklet, which crosses a footpath between Erith and Belvedere. A small bridge is now built over it, but for some years after I came to live in the neighbourhood, it was only crossed by a

single plank not more than a few inches above the surface of the water. Hundreds of pedestrians crossed the brook daily, and yet I never spoke to one who had noticed that the Fresh-water Shrimp absolutely swarmed in the shallow, rippling brooklet over which they had been accustomed to pass for years.

As to the Caddis worms, which have been casually mentioned, their remarkable life-history will presently be described.

The Dipper has often been denounced as feeding on the eggs of trout, salmon, and other valuable river fishes, and, in consequence, it is placed on the list of the many creatures which the gamekeeper classes under the very comprehensive title of "vermin," and shoots whenever he sees them.

This is especially the case in Scotland, where the salmon is jealously protected. But, although many of these birds have been dissected during the spawning season, nothing has been found in their digestive system except insects, molluscs, and fresh-water shrimps.

In Scotland the Dipper is one of the commonest birds that can be found in the neighbourhood of water. It goes by various names, one being the "Water-crow," or sometimes the "Water-pyet," while in many places it is actually known as the "kingfisher!" The Dipper is notable for being one of the few birds whose appearance belies their character. There is literally nothing in its general appearance, or in any detail of its external or internal structure, which gives the least indication of its aquatic habits.

When a bird seeks for its food beneath the surface of the water, we naturally expect that its feet will be webbed, and the plumage close and compact, like that of the ducks, geese, penguins, and other diving birds. Yet, there is nothing either in the feet or feathers to distinguish the Dipper from any of the land-frequenting thrushes.

Apparent anomalies of a similar kind are to be found both in the animal and vegetable kingdoms, as we shall see in the course of this work. I may, however, mention here that the common cormorant affords an example of an anomaly of an opposite kind. The webbed feet of the water birds are especially made for propelling their owners through the water, and are little suited for locomotion on land, while they seem to be utterly unfit for perching on branches. But, although the cormorant has webbed feet, and is as awkward a walker as any duck, goose, or swan, it yet has the power of perching on branches, a remarkable fact which has been noticed by Pliny, and has been introduced into "Paradise Lost" by Milton. Describing Satan's entrance into Eden, the poet has the following passage:—

"Thence up he flew, and on the tree of Life,
The middle tree, and highest that there grew,
Sat like a cormorant; yet no true life
Thereby regained, but sat, devising death."

Another remarkable point about the Dipper is, that it is a singing bird,—the only instance, as far as I know, of an aquatic bird possessing the power of song. Though tolerably familiar with the Dipper, I have never been fortunate enough to hear it sing. Its notes are not loud, but are bright and lively, and are mostly to be heard in the early morning. It sings when perched, mostly choosing a stone near the water, and accompanying the song with various lively gestures.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

The Queen's Kindly Ways.

"A wonderful good woman to her servants is the Queen." Such was the remark of the wife of one of the lodgekeepers in Windsor Forest to one who was lately talking with her. She had been a servant in the royal establishment, and was now comfortably provided for. "The Queen came several times to see my husband when he was down with rheumatic fever at Osborne," continued the lodgekeeper; "and the princesses often brought him oranges and jellies with their own hands." Manyothers have had cause to say, "A wonderful good woman to her servants is the Queen." In the "Queen's Journal in the Highlands," both in the text and in footnotes, there are many kindly references to those in her service, even when in very humble situations.

When she was at Holyrood Palace in Edinburgh in 1885, Her Majesty drove to Dalkeith, the home of the Buccleugh family, the heir of which, the Earl of Dalkeith, had recently lost his life by a sad accident. She took a wreath to lay on his tomb, and also on that of the good Duke of Buccleugh, whom she had long known. But, some years before, she had paid the same tribute of affectionate remembrance at the grave of a young Italian dressing-maid who had died in her service. She was buried at Rosebank Cemetery, and the Queen had caused a chaste and simple monument to be erected over the grave. To this she drove from Holyrood, and it was an incident of affecting interest to see the Queen of England paying the heart's homage at the tomb of a humble domestic."—*From Dr. Macaulay' "Victoria R.I., Her Life and Reign."*

To Our Editor.

I am a cat: Miss Jetty Vogel's cat;
What think you, gentle editor, of that?
With fox-like tail, and tufted paw and ear;
With mane and ruff when wintry days are here.
A Persian cat of somewhat mixed descent;
Argent and azure in my 'scutcheon blent.
Argent my coat, my optics azure are;
Sure charms like these condone the adverse bar!
Azure mine eyes; at least, one eye is blue,
The other greenish-yallery in hue.
But what of that? Two blue eyes they aver
Make pussies deaf when linked with snowy fur.
And now each mouse beneath the floor I hear,
Each gentle epithet delights mine ear;
And when each month the G.O.P. is read,
With joy I hear the editor hath said
That Persian cats require the tenderest care,
With sympathy, soft bed, and dainty fare,
I purr approval; nor can I complain
Of aught shortcoming in domestic reign.
For twice five years the household joy and pride,
My fads respected and my wants supplied.
Warmed is my saucer, lest the milk be chill,
Fish, poultry, veal, my little platter fill.
My sole complaint when on Bank Holiday
With drum and fife the band pursues its way;
Distraught with fear, I up the chimney fly,
Emerging, what a sorry wretch am I,
Till, rubbed with flour, my coat regains its hue—
This wrinkle owe we, gentle sir, to you.
I fain would come and visit you in town,
At Paternoster Row to light me down,
But cannot, for my too majestic weight
Exceeds the parcel post's extended rate;
So send three hairs, plucked to suggest the rest,
Where beats my heart within my snowy breast.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Janet.—We advise you to join the Young Women's Christian Association or the Girls' Friendly Society, which have reading-rooms, homes, and restaurants in London. The secretary of the former is Miss Mary Weitbrecht, 17, Old Cavendish-street, Oxford-street, W., and the secretary of the latter is Miss Wright, 3, Victoria Mansions, Victoria-street, Westminster, S.W.

Amy Robsart.—It is not proper to ride out alone with any man to whom you are not engaged, excepting a very near relative.

A. E. C.—Your verses are not written according to the rules of metrical composition.

Jennie.—Whistling is not well-bred, either practised by man or woman. But in absolute privacy at home many things may be permitted, and this among them. At the same time we meet with certain rare instances in which it has been raised to a really beautiful art, and then it is sanctioned even in society as a curious accomplishment.

Miss Napper.—We have given a long series of articles on the principles of good breeding and the various details in which it should be exemplified, in every circumstance and position of life, as well as on etiquette as it obtains in the highest circles of society. They began in vol. i., with the "Art of Letter-writing," and are some of them headed "Duties." Five of them appeared in vol. ii., six in vol. iii., three in vol. iv., four in vol. v., six in vol. vi., etc. The whole series has not appeared in the magazine nor in separate form as yet.

Mabbie.—Your letter is most discreditable to you in every way. At sixteen you are only in the position of a schoolgirl, and have no claim whatever to do as you like. Your stepmother must be obeyed and respected, and your father should insist on it. It would be wise to send you to school.

Amy B. and Ivy.—The 1st and 2nd vols. of the "G.O.P." are entirely out of print, and so likewise are all the indexes, excepting for vols. vi. and vii., and none of these will be reprinted. But chance volumes and indexes may be obtained at booksellers' shops and stalls. Write to our publisher, Mr. Tarn, for the 3rd volume.

Inquisitive.—We suppose that the landscapes represented on the advertisement placards of the Ozokerit candles must be of some place either in Moldavia or Wallachia, as the mineral (*hydro-carbon*) is found in those countries. Its suitability for the purpose of distillation to produce a substance available for candle-making, was discovered and introduced towards the end of the year 1871.

Ada (and Others).—Sodor (from *Sodor-eys*, "South Islands," *i.e.*, the Æbrides or Hebrides) as distinguished from the Orkneys, or "North Islands." In the year 1113. the Southern and Western Islands were united to the Isle of Man, having been previously made an Episcopal Diocese (in 1098) by Magnus, King of Norway. But the Isle of Man is said to have had its own distinct Episcopal See since about the year 360. We have given this answer before.

An Invalid.—Dr. Jæger's address is 4, Prince's-street, Cavendish-square, W. They would send you all particulars as to the several dimensions and thicknesses of their hygienic undergarments. We cannot advertise prices.



THE SUMMER NUMBER OF

"THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER"

THIS YEAR OF JUBILEE IS ENTITLED

"VICTORIA'S LAUREL,"

and will be Published with the July Magazines.

The Number will contain a Life of the Queen (Illustrated), and many stories and articles of general interest. Only the usual number, and no reprints or extra editions, will be published.

A READER should obtain a doctor's advice. We could not prescribe for her.

ENGLISH MAIDEN.—You could "cast in your mite" in other ways than by writing essays. We are unable to assist you in reference to the latter, though we should gladly encourage you to be useful.

NEARLY WORN-OUT.—1. Probably the state of your digestive organs is attributable to your eating full meals when too much fatigued to take more than a little milk and lime-water You should leave off eating meat for some time to come, and do not take beer nor eat suppers. 2. There is a Servants' Home and House of Rest at 96, Tontine-street, Folkestone. Apply to Miss Bass, 14, Victoria-grove, Folkestone; terms from 7s. to 10s. per week. The London and Brighton Female Convalescent Home is to be recommended. Write to Mrs. Marshman, 4, Ladbroke-square, W.

G. S. E.—You should have asked for the address of the young man who paid for another ticket for you when you lost your purse, and at once returned the money lent; and you should also have told your family of the circumstance, and of his having taken advantage of the favour rendered to speak to you on subsequent meets, which latter presumption was most improper on his part. Act on their advice.

ANNIE M. H.—Under the special circumstances which you name, we think you need not leave your present situation. Of course you would have to be trained for any branch of domestic service.

M.M.—The grammar is incorrect in the sentence, "No one knew I was here but *her*." Who knew it? You could not answer "*Her* did." Of course it should be "she did."

TENNIS.—You had better send your work direct to some asylum or hospital, instead of waiting on the chance of selling it, and having likewise to pay the work society engaged to sell it for you. A bad speculation, we should think.

TREMBLER.—Your nightly terrors about robbers, ghosts, earthquakes, thunderstorms, and fire might all be allayed by committing yourself, body and soul, to the care of your Heavenly Father. "Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night," etc. (Psa. xci.) 5.) Confess the sins and omissions of the day past, and ask pardon for your Saviour's sake. We are told "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee" (Isaiah xxvi. 3).

TOOTHACHE.—You ought to have the heartache as well as the toothache. The man who presumed to propose, and induced you to make him a promise of marriage without obtaining your parents' consent, was highly dishonourable. And now that he wants you privately to take the final and irretrievable step, and to act like a traitor to your kind, unsuspecting parents, is behaving like a cowardly scoundrel, who ought to be horsewhipped. Confess all to your parents, and beg their forgiveness and protection from so base a man.

AUREE.—*No* harm whatever under the circumstances you name.

MAY.—There are some valuable little publications issued by the Christian Evidence Society. Amongst them there is a series of Christian evidence lectures, 1s. each. Suppose you send for No. 5, 'Strivings for the Faith." There are, we think, five in this series.



(Drawn by E. F. Bridell-Fox.)

AN ARAB MARRIAGE.

[See p. 521.



VOL. VIII.—NO. 388.] JUNE 4, 1887. [PRICE ONE PENNY.



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SHAKESPEARE AS THE GIRL'S FRIEND.

By MARY COWDEN-CLARKE, Author of "The Concordance to Shakespeare," "The Girlhood of Shakespeare's Heroines," etc.

OUR great Poet-teacher, who has given us 126 clearly-drawn and thoroughly individual female characters, who has depicted women with full appreciation of their highest qualities, yet with accurate perception of their *defects and foibles*, who has championed them with potential might by his chivalrous maintenance of their innate purity and devotion, while showing the points wherein their natural moral strength may be warped and weakened by circumstance, who has vindicated their truest rights and celebrated their best virtues—himself possessing keener insight than any other man-writer into womanly nature—Shakespeare may well be esteemed a valuable friend of womankind.

To the young girl, emerging from childhood and taking her first step into the more active and self-dependent career of woman-life, Shakespeare's vital precepts and models render him essentially a helping friend. To her he comes instructively and aidingly; in his *page she may find warning*, guidance, kindliest monition, and wisest counsel. Through his feminine portraits she may see, as in a faithful glass, vivid pictures of what she has to evitate, or what she has to imitate, in order to become a worthy and admirable woman. Her sex is set before her, limned with utmost fidelity, painted in genuinest colours, for her to study and copy from or vary from, in accordance with what she feels and learns to be supremest harmonious effect in self-amelioration of character. She can take her own disposition in hand, as it were, and endeavour to mould and form it into the best perfection of which it is capable, by carefully observing the women drawn by Shakespeare.

From his youthful women she can gain lessons in artlessness, guilelessness, modesty, sweetness, ingenuousness, and the most winning candour; from his wives and matrons she can derive instruction in moral courage, meekness, magnanimity, firmness, devoted tenderness, high principle, noble conduct, loftiest speech and sentiment. Grace of diction and eloquence of expression she may gather from them all; trying to emulate their manner, to acquire their tone of thought, to cultivate their mode of utterance, as far as may be consistent with non-sacrifice of ease and naturalness proper to individual identity. An unvulgar and unslipshod style of talking may well be encouraged without lapsing into the opposite *fault of affectation* and artificial phraseology; and the modern practice of allowing oneself to adopt slang in conversation, warrants a strong recommendation of rather aiming at superior and sensible wording in language than giving way to a commonplace and meaningless fashion of parlance. Apt terms, pertinent words, unhackneyed sentences, may all be stored for use from Shakespeare's English; and are surely well substituted for the threadbare epithets and phrases perpetually used even by those who consider themselves educated persons.

For moral introspection and self-culture Shakespeare is a grand aid, as well as for mental discipline; and, perhaps, peculiarly so, as regards women: since he, the most manly thinker and most virile writer that ever put pen to paper, had likewise something essentially feminine in his nature, which enabled him to discern and sympathise with the innermost core of woman's heart. Witness his sonnets,—where tenderness, patience, devotion, and constancy worthy of gentlest womanhood are conspicuous in combination with a strength of passion and fervour of attachment belonging to manliest manhood.

He himself has generously borne testimony to the superior fidelity and steadfastness of women in their attachments, where he makes his lover-duke say:—

"For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than women's are."

And he has drawn the majority of his women characters consistently with this estimate of their faithfulness in love. Compare many of his lovers with the women they love, and it will be found that the latter are nobler and firmer in affection than the former. Look at Claudio and Hero, Proteus and Julia, Angelo and Mariana, Hermione and Leontes, Posthumus and Imogen, Othello and Desdemona; where the men are more readily credulous, and more easily shaken in their trust and confidence, than women are. Even where the men are not fickle, but merely misled, they allow their allegiance to waver; whereas the women, even when told their lovers or husbands are unfaithful, they themselves remain patient and lenient, still preserving hope and faith. He has shown how women are capable of great forbearance and prompt forgiveness—high qualities under wrong and injury.

See with what quiet dignity of sorrowful rejoinder Hermione replies to her husband's violent and injurious charge against her:—

"How will this grieve you,
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have published me? Gentle, my lord,
You scarce can right me throughly then, to say
You did mistake."

And how meekly she submits:—

"There's some ill planet reigns:
I must be patient till the heavens look
With an aspect more favourable."

And with what wifely concern, yet with what keen sense of his cruel injustice, she withdraws, saying:—

"Adieu, my lord;
I never wished to see you sorry; now,
I trust, I shall."

Matched with this, observe how Imogen bears her husband's alleged and actual wrongs towards her. When calumniously informed of his levity, his carelessness of conduct, his forgetfulness of her, and even his infidelity towards her, she merely breathes forth the pained cry:—

"My lord, I fear,
Hath forgot Britain."

And when urged to reprisal, she, with generous and sensible reservation from too hasty judgment, replies:—

"Revenged!
How should I be revenged? If this be true
(*As I have such a heart, that both mine ears*
Must not in haste abuse), if it be true,
How should I be revenged?"

Not even when his disbelief in her innocence and his cruel mandate to kill her for her supposed guilt reach her knowledge is her tenderness for him shaken. Overwhelmed and stunned by this knowledge, which comes to her through perusal of his letter to the servant whom he has commissioned to murder her, she at first utters no syllable; but her condition and her silence are conveyed by the dramatist through the comment of this trusty servant Pisanio himself, who says:—

"What shall I need to draw my sword? the paper
Hath cut her throat already."

After the first spontaneous refutal of her husband's injurious suspicion, she instinctively throws the blame on others rather than on him:—

"Some jay of Italy,
Whose mother was her painting, hath betrayed him."

And then she at once falls into tender regret for his lapse from due trust in her and from constancy to her, by remembering his protestations to her and by sadly exclaiming:—

"Oh,
Men's vows are women's traitors! All good seeming,
By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought
Put on for villainy; not born where it grows,
But worn a bait for ladies."

[Be it remarked, in passing, that this generalising a fault as that of men universally instead of as that of the individual man beloved, is a habit peculiar to women, and therefore here characteristically introduced by Shakespeare, who knew every item of woman's nature with such singular intuition.]

Imogen's next impulse is submission to her husband's will:—

"Come, fellow, be thou honest:
Do thy master's bidding: when thou see'st him,
A little witness my obedience: look!
I draw the sword myself: take it; and hit
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart:
Fear not; 'tis empty of all things, but grief:
Thy master is not there; who was, indeed,
The riches of it: do his bidding; strike."

But in offering her bosom to the sword, she finds there her husband's letters to her; and in the bitterness of seeing how his present cruelty belies his written professions, she will not keep them as defence. Yet, even then, she nobly says:—

"Though those that are betrayed
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe."

And she has still the generous magnanimity to feel most for him when he shall have discovered his mistake and the wrong he has done her:—

"I grieve myself
To think . . . . . how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me."

Imogen is a perfect exemplar of a devotedly loving wife and a high-minded, large-souled woman.

Mark the maidenly sweetness and reticence with which Hero answers the rough—nay, ruffianly—reproaches with which Claudio overwhelms her at the very altar, where they are to be married:—

"And seemed I ever otherwise to you?"

Again:—

"Is my lord well that he doth speak so wide?"

Note how Shakespeare, even when penning one of his earliest-written plays, depicted lov-

ing constancy, tolerance, and frank forgiveness, as Julia's characteristics in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, while showing Proteus to be weakly wavering in his love to her, unworthily faithless to his friend, and merely returning to his loyalty to both when defeated in his disloyal purposes.

Pertinent token of our poet's knowledge of women's quick insight into character, and of a daughter's wisely bearing in mind her mother's discreet counsel, lies in those few words of soliloquy spoken by Diana after the evil-pleading Bertram has left her:—

"My mother told me just how he would woo,
As if she sat in his heart."

Shakespeare has read all gentle-charactered women a lesson on the danger of allowing gentleness to merge into timidity and timidity into untruthfulness, by the picture he has drawn of Desdemona and of her ill-fated career. It is shown with all the subtlety and force of the dramatist's art, and with all his wonderful knowledge of womanly nature, how Desdemona's dread of her father leads her to conceal from him her preference for Othello, and to commit the grave error of a clandestine and runaway marriage. This enables her father to utter the ill-omened sentence to her new-made husband:—

"Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to see:
She has deceived her father, and may thee."

This also enables the villainous Iago to say:—

"She did deceive her father, marrying you;
And, when she seemed to shake and fear your looks,
She loved them most."

To which, alas, her husband can only reply:—

"And so she did."

Those four brief words are the seal to Desdemona's fate. Had Othello been able to confute them, he would not have fallen into the snare netted for him, and he would not have been prepared to believe her utterly false, by knowing that she could be false in a minor degree. Again, when he asks her for the handkerchief he had given her, and she evades, equivocates, and finally replies to his bidding her "Fetch't, and let me see't," by the direct falsehood, "Why, so I can, sir; but I will not now," although she has just previously lamented to Emilia the loss of that handkerchief, Desdemona confirms her husband's knowledge of her want of truth; for he has learned that she has no longer his "first gift" in her possession.

So ingeniously and dexterously does the dramatist work, that he reminds us by a slight but significant touch of the perilous mode in which gentleness is allied to timidity and falsity if permitted to merge into them instead of taught to strengthen into firm principle, where he makes Othello passionately and tenderly revert to this quality in her when he exclaims, "And then, of so gentle a condition!" which brings from the snake Iago the sneering rejoinder, "Ay, too gentle."

To the very last, Shakespeare has preserved the characteristic softness of disposition in Desdemona which leads her to swerve from truth; though, in this instance, it is not to shield herself, but to screen him she loves from blame and punishment. When she is found dying by her mistaken husband's hand, and Emilia exclaims, "Oh, who hath done this deed?" Desdemona, with her last breath, replies:—

"Nobody; I myself. Farewell:
Commend me to my kind lord; O farewell!"

Grandly consistent Poet-teacher, Shakespeare!

Another lesson, in minor morals and in discreet conduct, may be gathered by the young girl who is wooed by an urgent suitor when his previous life has not been all that her prudent parents approve, though his sincere affection for her and the reform it has wrought in him incline her to listen to his pleading. It is a brief dialogue, but full of noteworthy matter:—

"*Fent.* I see I cannot get thy father's love;
Therefore no more turn me to him, sweet Nan.
Anne. Alas! how then?
Fent. Why, thou must be thyself.
He doth object, I am too great of birth;
And that my state being galled with my expense,
I seek to heal it only by his wealth.
Besides these, other bars he lays before me,—
My riots past, my wild societies;
And tells me, 'tis a thing impossible
I should love thee but as a property.
Anne. May be he tells you true.
Fent. No, heaven so speed me in my time to come!
Albeit, I will confess, thy father's wealth
Was the first motive that I wooed thee, Anne:
Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than stamps in gold, or sums in sealèd bags;
And 'tis the very riches of thyself
That now I aim at.
Anne. Gentle Master Fenton,
Yet seek my father's love; still seek it, sir:
If opportunity and humblest suit
Cannot attain it, why then—Hark you hither."

And they talk apart, as other persons enter.

Quite another style of courtship, in its ultra romantic and poetic circumstances and environments, is that of the lonely island-bred Miranda and the princely Ferdinand, with her effusive, spontaneous, guileless candour of response to his proffered love, rendered additionally beautiful by the sanction of her father's assent, though unexpressed, and his presence, though invisible.

Ferdinand says:—

"Hear my soul speak:
The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service; and for your sake
Am I this patient log-man.
Mira. Do you love me?
Fer. O heaven! O earth! bear witness to this sound,
And crown what I profess with kind event,
If I speak true: if hollowly, invert
What best is boded me to mischief! I
Beyond all limit of what else i' the world,
Do love, prize, honour you.
Mira. I am a fool
To weep at what I'm glad of.
Fer. Wherefore weep you?
Mira. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give; and much less take
What I shall die to want. But this is trifling;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence bashful cunning!
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me, but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.
Fer. My mistress, dearest,
And I thus humble ever.
Mira. My husband, then?
Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom: here's my hand.
Mira. And mine, with my heart in't."

Then her father, Prospero, after they have left the scene, hallows by this sentence their engagement to each other:—

"So glad of this as they, I cannot be,
Who are surprised with all; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more."

The behaviour of Perdita to Florizel, foreseeing the king his father's objection to her as a supposed shepherdess, is full of gentle but persuasive remonstrance and reminder; and when he beseeches her to "be merry," telling her:—

"Your guests are coming:
Lift up your countenance, as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial, which
We two have sworn shall come,"

She merely quietly rejoins:—

"O lady fortune,
Stand you auspicious."

Equally characteristic in its way is the sweet dignity, combined with simplest modesty, conspicuous in Portia of Belmont's acceptance of Bassanio, when he has won her according to her father's will by choice of the right casket. It is the born lady who speaks—ladylike in her accustomed graciousness and dignified bearing—ladylike in its simplicity, modesty, and generous humility:—

"You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am: though for myself alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better; yet for you,
I would be trebled twenty times myself:
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times more rich;
That only to stand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account; but the full sum of me
Is sum of nothing; which, to term in gross,
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd:
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all is, that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king."

In Helena we have a vigorous example of moral courage, perseverance, and steadfast faith in the power of self-help, together with a womanly self-abnegation and self-diffidence, when comparing herself and the man she loves. Witness her speeches of spirited confidence:—

"Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to heaven; the fated sky
Gives us free scope; only doth backward pull
Our slow designs when we ourselves are dull."

And when she earnestly pleads to the king to let her essay for him her father's remedy:—

"What I can do, can do no hurt to try,
Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy.
He that of greatest works is finisher,
Oft does them by the weakest minister:
. . . . . .

Dear Sir, to my endeavours give consent;
Of heaven, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an impostor, that proclaim
Myself against the level of mine aim;
But know I think, and think I know most sure.
My art is not past power, nor you past cure.
. . . The greatest grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring;
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp
Moist Hesperus hath quench'd his sleepy lamp;
Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass;
What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly,
Health shall live free, and sickness freely die."

And when, returning to gain the accomplishment of all her brave endeavours to win Bertram, how unflagging are her courage and energy:—

"My husband hies him home; where, heaven aiding,
And by the leave of my good lord the king,
We'll be before our welcome. . . We must away;
Our waggon is prepared, and time revives us:
All's well that ends well; still the fine's the crown;
Whate'er the course, the end is the renown."

Not even disappointment at finding the king has departed from where she goes to seek him discourages her; but she at once decides to follow him:—

"All's well that ends well yet,
Though time seems so adverse and means unfit.
. . . . . We must to horse again."

At the same time that Helena is so firm and so self-reliant, she is very diffident of her own merits:—

"It were all one,
That I should love a bright particular star
And think to wed it, he is so above me:
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere."

And:—

"I love your son:
My friends were poor but honest; so's my love:
Be not offended: for it hurts not him,
That he is loved of me; I follow him not
By any token of presumptuous suit;
Nor would I have him till I do deserve him,
Yet never know how that desert may be."

When, after marriage, he abruptly abandons her, she utters no reproach, only mournful regret; takes blame to herself for having been the cause of his leaving his home, and resolves to fly thence herself, that he may be free to return.

And in her brief speech to the king, after having cured him, and earned the reward he promised her, but which Bertram's disdainful rejection holds doubtful, she shows both spirit and submission, saying:—

"That you are well restored, my lord, I am glad:
Let the rest go."

In Isabella, Shakespeare has shown us how warmly and earnestly a young maiden can plead, and dare to speak on most delicate and difficult subjects honestly and eloquently, when her appeal is to save a brother's life—a task most especially onerous in her case, who has been dwelling in the peace and security and purity of novitiate in a conventual life.

In Paulina he has given a specimen of womanly ardour in advocating a friend's cause—boldly confronting her royal master himself with plain-spoken remonstrance and rebuke, while vindicating her royal mistress's innocence, and striving to free her from the injustice of slanderous suspicion.

The venerable abbess in the *Comedy of Errors* affords a notable instance of judicious reproof and ingeniously administered demonstration of how it may be a wife's own fault if her husband prove neglectful and driven to distraction; while Luciana—sister to the lady who receives the abbess's subtly-given reprehension—presents a clever picture of a shrewd, calculating woman, who advises apparent submission and real domination, outward obedience and secret control. The conscientious wisdom and the worldly wisdom of the two female counsellors are finely brought into unobtrusive but genuine contrast.

With exquisite skill in the delineation of Virgilia's character has Shakespeare taught the mode in which a young wife with a proud husband and a dominant mother-in-law may best preserve peaceful feelings for herself, and gain both esteem and love from them; for Volumnia, though she is in the habit of rating her daughter-in-law—ay, and roundly, too—has evidently a sterling regard and respect for her; while Coriolanus, her lofty husband, has the most passionate and tender affection for her. The secret of Virgilia's own tranquillity, and of her preserved attachment from mother-in-law and husband, lies in her power of holding her tongue. She knows how and when to be silent—a knowledge rarer, yet more precious, than many women properly appreciate; and therefore the rather should they reflect upon the monition that may be gathered from our dramatist's portrayal of Virgilia. Observe how he has drawn particular attention to this characteristic in her. When Coriolanus returns victorious from the wars, and his mother, wife, friends, and fellow-citizens receive him with tumultuous acclamation, Virgilia's speechless heart-rapture is betokened by her husband's fond words:—

"My gracious *Silence*, hail!
Would'st thou have laugh'd had I come coffin'd home,
That weep'st to see me triumph?"

And she herself, in her deep joy, is content to utter no word during the whole remainder of the scene. In her depth of grief at her husband's banishment, she is equally reticent; for when his faithful friends and adherents gather round him while he is going forth from the city gates, after her first outburst of irrepressible anguish, "O heavens! O heavens!" which her husband imperatively checks, she remains perfectly silent till all is over, and he is gone. She invariably leaves his devotedly attached and fully capable mother to influence him by argument and appeal; while, in turn, Volumnia as invariably yields to Virgilia the due right to be taken to his heart, and reign there. In token of this, see Volumnia's words in act ii. sc. 1: "But O, thy wife!" when she herself in her motherly eagerness, and in the vehement impetuosity of her character, has been the first to greet him.

See also how, through Coriolanus's speech, we find that she lets Virgilia take the lead in reaching him and receiving his earliest embrace, when the Roman ladies go in procession to stir him, if possible, from his purpose of vengeance; and then how Virgilia leaves the eloquent and prevailing mother to plead with her son to relinquish his stern intention, and spare their native Rome.

From even the earliest portion of this grand play we may perceive how consistently and steadily its author has depicted Virgilia's forbearance from speech, and her quiet deference to her mother-in-law, with Volumnia's mingled sharpness of word-restraint and real yielding to her wishes. In the brief but wonderfully characteristic scene (the third of the first act), where the mother and wife of Coriolanus, while he is absent, receive a visit from their friend, the Lady Valeria, we see how Virgilia resists her persuasion to leave her "stitchery" and come out of doors, even though the visitor has ingeniously bribed her by praise of her little son, and by promised "excellent news" of her husband, and though Volumnia enforces the persuasion; how Virgilia persistently abides by her resolution not to go "over the threshold till my lord return from the wars"; and how, finally, Volumnia takes her part, gives way to her desire, by saying to Valeria, half-playfully, half-petulantly, "Leave her alone, lady; as she is now, she will but disease our better mirth." The sparing-speeched Virgilia is, indeed, a model of discreet conduct for a daughter-in-law; she avoids useless and unseemly word-contests, she refrains from talk when discussion or agitating event is going on, she placidly but usually gains her own way, and she secures the trusting attachment of those she most reveres and loves. Truly her character is worthy of serious consideration.

In Brutus's wife, Portia, and in Hotspur's wife, Lady Percy, we have glowing specimens of wifely eloquence, wifely interest, wifely devotion. Their respective speeches are magnificent; but space forbids their being quoted here. They are to be found towards the conclusion of act i. sc. 2, *Julius Cæsar*, and in act ii. sc. 3, first part, *Henry IV.*, and act ii. sc. 3, second part, *Henry IV.*

From scattered passages may be collected many points which Shakespeare instanced as supremely attractive in women. To cite a few:—

"Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low,—an excellent thing in woman."

And:—

"So delicate with her needle! An admirable musician!
Of so high and plenteous wit and invention!"

And when a lady is spoken of, though she is disguised as a boy:—

"How angel-like he sings!
But his neat cookery! He cut our roots in characters,
And sauced our broths, as Juno had been sick,
And he her dieter."

And, again, a husband speaks thus of his wife:—

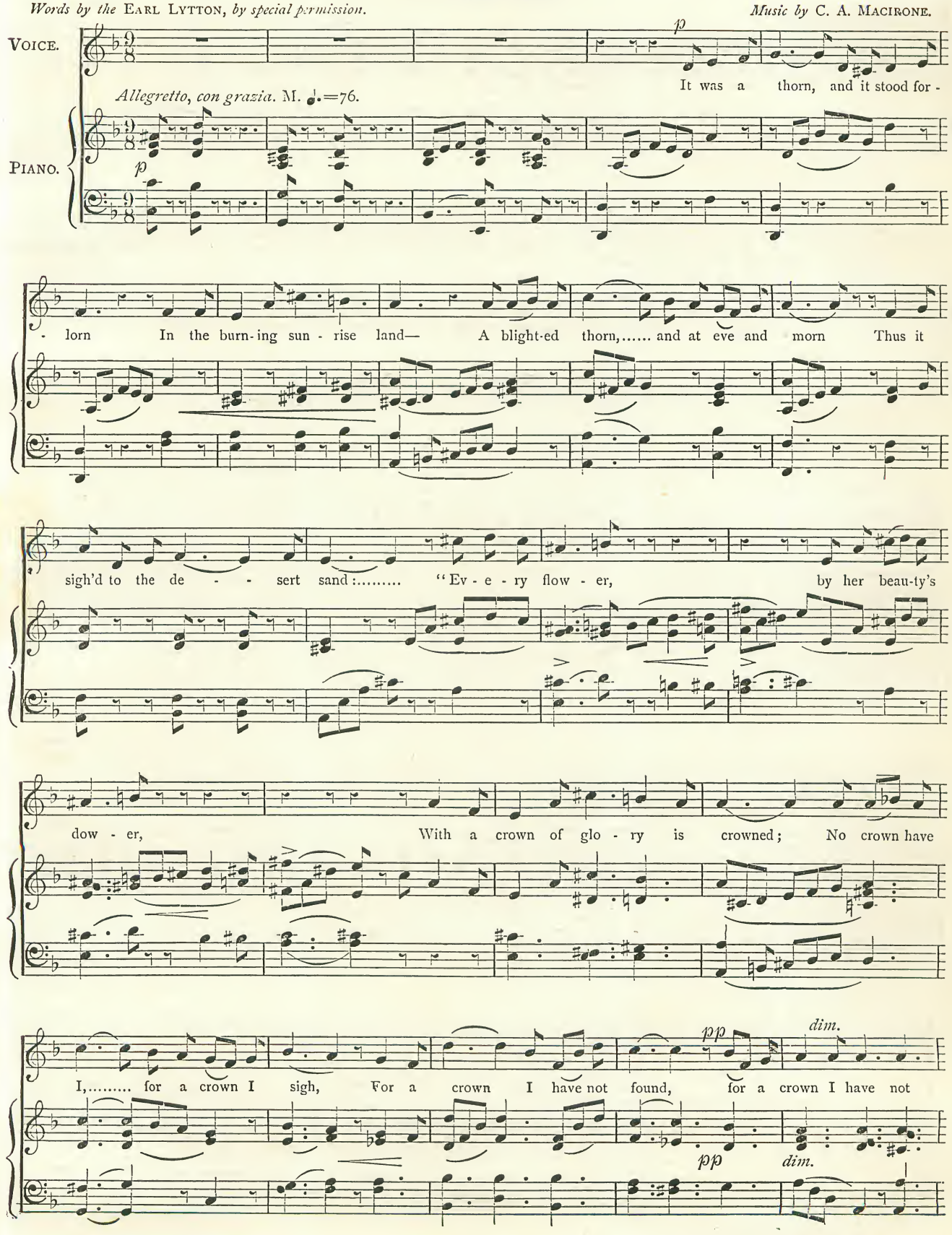
"Thou art, alone
(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,—
Obeying in commanding,—and thy parts
Sov'reign and pious else, could speak thee out),
The queen of earthly queens."

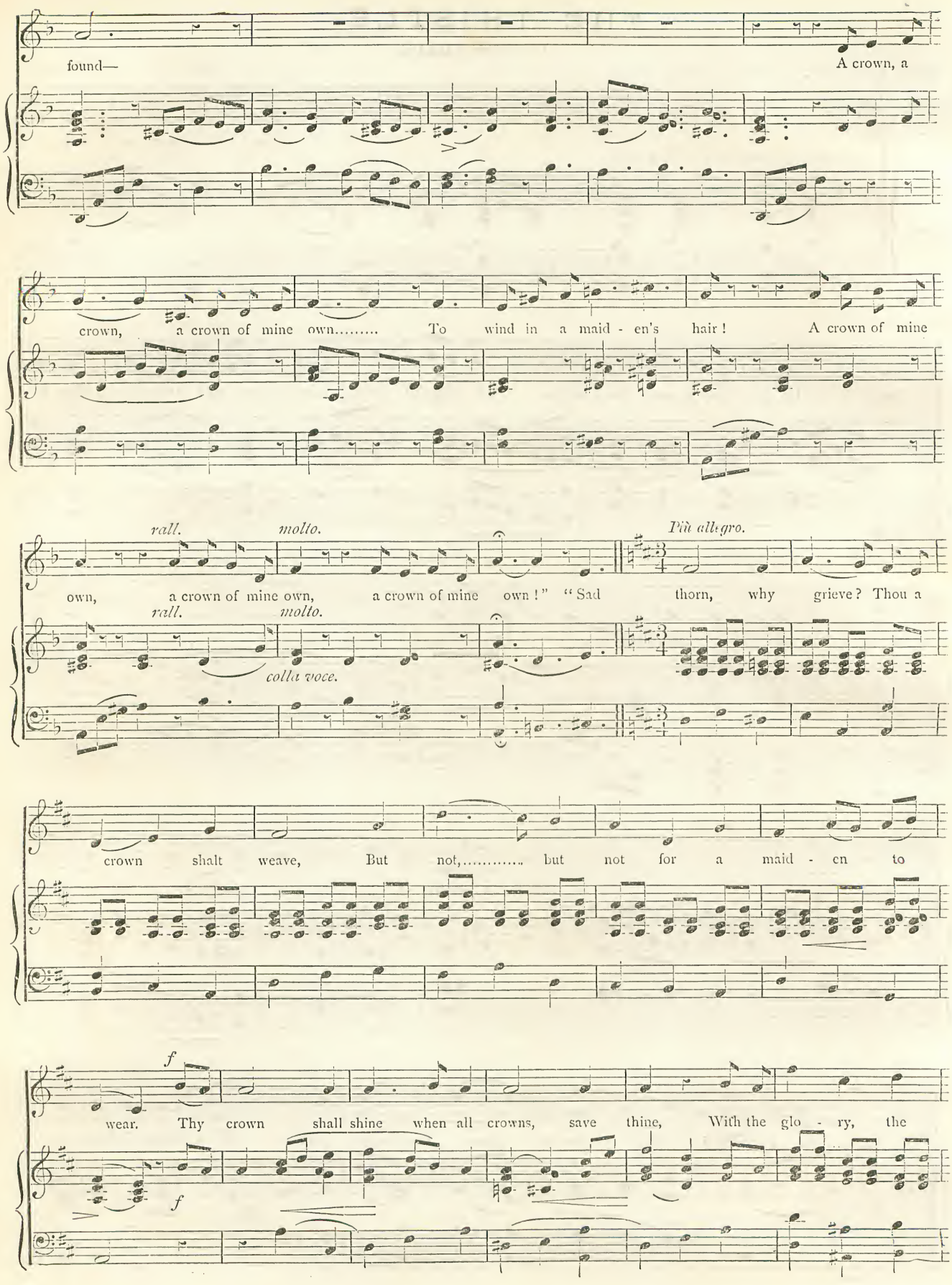
Happy she who at eight or nine years old has a copy of "Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare" given to her, opening a vista of even then understandable interest and enjoyment! Happy she who at twelve or thirteen has Shakespeare's works themselves read to her by her mother, with loving selection of fittest plays and passages! Happy they who in maturer years have the good taste and good sense to read aright the pages of Shakespeare, and gather thence wholesomest lessons and choicest delights!

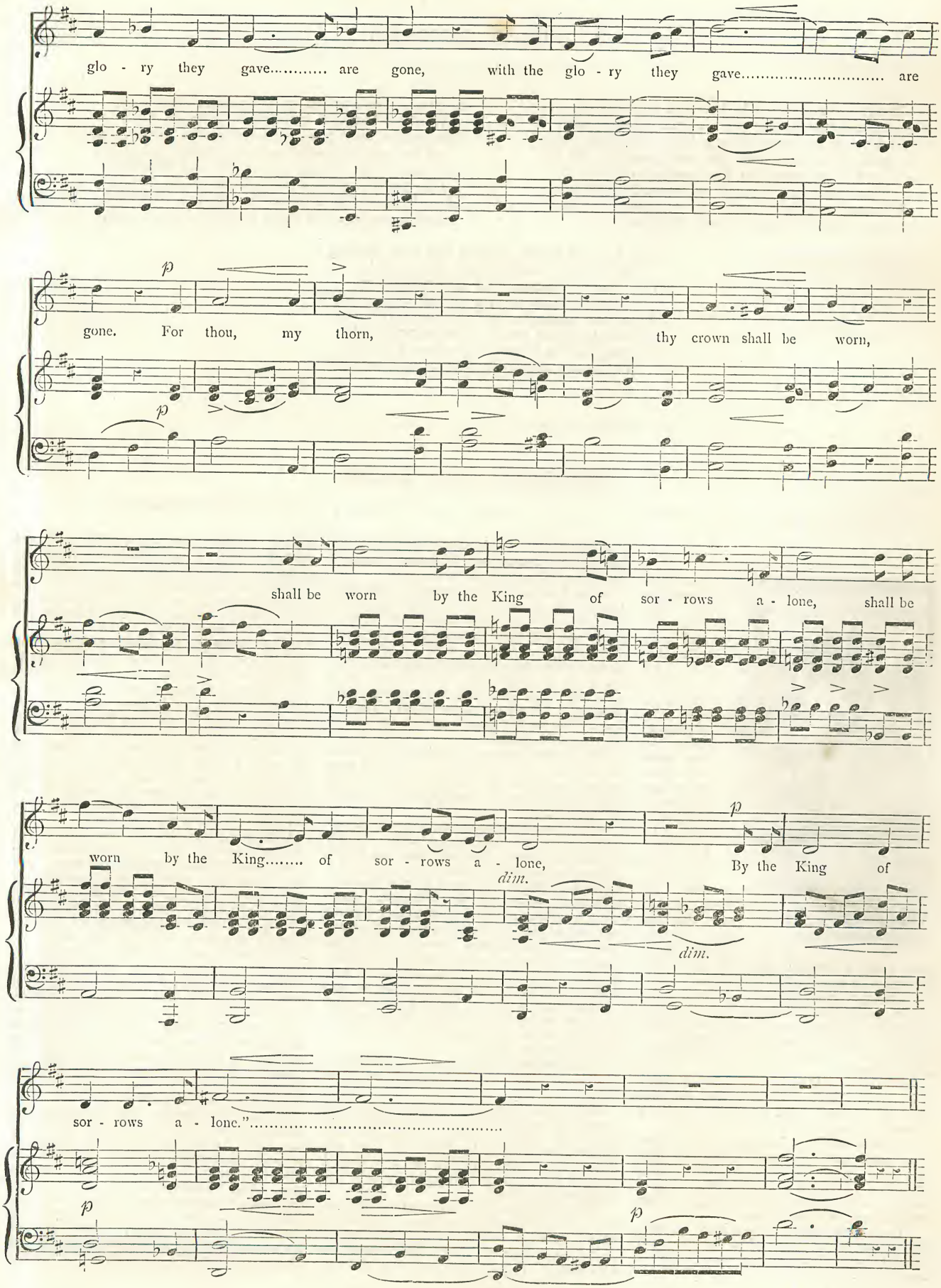
THE THISTLE.

A FLOWER BALLAD.

Words by the EARL LYTTON, *by special permission.* *Music by* C. A. MACIRONE.




found—
A crown, a
crown, a crown of mine own..... To wind in a maid - en's hair! A crown of mine
rall. molto.
Più allegro.
own, a crown of mine own, a crown of mine own!" "Sad thorn, why grieve? Thou a
rall. molto.
colla voce.
crown shalt weave, But not,..... but not for a maid - en to
f
wear. Thy crown shall shine when all crowns, save thine, With the glo - ry, the
f


glo - ry they gave..... are gone, with the glo - ry they gave..... are
p
gone. For thou, my thorn, thy crown shall be worn,
p
shall be worn by the King of sor - rows a - lone, shall be
worn by the King..... of sor - rows a - lone,
p
By the King of
dim.
dim.
sor - rows a - lone."
p
p

A JULY SUNSET.

By M. M. POLLARD.

THAT evening we looked at the sunset golden,
That pathway of light o'er the western sea,
And you sang me a rhyme from a legend olden,
That youth and love like that path should be;
Together we gazed on the summer ocean,
Where dancing ripples but kissed its breast,
No breeze awoke to ruffle its motion,
No storm arose to disturb its rest.

Soft was the warmth of the sunset splendour,
With its magical tintings of crimson light,
Our hearts were true, and our words grew tender,
As the world around us was glad and bright;
Too soon from our gaze the sun had vanished,
Too quickly the glory had changed to grey,
The gleam of light from the sea was banished,
And gone was the glow of that summer day.

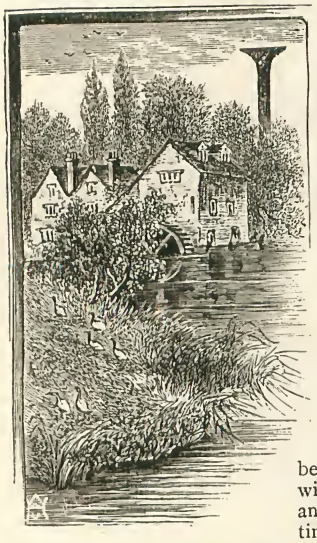
Oh, type of youth, that is fair and fleeting!
Oh, fading vision of joy and light!
Oh, evening sunset! for aye repeating,
"Youth yields to age as the day to night."
True love alone has a life immortal,
That perishes not in Time's rapid tide;
So we gaze in hope to the far-off portal
Where the soul's deep faith will be glorified.

DREAMING AND DOING.

By NELLIE HELLIS, Author of "Donald and I," "Gipsy Jan," "Roving Robin," "Little King Davie," "Little Gladness," "Rob and Ralph," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

AT HOME FOR GOOD.



"I DID think I heard the cab that time." And again little May Braithwaite heaved a sigh of disappointment as she stepped back under the shelter of the pretty rustic porch which two months before had been graced with the gold and crimson tints of a beautiful Virginia creeper, but was now only covered with a network of bare stems.

"I thought you were mistaken," said Dora. "Glen will be sure to hear the cab before we do, and he can see we are expecting somebody to-night. Look how excited he's getting. I shouldn't be surprised if he knows Winnie is coming home."

"Children, children, you will certainly catch cold. Come in, both of you, and shut the door. I don't think they can be here for at least half an hour."

This was said by a lady who as she came down stairs had a full view of the two little girls standing bareheaded in the porch. Turning at her words, the children, followed by a beautiful collie, came back into the house, closing the door behind them.

"Don't you think it rather hard, mother, that father should have taken Maurice and Frank to meet Winnie, and left us at home?" asked Dora.

"It wouldn't have been half so pleasant for her if he had taken you. You must think of others as well as yourselves, dears."

"But I am sure Winnie would have liked to see us at the station," said Dora again.

"I am sure she would rather that some of us should stay to welcome her here," replied her mother. "Why, it wouldn't seem like home if there were nobody waiting and watching at the door when the cab draws up. Now will you come and help me arrange some flowers for the dining-room table? We will leave Glen in the hall to give notice of the approach of wheels."

Glen would have much preferred to follow his mistress and the children; but he had been trained to habits of obedience, and so, with only a low whine and a wistful look, he did as he was bidden.

With something to occupy them, time was no longer tedious to Dora and May. Nearly an hour had passed, and they had just placed a tiny vase containing some heliotrope and a white rosebud in the room of the expected arrival, when Glen's bark was heard. Down ran the children, to find their mother already standing at the gate that opened into the road. The next moment a cab drew up, and it had hardly stopped before out jumped a girlish figure. Amid an incoherent chorus of welcomes, the newcomer was so hugged and caressed that it was no wonder she seemed to have no breath to reply. In a minute, however, with something very much like a sob, a low voice said—

"Oh, mother, it's so nice to be at home for good!—to know that I shall never leave you again!"

And then, though the other voices were merry, and constantly interrupted with little bursts of laughter, several pairs of eyes glistened with suspicious moisture when the little group, with Winnie in the centre, stepped from the friendly darkness into the brightly-lighted hall.

Not that they were in the least ashamed of this outward show of emotion. By people who did not know them intimately the Braithwaites were described as "a very demonstrative family"; but those who knew them better said they were a very affectionate and united household, and that if the love and sympathy between parent and child and brother and sister were as deeply felt and as openly expressed as by the Braithwaites, many houses would be made happier and many lives more cheerful.

It was a very good-looking family, too, that gathered around the table that evening. Mrs. Braithwaite had been, and still was, a beautiful woman, though it was neither to her rich black hair, as yet untouched with grey, her dark-blue eyes, nor her regular features that the face owed its greatest charm. That lay in its calm, sweet expression. There was no woman more lovely than her mother, Winnie had often declared, and though her enthusiastic temperament frequently caused her to form wrong opinions, few contradicted her when she made this assertion.

Winnie herself had inherited little of her mother's beauty. She had her father's irregular features and brown hair and eyes. But it was a bright, pleasing face, nevertheless, and, though she sighed over her looks in secret, nobody ever spoke of her as "plain." To-night she looked quite pretty, for she was flushed with excitement, her eyes were soft and luminous, and her hair, as Maurice noticed, caught golden tints in the gaslight. Winnie had improved in appearance during her two years absence in Germany, was the conclusion he drew as his eyes rested approvingly upon her. She should give him some sittings, and his mother should have another painting of her eldest daughter to take the place of the portrait he had taken just before her departure for Neuwied, whither Winnie had gone to finish her education. For Maurice, who was seventeen, and, therefore, a year younger than his eldest sister, was an artist, and faulty as had been some of his earlier attempts at portrait painting, each and all were dear and valuable in his mother's estimation. Like Winnie, he could not boast of regularity of features, but his face was a very striking one, and his beautiful grey eyes, dark, changeful, and liquid, bespoke at once the artistic nature of their owner. Frank and Dora, aged respectively fourteen and eleven,



"OUR HEARTS WERE TRUE, AND OUR WORDS WERE TENDER."

both resembled their mother in their dark hair and blue eyes; while nine-year-old May, with her round, dimpled face and flaxen hair, was declared to be like nobody but her own pretty self.

It was a family that the father, from his seat at the head of the table, might well look upon with pride. But a much deeper feeling was just then at work within him. Reunions, like partings, call forth very solemn thoughts, and though he was smiling affectionately at Winnie, and asking her questions about her journey, he was thinking with gratitude of how he had been blessed in every undertaking of his life. As a mere youth he had entered a large wholesale silk house in the City. Here he had risen step by step, and his skill in judging of the quality of all kinds of silk fabrics at length led to his taking one of the best positions in the firm. For several years he had received a salary of £1,000, and he did not think it improbable that he might soon be offered a partnership.

Again, his home had been singularly free from those troubles and losses which are so common in family life. Perhaps Leytonstone air agreed with the Braithwaite constitution, for after removing to that pleasant neighbourhood when Winnie and Maurice were still mere babies, they lost the delicate health of which they had shown symptoms, and, with the rest of the children, had known very little illness, except slight attacks of the inevitable whooping-cough and measles. As yet the Angel of Death had never crossed the threshold of their home.

The more popular high tea had taken the place of the customary late dinner that night, and with Maurice on her right and May on her left, Winnie's plate was kept plentifully supplied with the daintiest morsels that the dishes could furnish. She had brought her schoolgirl's appetite with her, and ate with a relish that was highly gratifying to all.

"And how is Miss Yuell?" asked Winnie presently. "I believe I saw her watching for me at the drawing-room window; but I couldn't give a second look, because I saw mother standing at the gate."

"She is quite well," replied Mrs. Braithwaite. "Do you see that little basket of violets in front of you?"

"They are beautiful," said Winnie. "But I am afraid you have been very extravagant. All these flowers must have cost a small fortune."

"I ordered two shillings' worth at Howley's this morning," said her mother, smiling. "I told him I wanted them to decorate the tea table in honour of your return. 'So Miss Winnie's coming back, is she, ma'am?' he said. 'Well I'm right glad to hear it, for it's a pleasure to have her come into the shop and admire the flowers as she's so fond of.' Of course I expected very few flowers for my money at this time of the year, but late this afternoon he sent up quite a large basketful, with a message that he thought I might prefer to arrange them myself. But the violets didn't come from him."

"Where did they come from then, mother, dear?"

"Take them up and see for yourself."

And among the thick green leaves that formed a border round the blossoms, and overlapped the dainty wickerwork of the basket, Winnie found a scrap of paper, on which was written "Welcome home.—N. Y."

"*Miss Yuell! How very kind!* Oh! I must thank her for these," and Winnie jumped up, as if with the immediate purpose of carrying out her intention. But instantly Maurice's arm was around her, and she was gently forced back into her seat.

"You aren't altered a bit," he said, laughing. "Before mother began talking about the flowers you were dreaming about something—Oh! you needn't look so surprised, your face is always like a book, you know. And then at the first word of a pretty little present that's been sent, you exclaim, and jump up just like the impulsive Winnie of two years ago. You surely didn't intend to rush into the Yuells' in the middle of tea?"

"I think I did," said Winnie, blushing, "but I quite forgot we were at tea. I was so pleased and I thought it so kind of her that I suppose I wanted to thank her at once."

"And to ask her for the loan of her last new story, eh, Winnie?" asked Maurice in an undertone.

"You shall see her early to-morrow, dear," said Mrs. Braithwaite; "Miss Yuell would neither expect nor wish you to go in this evening."

"No, we couldn't spare you," said May, decidedly. "Dora and I have got such lots of things to show you after tea."

And so it seemed. First Castor and Pollux, the two little kittens that a friend had recently presented to the children, had to be petted and admired, and Glen was made go through the tricks he had learnt during Winnie's absence. Then dragging their sister into the schoolroom, Dora and May showed her their new books and games and fancy work, and last, but not least, copy and drawing books were exhibited, and won the praise they rightly deserved.

"Winnie, aren't you going to give me a few minutes?" said Maurice presently. "There's a thing or two in the studio I should like to show you."

"As many minutes as you like," was the reply. "But I want to look at Frank's prizes first, and May has to go to bed directly."

"I think somebody else is in need of going to bed," said Mr. Braithwaite, who had followed his children into the schoolroom. "You have had a long, wearisome journey, my dear."

"I am not at all tired, thank you," and Winnie tucked her father's hand under her arm. "Just now I feel that I shall never be sleepy again as long as I live."

"You will tell a different tale presently," was the laughing rejoinder.

And then as May went off to bed, Winnie accompanied her eldest and favourite brother to what he was pleased to call his studio.

"Oh, Maurice!"

He had hoped she would be pleased, but the astonishment and delight her face expressed more than fulfilled his desires. And she might well be surprised, for a transformation had taken place in the dingy little room that, four or five years ago, had been given over to Maurice for his own especial use. The window had been enlarged; the prettily tinted walls were hung all round with paintings and sketches, and a picturesque confusion of vases, casts, and drapery lay scattered about on table, chairs, and floor. But the most prominent object was the picture that stood on an easel in the middle of the room. It represented a little gipsy girl sitting outside a tent, and watching a pot suspended above a brightly burning fire. It was dusk, and the light of the blazing sticks fell full upon the brown face of the child who, with her chin resting upon the palms of her hands and her elbows on her knee, was looking intently at the fire. The lingering glow of a brilliant autumnal sunset and the sombreness of the dark, almost leafless trees beneath which the tent was pitched, formed another striking contrast of shadow and light.

Winnie's eyes slowly travelled around the room, then came back to the picture, and remained there.

"You never told me—I had no idea you could paint like this," she said at length. "Is this your last?"

"Yes, I have been working every spare minute. I wanted it finished by the time you came home. Do you like it?"

"Like it? It is lovely—exquisite! Surely you are content with yourself now?"

"I shouldn't be much of an artist if I were. When I get to the contented pitch you may give me up as a bad job. But I am glad you are pleased with it. I saw a gipsy child sitting just so with a scarlet handkerchief half falling off her head one evening in Epping Forest."

"Shall you try to sell it, Maurice?"

"No; it's for a present. It's going away to be framed to-morrow."

"For mother?"

"No, for somebody whose birthday comes on the last day in the old year."

Winnie's answer was another exclamation of delight, and, as in the old days of their childhood, she threw her arms around her brother's neck, and kissed him.

"Dear Maurice, no matter how many famous pictures you paint—and you are sure to be a famous painter some day—I shall value this ten thousand times more than the best of them."

"There's plenty of hard work before me before that 'some day' can arrive," he said. "But I am in a fair way to get on now. I can't tell you what a lot the last six months at the Slade School has done for me."

"Father doesn't mind now, does he?"

"It doesn't trouble him now, but as you know he was terribly against it at first. He was right in saying it might be years before I could support myself, whereas in business I should soon earn enough to be independent. However, when he found I was bent upon it, he went and paid my fees at the Slade School, and told me the only thing I had to do was to study, and make the most of my advantages. There aren't many fathers like ours, Winnie."

"No, indeed. And you go up to town together every day, don't you?"

"Yes, we separate at Broad-street. I take the underground to Gower-street, and father goes on by omnibus to the City. But the Christmas holidays begin at the end of this week. You and I will have nice times here together then, won't we, little sister?"

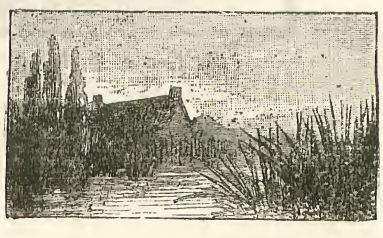
Ah! would they not? And did not her whole future spread out before her like a radiant summer sky? Surely, as she whispered to her mother when she came into her bedroom that night to see that she was comfortably in bed, there was no girl in the world happier than she, for had she not come home for good to the home she loved so dearly?"

"Dear child," said Mrs. Braithwaite, softly, "God has been very good to you and to us all in bringing you back safely to us. You will not forget to thank Him?"

"I have, mother. Yes. God is good." And then with a far-off dreamy look in her eyes, and with a sigh half of weariness and half of contentment, she murmured, "Mother, isn't life beautiful?"

Yes, life was very beautiful that night to Winnie Braithwaite, as with her mother's kiss upon her lips she lay down on her pillow and fell asleep.

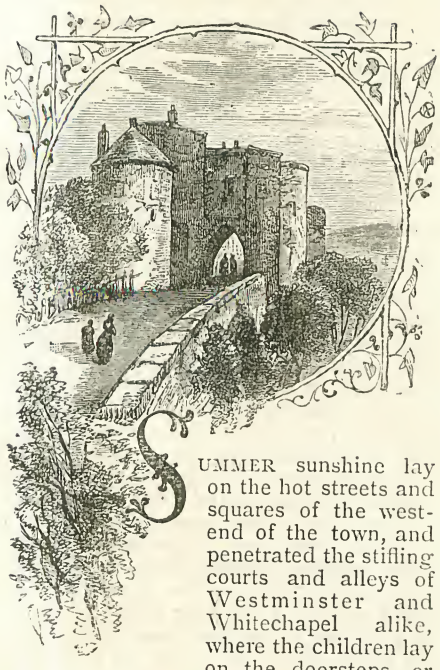
(*To be continued.*)



ISABEL'S FORTUNE.

CHAPTER VII.

MARGARET STREET.



SUMMER sunshine lay on the hot streets and squares of the west-end of the town, and penetrated the stifling courts and alleys of Westminster and Whitechapel alike, where the children lay on the doorsteps, or crowded a shady corner, too languid to play or quarrel, while the mid-day sun was at its hottest. But the sound of a firm, ringing footstep on the pathway of one of these Westminster alleys made one or two lift their heads, and at the magic words, "the doctor," everybody was alert and on their feet before he reached the last house, where they knew his visit was to be paid.

At the sight of the gentleman the wan faces brightened, for he knew all their names, and he greeted one as Dicky, and another as Scamp, and a third Polly, as though he was one of their personal friends. It was but a slight thing, perhaps, but the sympathy that went with it had won the hearts of these wild, unkempt children, and if ever the doctor wanted one of them to go an errand, their bare feet pattered along the pavement at a pace that would have astonished some who saw them lying so inert now. He nodded to one and another as he passed along; they knew he would not do more than this until he had been to see their companion who was ill, but when he came out they would hear how Jack was, and sundry other scraps of news, in which they were mutually interested. So they crowded round the door of the house he had entered, not clamouring or talking loudly, for he had explained to them that all noise made Jack worse. So they stood talking in subdued tones, as ragged a crowd of little folks as London could produce, and as unpromising specimens of childhood as can well be imagined. But every face brightened as the doctor appeared at the door, saying, in his cheery tone, "Jack's better to-day, and if he goes on getting better, we'll have him down here again in a week."

"Thankee, sir," said one of the lads.

"Now, I suppose you want to hear a bit more about the green fields, and how our plans are getting on? But, I say," he suddenly broke off, gazing round at some dirty faces, "I see the contract ain't been kept by all of you."

"Please, sir, they turns the water off so soon, there ain't none left to wash with, and I couldn't go after the water carts to-day, like Scamp did." Mr. Burgoyne's face clouded, and he took out his pocket-book, and made a note of this fact. He would lodge a complaint at the vestry hall presently, and he had already made himself so well known there that the officials judged now it would be better to attend to Mr. Burgoyne's complaints without delay, if they wished to save further trouble.

So he nodded confidently to the group before him, and said, "There'll be more water to-morrow, and everybody must have a good wash, or I shall make no more stir about the vans that are to take us all into the country for a glorious long day. Polly, couldn't you wash baby's frock when she goes to bed to-night; it would be dry by the morning, if you hung it out of the window?" And as he spoke he plunged his hand into a capacious pocket, and brought out a little square of yellow soap. Then he looked at Scamp's bad finger, and put clean lint on it, and Betsy's bad eyes, and told her to come to his house for some medicine at dinner-time, which medicine the children knew to mean a good dinner, for each had been doctored in turn by Mr. Burgoyne, and had partaken of the "medicine" provided every day in the room at the back of the chemist's shop where he lived.

Mr. Burgoyne was a mystery to the little back street where he had set up his abode. The shop he had taken had always been a chemist's, but it had changed hands so often that no one could remember the original owner of the name over the door. The district was about the poorest among the slums of Westminster, and how the new doctor was going to make such a practice pay was the question all the poor shopkeepers asked each other, as they watched the progress of affairs at the corner shop. It was thoroughly cleaned and renovated to begin with. Then came large consignments of drugs from wholesale manufacturers, not carried in in handbags after dusk, but brought by waggons in the full light of day. Then came the doctor himself, who was as great a mystery as his shop. He did not affect a professional suit of black, but wore coat and trousers of summer tweed, that had already seen some service. But for his spotless linen, they might have thought he was one of their own class, but they were keen observers, and kept a sharp eye on these almost invisible signs of superiority.

As soon as the shop was opened, an assistant appeared in it, and a motherly-looking housekeeper and strong girl-of-all-work superintended the domestic arrangements, and the doctor started on his rounds with such bulging pockets that the neighbours suggested he was taking round his medicine on speculation. He did not call upon any of them to offer his wares, but plunged into the courts and alleys, where children and misery abounded, and by judicious and kindly approaches he soon began to make the former his friends, while he strove to lessen the hardship of their lives.

At first the misery seemed so appalling that he recoiled from it in horror—a horror that threatened to make him so hopeless and helpless as to be incapable of doing anything to relieve it, until he steadily applied himself to the lesson he told Mabel he meant to learn—looking at things from their standpoint. Judged in this way, rags were no hardship in such weather, but rather an advantage, as they left the limbs free and unencumbered with overheating clothes. But the *dirt was another* matter. So he commenced his warfare with an attack upon that, and soon enlisted a little army of recruits, who promised to carry out his orders in this direction. Every morning faces and hands, and as much of their limbs as they could, were to be washed, the doctor supplying a small dole of soap for each half-dozen. He had, of course, made some way in their regard before he made this move, and more than one had tasted the good medicine that was supplied in the room behind the shop, otherwise he might have found that his suggestions as to the comfort of being clean were scouted and laughed at; but they had begun to regard the doctor as a personal friend, and to be proud of the acquaintance, so that they were quite ready to carry out any suggestions he might think proper to offer.

The bid for clean faces had been a day in the country, and this bait was constantly held before them, the doctor talking of the waggons he was in treaty for, and the dinner and tea that was to be provided, and the friends he was going to ask. One lady was coming to tell them stories as they sat under the shade of the trees—the most wonderful stories they had ever heard. The doctor often repeated this most tempting addition to the original programme, but as the time drew near for his scheme to be carried out, he did not see his way very clearly to its fulfilment.

Of course, Mabel was the lady he intended to accompany his ragged crew, but what his sister would say when she heard of his experiment, and his proposal to expose her children's governess to all the dangers of contact with such a crowd, he did not know.

He often smiled grimly to himself as he listened to the details of some lady's elaborate care for the safety of herself and her family from all infection, by

guarding them against all contact with the poor, when he knew that within a stone's throw of some of their palatial homes were dens of festering disease, the germs of which any chance breeze might carry through the open windows of their luxurious nurseries.

But he kept such knowledge as this to himself, for he knew if his sister could see the little shop in Margaret-street, and understood his occupation there, he would rarely be allowed to spend an evening at her house, even though he might assure her that he never came to see her without first changing every garment he had worn during the day, and taking such other precautions as he deemed necessary against carrying infection to those he held so dear.

Much as he was interested in his work, he looked forward to the evenings spent at Mrs. Winthrop's as seasons of rest and refreshment, wherein he could gather strength and stimulus for his battle with the dirt and misery that surrounded Margaret-street.

Unconsciously, even to himself, he had begun to look forward to a chat or an argument with Mabel as one of the chief pleasures of his life, but after that evening, when Mrs. Randolph and her daughter, as well as Mabel, formed part of his sister's "at home" gathering, he found himself thrown more and more upon Julia for company, while Mabel was rarely seen in the drawing-room. He had not noticed this at first, but the children's day in the country forced it upon his attention at last, and he said to his sister one evening, "Where is Miss Randolph? How is it I never see her?"

For a moment Mrs. Winthrop looked confused, but she knew her brother too well to think of telling him anything but the direct truth. "The fact is, we have all been a little deceived in Miss Randolph," she said. "Your Mrs. Randolph, as you saw the first time she met her niece here, was very much surprised to see her in such a position, and although I am not at all clear how it is, I am sure there must be something wrong somewhere, and at any rate she was with her aunt for some time, finishing her education with her cousins, and proved herself anything but an amiable companion to them."

Mr. Burgoyne smiled grimly. "In short, you and Mrs. Randolph have been indulging in the usual innuendoes, head-shakings, and shoulder-shruggings, which convey so much to a lady's mind, yet cannot be defined and ——"

"Yes, that is just it," interrupted Mrs. Winthrop, failing to detect the sarcasm in her brother's tone; "your Mrs. Randolph is really a charming woman, and her daughter a most elegant——"

"Oh, yes, elegant enough," interrupted the young doctor, impatiently—"a Dresden china image, in fact, not at all fit for everyday use."

"But very suitable for you, my dear, for you will need a wife who can move in the best society, if you are ever to get that practice we have been talking about," said his sister, promptly.

Mr. Burgoyne opened his eyes. "I did not know I was to be provided with a wife, as well as a career in life, *nolens volens*," he said. "But, seriously, I want to see your Miss Randolph if I may, and more than that, I want to beg her services of you for a few hours, if the children will spare her."

"What can you want Miss Randolph for?" asked the lady, curiously. "Would I not do as well?"

"No one but your governess will serve my turn," he said; "but I promise to return her safe and sound after a few hours' absence."

"But what can you want her for?" persisted the lady.

"Well, now, if you must know the truth, it is to amuse some children in whom I am interested, who are going to spend a day in the country."

Mrs. Winthrop looked at her brother in blank amazement. "Well, I never thought it of you," she said. "Why don't you say straight out that you want her for some horrid Sunday-school treat? I never thought you would mix yourself up with a Sunday-school," added the lady, with some scorn.

Mr. Burgoyne neither admitted nor repelled the insinuation. "Will you call Miss Randolph down, and let me speak to her?" he said.

Mrs. Winthrop touched the bell, which was instantly answered by a smart parlour-maid. "Ask Miss Randolph to come down to the library; Mr. Burgoyne wishes to speak to her," she said; but as the maid went to carry her message to the schoolroom, she turned to her brother once more. "Why don't you ask your own Miss Randolph?" she said.

"My own Miss Randolph! What do you mean? A little while ago you called her mother 'My Mrs. Randolph.' Do you suppose I have a proprietary right in this lady and her daughter? I can assure you they are strangers to me, except what I have seen of them in your house."

"I am sure Mrs. Randolph does not look upon you as a stranger, and from the interest you took in looking for a house for them, I certainly thought they were great friends of yours."

"No friends at all. I was coming up on my own account, and I promised to look after a house for Mrs. Randolph to please my father and old Carr. By the way, perhaps Carr could tell us why Miss Mabel has had to turn governess; I'll write and ask him."

There was no time to say more, for the parlour-maid announced that Mabel was in the library, and Mr. Burgoyne at once rose from his seat to go to her.

He was struck with the change in Mabel's appearance the moment he saw her, and if he had not had a talk with his sister, he would have thought the hot weather was making her ill; but he could understand now that there were other causes at work to account for the pale, depressed looks, and he hastened to say, "This close London air is trying you, Miss Randolph."

"Yes, a little," she admitted, smiling, as he grasped her hand.

"You are tired already, I can see, and yet I have come to ask you to do some work for me—no, not for me," he added, hastily, "but for some of the poor little outcast heathen of London."

Mabel's cheek flushed as she thought of that other class of heathens that she had come to teach. "Did you know that it was my life's ambition to carry the Gospel to the heathen?" she said.

"No, I did not know it, but I can quite believe it, Miss Mabel," he said.

"I thought somebody had told you, as you spoke of London heathen. Who are they?" she said.

"Some boys and girls I have met with in the course of my practice, and ——"

"Then you have a practice, Mr. Burgoyne!" exclaimed Mabel.

The gentleman glanced at the door. "I don't want my sister to hear of my experiment yet," he said; "it may be cowardly of me, but I cannot bear to be laughed at, and I don't know yet—I'm not sure of myself enough yet—to say that I shall not throw it all up in despair one day, for the misery is so great, so appalling, and one's efforts are so weak. But I am wandering from my subject; I have promised to take my waifs for a day in the country, and I want you to go with us, to tell them some of the stories you have told the children here. Poor little beggars, there's little enough of hope and brightness for them in this life, that even I can see; religion might be good for them, and yours seems just the right sort, Miss Mabel, for it seems to have all sorts of bright hopes and joyful anticipations, judging from what my little nieces tell me about it. Now, won't you come and tell some of these neglected little scamps that they've got a Father in heaven, though they may never hear of any other?"

"Indeed I will, Mr. Burgoyne, if I can be spared from my duties here."

"Oh, I'll manage that, never fear. These poor little beggars have never seen a real bit of country in their life, so we're going to start out at eight o'clock one morning, and have a whole long day in the fields, and when they've roved about till they're tired, then will be your time. They'll be glad to sit or lie about under the trees, and then in the midst of the beauties all round, you can give them something to think about when they come home for many a day after, and who knows but thinking of a beautiful clean home up there may help them to be a bit cleaner and straighter down here."

"Yes, yes, indeed it will," said Mabel, fervently. "Thank you, Mr. Burgoyne, for giving me such a chance, and if you will tell me when and where I am to meet your little party, rely upon it I will be there in good time."

Tears of gratitude were shining in her eyes as she shook hands with the young doctor, for the advent of her aunt and cousin had brought a shadow over her life—a shadow which she had found it impossible to penetrate, for although Mrs. Winthrop was still kind and courteous, giving Mabel no tangible cause of complaint, the old friendliness and cordiality had gone, she could see, and her evenings were often very lonely again now.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.



THE HUMAN HEART.

There is, in every human heart,
Some not completely barren part.
Where seeds of love and truth might grow,
And flowers of generous virtue blow;
To plant, to watch, to water there—
This be our duty—this our care.

John Bowring.

HOBSON - JOBSON. — Under this quaint title appears a Glossary of Anglo - Indian colloquial words and phrases, by Colonel Henry Yule, C.B., and the late Arthur Burnell. The book is learned in all things concerning etymology, geography, and history, as might be expected from the accomplished and veteran editor of "Marco Polo" and other important works. But it is also very amusing and instructive, and explains familiar phrases in Anglo-Indian books and conversation. The title itself is characteristic. It seems that Hobson-Jobson was the name given by Tommy Atkins to the Mohammedan feast of Moharram, on hearing the Shia cry, "Ya Hassan! Ya Hosain!" which our soldiers corrupted into "Hobson-Jobson," just as in olden times "Hoc est corpus meum" was degraded into "Hocus-pocus." The origin of "tiffin," "curry," "thug," and many words of recent but now universal use, is learnedly explained.

EARLY RISING. — When someone exclaimed to the Duke of Wellington, on being shown the narrow camp-bedstead on which he habitually slept, "There is no room to turn about in it!" the Iron Duke answered, "When a man begins to turn about in his bed it is time for him to turn out."

A PHILOSOPHER'S HOUSE. — When Socrates was asked why he had built for himself so small a house, "Small as it is," he replied, "I wish I could fill it with friends."

A WORKING LIFE.—Do not live a single hour in your life without doing exactly what is to be done in it, and going straight through it from beginning to end. Work, play, study, whatever it is, take hold at once, and finish it up squarely and clearly; then do the other thing, without letting any moments drop between.

LITTLE CLOUDS MAGNIFIED.—The greater number of us are so constituted that the cloud in the sky no bigger than a man's hand is sufficient to obscure our sunshine. The heart of man is not more deceitful than his imagination.

IN THE FASHION.

"Your dress," said a husband to a fashionable wife, "will never please the men."

"I don't dress to please men," was the reply, "but to worry other women."

A SERVANT-GIRL IN THE OLDEN TIME.

"The following description of a Sussex farm-servant girl's life fifty or sixty years ago," says the Rev. J. Coker Egerton, Rector of Burwash, writing in 1884, "I got from an old parishioner as her own experience, and I have every reason to believe it to be perfectly genuine, and to be a no very exaggerated instance of farmhouse service at the time of which she spoke.

"'Massy!' she said, 'the girls nowadays don't know naun about work. When I was sixteen years old I was had out, like a cow, to the market, and any farmer who wanted a servant come and choosed one. I went first as nursegirl, and I got 1s. 3d. a week. Then I went to Early Farm, in Wadhurst parish, and there I was to have 1s. 6d. a week; but then I'd more work to do. I'd churning twice a week, and cheesing twice a week, and brewing twice a week, besides washing and baking, and six cows to milk every night and morning, and sometimes a dozen pigs to feed. There were four men lived in the house, and I'd all the bilin' to do—the cabbage and the peas and pork for their dinners—besides all the beds to make; and sometimes I made 'em in a fashion, that's sartin." One morning, I mind, I got up at four and worked till twelve at night, and then missus wanted me to pick a couple of ducks.

"'"No, missus," I says, "I really can't; I be quite tired."

"'"Tired!" says she. "If I was a young woman like you I should be ashamed of myself!"

"'Ah, it was just a treat to get an hour or two to oneself of a Sunday! I was twelve years servant at 1s. 6d. a week, and then I got married; and when my husband died I went to service again, and, for all I'd bin a married 'ooman, I only got 1s. 6d.! After a while I got 2s. a week, and then a man, who'd bin a soldier, wanted somebody as could work to kip house for him, and he gave me 2s. 6d. a week. Massy! the gals nowadays don't know naun about work!'"

A GRAMMATICAL NOTE —There is an interesting use of the relative *as* not infrequent among the vulgar. A street-boy will shout, "It was 'im *as* did it!" a washerwoman will demand, "all them things *as* belong to me." This is a relic of the grammar of early English.

BAZAAR FOR THE PRINCESS LOUISE HOME.

BY ANNE BEALE.

IT is always delightful to be able to show gratitude, whether to God or man, and we think our young readers will like to know that the old pupils of the above Home, in which they have long taken such a kindly interest, always revert with pleasure to their abode at Woodhouse. Amongst many letters announcing contributions to the bazaar, the following is reproduced verbatim, not only in proof of good received at the Home, but of a grateful heart. The name of the writer is suppressed, lest its introductiou should be disagreeable to her. "May 22nd, 1887. Sir,—I saw in the Girl's Own Paper that there was going to be held a bazaar in aid of the Princess Louise Home, Woodhouse, Wanstead, in which I was once a pupil myself, eight years ago, so I thought I would like to do a little for it, so I send a small parcel of work for the bazaar, hoping it will be acceptable and in time. I am sure I am always thankful for the time when I was sent to the Home, and always shall be; and having been there myself, I know what a lot of good is done, and how kind we were treated. Sir, I remain your obedient Servant."

This letter was accompanied by a parcel of work.

In addition we have to thank the following kind donors for their contributions to the G. O. P. stall.

Mrs. C. Reynolds, Mrs. Richard Rose, Rachel Atkinson, H. Turney, Millicent Evans, Ellen Vanser, Nellie, M. Neil, Miss Warren, Miss A. E. Evelegh, the Misses Tester. "Made in spare moments," Anon. "Flowers and Seaweed." "For Miss Anne Beale's stall," post mark, Taunton. "For the Girl's Own stall," post mark, Bath, Anon. This last a very handsome offering. Kate Spencer, Bombay, present of Indian work.

We are also asked to offer grateful acknowledgments to the heads of the following city firms, for gifts in kind: Messrs. Yeatman and Co., Rowney and Co., Murray and Co., Cadbury Brothers, Cordeux, Rhys and Co., Fry and Sons, Lever, Extract of Meat Company.

IN THE DAYS OF MOZART.

THE STORY OF A YOUNG MUSICIAN.

By LILY WATSON.

CHAPTER VIII.



EIGHT years have passed over the land of "airy beauty, rocky mountains, smooth green valleys, and swift-rushing streams," since Rudolf discovered the clavier in the haunted room, and gave himself up to its fascinations. It is autumn again, the autumn of 1769; but the imaginary spell of a wandering spirit is no longer flung over the ruined wing of Castle Höhenfels. Long since has the legend of the ghostly lady given place before the evidence of sober experience, and the chamber is haunted no longer. But it is many months since its walls have resounded to the thrilling touch of the young musician. Elsa steals there sometimes, and is fain to sit in mournful reverie by the clavier she cannot play; it reminds her of the brother who is gone.

Rudolf has entered the commercial house of Wolff Brothers, in Augsburg, in obedience to his grandfather's wish; with what success as regards himself may be gathered from a letter that the old man is reading with contracted brows one October morning.

"We regret to inform you," so ran part of the letter, "that the young Herr you have sent us does not show his grandfather's innate aptitude for business. We have nothing to complain of lack of conscientiousness, but he has evidently little interest in his work, and has let an important contract slip in his department for lack of zeal or overmuch frankness." Here followed circumstantial details that caused the heavy eyebrows of Von Eberstein to contract yet more ominously. "We venture to suggest that on his approaching visit home you should, worthy sir, represent to him that his energies are too much absorbed by the practice of music, which causes him to seclude himself from the world of men and to abstain from making friends, save such as, like himself, are wholly given over to that diversion. Were he to lay aside this engrossing pursuit, he would perchance enter with more thoroughness into the career adorned by your honourable self."

More followed to the same effect.

"What is it, grandfather?" inquired a gentle voice, as a tall and lovely girl, with heavy braids of soft brown hair, came to his chair and laid her hand upon his arm. "No bad news about Rudolf?"

Her earnest face and the wistfulness of her blue eyes checked him from replying as his first impulse dictated, "Very bad news indeed!" He only growled out, "Bad accounts of his success in business; this fiddling nonsense shall be stopped once for all."

Elsa was not altogether surprised, for Rudolf's predilection for music had already caused a little dissension, and she knew it was a dangerous subject between grandfather and grandson, chiefly on account of the mother whose memory was passionately reverenced on the one hand, scorned and contemned on the other. Anxious thoughts, therefore, marred her delight in greeting her beloved brother again when he arrived in a few days at Castle Höhenfels; she also thought him grown a shade thinner and paler than of yore. Rudolf was now a tall, slender young man, with long hair tied behind in the prevailing fashion, and a face of singular earnestness lit by large dark eyes. It was impossible to look at him without seeing that he was delicate, yet there was no trace of effeminacy or affectation in his appearance.

The brother and sister were on their way to Salzburg, down the same path that Gottfried and the pony painfully ascended many years ago, when the subject first recurred between them, and the little sister was dismayed at the vehemence with which Rudolf spoke of his hatred to his present life.

"I detest it more and more," he declared. "And never, never, shall I be a man of business. I will try it a little longer. But I really cannot endure it."

"What do you wish to be, then?" inquired Elsa.

"Can you ask me? I should like to give up all my time to music. When I am sitting at my desk over the ledgers, notes dance in between my eyes and the figures; my brain is busy with some melody, and I would give anything to rush home and work it out, instead of forcing myself back to the barren page before me. No wonder they call me absent and preoccupied. I strive hard enough; but I can't force myself to be satisfied with a desk and stool all day. It is maddening!"

"Yet grandfather wishes it."

"*Why* does he wish it, Elsa? Were it to get bread for you I might submit to it, but it is only his will, unreasonable and cruel. There is no necessity. He was a successful merchant, and wants me to be one. Well, then, it is impossible."

Elsa heaved a sigh.

"You know," continued her brother, "that I have many things in manuscript, some of which Herr Mozart said were good. I could be independent, for I could publish them and live on the proceeds while I wrote more!"

The young composer's eyes shone with ardent anticipation, as if he already heard his works performed, and saw himself on the way to becoming a high priest of his beloved art.

"Have you consulted Wolfgang?"

"Not yet. Wolfgang's own success is so wonderful that I hardly think he could enter into my case."

"And yet how unspoiled he is!" cried Elsa. "Think of his having been petted by kings, emperors, empresses; fêted in half the courts of Europe, and yet he is still the same dear, generous, simple-hearted lad!"

"I hear he has been appointed Concertmeister by the Archbishop, though he is only thirteen!" said Rudolf.

As they talked they entered the romantic city of Salzburg. A picturesque, peaceful remote town! guarded by Alpine giants, with richly wooded hills on the one hand, stern precipices on the other, a rock, crowned by an ancient castle in the midst, and a swift-flowing river dividing the quaint streets. The brother and sister made their way to the cathedral, a vast edifice in the florid Italian style, and entered the solemn silence of the interior. Only a stray person here and there was kneeling against a chair, or seated quietly.

There were in all five organs in the Salzburg Cathedral: a large one by the entrance, four side organs in front of the choir, and a little choir organ below the choristers' seats.

Rudolf and Elsa took up their position not far from the side-organ nearest to the altar on the right. They were evidently waiting for someone, and before long a glance from Elsa's eyes said "He has come." Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart was about to rehearse the organ part of the second Mass he ever wrote, that in C major, composed for the occasion of the first celebration of mass by a friend of his, Dominicus Hagenauer, whose entrance into a monastery the affectionate boy had lamented three years earlier.

The waves of solemn music rolled through the vast interior, bearing away upon them the soul of the listener. Beseeching melancholy, intense passion breathed through the whole instrument, as though the cry for mercy "Kyrie eleison! Christe eleison! Kyrie eleison!" found expression without words.

Then "Gloria in excelsis" sang the organ, and the pure and noble melody that was Mozart's peculiar gift soared through the lofty arches. An adagio followed, in broad grave tones. Then came movement after movement, in which, though the words were absent, Rudolf could discern the meaning that was to be conveyed. Already the young *maestro*, boy as he was, could depict successive phases of religious emotion; and though this composition was not, of course, on a level with the church music of his later years, it was yet beautiful with a beauty all its own. And his power of handling the

organ—that was masterly and marvellous. His two listeners owned the spell in awestruck delight. Rudolf especially was absorbed in a mute rapture. Unutterable thoughts surged into the young man's mind; his heart was full.

The music ceased.

"And I too am a musician," Rudolf was murmuring to himself with clasped hands. He did not heed his sister's gentle touch upon his arm, until at last she whispered—

"Come, dear; we shall be late."

He started, and went out with her. The streets were lively with good-humoured citizens passing to and fro; shops were open, the usual cheerful hum of daily life was going on, but Rudolf seemed to walk as one in a trance. His sister feared to break the spell, until he suddenly exclaimed—

"Mark me, Elsa! Wolfgang's fame will grow and grow; he has a glorious future before him."

"He does play very wonderfully," said Elsa.

"He is giving his whole life to that which he loves and can do. Elsa, I must do the same! I cannot be satisfied with the wretched scraps of time I have now; and even those are begrudged me. I will tell my grandfather I *cannot* do what he wishes. I must choose between being a merchant and a musician. Well, then, I choose the latter!"

"Don't offend him if you can help it, dear brother."

"Like a woman, Elsa! timid and over-prudent. Nay, do not look sad, my darling," said Rudolf repentantly, pressing the little hand upon his arm. "But nothing great, Elsa, can be produced in broken hours scraped together from one's regular employment. Am I then to let the power within me lie dormant? I cannot! I cannot!"

"Yet for grandfather's sake try to content him. He is an old man, Rudolf."

"Well," said the brother after a pause, "I will try again. I feel as if it were impossible; but I will go back to the desk and stool, and something may clear my path before me."

When Rudolf and Elsa arrived late that evening at Castle Höhenfels, they were received by Aunt Lucinda with an anxious look upon her usually serene countenance. She was still her father's housekeeper, and had declined one or two offers of marriage within the last few years—years that had only left their trace upon her in a little matronliness of appearance.

"Where have you been so long? Father is angry."

"What for?" inquired Rudolf; but his grandfather strode into the hall to speak for himself. Herr von Eberstein had been out shooting all day, and bore the stains of wood and forest on his garments. An ominous look was on his coarse, red face.

"Hey-day, Rudolf, what is this? Afraid to handle a gun, like a girl, eh, that you slink away from a day's sport?"

"No, sir," replied his grandson, "I am not afraid to handle a gun."

"That's not true," retorted Von Eberstein, who, like many ignorant, coarse-minded men, showed his defects more when he was angry than at any other time. "You stole away because you daren't touch firearms, like Miss Elsa, here."

"I went away because I wanted to hear Wolfgang Mozart play on the organ in Salzburg Cathedral."

The fury of Von Eberstein, kindled already by his grandson's absence, flamed forth at this reply. It was an old grievance that Rudolf cared nothing for sport, though his distaste to the amusement of killing animals had not its root, as the elder man supposed, in cowardice. He could not bear to see the piteous look in the dying eyes of soft furry woodland creatures, nor to mark the wounded bird flutter, struggling and suffering, to his feet.

"You have been down after that wretched Popish fiddler, have you?" the grandfather cried, clenching his fist. "Now, mark me, Rudolf. I will have no more of this. I hear from Wolff Brothers that you are not worth your salt. You are no hand at a bargain, and take no interest in commerce. What's the reason, hey? Why, because you are always hankering after your musical trash, which I was silly enough not to put a stop to years ago. You shall stop it now, though, once and for all. Why, you can't attend either to business or pleasure for the sake of it," vociferated the old man, almost choking with passion. "Any other young fellow would have been off with his gun to-day, but you must needs slink down to Salzburg on the sly. Do you hear me, sir? you shall give it up—or——"

Rudolf was very pale, a strange contrast to his flushed and exasperated grandfather.

"I did not go to Salzburg on the sly," he said, trying to control his voice, "nor did I know you wanted me to come out shooting with you."

"That's not the point!" cried Herr von Eberstein. "You shall give up this music of yours. Hand over that fiddle to me—it 'll make excellent firewood, I don't doubt; destroy those scribblings I see lying about your room, and I'll believe you're in earnest in your business. Then we'll make a man of you yet."

Through this brutal speech pierced the contempt that coarsely-built men often feel for those slight in frame, delicate in organisation. There was something to Herr von Eberstein's imagination effeminate in Rudolf's build, and in his dislike of rough, open-air sports accompanied by cruelty. But the artist organisation is often, though delicate in poise, strong as fine steel in will and purpose; deficient in the qualities of noise and obstinacy, it frequently possesses firmness and courage that ruder natures lack. Therefore the Herr was amazed when his usually pliant grandson raised his head and replied, "I shall certainly not destroy my violin nor my manuscripts; and as for giving up music, I would rather give up my daily bread."

Elsa trembled, but clung to her brother's arm. Lucinda would have tried to check her father, but years had not improved the old man's character, and the fault that had estranged him from his only son was fatally strong within him. He was determined that this boy, at least, should prove subservient. Conrad had acted for himself; Rudolf should be moulded by his grandfather, and the name Von Eberstein should again be known as that of a prosperous and successful merchant. Now the past seemed about to repeat itself, and the grandson was in a fair way to thwart his aims even as the son had done. Then came the thought of Conrad's hated marriage. This, forsooth, planted the seeds of disobedience! this brought the love of music into the bourgeois family! As he thought on these things, a torrent of abuse rushed from Von Eberstein's lips. Music was stigmatised as the idlest, most dissipated occupation a lazy fellow could waste his time in! Rudolf was taunted with lack of manhood, of every quality that commands respect. And last and worst, his mother was reviled as the cause of all.

"If your father had not married a wretched strolling singer, in spite of my commands," he thundered, "I might have lived to be proud of you yet; but what's bred in the bone will come out in the flesh! I was a fool ever to take under my roof the children of such a woman! I might have known your mother's vagabond ways would crop out in you."

"That will do, sir!" said Rudolf, white to the lips, stepping forward. "You have spoken disrespectfully of my mother, a lady whom you never saw, and were not worthy to call your daughter. I will leave your roof, and trouble you no more with myself and my music."

Herr von Eberstein stood aghast, but before he could speak Rudolf had vanished. Returning almost immediately with his violin case and a bundle of manuscript, the youth kissed his weeping aunt and sister.

"Be good enough, sir, to send what else I have down to Paul Engelhardt's lodgings in Salzburg," he said to his grandfather, who was staring in impotent wrath. "I shall not return here. I have seen ever since I went into business that I could not satisfy you; but I did try, and I would have tried further if you had not insulted my mother's memory. Now there is nothing for me but to try to make my own way."

"You silly idiot, do as you please; and when you want a crust of bread, as you soon will do, come back again and earn it by doing as you are told," retorted Von Eberstein furiously, retiring into a room and banging the door behind him.

"O Rudolf, let me come!" cried Elsa; "I cannot lose you." But Lucinda restrained her. "You cannot go to Paul Engelhardt, you know, dear child; be calm—it will come right again."

Brother and sister clung together in a desperate embrace, then Rudolf wrenched himself away, and with his precious possessions went forth from the Castle gates.

(*To be continued.*)



EDUCATIONAL.

AUNTIE'S TEASE—*O. G. L. E.*—Many girls half educate themselves by reading at home; for after the elements of education have been obtained there is much to learn, and much training to give the mind. So you should have a fixed hour for reading, and never break the rule if possible. With reference to tales and stories, we always tell our readers that they are most valuable as a relaxation to the mind. "All work and no play" is not good. But to read nothing else would have a fatally bad and enervating effect on the mind of any young person.

MICHAELMAS DAISY.—The time taken to learn shorthand depends on the person. We once knew a gentleman who was obliged to learn it in three months, and he did so; but we believe that is an exceptionally short time. Book-keeping would be an advantage to you, certainly, and probably shorthand. Young people can never learn too much.

DAY.—We are very glad to hear that you have profited by our advice in self-education, which is the best and truest kind of culture. Eliza Cook, the poetess, was born in 1818, and is still living, though we believe she has published nothing since 1865. Miss Cook was granted a pension of £100 per annum from the Civil List in 1864. She began to write at a very early age, and published a volume of poems in 1835 and 1840. Also "Jottings from my Journal," and "Diamond-Dust," a collection of Laconics, in 1865.

HOUSEKEEPING.

MAYFLOWER.—When getting up lace curtains, if you have no frame to stretch them on, they are easily dried by stretching them flatly on a clean carpet, and pinning the ends evenly opposite each other. Many people do not iron them, but stretch them out, after being starched, when wet.

DIMPLE.—We should think that the soap you use is too coarse, or you put too much soda in the water. Your hands ought not to suffer so much. Wear a pair of old gloves, and grease the hands well with mutton suet to heal them.

NELLIE.—The herbs employed to flavour sausages are sage, thyme, garlic, marjoram, parsley, and summer savory, with salt, pepper, and nutmeg.

A CONSTANT READER writes to say that mustard-oil, which is so valuable for rheumatism, may be obtained at Messrs. Colman and Co.'s manufactory in Cannon-street. A small bottle should be taken to hold it.

DELORME.—Gilt picture frames must be very tenderly used, as they are easily spoilt. Brush off the dust with a feather brush; do not wipe with a linen cloth, as it takes off the gilding. The latter, if wetted, should only be moistened with a damp sponge or cold water. Spon's recipe recommends that hot spirits of wine or oil of turpentine should be used, applied with a small sponge—not too wet, but enough to take off dirt and fly spots. The frames should not be wiped afterwards, but left to dry of themselves.

WORK.

AN ANXIOUS MOTHER.—Do not on any account be induced to touch your capital—investments in shops, etc.; for totally inexperienced people such ventures are unwise. Invest all capital, and make as much income as possible; go into the country, and find a cottage at £20 per annum, with garden. Keep no servant, and live on what you have. There are plenty of schools, and you can bring up your children to be God-fearing men and women, and to live a quiet, hardworking life.

TOTAL ABSTAINER.—Small pieces of cloth may be used for making mats for the floor, by cutting them into pieces a little larger than a penny, and sewing them on in over-lapping rows to a piece of coarse canvas. Of course you must arrange some kind of diamond or cross-bar pattern, which must depend on the colours of your scraps of cloth.

LITTLE DORRIT.—We have given no article on macramé lace-making.

A YORKSHIRE LASS.—Such advertisements are generally "catch-pennies."

GERTRUDE MAY S.—We should think you could teach yourself to drape skirts, with the aid of a dress-stand and a working dressmaker to help for a few days.

ART.

DAISY.—In oil-colour flower-painting—provided the colours be not placed over each other—it is not necessary that one should dry before another be laid on. Indeed, it would be better that a dark shadow should be made to blend at its edges into the next tint while both remain wet. The colour is always left to dry thoroughly before another tint is painted over it. Megilp is used to soften and dry paint, and its action is generally preferred to that of turpentine. Backgrounds are worked in at the same time as the flowers, because it is necessary that the former should show up and support the latter by its colouring. The final flower tints are laid on after the background is quite completed, so that the chief painting is made the most prominent. Backgrounds are worked in thinly.

MEADOW-SWEET.—You should show examples of your china painting at Mortlock's and other similar places, and obtain trade orders. Advertise in the *Guardian* for a boarder, or for the care of a child.

BLUNT.—There is no painting competition at present in connection with the G.O.P. To prevent oils from sinking into terra-cotta plaques, mix them with Florentine medium.

MISCELLANEOUS.

IVY WHOMS.—Because you would not marry any man against your mother's wishes, it certainly does not follow, nor does filial duty require, that you should marry another whom you do not love. There is a very wide distinction between the two cases; and you would be ruining your own and the man's life if you married, and perjuring yourself also.

CHRIS.—Go at once to a dentist, and he may yet be able to save your front teeth.

TOTTIE.—Homer's "Iliad" is considered the finest of his poems.

A PERPLEXED ONE must call her common sense to her aid, and try to look on the "staring" which is caused by her dark complexion in an amusing light. People do not really intend to be unkind, but are thoughtless and silly.

M. R. S.—The articles, tales, or poems would have to be read and accepted; and then the editor would mention the price he would pay for them. The lines you send, "Deep in my Soul," are familiar to us, we think.

ORION would do well to send the rug to a good cleaner.

LITA will soon grow out of her stoutness. She is too young to worry herself about it.

C. C. D.—Before answering your question, it would be needful to know your father's objections to the young man. He may have some very serious ones, and it would be far better to wait a few years, as you are both young, than to marry without your father's consent.

ENQUIRER.—According to the German theory, it is best not to wear cotton at all for underclothing, and the close-fitting elastic woven combination of "stockingette cloth" the only garment, excepting woollen or knitted stays, and a woollen petticoat. But in this matter of sanitary and hygienic clothing, everyone must choose and judge for themselves, and wear what suits them best. Fashion is no guide—only health and comfort.

WISHING TO WALK WORTHY, &c.—The principle ought to enforce respectful behaviour amongst the pupils towards their instructors. See the teaching of St. John the Baptist, and observe, he did not say "give up your calling," but endeavour to serve God faithfully in it. This agrees with the teaching of St. Paul, 1st Cor. vii. 20. Of course, there are exceptions to every rule. You may be engaged in a calling of more than ordinary temptation, and feel it to be for your soul's safety to relinquish it; or an opening may be providentially made for you so that you could improve your condition. But it is evident that the making of such changes should be very carefully and prayerfully considered before made.

BESSIE.—The prototype (or copy) of "Uncle Tom" (of "Cabin" story) is said to have been one Josiah Henson, a well-known Negro, born in Maryland, 1789. He escaped to Canada after 42 years of slavery, and visited England in 1876. He was received by the Queen at Windsor Castle. A memoir of him is published. It was clear, however, that his 42 years of bondage did not do much harm to his constitution!

TEETOTUM.—The strange and sometimes eccentric names of our streets and thoroughfares usually bear a very traceable origin, if not always *àpropos*, to the exact locality to which they are attached. The "Seven Sisters-road" is named after a poem by Wordsworth (or "The Solitude of Binnorie"), which story is founded on that of the seven daughters of Lord Archibald Campbell, who, to escape from a rover band, threw themselves headlong into a lake. Out of this sympathetic lake there rose seven little green islands in course of time. The lyric was founded, it is said, on the German of Frederica Brun.

ADRIENNE F.—We read your most kind and encouraging words with much gratification, and we admire your great proficiency in writing English. Accept our best wishes.

TIGER.—Take a long breath before attempting to speak, and then articulate slowly, pronouncing every word. Read much aloud, both when alone and to others; and do not get hurried nor confused.

NANCY MCNEIL.—We never doubt that our girls are honourable. Why should we? By the laws of England we are bound to "believe every man to be innocent until he is proved guilty." We answer more than one question in a month, according to the amount of space left for our correspondents' service, which varies.

GWENDOLEN.—We only said just what we meant, and regret that you are unable to comprehend our plain-speaking.

DAISY.—The editor can hardly recommend "Daisy" to send a specimen of her writing to someone who advertises the describing of character from it, for thirteen stamps! The editor of this paper does not exercise this calling.



VOL. VIII.—No. 389.] JUNE 11, 1887. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

OUR BLIND CONTRIBUTOR—ALICE KING.

WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

THE few words that I am going to say in this paper about myself are intended to be partly a comfort to those who have dear relations and friends that have lost their sight, and who are sorrowing over what they deem an irremediable affliction for those they love, and partly as an encouragement for those who are themselves blind, or who are burdened with any other infirmity which seems to make hopeless their chance of getting forward in the race of life. If I can succeed in either of these points I shall indeed be happy and thankful.

I was not born blind, but my sight was always so very imperfect that it scarcely deserved the name of sight at all. I could distinguish no object clearly, not even when placed close to my eyes, so that all my descriptions of places and scenery in my writings can in no way have originated from any dim, scattered memories of those early days. When I was about seven my little glimmer of sight became darkened entirely, and since then I have been completely blind.

But though I am blind, it often gives me a sort of surprised feeling to hear myself talked of as such; I have such a keen, intense consciousness of knowing all about, and seeing, everyone and everything around me. When strangers speak to me for the first time, I at once create, from their voice, a distinct picture of what they are like. When I am driving or walking through a beautiful country, the sound of waving trees and murmuring water instantly brings me a vision of wondrous picturesqueness. When I enter a room I have never been in before, I quickly know all about



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its size and the way in which the furniture in it is placed by listening to such sounds as the closing of a door or window or the moving of a chair or sofa. Another thing which makes me never able to realise that I am blind is that I have always a brilliant light before my eyes, so that I seem to myself continually wrapped round with a radiant cloud. Into this light I can call up at will any colour that I think of intently for a few moments, so that frequently I am gazing into a gorgeous red or blue or green incandescent mass, that appears to be scintillating close to me and glowing like a living fire.

God in His love and mercy has also given me other abnormal faculties, which take the place of, and in some cases almost more than take the place of, sight. I can frequently tell when someone is in a distant part of the house by certain peculiarities, which my ear recognises, in their way of closing a door or performing some other insignificant but audible act. I have my especial manner of distinguishing my friends before they speak, when they enter the room, by the sound of their breathing or the fashion in which they move about. I can always tell when anyone is looking at me with peculiar feelings of interest, or affection, or dislike; I have a kind of indescribable burning sensation that pervades my whole frame. I can sometimes tell, when I am holding a person's hand, what is passing in their mind. This latter faculty has, under God, occasionally been of inestimable help to me in dealing with the working men and lads, of my work among whom I shall speak by-and-by. It increases in no small degree my influence over a man when he finds that I know of a wavering resolve for good or a secret thought of sin that is lurking in his heart.

I have also at times certain intuitions which make me able to foresee coming events. This power is, however, most capricious in its coming and going, and I have not myself the slightest control over it; I can never by my own will bring it to bear on any point that I wish; but it will often give me a prescient flash of light about some circumstance which is of comparatively little interest to me. I can give no account of its origin, and cannot define its exact way of working in my mind.

As a child I received no education especially suited and intended for the blind. I was entirely educated by my mother, a woman of great intellectual ability. She taught me much as other children are taught, except that she did her utmost to strengthen my memory by making me learn a great deal of poetry by heart. She gave me a correct knowledge of geography, which has remained with me all my life, without the help of any raised maps, such as are now used in blind schools, simply by making me describe in words the shape of each country, or island, or lake, and the position of each province with respect to another. I learned geography so thoroughly in this manner that in my schoolroom days I could have told any other girl how to draw a map of any country with the utmost accuracy.

I have learned seven languages through my ears—French, German, Italian, Spanish, Hebrew, Greek, and Latin. I can hardly tell how I acquired them. I first learned the grammar by heart with my mother and sister, who were always, one or the other of them, my fellow-students, and then the faculty of understanding the different languages came with more or less facility. My practised, delicate sense of hearing has, no doubt, rendered me peculiarly quick in catching the pronunciation of foreign tongues, and this may have made the acquirement of them easier to me than it otherwise would have been.

As a child I was peculiarly bold and fearless; indeed, my blindness seemed to make me braver than others of my age. I grew to know any new house I was in with remarkable quickness, and ran merrily all over it. I did not fear darkness, because I needed no light. I learned to ride on horseback, and was a bold horsewoman, sitting in my saddle with as much ease and confidence as if I was in an armchair. The roads over the hills of West Somerset, in the neighbourhood of Exmoor, where I was born, are such as would make most riders, however practised, feel very much more inclined to trust to their own legs than to those of their horse; yet up and down these steep ways, which are often nothing better than cataracts of rolling stones, I used to ride, feeling quite as happy as a young lady sauntering about on velvet turf in a sunny garden. I had a real affection for the animals on which I rode. Beautiful creatures they were, half-bred between horse and Exmoor pony, and endowed with wondrous intelligence. They fully returned my regard, and understood quite well that they had to take more care of me than of any other rider.

I can do work of many kinds with great ease and much pleasure. My power of feeling lies chiefly in the forefinger and the thumb, the skin and muscles of which have been trained to great delicacy of touch. I can knit the finest silk, can do canvas-work, and have lately been acquiring skill in macramé lace. I have not learned these different sorts of work in a moment, but have gained my proficiency in them with incessant practice and resolute determination not to fail. In this, as in everything throughout my life, the grand secret of my success has been unwearying, patient perseverance. I can confidently tell all those who are suffering under any physical disability, that if they will take this weapon—patient perseverance—in hand, and use it resolutely to carve their road, they will succeed.

My capacity for writing began to develop at a very early age, and broke out into little ripples of verse almost as soon as I could speak. It seemed to come naturally to me, like song to a young thrush. My first appearance in print was in a volume of sacred poems entitled "The Lays of Palestine," which was brought out by my father, and in which were put two hymns written by me before I was twelve years old.

My first book, "Forest-Keep," was written when I was about twenty. I have been often asked how it is that, without ever having seen a tree or a green field, or looked into the face of man or woman or child, I can describe vividly scenery, or beauty of feature, or expression in a human countenance. I can only reply that every description I write tells exactly what I see with visionary eyes. The moment I try with real, earnest intensity of imagination and thought to get a distinct idea of anything I want to paint in words, I see the scene or the face clearly before me, and then I write down what I have seen. This process requires no great mental effort; it came naturally to me, quite uncalled for, the moment I began to write.

I have learned how to write English fluently, partly through my parents, from my earliest days, reading out loud to me all the masterpieces of English literature. I have continued this practice of listening to well-written books all my life, and my ears have helped me in catching a good style of composition. When I was a child, my father, who at that period was translating into English verse the "Æneid" of Virgil, used to tell me the meaning of a Latin line or two in simple English words, and then bid me turn it into poetry. This mental exercise no doubt helped me in after years to find command of language easy.

In the first years of my literary career I always wrote with an amanuensis. She was generally a girl from the village school, with a mind not too well instructed as to grammar and orthography. I used to have to write out every sentence first thoroughly in my head, getting up thus, perhaps, half a chapter by heart, and considering well how each paragraph sounded, and how any specially long words were spelt; then I set to work with my amanuensis to get it all on to paper; and laborious the task often was for both her and myself. Here again, however, patience and perseverance stood me in good stead.

At length came the, for me, happy days when that wonderful and beautiful machine, the type-writer, was brought to England from America. I resolved, the moment I heard of it, that I would learn it and make it useful in my literary work. I had two changes made in the machine to suit my blindness; one was having the letters, etc., carved upon the keys, the other was having every tenth degree marked at the top in a way that I could feel. Before, however, I could make carved letters useful to me, I had to learn what letters were like; this I did by feeling constantly round and round the letters upon the edge of a little tin plate. Yet with all the various helps which I devised to make the type-writer acquirable by me, it seemed to me, at first, that it would be simply a matter of impossibility that I could ever learn to write with it. I well recollect the heart-sinking with which I used to sit down at the machine; even when I had been labouring at it for four hours, till every muscle in my arms and shoulders ached, I got up feeling that I had made no way at all. Now I can write with the type-writer quicker than most people with the pen, and it is one of the blessings and comforts of my life. There is now no need for elaborate preparation beforehand when I write, for my thoughts flash in a moment from my brain on to the key-board.

The other great work of my life, which God has put it into my hands to do, besides my literary work, is that of teaching and influencing working men and boys. The parish of Cutcombe, where I was born, and where my father is clergyman, is a large, straggling, hill-country village, very much out of the world, and very old-fashioned, at the time of which I am writing, in all its ideas. The men and lads of the place had had few softening, up-lifting influences at work among them, and the evil spirit of drink was walking abroad in great power and strength through the midst of them, as it always has done throughout West Somerset. When I first opened my Bible class, almost all the men fought very shy of it and of me; they had never heard of such a thing as a lady busying herself about, and interesting herself in, working men and their belongings, and my first class had some four or five members, who seemed a little ashamed of what they were doing, even when they came in to take the word of God in their hands and hear about it. The prejudice against the Bible class, however, passed gradually away as Sunday after Sunday I persevered in it, and my numbers soon were doubled, while the Bible class began to be acknowledged as a power for good in the parish.

Now my Bible class counts some seventy members of all ages, from grandfathers of threescore years and ten, to bright lads just entering their teens; and everyone of these is, under God, more or less subject to my influence. The men will do more at my voice than at any voice in the world, and my blindness only seems one power the more to make them regard my womanhood with chivalrous reverence; it wakens up all the tender chords deep down under their rough exteriors. They will confess everything to me, and let me lead them almost anywhere. I keep up my influence over them by often having short private interviews with each man alone, besides meeting them at the Bible class.

The Bible class is not the only thing I have

established for my working men and lads. I have started for them a reading-room, in which they have all kinds of papers, books, and games; a temperance refreshment room, and a brass band. I have also grounded in the village flourishing branches of the Church Temperance and Church Purity Societies. But yet more than for anything else that God has let me do among my men do I rejoice with thanksgiving over the Sabbath mornings, when the members of the Bible class come thronging up to the Table of the Lord.

My vast amount of work of different kinds makes it very necessary for me to economise my time, therefore nothing was more wanted by me than a watch, and I set about thinking how I could have one made that I could feel. Opposite each figure on the dial-plate I had a little knob placed; the hour-hand also had a tiny excrescence put upon it; the minute hand was made very thick, and screwed so high that it would pass over the knobs without catching, and thus I had a watch by which I could tell the time to a minute. I have described my watch thus minutely, that my plan may be useful to others with darkened or failing sight.

I am no proficient in music, but listening to it is one of my greatest pleasures; indeed, those with sight have probably no conception of what all sweet sounds, such as the melody of the wind, or the chime of the waves, are to those whose sense of *hearing has been refined* by blindness. I delight in walking through a picture gallery, and in having the pictures described to me. I take great interest in all natural history, and am never tired of tracing out with my fingers the delicate formation of a flower, or a leaf, or an insect's wing, if either of these is put into my hand.

Thus it will be seen that there are few things from which my blindness shuts me out; and that God's love, though it has closed for me one window, has opened for me many others.

"SHE COULDN'T BOIL A POTATO;"

OR,

THE IGNORANT HOUSEKEEPER, AND HOW SHE ACQUIRED KNOWLEDGE.

By DORA HOPE.



As the days lengthened and the weather grew warmer, Mrs. Wilson began to have a craving for a sight of the sea. She had not been regaining her strength as quickly as she had hoped, and, having reached a certain stage of convalescence, it seemed impossible to get any further. All Ella's coaxing could not tempt her outside the garden, and the most appetising dishes which Ella's and Mrs. Moore's united genius could invent failed to win back her capricious appetite.

Ella was beginning to get disheartened, and to think that it was no use trying any more, as her aunt had evidently settled down into being a permanent invalid, when someone suggested trying the invigorating effect of sea air. The mere thought of the fresh sea breezes seemed to give Mrs. Wilson new vigour, and, to Ella's surprise, she declared herself quite strong enough for the journey, and was reluctant even to take the precaution of asking the doctor's advice before making her arrangements.

His consent was easily obtained, with the addition of a great deal of practical advice and help to Ella, who was not a little dismayed at the responsibility of removing her patient from the safe shelter of home, surrounded as she was there by friends willing to help in any difficulty.

The first point to consider was where they should go; but, happily, the doctor had very decided opinions as to which places would suit Mrs. Wilson, so that matter was easily settled. After a good deal of discussion, it was decided that Ella must go and take lodgings a few days beforehand, as Mrs. Wilson was not in a fit state to bear the fatigue of driving round the town while she looked for apartments. By going very early in the morning, she could spend several hours at Wyck, and still be home before dark. As Mrs. Wilson would not hear of her going alone, and no other companion seemed available, it was decided that she should take the young maid Sarah, partly as escort, and partly to give her a little holiday, as a reward for her unwearying attention to her mistress through the winter. She had never been more than a few miles away from her native town before, and the prospect of seeing the real sea drove her so nearly wild with excitement that she was good for nothing at all during the next few days.

Ella felt very anxious at the responsibility of taking lodgings; she had never even been consulted in such matters, and was entirely ignorant of everything connected with them. Mrs. Wilson herself could not tell her very much, for she had always spent her holidays in travelling, and knew very little about the usual arrangements in lodgings. Mrs. Mobberly, as usual, came to the rescue, and gave Ella a list of the chief points to be considered. She must have a dining-room suite—that is to say, a sitting-room on the ground-floor with, at any rate, one bedroom behind, so that Mrs. Wilson need not go up and down any stairs; and the sitting-room must be facing the sea, so that she might have the sight and the sound of it without leaving her sofa. It must be comfortably furnished, too, for invalids need luxuries that can be dispensed with by people in health; and in inquiring the price, Ella must be sure to ask what extras there would be.

"I have learnt that lesson by sad experience," Mrs. Mobberly said: "for I once offered to engage rooms for some friends who could not well afford extravagant charges, and was very pleased to find just what I wanted at a reasonable rate. But you can imagine my mortification when they showed me their first week's bill. I had forgotten to ask what extras I must add to my estimate of the cost, and now there was a formidable array of additional figures—kitchen fire, hall gas, gas on landing, dining-room gas, use of cruet, washing bed and table linen, and cleaning boots; making altogether nearly a pound a week more than I had calculated—a very serious difference to people in rather straitened circumstances. So you must be warned by my mistake, and be sure to find out what the entire charge is likely to be, or when you come to pay your bills, you will feel all the time as if you were being cheated."

The doctor, too, gave Ella some very serious advice. He was a kind old man, who was always ready, by suggestions and hints, to relieve Ella as much as possible of anxiety about her patient, and he, too, like Mrs. Mobberly, had learnt a lesson from the experience of others. One of his patients, he told Ella, had gone to the seaside with her children early in the summer, and had taken very clean and comfortable lodgings; but they had hardly been settled in them for a week before one of the children seemed unwell, then another, and a third, and in a short time they all three were seriously ill. The doctor who was called said immediately that the house was full of infection, and there was no doubt the children had caught it. The landlady, finding it was no use to deny it, acknowledged that her own children had been ill, but they had been out and quite well for the last fortnight, and as she had well aired the rooms, and even had the carpets up and scrubbed the floors, she thought it was quite safe to let the apartments, forgetting how the germs of disease cling to the furniture, the hangings, and even to the paper on the walls. Happily, the children all recovered, but one, at least, was for some time in imminent danger; and the doctor warned Ella to make strict inquiries, as in Mrs. Wilson's enfeebled state she would be particularly susceptible to any infection, and would be quite unable to throw off any attack.

This idea so frightened Ella that she felt inclined to refuse the responsibility altogether. She was extremely severe in her remarks on the wickedness of lodging-house keepers who could allow such risk, and also of the makers of the law who could fail to punish them for doing it.

"You must remember, my dear Miss Ella," interrupted the doctor, "that the lodging-house keepers themselves are very often the victims of the carelessness—I might indeed call it criminal carelessness—of people who ought to know better, who having children not yet free from infectious diseases, do not hesitate to take them to seaside lodgings, without having even the common honesty to warn the proprietors of the state of the case, although they must know the risk they run of spreading the disease through the neighbourhood, and although they themselves would probably be amongst the most severe in denouncing those who exposed their own children to such risks. And on the other hand, the law does what it can to protect people from infection, though they seldom take advantage of it. There is an act, called the Public Health Act, under which any landlord can be prosecuted who takes lodgers, or even shows his rooms with a view to letting them, while his house is in an infectious state."

"But, doctor!" exclaimed Ella, "I do not see that it is *much good to prosecute the* landlord after one has caught diphtheria or

scarlet fever. It might be a solace to one's angry feelings, but even the sweetness of revenge would hardly make the attack less dangerous."

"No, the law is not much use after you have taken the infection, except in the light of paying your doctor's bill, but it is a great deal of use as a safeguard against getting into infection; and you can make practical use of it in this way. When you find lodgings that suit you, you should ask the person letting the rooms if there has been any case of infectious disease in the house during the last six weeks; and the Public Health Act provides that any person who 'knowingly makes a false answer to such a question' is liable to a penalty of £20, or one month's imprisonment; and you can see for yourself what effect this clause must have in ensuring truthful answers to your questions; but if you are at all doubtful about the place, it is better to have some one with you when you ask this, because the question is considered of so much importance that if you have not asked it, you cannot afterwards prosecute the landlord (as another clause of the Public Health Act allows you to do) for letting infectious rooms, and unless you have a witness, it is not easy to prove that you really did ask. So you see that the law does what it can for you, and as long as you make these inquiries, with your young maid to witness the fact that you do so, you are not very likely to run any risk."

Ella looked so overwhelmed at all these warnings, that the doctor regretted having said so much, and, taking her hand kindly, he added:

"You know, my dear young lady, that to be forewarned is to be forearmed, and I have only said all this to avoid any danger of your getting into infectious places, and not because I think you are particularly likely to do so, and though it is a duty to take these precautions, do not let anything I have said make you form a habit of suspecting people. That is a far worse evil than the remote possibility of infection. There are a few bad people in the world, and a good many thoughtless ones, and we need to be on our guard against them, but you will meet with many more who are both good and unselfish."

The doctor's kindness cheered Ella's drooping spirits again, and though still feeling rather overwhelmed with her responsibilities, she set to work cheerfully to make all her arrangements, and when the day came for her expedition in search of lodgings, she was secretly almost as excited as Sarah herself, though the necessity she felt of appearing dignified made her strive not to betray the fact.

As it was early in the year, they found lodgings much more easily than they expected. The landlady seemed a kind-hearted woman, whom Ella took to at once, and she promised to have everything arranged for Mrs. Wilson's comfort when she arrived. Ella asked her to have some beef-tea ready, and also to provide tea, bread, and so on, so that she could get a meal for them if they required it, as soon as they reached there. The only thing lacking in the rooms was a convenient sofa, and as this was indispensable to Mrs. Wilson's comfort, the landlady told Ella of a shop where, as at most large sea-side resorts, invalid chairs and couches of all kinds could be hired. Having selected one, and engaged it, Ella went back to the lodgings, and asked the landlady to see that it came in time and was placed in readiness for Mrs. Wilson in the position she chose for it in the sitting-room.

Ella and her handmaid spent the rest of the day enjoying the sea air; Ella herself would rather have returned home at once, but stayed out of consideration for Sarah, who enjoyed the day to her heart's content, and Ella thoroughly enjoyed herself, too, in the effort to make it a happy day for her. The bathing was the great event of the day, and Sarah became so wildly excited over it that Ella felt convinced she would drown herself, and stood anxiously watching on the beach all the time, and begged the woman in charge of the machines to keep an eye on her. She longed to bathe herself, but her dignity would not allow of it; and after spending another hour or two on the beach, watching the sea and the people alternately, they returned home in the evening very tired, but very well satisfied with their day's work.

The next matter for consideration was the arrangement of the household during their absence. Mrs. Moore, the cook, had not been very well through the spring, and Mrs. Wilson suggested taking her with them to wait upon her and so relieve Ella, and at the same time to recruit her own health. This plan made it necessary to find someone to stay with Sarah. The old gardener and his wife lived in the little cottage close at hand, so that she would have had friends almost within call, but still Mrs. Wilson would not consent to her being alone in the house. She arranged at first that she should invite her mother to stay with her, but finding she was unable to leave her work, she sent Ella to see a very respectable needlewoman, whom she had employed for years, and invite her to come and stay in the house during their absence. She accepted the invitation very gratefully, and Mrs. Wilson instructed Sarah to take great care of her, and make her sit out in the garden every day, and do everything she could to strengthen her and give her a pleasant time. In addition to this visitor, Sarah had permission to invite her two younger sisters for a week each; so that every one concerned looked forward with eagerness to their holiday.

Instead of having board wages, which would be difficult to manage with visitors in the house, Mrs. Wilson gave Sarah a small sum of money to begin with, and an account book in which to enter all she spent, with instructions to go to Mrs. Mobberly each week for a further supply of money.

When the day came for their journey, Mrs. Wilson was rather nervous and fidgetty, and Ella found it difficult to persuade her not to get up earlier than usual and wear herself out with unnecessary exertions. To make her take a good breakfast was quite beyond her powers, so she put up a nice little lunch to be eaten in the train, and took also a little hand-bag containing a damp sponge, a bottle of Eau-de-Cologne, and some smelling salts, in case she should feel faint.

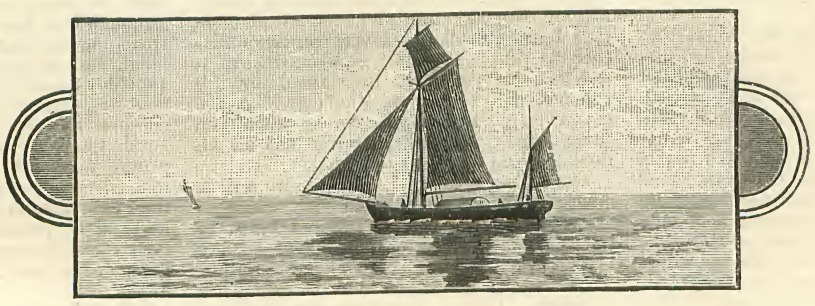
Mrs. Moore, being quite unaccustomed to travelling, was too much "flustered," as she said herself, to be of much use, so Ella had to think and plan for everyone; and she could not help contrasting this journey with the one only a few months ago, when she had travelled under her father's care to Hapsleigh to nurse her aunt. She felt years older since then, and was thankful for the change in herself, in spite of the many difficulties and anxieties she had gone through before learning the lesson of self-reliance. But she was not by any means perfect in her lesson yet, and was delighted to see Mrs. Mobberly arriving, to give what help she could and to soothe Mrs. Wilson, whose excited nerves made her rather irritable and difficult to manage.

Ella, at the doctor's suggestion, had made arrangements with the stationmaster beforehand, and when they reached the station he was looking out for them, with two porters, who carried Mrs. Wilson in a chair across the rails to the right train, where a carriage was prepared for her, with a board laid across the two seats, so that she could sit with her feet up comfortably. They had taken plenty of cushions, so that she could lie down altogether when she liked, and as they were very early for the train, Ella was able to settle her in an easy position before starting.

The journey was accomplished with less fatigue than they had feared; the porters and guard were very kind, as they always are to invalids or infirm people, and lifted Mrs. Wilson so carefully and cleverly out of the train and into the cab at the other end, that Ella had no trouble whatever.

Mrs. Wilson kept very quiet for the first few days after her arrival, and Ella was much disturbed at finding her apparently not so well as at home, and she secretly wrote to the doctor, asking what she had better do. His reply was comforting, for while suggesting certain remedies, he added that it was usually the case with invalids that the first week at a fresh place did apparently more harm than good, but he hoped there would be an improvement soon. Ella found this to be true, for after a few days Mrs. Wilson began to take an interest in all that was going on, and so far from needing any more urging to exert herself, Ella was now in constant anxiety lest she should overtire herself, and so lose all the good she had gained.

(*To be continued.*)



IN THE DAYS OF MOZART.

THE STORY OF A YOUNG MUSICIAN.

CHAPTER IX.

IN the castle garden, on the morning after Rudolf's departure, wandered Elsa, bitterly weeping. She knew not what the result would be of the quarrel between the lad and his grandfather; but she dimly presaged a long and serious breach. For years all the current of Rudolf's being had set steadily in one direction. He had contrived to study enough of general subjects to satisfy Von Eberstein, but the genius that was in him could not be repressed. Paul Engelhardt had taught him counterpoint, and when the lessons of Herr Mozart were interrupted by the travels of the Court composer with his gifted son, Rudolf was already in a fair way to become an accomplished executant. In Salzburg there were many opportunities of hearing good music; whenever Leopold Mozart was at home he would encourage and stimulate his *protégé;* the friendship with little Wolfgang had never died out; and the result of these eight years had been to give Rudolf a cunning hand that wooed the charm from tremulous clavier or thrilling



"WHENEVER LEOPOLD MOZART WAS AT HOME HE WOULD ENCOURAGE AND STIMULATE HIS PROTÉGÉ."

violin, a heart to throb in unison with the music, and a brain to evolve new melodies, original and sweet. Now he was roughly bidden to burn his Straduarius and manuscript, and to "give up" that which was interwoven with every fibre of his being. How could it be?

"Do not fret, dear Elsa," said the kind and anxious Lucinda, coming suddenly upon her solitude. "All will be well in time."

"Never," said Elsa, through her tears. "Rudolf cannot give up music, auntie. If grandfather demands that, he will never come back."

"Here is Herr Engelhardt. He has brought news of him," cried Lucinda, in joyful relief.

When Paul caught sight of the weeping Elsa, he stopped for a moment, and a close observer would have seen a look of distress come into his kind and sensitive face. He was now more than thirty years of age, and had definitely entered upon a life of literary work, in which he was already achieving some success. Several short biographies he had written of eminent men in the world of art were received with favour, and he had edited and annotated various Greek plays. By dint of teaching and writing he contrived to support himself in a bachelor existence in his former lodgings in Salzburg.

"I have come from Rudolf," he said at length, approaching the aunt and niece. "I fear you are in trouble about him."

"My father is very much offended," returned Lucinda.

"May I speak with Herr von Eberstein?" inquired Paul. "As Rudolf's tutor for many years, perhaps he will hear me."

"I don't think he will hear reason from anybody," said Lucinda; "but you will find him within, Herr Engelhardt."

Paul's eyes rested pitifully on Elsa for a moment; then he went into the house. Lucinda's unspoken thought followed him.

"Herr Engelhardt is fond of our Elsa. I can see it, though I do not think she does, yet. Here is another terrible complication; for, though he is a good man and true, my father would be furious did he suspect such a thing. It will never, never do. What will become of us all, with these poor, dear children and their affairs? Conrad's story over again!" And the gentle-hearted Lucinda sighed with unwonted bitterness.

Meanwhile Von Eberstein was raging with obstinate and stupid anger within the castle. Paul had come to make an earnest effort to gain the old man's permission for Rudolf to devote himself to the study of music. Money, he knew, was not lacking; the youth had talent that even Herr Mozart pronounced unusual. Why should he not, under any restrictions Herr von Eberstein liked to impose, be permitted to follow his bent? This he pleaded long and earnestly, undaunted by scorn and insult.

"Sir, consider," said he at length. "You would be proud if you had a grandson who bade fair to be a great painter or sculptor. Why, then, do you rank music—the mightiest of the arts—on so degraded a level?"

But Paul was before his time in speaking thus. Germany was awakening, it is true, to the fit recognition of music, but only awakening from a long lethargy, and his hearer regarded the words as an idle tale.

"Music, forsooth! As well call dancing the 'mightiest of the arts.' No! Let the boy give up this trifling, go back to business, and work hard, as a man ought to do; for he is a man now, and these childish vagaries are disgraceful. Let him bring me his violin and manuscripts, and I'll forgive him—but not till then. Man!" cried Von Eberstein, clenching his fist, "don't you know it was a professor of *music* that stole my son away long ago? Little did I think it would crop up again in his boy! But I'll not be thwarted; no, I'll not be thwarted this time! And let Master Rudolf beware!"

Nothing more than this could be obtained from the obdurate old man, and Paul Engelhardt sadly withdrew. He was stopped in the garden by Elsa.

"It is of no avail," he said, in answer to her appealing glance.

"What will Rudolf do?"

"He is bent upon going to Vienna."

"Then," said Elsa, speaking quickly, "give him my love, and say I will go with him. He must not be left alone. I will take care of him, manage for him, and somehow I will earn enough not to be a burden. He is all I have in the world."

"Have you considered what you will lose by leaving your grandfather's roof?"

"I have considered everything. I could not live away from Rudolf, unless, indeed, he wished it. Tell him so, please, from me, and give him this."

The girl pushed a tiny purse into Paul Engelhardt's hand. He looked at her as though he would have spoken, but seemed to repress the words that were burning for utterance, and briefly bade her farewell.

The week that followed was terrible to Elsa, for Herr von Eberstein discovered her plan of joining Rudolf, and promptly took measures for its prevention. It was an age of severity.

"Lock her in her room," he ordered. "I will have no young girls under my care roaming about the country at large. In a little while she will have forgotten her fancy, and the silly lad will come back penitent. He will be all the more likely to do so if his sister is here."

And as Lucinda hesitated to carry out the stern decree, Herr von Eberstein himself turned the key in the lock of Elsa's chamber, and gave instructions to the servants that only one of their number, a disagreeable person, on whose fidelity to himself he could depend, was to carry her food at stated intervals. Nurse Bettina was no longer living, or the kind old woman would have made it a difficult task for any of the household to act such a part without relenting

The room was a large and airy one on the story above the ground floor, and here Elsa paced to and fro, looking constantly down the valley, where the autumn mists fleeted at morning and evening, towards the plain where Salzburg stood, and whither she fain would go. To be a prisoner! It roused all the independence of the girl of nineteen in passionate revolt. The grandfather's stern treatment seemed all the more intolerable because of the indulgence he had usually shown to herself and her brother. She did not reflect that this was the first occasion on which his will had been seriously crossed, and her heart swelled with pity for Rudolf, indignation on her own account and his, until it seemed wellnigh bursting.

What could she do? The days went on, and there came no sign. Rudolf would not know why she did not write or send to him. It was terrible.

"Oh, have pity on me, Elspeth," she entreated the servant who brought her food. "Send a letter down to my brother at Salzburg, for mercy's sake!"

"I dare not. The master would turn me away," was all the woman would reply.

Sometimes Lucinda came to the door, and conversed through the chink with her imprisoned niece; but Von Eberstein was acting the part of domestic gaoler with energy, and would not allow his daughter to enter the room, fearing her softness of heart.

One night when the girl was wellnigh desperate, there came a long, low whistle from without. She flew to the window, and saw standing below the figure of a man. In the moonlight she recognised him as a peasant who now lived near Salzburg—the deserter, Heinrich Stern, once so great a source of terror to Rudolf in the "haunted room."

The man was devoted to Paul Engelhardt, and had doubtless come from her brother. As she looked fearfully over the sill, he put his curled hands to his mouth, and murmured hoarsely, yet distinctly:—

"Open the window wide, and stand out of the way, Fräulein."

She obeyed, and a missive, with a pebble inside, flew into the room.

Picking it from the floor, she hastened to thank the messenger. He had vanished.

The embers on her hearth were yet aglow; she lit her candle, and, breaking the seal, she read as follows:—

"Beloved Sister,—I have tried all means of reaching thee in a straightforward manner, but in vain. I am going to Vienna. My grandfather will not relent, and his words concerning our mother must estrange me from his roof. I must e'en try my fortune, and the compositions I have by me will support me for the present, while I busy myself in fresh work. Fain would I have seen thee again; but if thou hast any message, drop it out of the window, with this pebble enclosed, before daybreak. Thou shalt hear of thy brother again one day—famous and successful. Farewell, farewell!"

"I must see him again—I *must!* Our mother left him in my charge," was Elsa's desperate thought.

Snatching a piece of paper, she hastily wrote:—

"I am locked into my chamber. Wait

a little longer in Salzburg, till you hear further."

With the pebble enclosed, she dropped this from the window. Instantly a form stole from the shadow of the trees below the terrace, picked up the letter, and sped away. It was the work of a few moments. Poor Stern had learnt to be swift, dexterous, noiseless, and alert by his past experience.

Then Elsa was left to reflect on her rash promise. What had she done? Surely escape was impossible. Yet it had seemed borne in upon her that she could not let Rudolf go without an attempt to meet him, and ascertain from his own lips whether she should be his companion in the wanderings to which the foolish children looked forward so confidently.

Elsa's eye fell upon the ivy that, strong with the growth of uncounted years, climbed up the castle wall, and framed her window in a leafy setting. A recent storm had loosened its hold here and there, and the giant arms clung with varying tightness of embrace to the stone. Surely there were places where a foot might be set and the clumps that projected might offer something for the hands to hold! Yes; here was a ladder ready to her use, and Elsa's active brain thought out the plan. She would prepare a bundle of necessary clothing, with the few trinkets she inherited from her mother, throw this out first, then, by the help of an impromptu balustrade, formed of a sheet knotted in strips, and securely attached to a heavy bedpost within the room, she would descend the ivy stair at dusk on the following evening, and trust to reaching Salzburg in safety.

It was a rash, impetuous proceeding; but Elsa's whole being was possessed by one thought. She must see Rudolf again. Separation from him, her one companion, her mother's sacred charge, with never a word to break the silence, and with the long distance between Salzburg and Vienna (then unspanned by railroad, as it is now) to divide them, she could not endure. Therefore she must escape.

The intervening hours passed with lagging steps away, and when twilight came on the following evening, Elsa threw out her little bundle and began the descent.

With the help of the knotted sheet it was easier than she had feared. In the great rambling castle no one was near, nor were any eyes peering out into the gathering darkness to note the strange figure clinging and scrambling downwards, and scaring the birds from the ivy.

Her feet touched the ground; she was free! Catching up her bundle, she darted swiftly away into the forest below the castle, and was gone, the white rope by which she had descended waving idly in the night air.

(*To be continued.*)

NOTES FOR JULY.



A SPIDER generally seems to have the same effect upon our girls as the one famed in history had on "Little Miss Muffet"; but if girls could overcome their dislike, they would find very much of interest in the "long-legged spinners," and much that they could observe for themselves without being driven to study indoors. Spiders are almost the only carnivorous insects which depend upon artifice and stratagem for the means of catching their prey, and it is their cunning tricks and clever devices which are so entertaining to study.

There are about 100 species in England, but they have been divided into five main varieties—the hunting, wandering, prowling, sedentary, and water spiders. These all have slightly different ways of catching their prey, and their webs are differently arranged; but all alike produce their silk from four spinnerets, at the hinder part of the body. Each thread, before leaving the spinneret, is already composed of numberless microscopic lines twisted together, so that each completed thread in the web is in reality formed of about 4,000 lines. These four chief threads remain disunited to a sufficient distance from the body (about one-tenth of an inch) to enable the observer to see them each separately.

The web itself is made of many different shapes, by the different classes of spiders, according to the particular purpose they have in view. The ordinary garden spider fixes a number of strong threads in straight lines radiating from the centre, and afterwards unites them by circular threads; these latter are covered with tiny globules of viscid gum, which first catch the unwary fly.

A naturalist, M. D'Isgonval, says that spiders' webs may safely be depended upon as accurate barometers, for if the weather is going to be stormy, the main threads will be short and near together; whereas if they are very long, we may know that the spider's unerring instinct foresees fine settled weather.

Spiders can be kept in captivity, for the purpose of watching their habits; but there are two drawbacks to making pets of them—their large appetites and their quarrelsomeness. They have been tamed successfully sometimes; it is related, for instance, of a prisoner in the Bastille, M. Pelisson, that he had a spider which knew him so well that it would come out to be fed when he whistled for it.

Those who wish to take up the study should note where and how the web of each spider is spun, what kind of nest the mother makes, how the eggs are deposited, and whether the spider runs, leaps, or crouches when frightened, as well as its colour, marking, and size.

The eggs are laid in June and July, and the mother watches over them most carefully. Spiders do not go through a metamorphosis, but they moult several times, and during this operation they renew any limb that has been broken off.

There is a curious belief in some parts of England that no one over 60 years of age can hear the song of the grasshopper. Though this is untrue, there are some people who seem to have a strange inability to hear it; the air may be full of the curious zic-zic sound to one of the party, while another may not be able to detect a note of the whirring song.

Though shrill, and anything but musical, the chirping of the grasshopper and its kindred (crickets, locusts, and so on) has always been much admired; the Greeks used to think so highly of their love-song that they kept the little insects in cages, as we do canaries. Their praises are sung by many of the Grecian poets; Homer, Hesiod, Anacreon, and many others addressed them by the most endearing epithets.

The sound is produced in slightly different ways by the various species, but the principle is always the same as that on which our common English grasshopper makes its sound, namely, by rubbing together its long, half-horny, outer wings. The male only sings, the female appears too busy laying her eggs, and depositing them in a hole in the ground which she has dug with a sharp, sword-like instrument projecting from the under part of the body. The grasshoppers appear in July, and are to be seen till the cold weather begins, but the eggs do not hatch till the following spring; and the insect which first appears, though much the shape of a perfect grasshopper, has no wings, and it is only after five or six moultings of its outer skin that it is perfectly developed.

There is not much to do in small gardens this month; we should now be reaping the fruits (or rather flowers) of our earlier industry, but we find plenty of occupation in keeping the garden tidy, well watered, and well weeded. Hedges must be kept clipped too, and the grass rolled and cut; and annuals that have done flowering must be rooted up. The later annuals probably still need thinning, and many plants will want staking, and traps must be set for earwigs among the dahlias. Budding may be done this month, but a cool cloudy day must be chosen for it. Some perennials may be sown in boxes or shaded places for next year's flowering; amongst these are the polyanthus, which does not need a very rich soil, forget-me-not, calceolaria and mimulus.

THE ANCIENT FOUNT.

By Mrs. G. LINNÆUS BANKS, Author of "Ripples and Breakers."

How cool and sweet
In summer heat,
To find in some green nook
Grey fount or wayward brook,
Where the parched lip
May bend and sip
Of nature's purest wine,
Fresh from the hand Divine;
Or quaff an ample draught
That man with all his craft
Can ne'er surpass.

Upon the brink
Repose and think—
The oldest nectar known,
In any clime or zone,
Came from above
In tears of love,
To consecrate the feast
Of insect, bird, and beast,
To fill the chaliced flowers,
Refresh the leafy bowers,
And strengthen man.

The tinkling rills
Fresh from the hills,
Joined with the starry throng
The jubilant first song;
"Rejoice! Rejoice!"
Sang each sweet voice.

And still the song they sing
To every living thing,
"God gave us, fresh and pure,
To comfort, cleanse, and cure;
Accept the gift."

Ere man or maid,
In wood or glade,
First hung with trancèd look
O'er glassy pool or brook,
The lines to trace
Of form or face,
Streams, founts had mirrored back
Sun, moon, and cloudy rack
Trees, ferns, and fringing grass,
Where now the pensive lass
Sees but herself.

Ah, blessed boon
In Life's hot noon,
That other older fount
Whose age no man may count,
That flows, and flows,
For human woes,
And parching souls a cure,
A balsam free and sure;
Fresh from Love's fount Divine,
The true immortal wine
Of Faith and Hope.

DREAMING AND DOING.

By NELLIE HELLIS, Author of "Donald and I," "Gipsy Jan," "Roving Robin," "Little King Davie," "Little Gladness," "Rob and Ralph," etc., etc.

CHAPTER II.

DARK DAYS.



THE December sun was shining brightly through the window of Winnie's room when she awoke next morning. Her watch showed her it was close upon nine, and she knew if she would see her father and brother before they left for town she must hurry over her dressing. But with all her haste she was only just in time to say a few hasty words and help her father on with his overcoat. As she held it up, she said, gaily—

"Remember, father, that *this* is a pleasure you must always give me for the future."

Poor child, how little she knew!

When she had taken her breakfast, and Dora and May had joined their daily governess in the schoolroom, she went upstairs to finish unpacking. Her mother accompanied her, and this led to an inspection of her dresses. It was decided that some new ones must take the place of those that had become worn and shabby, and a delightful chat ensued as to whether the preference should be given to claret or brown, and peacock blue or olive green. Then she was told she might have a new evening dress of cream coloured cashmere, and when the afternoon of the following day had been fixed upon as a convenient time to go into town and make the purchases, Mrs. Braithwaite suggested that while she attended to certain domestic matters, Winnie should go and see her friend Miss Yuell.

It was somewhat strange that the largest and smallest house in Forest Avenue should have been built side by side. The former of these, Elm Lodge, belonged to the Braithwaites, Mr. Braithwaite having bought it two or three years before the opening of this story. The latter was rented by Mr. Yueil, an old gentleman of good family but of such small means that, had it not been for his daughter's assistance, he could not have lived in the pretty little villa at Leytonstone. She was a writer of considerable merit, and the money her labours gained placed herself and her father—her mother had long been dead—in very comfortable circumstances.

Winnie had always been a favourite with the gentle, quiet little lady, who, though she had a world-wide reputation as a writer, was personally known to very few people. And now, as she and Winnie Braithwaite sat talking together on the morning after the young girl's return from school, their conversation grew more and more confidential. From topics of mutual interest, Winnie went back to her life in Germany, giving a full description of Clara Hensell, her classmate, and of Fräulein Berthold, the young music governess who had been kind to her ever since the day when she arrived, a tired, home sick lassie, at the large Moravian school at Neuwied. Miss Yuell heard how Fräulein had paid her a very pretty compliment. She was "fond of writing verses," she said (Winnie blushed as she made the confession), and as Fräulein had expressed her approval of a certain poem, she had presented her with a copy of the words. A few days afterwards her friend had slipped a little roll of MS. music into her hand.

"Fräulein had actually set the poem to music," explained Winnie, eagerly. "The melody is perfectly enchanting. I am sure you will think so when you hear it."

"I have no doubt," said Miss Yuell. "But, Winnie, I had no idea you aspired to be a poetess. You told me once that you hoped to write stories for children some day, and you showed me one or two very creditable attempts. But I thought that was the height of your ambition."

"Poetry is so much more beautiful than prose," said Winnie, dreamily, "and as I seemed able to express myself so readily in verse I gave up writing tales. But I have brought home *one* story. I wrote it in the summer holidays when I was longing to be with mother and the rest of them here. I think my little story must have grown out of the longing."

"I should like to see it, and also the poems, if I may."

"Indeed, I shall consider it a very great kindness if you will look at them." And Winnie was again all animation and eagerness. "I know my verses are horribly weak and



"WHERE NOW THE PENSIVE LASS
SEES BUT HERSELF."

faulty," she went on, "but I should be so glad to know whether you think they hold out any promise for me."

"Promise of what, dear?"

"That I shall one day be a writer, like you. It has been getting such a sweet dream. I told Maurice, but nobody else knows. It is the work I have set myself to do."

There was a very grave look on Miss Yuell's face as she replied—

"It is wiser and safer, Winnie, to leave the appointing of our work to God."

"But are not high aims commendable, and do we not try to make our lives good and noble when we resolve to use our talents for the benefit of our fellow creatures?" asked the young girl, slowly.

"In a broad sense, certainly. But as regards yourself, first of all be sure that you *have* a talent for writing. And then, if you have, do not forget in cultivating it those other talents that lie nearer at hand. I mean the ability to sympathise and give true friendship; the power to help brighten and relieve the lives of the poor and suffering, and to make your home pleasant and cheerful, by loving service, unselfish actions, and affectionate words."

"I never thought of such things as *talents*," said Winnie, in astonishment.

They are most assuredly, and especially if we regard our talents in the high sense in which you just now spoke of them—as abilities to be used for the happiness and benefit of our fellow-men. And the fellow-men who have most need of our talents are those of our own homes, our near relations, friends, and neighbours. All this sounds hard and unsympathetic, I fear, dear Winnie."

"No, I see what you mean, and it is very beautiful. Only I did think——" Winnie came to a sudden stop.

"That you possessed a talent for verse-making? Well, you shall have my honest opinion of your poems. Though I shall not hesitate to point out their faults, their merits will not pass unnoticed. Come in."

This was said in answer to a hurried knock at the door. But instead of entering the room, the servant stood with the door ajar, and asked if she might speak to her mistress alone for a minute.

How long Miss Yuell was absent Winnie did not know. It might have been only a few minutes, and it might have been half an hour. Her friend had put before her a new and beautiful idea, and, left to herself, she began trying to embody it in verse. So absorbing was the attempt that she was lost to both time and place, and she started as she heard her name pronounced. Looking up she saw Miss Yuell, who, though outwardly calm, was evidently greatly agitated. A vague feeling of alarm took instant possession of Winnie.

"Something has happened," she exclaimed. "Tell me. Have you had bad news?"

"Very bad news. But, my poor child, it concerns you, not me. There has been an accident, and your father——"

She paused as if to gather strength for her next words. But Winnie could not bear the suspense, and with a heart that seemed suddenly to stand still, she gasped—

"Tell me, tell me quick, please. An accident to father and Maurice, do you mean?"

"Only to your father. Maurice had left him. He was getting down from an omnibus when he missed his footing and fell."

"Is he badly hurt?"

"Yes."

"Miss Yuell, there is something else. You do not—you cannot mean that he——"

There was no need for words. She read the reply in the infinite pity in her friend's face.

Still she would not believe it.

"No, no, not that," she cried. "That can't be true."

"Oh! my darling, what would I give if I might tell you it were not true—that you might even *hope* it were not true."

So deadly white did the poor girl become that Miss Yuell thought she was fainting. In a minute, however, her trembling lips formed the one word, "Mother?"

"She knows. Then they came here and asked me to break it to you. She is needing you, dear. Be strong and brave, and go and comfort her in her still greater grief and sorrow."

A horrible numbness that deprived her of the power to think, had crept over her, and without a word Winnie suffered Miss Yuell to lead her home. But one glance at her mother's face told her the terrible news was only too true, and with exceeding bitter pain she knew and felt that she was *fatherless*.

* * * * *

Sad indeed were the days that followed. Perhaps it was well for Winnie and her brothers and sisters that their mother's state was a great cause of anxiety. The sudden and almost instantaneous death of her husband, who fell as he was getting from an omnibus, and struck his head against the edge of the curb stone, was a terrible shock. Yet her grief was not wild and demonstrative. Her friends almost wished it had been. She lay upon her bed in a kind of stupor, only speaking when spoken to, and with no sign of a tear upon her face. If only she could weep, she would be better, the doctor said. Days passed, however, and the simple relief that nature supplies was still withheld. But on Christmas Eve, as Winnie sat watching by her side, her attention was aroused by the sound of a merry peal of bells. For a few minutes she listened, then her lips trembled, and throwing her arms round her daughter's neck, she burst into tears.

But not a word did Winnie say till her mother's sobs had decreased in violence and she lay back on her pillow like a tired child. Then bending over her she whispered softly—

"Mother, darling, we will do all we can to fill up the dreadful blank—only get well so that we may have you among us again to love and care for.

There was a moment's silence, and then, as her mother drew down her face and kissed her, Winnie heard the whispered words—

"Thank God that you were at home, my child. You have been such a comfort to me."

And notwithstanding the heavy grief that oppressed her, it brought a thrill of gladness to Winnie's heart to know that she had "comforted" her mother.

But the gladness was very transient.

Not until Mrs Braithwaite had resumed her place as the head of the household, and all immediate cause for anxiety respecting her had ceased, did Winnie realise the loss they had sustained. Then indeed her grief was unbounded. It was harder for her than for the rest, she told herself, for they had enjoyed their father's daily companionship for the last two years, while she had only seen him for an hour or two on that first evening of her return home. When she thought of that evening, she remembered, with a shudder and with a feeling of intense self-pity, that she said life was *beautiful*. Where was its beauty now? she asked. All was dark, and cold, and cheerless. She should never be happy again, for her heart was full of a yearning that could not be satisfied, of a void that must remain for ever unfilled. For a little while she selfishly cherished her own sorrow, leaving her mother and Maurice to discuss the sad future, and remaining for hours in her own room, with only her sighs and tears for company. But this did not last long. Very soon she aroused herself from her selfish, useless indulgence in grief, and her nobler and truer nature asserted itself.

Mrs. Braithwaite's only near relation was a brother, a doctor practising in Bloomsbury. He had little time to spare, but on receiving the telegram acquainting him with the news of his brother-in-law's death, he at once hastened to his sister, and not only on that sad occasion, but during the trying days that ensued, he gave the bereaved family all the help and consolation in his power, though perhaps only Maurice knew how greatly they were indebted to his kindness and sympathy.

One evening about three weeks after Mr. Braithwaite's death, Dr. Schofield came down to Leytonstone in order to arrange and settle certain plans that, as yet, had only been talked over as practicable and advisable. Both Winnie and Frank were asked to join in the family council, but the former, pleading a headache, begged to be excused. They knew what was best to be done, she said, and present or absent, she should agree to all that her mother and uncle proposed.

Going to her own room, she threw herself upon her bed, and being utterly worn out and exhausted, soon fell into a heavy sleep. The closing of the hall door awoke her, and in a few minutes she heard Maurice knocking and asking if she could come to the studio and talk with him there. Her sleep had done her good, she felt refreshed and in better spirits, and, rising hastily, she told him she would join him immediately.

"You look better, Winnie," he said, as she entered his room. "Now come and seat yourself in this arm-chair, close by the stove. Are you well enough to hear what we have been talking about downstairs?"

"Yes, I have been sleeping, and feel much better. What have you decided to do?"

"Let the old home, and go and live in London. Uncle knows of a nice little house that would just suit us in a quiet street in Bloomsbury. He would like us to be near him, he says."

Let their old home and live in London! The information was startling in the extreme. Winnie had known that their father's death would make a difference in their circumstances, but their house was their own, their mother had a small annuity, and she had heard of the life insurance which, fortunately for his family, Mr. Braithwaite had secured.

She had thought that they would probably keep only two servants, instead of three, for the future, and retrenchment with regard to household expenditure would doubtless be necessary. But Winnie's ideas of the subject were very vague, and it seemed to her that in their one, overwhelming grief, all smaller troubles were too insignificant for thought or attention.

"But I don't see what we should gain by that," she said, after a minute's pause. "Rent is so high in London that a small house there would cost as much as we should get for this."

"Uncle thinks we might ask £100," replied Maurice, quietly, "and we should not give that sum for the house in Bloomsbury. Then the railway expenses would be spared, for both Frank and I should have to go to town every day."

"Frank! What, is he going to leave his school at Hastings?"

"He must. We shall try to send him to King's College for a year. After that, I am afraid, poor boy, he must try for a clerkship."

Maurice sighed. He was but a boy himself, and the responsible position he had been suddenly called to occupy was resting heavily upon him. Winnie heard the sigh and understood the meaning. Her conscience smote her, too, for was she not letting him bear the burden without either help or sympathy from her?

"Yes, I see uncle's plan would be the wiser," she said, and Maurice was gratified to find that she was now giving the subject full attention and interest. "We shall save forty or fifty pounds a year at least, and so may look upon that as part of our income. Then there is mother's annuity, and the money from the life insurance."

"Mother's annuity is very small—only forty pounds, you know," said Maurice. "But we hope the life insurance will bring us in another hundred a year, and uncle says he shall allow us fifty."

"That is most generous," said Winnie, warmly; "but ought we to take it?"

"That is just what I said to him, for though he has a large practice it is in a very poor district, and what with an invalid wife and large family, I know he is none too well off. But he only wrung my hand, told me never to speak of it in that strain again, and said he wished he had it in his power to do twice as much. Then he thinks we might add to our income by taking in a lodger."

"Taking in a lodger!" Again Winnie's heart sank as she echoed Maurice's words. But she had resolved to be brave, and he read no trace of annoyance in her face.

"He knows a lot of the doctors and the students at the University Hospital," Maurice went on, "and he thinks a young fellow by the name of Clayton might be glad to take up his quarters with us. Poor old Winnie," and he rested his hand fondly on her head, "I'm afraid you will find these changes hard."

"They will not be harder for me than for you," she replied, quickly.

"I shall not feel them very much. I shall have given up the one great hope of my life, and other matters will be of little importance. But to you they will be a daily and hourly reminder of the difference between the past and the present."

"What do you mean, Maurice, by giving up the one great hope of your life?"

"The hope of becoming an artist."

"Surely—surely, that is not necessary?" and Winnie caught his hand and held it in her own.

"But it is, and I mustn't flinch. I called at the warehouse to-day, and asked to see Mr. Mackenzie. He spoke so kindly about father, and when I asked him to take me on as a clerk, he said he would give me a six months' trial as cashier at thirty shillings a week. At the end of that time, if I give satisfaction, he will raise my salary. Such an offer was not to be refused."

"But you may not like the work," exclaimed Winnie, in dismay.

"Like it! I shall loathe it." And a sudden flush died Maurice's pale face crimson.

"Then you must not do it," said Winnie, with increased earnestness. "We will save in some other way. Your expenses at the Slade School are comparatively nothing."

He did not reply for a minute. When he spoke the flush had died away, leaving his face paler even than before.

"No, dear, I see what my duty is, and let it cost what it may, I will do it. I must bring grist to the mill, not be an additional burden on mother. But, Winnie, if you don't mind, I would rather not talk about this just now, even to you. After a while I shall have got over it, and it will not be so sore a subject."

This conversation roused all Winnie's energies. In the light of Maurice's noble self-sacrifice her own conduct took a darker colour, perhaps, than it justly deserved; for the events of the past three weeks had tried her physically as well as mentally, and she had not been wholly to blame for yielding to the listlessness and depression that had taken possession of her. But now she *determined to* brace herself up and meet the coming changes bravely. By quietly renouncing the bright hopes that had made her future appear so beautiful and glad, would she not be imitating the high example her brother had set her? Yes, with only her own heart to know the cost, she would put them all aside, and action should henceforth take the place of dreams.

"And what could she do?" she asked herself. For answer such a crowd of ideas came surging through her brain that they almost bewildered her. Instead of three they would probably only be able to keep *one* servant, and therefore the greatest part of the lighter housework would fall upon her mother and herself; and Winnie resolved that her own should be the larger share. Then could she not save the money that would otherwise be expended on May and Dora's education, by teaching them herself? She was competent; for she had received a good English education, could play and draw with at any rate ordinary proficiency, and could speak French and German fluently. Perhaps she might get pupils to join her sisters at home, or she might go out and give lessons. And then—— But there would be plenty for her to do, she saw that; and with the renewal of her determination to be brave and strong to meet whatever the future might bring, she remembered Miss Yuell's words: "It is wiser and safer to leave the appointing of our work to God." The work that lay before her was certainly *not of her own* appointing, and with the thought there stole over her a feeling of calmness and peace that eased her heart of much of its loneliness and grief.

(*To be continued.*)

SOME OF THE POETRY WE READ.

A FEW NOTES ON THE MODERN USE OF THE OLD FRENCH METRICAL FORMS.

By J. W. GLEESON WHITE.

CHAPTER II.

THE RONDEL, ROUNDEL, AND RONDEAU.

THE next to be noticed here of the old Troubadour forms of strict verse (that have been revived among English poets during recent years) are three somewhat akin in name—the Rondel, the Roundel, and the Rondeau. But although the names are occasionally used at random by careless writers and critics, yet as written now there is a very noticeable difference between these three. At the same time they all show distinct evidence of their evolution from the Triolet, and have more than a suggestion of what we may regard as their final shape—the sonnet. This last for many centuries ruled alone in the field of verse in fixed forms, so that in English until very recently the others were practically unknown. A few early Rondels and Rondeaux, rarely of pure form, may be found by students of our poesy of earlier times, but except these, the sonnet was not only the most favoured but practically the sole survivor of the old verse shapes. While the sonnet has gained its reputation as the most perfect form to express a single thought clothed in splendid imagery; yet Rondels and Rondeaux are capable of conveying with grace and power subjects varying from satire and epigram on the one hand, to pathetic and impassioned sentiment on the other. Any attempt, however, to force these more playful shapes, to sustain the stately and solemn thoughts which the sonnet so well conveys, is almost a foregone failure. The sumptuous metaphors and sonorous lines which mark that classic shape, sound dangerously near bathos when the refrain that is peculiar to Provençal verse reiterates its phrase. For such dainty verses, epigrams, conceits, and pretty trifles may be displayed in neat workmanlike rhymes, and with a certain airy grace which assists the theme. Nor is tragedy impossible, as Villon has shown in some of his Ballades; but even the "Gibbet," with its terrible burden, has a fantastic grimness about it that in its bitter cynicism carries the whole poem along with a power in the words almost masking the shape in which they are thrown.

The Rondel is supposed by tradition to have been invented at the Court of King Thibaut VI., a favourite starting point for many a legend of the arts. Charles d'Orleans is *the* master of its use (he was a grandson of Charles V., and born May, 1391); but although he wrote the Rondel pure and in conformance with all its laws, he frequently called it a Rondeau or Chanson. Before explaining the rules which govern the Rondel, I must take the liberty of quoting one by Mr. Austin Dobson, first printed in Mr. Gosse's article before mentioned:

> Too hard it is to sing
> In these untuneful times,
> When only coin can ring,
> And no one cares for rhymes!
>
> Alas! for him who climbs
> To Aganippe's spring;
> Too hard it is to sing
> In these untuneful times!
>
> His kindred clip his wing,
> His feet the critic limes;
> If Fame her laurel bring,
> Old age his forehead rimes;
> Too hard it is to sing
> In these untuneful times!

This is a pure example, using only two rhyme sounds ("imes" and "ing"), having the first two lines repeated exactly for the seventh and eighth, and the thirteenth and fourteenth. The rhymes are arranged A, B, A, B—B, A, A, B—A, B, A, B, A, B. The only variation is in the order of the rhymes, which is always less important in these shapes and those yet to be considered than in the Triolet. The old rhyme order was A, B, B, A—A, B, A, B—A, B, B, A, A, B; but if the refrain is only kept in its proper place the difference is really trivial. M. de Banville sometimes uses but thirteen lines, which is a much more important variation. It will be noticed that the refrain of two lines, being twice repeated, would soon make this form monotonous, unless very skilfully treated; this has doubtless caused the Rondeau to be more widely used in preference; but first the Roundel claims attention, particularly as used by Mr. Swinburne in his great *tour de force*, "A Century of Roundels." This book is a marvellous instance of one form only, used a hundred times, with infinite variety of rhythm, accent, and style, yet always in strict obedience to the rules of the shape he has chosen, viz., a Roundel of eleven lines. The refrain, only a portion—sometimes but the first word—of its first line, sup-

plies the fourth and final lines. By thus curtailing the recurrent phrase it will be seen how the monotony of the Rondel is escaped.

A very fine one is called "A Roundel," and takes for its subject how "a Roundel is wrought," but as that is perhaps more widely known, the following may be quoted—a very dainty one—"Etude Réaliste, III.":

A baby's eyes, ere speech begin,
Ere lips learn words or sighs,
Bless all things bright enough to win
A baby's eyes.

Love, while the sweet thing laughs and lies,
And sleep flows out and in,
Sees perfect in them Paradise.

Their glance might cast out pain and sin,
Their speech make dumb the wise,
By mute glad godhead felt within
A baby's eyes.

Other forms of the Rondel are used by Marot, Villon, and others. Rossetti's translation of Villon, "Death, of thee do I make my moan," may be cited, while Leigh Hunt's delightful little poem called a "Rondeau" must be noted, although side by side with these pure examples it will be seen that it is only a reflection of the form, but one so beautiful that it deserves quoting in full, if only to show how far it is from even a rough attempt at either Rondel or Rondeau:

"Jenny kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in.
Time, you thief, who love to get
Sweets upon your list, put that in!
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad;
Say that health and wealth have missed me;
Say I'm growing old, but add—
Jenny kissed me.

It has been reported lately that the incident giving rise to this was as follows:—Leigh Hunt had procured a pension from the Royal Bounty for the Carlyles, and, calling with the good news, Mrs. Carlyle in her impulsive Scotch fashion jumped up from her chair and kissed the poet. If this is true it adds interest to the charming little verse.

But neither Rondel or Roundel has so caught the public ear as the Rondeau, particularly in the shape used by Mr. Austin Dobson, itself a modification of the Rondel, as he notes in his paper on these forms in "Latter Day Lyrics." This form of the Rondeau has thirteen lines, allowing only two rhyme-sounds, and using only the first four syllables (usually) of its first line for the refrain which does not rhyme. The rhymes run in this order: A, A, B, B, A—A, A, B with refrain—A, A, B, B, A, A, and refrain. The lines are generally of eight syllables, and in this as in all these forms the rhyme-sound must not only be always new in sense but new in sound; thus, "claim" and "acclaim" should not be employed in the same poem; nor are such rhymes as "hart" and "heart" permissible. The end words must all be employed but once; this rule is inflexible, and if here and there, in translations especially, great poets break it, the force of peculiarly exacting circumstances which caused a master to exercise the attribute of genius, and to follow the uncomplimentary couplet,

"Genius consists in breaking rules;
A wise man's precepts may be kept by fools,"

must not be held to allow young writers to imitate such license, for the sake of increased ease in writing, for if genius cannot be learned yet grammar may be acquired. But even correct rhyme and rhythm, the basis of all verse, will not alone suffice to ensure success in these fixed forms, without a close adherence to the special rules governing them. These laws may seem arbitrary and cramping; if so, it is easy to avoid using them entirely, but as Mr. Austin Dobson observes, "What better discipline, among others, could be possibly devised for those about to versify than a course of Rondeaux, Triolets, and Ballades?"

The Rondeau is so likely to be the form chosen for a first attempt that the above warning may be timely before describing it further. Here is an example in Mr. Dobson's manner somewhat, but not by him. Those who do not possess his two revised volumes, "Old World Idylls," and "At the Sign of the Lyre," can so easily obtain them, at a library or by purchase, that it seemed best to select less readily accessible ones for quotation:

HER CHINA CUP.

(*Rondeau*).

Her china cup is white and thin,
A thousand times her heart has been
Made merry at its scalloped brink,
While in the bottom painted pink
A dragon meets her with a grin.

The brim her kisses love to win,
The handle is a mannikin,
Who spies the foes that chip or chink
Her china cup.

Muse! tell me if it be a sin:
I watch her lift it past her chin
Up to her scarlet lips and drink
The Oolong draught. Somehow I think
I'd like to be the dragon in
Her china cup.

This was printed in the *Century Magazine* for March, 1882, without author's name; in this periodical many examples of all the old Provençal shapes have appeared during the last ten years, notably a set of five Rondeaux of "Cities," a burlesque "Chant Royal," by H. C. Bunner, and many dainty little conceits in Triolets and Ballades.

The Rondeau just quoted is a very good specimen of its lighter use, and flawless in construction, although the "thin" and "been" of its first two lines hardly rhyme neatly to an English ear; but far more serious thoughts can be fitly expressed in its fourteen lines. Mr. James Hinton, in a volume, "Sungleams," has written many of a reflective and religious character. Mr. John Payne has published some very beautiful ones, and Mr. A. Lang has used it occasionally, but Ballades have of late almost usurped his verse. One recently published in *Time*, from the pen of a young writer, Mr. Arthur G. Wright, may be quoted next, to show the form when used for nature-picture poems:

WHEN SUMMER DIES.

When summer dies, the leaves are falling fast
In fitful eddies on the chilly blast,
And fields lie blank upon the bare hillside,
Where erst the poppy flaunted in its pride,
And woodbine on the breeze its fragrance cast.

And where the hawthorn scattered in its pride
Its creamy petals in the sweet spring-tide
Red berries hang, for birds a glad repast,
When summer dies.

Gone are the cowslips and the daisies pied,
The swallow to a warmer clime hath hied,
The beech has shed its store of bitter mast,
And days are drear, and skies are overcast,
But love will warm our hearts whate'er betide,
When summer dies.

The Rondeau may also well serve for burlesque or political satire, as the refrain can be introduced with a very happy point in this way. Some years ago the *London*, a society paper, gave many humorous comments on passing follies in the shape of Triolets, Rondeaux, and Ballades. During 1877 and 1878 every issue of the paper held several; but the rage, which lasted in force during the "æsthetic period," died with the decadence of that mania. Now that æstheticism (if it ever really existed) has vanished, we must see that the real good it did, and the revival of good taste it inaugurated, does not perish with it. Its influence on our furniture and decoration is as strong as ever; and because these "forms" were assigned to that school—with little reason, since the poet and apostle of the æsthetes, Mr. Oscar Wilde, has only one (a Villenette) in his volume—it will be a pity to allow them to be thrown aside with the follies and affectation of the "intense" ones now relegated to the obscurity of other fashions which once held sway. Having personally examined many hundred volumes of modern poetry, there is little reason to fear that the strict verse forms of the Troubadours will be again abandoned. The last few years can show quite as many as former ones, but written, it must be said, by names of less note now, possibly by the budding Shelleys and youthful Shakespeares who are to be acknowledged in the new century thirteen years ahead. So far as the present writer has been able to discover, neither Lord Tennyson nor Mr. Robert Browning has published a single poem cast in any of these shapes. Nor, to name a few others at random, Mr. Robert Buchanan, Mr. William Morris, Mr. Lewis Morris, or Mr. Alfred Austin. Longfellow translated several, but in doing so disregarded the sound of the rhymes, now looked upon as the one inflexible rule which of itself distinguishes these verse shapes. In no other school of poetry do we find the adherence to one set of rhymes sounds for the whole poem so insisted on, and supreme in all the different forms of its verse. Many lyrics of our own and other nations use the refrain, or burden, as frequently as the Provençal writers; but the distinct character imparted to their poetry, from a fixed set of rhymes, is unique, and in itself enough to separate verse written after the old Troubadour fashion from all other poetry.

(*To be continued.*)



ISABEL'S FORTUNE.

By EMMA LESLIE.

CHAPTER VIII.

NEW WORK FOR MABEL.



THAT day in the country so long looked forward to by the little denizens of the courts round Margaret street, was a memorable one to many.

Mr. Burgoyne had decided after some deliberation to ask Mabel to come to Margaret-street, and start with them, and she had made up her mind that she was going to a mission-room, until Mr. Burgoyne met her, and conducted her to the bright little chemist's shop, where already a crowd had gathered, and a cart was being laden with provisions.

Even then she could not understand it, until she glanced up and saw the name "Burgoyne, Chemist and Druggist."

"You see I have commenced my West-end experimental practice," said the young doctor, seeing her look of amazement.

"But—but I do not understand," said Mabel.

"No?" he answered, questioningly. "Why I am only putting my theories—and for that matter yours too—into practice."

"And you live here?"

"Oh, yes, I live here, except when I get an hour or two off duty to spend with my sister."

Mabel looked round at the squalid crowd of children, and its fringe of ragged men and women who had come to see them start. "You don't like the look of our home heathen," said the doctor. "I grant you they do not look promising, and yet even in these I flatter myself there is some improvement since I have been among them."

"Doctor, doctor," was resounding on all sides, and as soon as Mabel was safely handed into the shop, the doctor was among the troop of claimants, helping one, reproving another, while the vans were being filled with the happy, noisy crowd; yet all the while the undercurrent of his mind was in a whirl, for the last post the previous night had brought him a letter from Carr and Symons, solicitors, in answer to one sent by him, that had so greatly astonished him, that he could not get any sleep for some hours.

As he had often told Mabel in his cynical fashion, he believed that in spite of all their professions to the contrary, Christian people would do anything for their own advantage; and yet these lawyers told him that she had resigned a fortune of five thousand pounds because she conceived it to be her duty. "It might not be quite lost, after all," Mr. Symons said, "for the shares it had paid up might not be a dead loss, and he had taken care to transfer them to Mabel, but of this she knew nothing; she had given up the money, and looked upon it as gone for ever. He was very much surprised to hear that the lady was in the position of a governess, for he had understood from Mrs. Randolph that she was well provided for in other ways.

This was the undercurrent of Mr. Burgoyne's thoughts as he lifted the children into the vans, gave orders to the drivers, and told his guests what he expected of them in the way of behaviour.

His housekeeper and servant were going in the cart with the provisions, and when these were off, and the vans ready to follow, a light waggonette drove up, into which he handed Mabel, some pillows, and then carried out two of his patients, whom he meant to leave for a week in the country.

"You need not be afraid," he whispered, as he mounted and took his seat beside Mabel, after placing his invalids in a comfortable position, "I would not expose you to infection; and to make sure that you do not even frighten my sister, if she should hear of our ragged crew, I have taken care to provide you with another outfit for you to return home in, that these may be left for my housekeeper to cleanse."

"I am not afraid of catching fever or anything else," answered Mabel. "It—it was not that."

"But you do not like my scheme," said the gentleman, in a questioning tone.

Mabel coloured. "Oh, I feel ashamed of myself," she said, covering her face with her hands. "I am so slow to learn the lesson, that the duty lying nearest to us is always the one we ought to take up. Here have I been longing and praying for years that I might become a missionary to the heathen, and yet the sight of these poor children——"

"Has simply disgusted you," concluded Mr. Burgoyne, with a smile. "I am not surprised, Miss Randolph, but that you are willing to overcome your disgust sufficiently to come with us I am thankful for."

"Ah! but to feel disgust for the work I have hoped and prayed for is what I am ashamed of," said Mabel.

"Well! you see there is nothing romantic and poetical about London heathenism," said the young doctor. "Every-day dirt and squalor and sickness has very few interesting points, especially when you come to consider that a good many of the people have brought it upon themselves by their own faults. I am not sure that I could have knuckled down to such work myself but for a little theory of my own. If, as some folks are so fond of talking about, the whole human race are one large family, then surely we of this English branch at least are brothers. Now what would be thought of a household where the younger children—those in the nursery say—those least capable either in knowledge or strength to take care of themselves, were left by their elders to do as they could? Now that seems to me to be very much the position of things. My theory is that these poor creatures are my younger brothers and sisters, who have a claim upon their elders that cannot be ignored. Still following out my own little ideas, I look upon their state morally much as I look at children physically. I learned that lesson in my sister's nursery one day when the nurse was complaining that her charges had not yet outgrown their love of dirt. That is just it, I thought: some people are but children mentally and morally in their love of dirt; not physical dirt only, mind you, but what you would call sin."

"And you would lift them out of it," said Mabel, eagerly, "and that was just the work the Lord Jesus came to do."

But Mr. Burgoyne shook his head rather sadly. "I have already found out that it is of little use lifting some people out of it, unless you can produce a hatred of the evil at the same time. But because I am older and wiser—their elder brother, in fact—I must help them as far as they will let me, and watch for every chance to lift one and another out of the slough."

"Oh, Mr. Burgoyne, how can you think of doing this work, and yet say you are not a Christian? Why, it is Christ's work you are trying to do, and He has put the thought and desire into your heart," said Mabel, warmly.

But Mr. Burgoyne shook his head. "You Christian people disgusted me long ago," he said; and then he added, hastily, "I beg your pardon, Miss Mabel; I ought not to include you in such a sweeping charge."

"Oh! I want you to forget all about Christian people and our ill doing," said Mabel, eagerly, "and just consider what our Lord and Master told us we ought to do, and you will see then that this work of yours is most Christ-like, whether you call yourself a Christian or not."

There was no time for more talk just then, for the young doctor saw that his patients needed his attention, but he made up his mind to find Mabel a seat by-and-by, where he could overhear all she said to the children without himself being seen.

Oh that drive through the streets and

outskirts of London! It was like a triumphal march to the ragged little urchins seated in the vans, and looking down upon less favoured mortals who had to tramp slowly along the hot pavement, while they were whirled along amid broken outbursts of hurrahs, until the streets were left behind and long country roads with overhanging trees, skirted with gardens and meadows, awoke their wonder instead.

At length the wonderful journey came to an end. The vans drew up in a sweet country lane close to a farmhouse; a gate was opened into a meadow from which the hay had just been carried, and the children tumbled out of the vans, eager to rush into the field and test the new sensation of walking on green grass.

But walking did not satisfy many of them long. They rolled over and over, turned somersaults, and for a time seemed as though they were simply demented, but the announcement of dinner brought them to a reasonable state of mind, and bread and meat disappeared as if by magic, for to many of them a good meal was as great a treat as the sight of the green fields and waving trees.

Mabel had taken charge of the two invalids as soon as they arrived, and after dinner others were glad to join the little group under the trees, and when it was known that stories were to be told, there was soon a crowd of listeners, for the fresh air and a bountiful dinner had made them feel indisposed for more active exertion just now.

Mr. Burgoyne had disappeared with the remains of the dinner, and Mabel supposed he had gone to the farmhouse upon business, so that she felt quite unembarrassed in her talk with the crowd of children gathered round her.

They were lamentably ignorant, as she soon learned from the questions that were asked her, and to speak of God being a father to them only puzzled many; but at last one of these asked, "Is God kind, like our doctor? I don't know nothing about my father, only that he half killed mother 'fore he went away."

And then Mabel answered boldly, "Yes, God sent the doctor to be kind to you, because He saw you had no father, and He wanted you to have somebody that was like Himself."

"I say He couldn't be no better to us than our doctor," spoke up one, jealous for the honour of his friend.

Mabel saw that Mr. Burgoyne was their highest ideal of goodness, and she would not disturb it, but went on to speak of God's love to them, and His desire to make them happy and good.

"That's what our doctor is trying after for us too," said one. "Don't he say to us, 'Boys, wash yourselves every day, and don't say bad words, and be kind to one another?' Oh, it's all right, mates; the lady is telling of us true."

The unseen listener on the other side of the hedge was somewhat amazed at this conclusion, and a little awed too.

He translating God to these waifs, and he never professed to believe in Him! What could it mean? And yet he could not contradict the facts as they were stated and verified by Mabel and the boys. He sat on listening, as interested as the children in what he heard, and as he had already begun to do the work of God, it was not difficult to learn the doctrine, and so from that day Mr. Burgoyne took his place among those who sit at the feet of the Master to learn of Him.

But Mabel knew nothing of this, and the gentleman took care not to divulge his secret just yet. Mabel's little congregation had been changed several times, for some dropped out and went to play; others growing tired had come to rest, and so there had been a constant coming and going all the afternoon, Mabel telling and answering questions until Mr. Burgoyne appeared and said that tea was almost ready, and Miss Randolph was not to talk any longer.

"Have you been doing the thing nearest to you this afternoon?" he said, as he led her away towards the barn, where tea was about to be served.

"Yes, I think so—I hope so. Really some of them are very bright and intelligent," she added.

"And yet what chance have they of floundering out of the slough, unless some elder brother or sister is at hand to help them at the right moment?" said the gentleman.

There was a pause, and then Mabel said, "Mr. Burgoyne, I feel more and more ashamed of myself, as I think of your work among these poor children."

"And yet I sometimes feel I must give it all up, for want of a little help and sympathy on my side." He looked down at her as he spoke, and took the hand that rested on his opposite arm. "Mabel, have I spoken too soon?" he whispered; "I did not mean to speak yet, but all along I have looked to you to be my helper in this work. Can you be a missionary to these London heathen, and so fulfil your life's ambition?"

But before Mabel could give any other answer than that of downcast eyes, they were interrupted by calls for the doctor to come to a child who had fallen down and cut her head, and with a hasty pressure of the hand, and a whispered, "You will give me your answer before you go home," he hurried away, leaving Mabel in a tumult of confusion and happiness.

On the journey home that evening Mr. Burgoyne and Mabel talked of their future and what it should bring to the poor denizens of the courts round Margaret-street. They would go on living at the chemist's shop, Mabel said, for she should find so much to do among the women and girls there when once she had won their confidence and they could look upon her as their friend.

Mr. Burgoyne explained that his means were ample for them to live in comfort, even luxury, in some suburban villa, but he did not conceal from her that it would please him much better if she would content herself in the rooms over the shop at Margaret-street.

And Mabel was more than content. The tales she had heard already of the hard struggling lives led by the work-girls who were striving to be honest, the blank monotony that shut them in day after day and week after week, made her long to begin her ministry of love among them at once. To the doctor they were forced to come sometimes to keep the wheels of life going, and so it would be easy for Mabel to have her consulting room beside her husband's, and for the doctor to hand his patients on to his wife.

"There will be plenty of practice for the lesson you have stumbled over, I suspect, my darling," he whispered, "for amid all the variety of trouble and sorrow that has brought these people to such misery, there is a dreary likeness after all, and I am learning your lesson, that to do the thing that lies nearest to our hand is the only way of coping with it, though that next thing be a very simple menial task."

"And that large room you have taken in at the back, where the poor children have their dinner, I should like to have that too. With some pictures on the walls, and books with plenty of illustrations on the tables, and low easy chairs, and a couch, and a piano, it might be made a very comfortable sitting-room for the girls of an evening. You say they have to walk the streets for recreation when their work is done, if they have not money enough to go to some low music-hall. Now, a pleasant sitting-room would be ever so much better."

Mr. Burgoyne laughed. "Mabel, they will think us both crazy," he said.

"Crazy! for trying to bring a little brightness into the lives of these poor girls, who are little better than slaves to cheap shirts and aprons," said Mabel.

"Well, I expect my sister will look upon our whole scheme as a crazy one," said the gentleman; "but since you are willing to share in it, I have made up my mind to take you home and tell her all about it. God bless you, my darling. I shall have the courage of my convictions now, and, with you to help me on, I will devote my life to helping my less favoured—my younger brothers and sisters."

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

PENNY WISE.—Be not penny wise; riches have wings, and fly away of themselves.

Bacon.

VANITY.

How empty learning, and how vain is art,
But as it mends the life and guides the heart.

Young.

ACCORDING TO LAW.

If a girl would, according to law, give to another an orange, instead of saying, "I give you that orange," which one would think would be what is called in legal phraseology, "an absolute conveyance of all right and title therein," the phrase should run thus:—

"I give you all and singular, my estate and interest, right, title and claim, and advantage of and in that orange, with all its rind, skin, juice, pulp and pips, with full power to bite, cut, suck, or otherwise eat the said orange, or give the same away, with or without all its rind, skin, juice, pulp and pips, anything heretofore or hereinafter or in any other deed or deeds of what nature or kind soever, to the contrary in any wise notwithstanding," and much more to the same effect.

Such is the language of lawyers; and it is gravely held by the most learned men among them that by the omission of any of those words the right and title to the said orange would not pass to the person for whose use the same was intended.

HOW TO MANAGE SERVANTS.

Servants are more likely to be praised into good conduct than scolded out of bad, so always commend them when they do right. To cherish a desire of pleasing in them, you must show them that you are pleased.

"Be to their faults a little blind,
And to their virtues very kind."

By such conduct, ordinary servants will often be converted into good ones. Few are so hardened as not to feel gratified when they are kindly and liberally treated.

HELD BY THE HANDLE.—Little Annie was playing very roughly with the kitten, carrying it by the tail. Her mother told her she would hurt pussy. "Why, no, I won't," she said; "I am carrying it by the handle."

IN NO HURRY.

A minister offered his hand to a young lady and was accepted. This was in the month of June. The lovers parted, and never saw or heard of each other till the following January, when the young lady was visiting at the house of a friend.

WOMEN'S LETTERS.—In everything that women write, there will be thousands of faults against grammar, but also, to a certainty, always a charm never to be found in the letters of men.—*Madame de Maintenon.*

FAULTS IN PIANOFORTE PLAYING.—The faults most frequently found in pianoforte playing consist in exaggeration of feeling and expression, in too strong or even vehement accentuation, and in want of rhythmical feeling, indistinctness of execution, a continual change of time, hurrying or dragging the time, slurring, an indiscriminate use of the pedal, thumping, want of evenness in the movements of the hand, the habit of throwing the body about and of flinging the hands into the air; lack of accuracy and faithfulness in interpreting the original text, interpolation of strange passages, changing the terms of expression given by the composer; unnecessary doubling of the notes when the author desires single notes, playing in octaves the notes with the little finger indistinctly, and last, not least, playing chords in the *arpeggiando* manner where firm chords are indicated. All these are faults worthy of serious censure and should be carefully avoided.—*Ernst Pauer.*

DROP BY DROP.—By the fall of drops of water by degrees a pot is filled. Let this be an example for the acquisition of all knowledge and virtue.

MEETING AND PARTING.—As two planks, floating on the surface of the mighty receptacle of the waters, meet and, having met, are separated for ever; so do beings in this life come together and presently are parted.—*From the Sanskrit.*

OLD WOMEN CLASSIFIED.—There are three classes into which all the women past seventy that ever I knew were to be divided:—1. That dear old soul; 2. That old woman; 3. That old witch.—*Coleridge.*

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.—The passions act as winds to propel our vessel, our reason is the pilot that steers her; without the winds she would not move; without the pilot she would be lost.—*From the French.*

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

T. ST. JOHN.—To be eligible for a situation as nurse in a hospital until you be of age, requires no entrance fee; write for all particulars to the special hospital which you prefer. But you might prepare yourself for your future duties by a study of ambulance work. Join a class; and occupy yourself at home by studying a mannal by one of our staff, "Sick Nursing at Home" (Upcott Gill, 170, Strand, W.C., price 1s.).

THERESA.—You had better get a copy of "Pinnock's English History," and one of "Mrs. Mangnall's Questions." If the latter should not suit your purpose, you had better apply at some publisher's who is specially occupied in the editing of children's books. Your writing is fairly good.

INQUIRER.—The difference between an allegory and a metaphor is simply this: the former, as a figure of rhetoric, is the embodiment of a train of thoughts by means of sensible images which have some analogy to the thought, and differs from the metaphor in its extent. The latter is expressed in a single sentence or even word; while the allegory is sustained through the whole representation.

ART.

COUNTRY GIRL.—When painting upon satin, or any other textile, use Florentine medium with the oil colours, and they will be rendered quite permanent.

AMBITIOUS.—To paint on glass with water-colours is but labour lost. One coat of varnish is sufficient for terra-cotta painting.

GA-GOOL.—Painting on wood with water-colours is not to be recommended, as it is never very effective. Nevertheless, if you wish to try it, size the wood with isinglass before painting it, and mix all the tints with Chinese white and isinglass. Varnish it, likewise, with the latter.

ANNIE BLANCHE.—For tracing designs upon black terra-cotta, use red carbonised tracing paper. Place this between the terra-cotta and the design—which latter draw upon thin white tracing paper—and mark the lines through with a knitting-needle.

A LOVER OF THE G.O.P.—There is an art class for wood-carving at the City and Guilds Technical Institute, Exhibition-road, South Kensington. Day students' fees, £2 per month, or £5 a quarter; evening students, 15s. a month, or £2 a quarter. But there is a reduction on these fees in the evening classes to the students connected with the trade. Classes are also held at the Polytechnic Institution, Regent-street, W.

COOKERY.

ROSEDALE and GLENFERRIE (Melbourne).—1. The little poem called "Maud Muller" is by Whittier (the American). We are glad to hear that our girls in Melbourne so much appreciate our paper. 2. To make apple snow, take six apples, of pounded sugar two teacups, juice of one and a half lemons, grated peel, of milk one pint, and four eggs. Make a boiled custard of the milk, one cup of sugar, and the yolks of the eggs, and when cool pour it into a shallow glass dish. Bake the apples quite whole in a covered dish, with a little water to prevent burning, until they are so tender that a straw will pierce them. Remove the skins and scrape out the pulp, avoiding all the core, and mix it in the sugar and lemon solution. Then beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, and whip in the cold pulp by degrees, until very white and firm. Pile up this "snow" upon the custard, and serve. If there be any delay in the serving, it should be set in a very cold place, or the "snow" may sink. 3. The author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," is Mrs. Craik, *née* Mulock; and of the "Schonberg Cotta Family" Mrs. Elizabeth Charles, *née* Rundle. Her father was M.P. for Tavistock during nine years, and was Deputy-Lieutenant for Devon. She was born in January, 1828, and married in March, 1851.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LILY FRANCIS does not tell the exact form of infidelity she wishes to combat. But she cannot do better than write to 56, Paternoster Row, E.C., for some of the "Present Day Tracts" on subjects of Christian evidence, doctrine, and morals. They are in eight volumes, price 2s. 6d. each, or any single tract may be had separately at 4d. each. They are by the best writers, and quite cover the whole of the unbelief of the day.

INEZ FITZGERALD.—"Epacts" were a set of numbers substituted for the golden numbers of the Ecclesiastical calendar, when Silius carried out the reforms of Gregory XIII. in 1582. The "Golden Numbers" (marked with red letters) indicate the position of any particular year in the cycle of nineteen solar years; in which the difference of the solar and the lunar year is cancelled, by the insertion of six intercalary months of thirty days, and the addition of one month of twenty-nine days. This cycle begins with the 1st of January, when the moon is new. After Gregory corrected the excess of the "Julian year," the system of "Golden numbers" became unsuitable to the reformed calendar, and the epact (from the Greek *epakto*, additional) was introduced to denote the age of the moon at the beginning of each year by the difference of the solar and lunar years, of the cycle of nineteen. This increases each year, viz., twenty-one days. The subject is a rather difficult one, but we have given the simplest explanation possible.

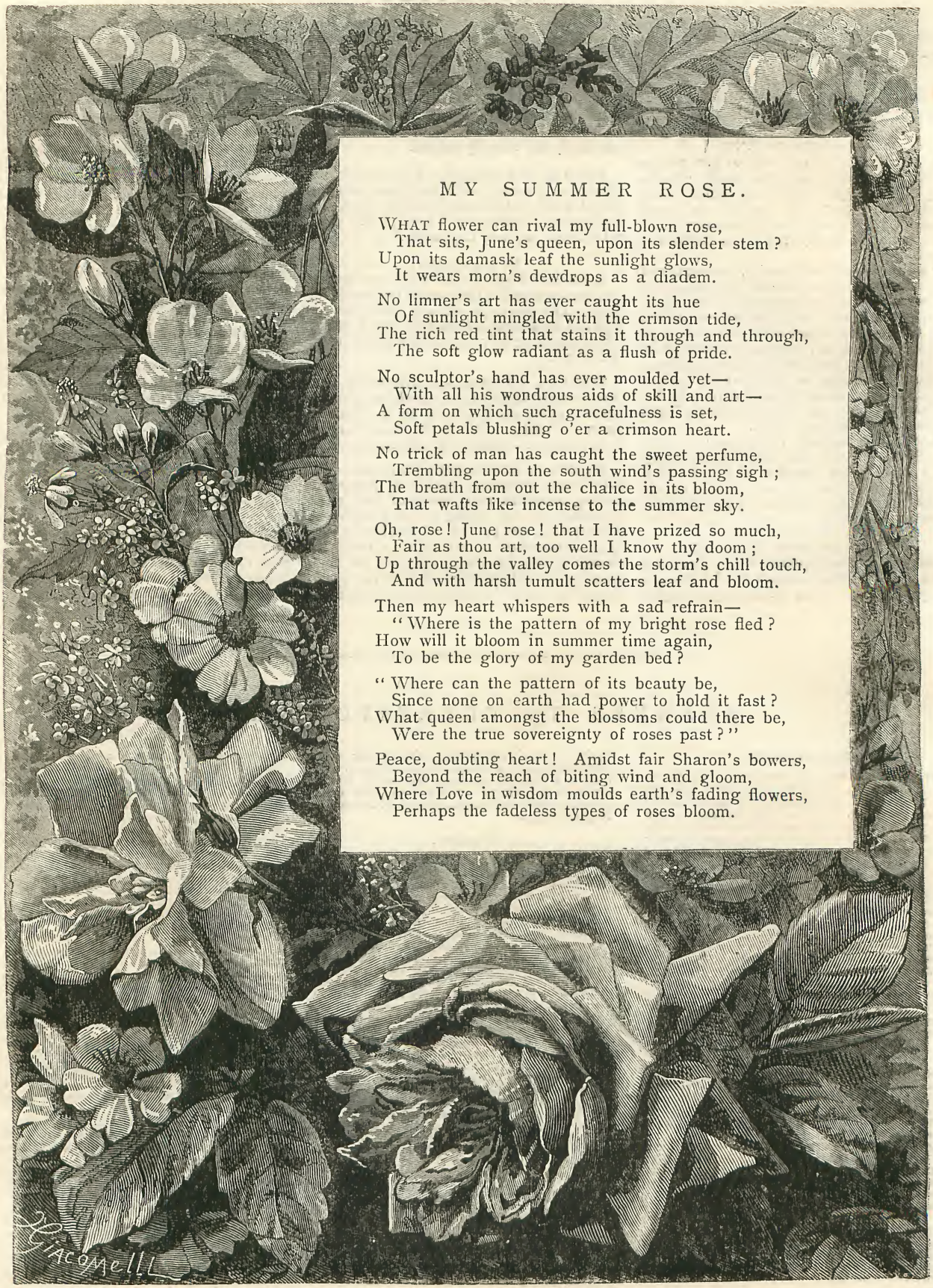
H. HUGHES.—You seem to have forgotten the answer made by Cain to the Lord, and that which the Lord gave in reply—Gen. iv. 14, 15. Cain and his wife were not alone upon earth even then; and if you also remember to how great an age he lived, and how fast the world was peopled, you will comprehend about the "everyone," and the needs-be for the "mark" which God "set upon him" for his protection from those who would regard him with dread and aversion.

SQUIRE GEORGE.—Never write to anyone without your mother's (or guardian's) knowledge and sanction. You write a very pretty hand. April 6th, 1870, was a Wednesday.

NELLIE.—If you have your parents' consent for going, there is no need for writing to us. You should be careful to keep them informed of all that goes on, and what friends you make.

BRIDGET.—Wills can be seen at the Probate Registry, Somerset House. The payment is, we believe, 1s. per year. So you would have to inform, yourself of the date of the death. At three per cent. the duty will amount to about 30s., not more, on such a small sum.

HONDDU.—No, home-made wine is not a teetotal drink. Nothing fermented could be so classed.



MY SUMMER ROSE.

WHAT flower can rival my full-blown rose,
That sits, June's queen, upon its slender stem?
Upon its damask leaf the sunlight glows,
It wears morn's dewdrops as a diadem.

No limner's art has ever caught its hue
Of sunlight mingled with the crimson tide,
The rich red tint that stains it through and through,
The soft glow radiant as a flush of pride.

No sculptor's hand has ever moulded yet—
With all his wondrous aids of skill and art—
A form on which such gracefulness is set,
Soft petals blushing o'er a crimson heart.

No trick of man has caught the sweet perfume,
Trembling upon the south wind's passing sigh;
The breath from out the chalice in its bloom,
That wafts like incense to the summer sky.

Oh, rose! June rose! that I have prized so much,
Fair as thou art, too well I know thy doom;
Up through the valley comes the storm's chill touch,
And with harsh tumult scatters leaf and bloom.

Then my heart whispers with a sad refrain—
"Where is the pattern of my bright rose fled?
How will it bloom in summer time again,
To be the glory of my garden bed?

"Where can the pattern of its beauty be,
Since none on earth had power to hold it fast?
What queen amongst the blossoms could there be,
Were the true sovereignty of roses past?"

Peace, doubting heart! Amidst fair Sharon's bowers,
Beyond the reach of biting wind and gloom,
Where Love in wisdom moulds earth's fading flowers,
Perhaps the fadeless types of roses bloom.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. VIII.—NO. 390. JUNE 18, 1887. PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE BROOK AND ITS BANKS.

BY THE REV. J. G. WOOD, M.A., Author of "The Handy Natural History."

CHAPTER VIII.

SHOULD the reader be investigating one of the stilly flowing Brooks about the beginning of Spring, and take up his post of observation near any part where it widens into a sort of pool, is edged with reeds or bulrushes, and is sheltered by overhanging branches, he will probably see one of the most entertaining birds that are to be found in the water.



This is the LITTLE GREBE, more popularly called the DABCHICK (*Pódiceps minor*). Formerly it was known by the appropriate and expressive name of "Didapper," *i.e.*, Dive-dapper, a title which is used by Shakspeare,

"Like a didapper peering through a wave,
Who, being looked on, ducks as quickly in."

Pope also mentions the bird, but in terms

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so absurdly at issue with its habits, that I *fancy that he derived all* his knowledge of it from the passage which has just been quoted. Even though he did live on the banks of the Thames, he could never have seen the bird, or he would not have written such lines as these :—

"As when a Dab-chick waddles through the copse,
On feet and wings, and flies, and wades, and hops."

Pope, however, was a Londoner, pure and simple, and had no eyes but for the inhabitants of streets.

The bird is by no means easy of approach, and those who are able to watch it must have made much progress in the arts of silent approach and motionless observation, as already described. Supposing the reader to have gained such a post as has been mentioned, and is silently scanning the dark pool, suddenly there pops up like a cork a little dark bird, which restlessly paddles hither and thither with a quick, jerky movement, and as suddenly vanishes, like a coin from a juggler's hand. After a long interval, up it pops again, swims about for a short time, and again dives, not even raising a splash.

So instantaneously can it dive, and so keen is its eyesight, that Captain Mayne Reid mentions that when as a boy he was shooting Dabchicks with an old fashioned flint-gun, it was necessary to mask the pan with a piece of paper (much to the detriment of the aim), the bird diving at the flash, and being safely under water before the shot could reach it.

When below the surface it swims, or rather flies, with astonishing velocity, the wings being used as much as the feet, just as I have seen the guillemots act when under water. The bird is much more at home in the water than on land, and if it did find itself in a copse, might perhaps waddle in its attempts to reach the water, wherein would be its true refuge, but its legs are much too short for wading, and it can no more hop than a sparrow can dive. Pope seems to have been taken by the sound of the name, to have known that the bird had something to do with water, and then to have evolved the Dabchick out of his inner consciousness.

The feet of the Dabchick, as is the case with all the Grebes, afford a remarkable compromise between the feet of the terrestrial and aquatic birds. In most of the water birds all the toes are joined by a broad web, as in the familiar examples of the ducks and geese. But, in the Grebes, each toe is separate, three of them having a web at each side, so as to give to the toe the appearance of a leaf.

I have mentioned the spring as being the best time of year for watching the Dabchick. This is because at the approach of summer it mostly leaves the brook and takes to rivers, lakes, and similar waters, where it can hardly be seen at all except with the aid of a glass, and where its movements beneath the surface are wholly out of ken.

On the banks of such waters the Dabchick makes its nest, so that the wanderer by the Brook will have little if any chance of seeing it. Even if he should visit the lake or river, he would not be likely to recognise the nest, even if he should see it. For it does not look like a nest. To all appearance it is nothing but a dirty heap of half decaying reeds, loosely tumbled together as if left by the retiring waters after a flood. So exact is the resemblance, that even experienced ornithologists have been deceived by it, and have passed by the nest without suspecting its real character.

The fact is, that the unsightly looking, and unpleasantly smelling heap, is not the nest at all. The real nest lies beneath the reeds, which are intentionally placed there by the bird for the purpose of hiding the eggs. They have a singular effect on the eggs which they conceal.

When first laid the eggs are pure white, but in a very short time they become stained by the damp reeds which are laid over them, and darken into brown, mottled more or less with yellow. A newly-laid egg of the Dabchick which still retains its whiteness, is extremely rare, inasmuch as no process at present known can discharge the stains and restore the egg to its original whiteness.

It has been thought by some ornithologists that the Dabchick does not sit upon her eggs, but merely covers them so as to hide them, and then leaves them to be hatched by the joint influences of the sun's rays and the heat evolved from the decaying reeds.

This theory is, however, contradicted by those who are intimately acquainted with the bird, and who say that it is sufficiently wary to detect a foe at least half a mile, so that the two birds would have plenty of time to cover their nest with the reeds which were already prepared, and then to slip away silently through the water after their wont. Perhaps some of my readers may be enabled to settle this disputed question.

Like many other birds, the Dabchick has two different suits of clothes, one for the summer and the other for the winter, the former being much the handsomer of the two.

YET another aquatic bird which does not betray in its structure any indication of its mode of life.

In the same still, reed-fringed portions of slowly flowing brooks which shelter the dabchick, the WATER-HEN or MOOR-HEN (*Gallínula chlóropus*) may almost certainly be seen. Like that bird, it prefers wider waters, such as rivers and lakes, for nesting purposes, the Brook scarcely affording sufficient shelter, but at other times of the year the brook affords such abundant stores of food, that the bird abandons the river and returns to the brook.

Watching the Water-hen is a very different business from surprising the dabchick in its haunts, as the bird is not nearly so suspicious, neither does it possess the astonishing powers of diving that distinguish the dabchick.

Still, it is a wary bird, and affords good practice to the lover of Nature in watching animal life without alarming the creature that is under investigation. When, however, its wiles, of which it has not many, are learned, it is easily watched by those who will take a little trouble.

In the Isis, Cherwell, and their many tributary brooks the Water-hen abounds, and as most of my boyhood and early manhood were passed in Oxford, I had many opportunities of tracing the life-history of the bird.

Like many other creatures, the Water-hen knows instinctively when it is detected. When its sharp ears are alarmed by an unguarded footstep, or, still worse, by the voice of an intruder upon its haunts, its first idea is to slip aside unseen. So it paddles silently to the nearest bank, glides under the shadow of the overhanging foliage, where its dark plumage can hardly be distinguished, and steals off until it thinks itself in safety.

Sometimes, when the cover is insufficient for this manœuvre, it dives to some distance, always making for some floating foliage or growing water plant, and then rising very gently under shelter of the leaves, only permitting its beak to appear above the surface, so as to allow it to breathe.

In order to retain itself securely in this position, and yet to avoid betraying its locality by the slightest movement, it grasps with its long toes the stems of the water plants, and so is able to baffle the keenest eye.

A trained water dog may detect it and drive it from its refuge, but I presume that our object is to watch the bird and not to frighten it, and we shall attain our purpose by patient waiting. If, when the Water-hen dives, we do not stir, but content ourselves with keeping a close watch on the surrounding objects, we shall presently be rewarded by seeing it rise slowly and cautiously to the surface, glancing suspiciously in all directions, and then, having assured itself that no foe is near, it will swim about as freely as ever.

Should an intruder come suddenly on the bird while it is swimming, it seldom dives, but darts off horizontally on the wing, flying with unexpected speed just above the surface, and mostly allowing its feet to trail in the water. A most startling effect is produced by this sudden flight, and more than once I have seen gunners so disconcerted by the bird starting up under their eyes that they have allowed it to get out of shot before they recovered from their surprise.

Like the kingfisher, the Water-hen lays seven or eight eggs, but takes so little trouble to conceal them that I really wonder how the bird continues to maintain its place in the country.

For nesting purposes it seldom remains near the brook, but betakes itself to rivers, and preferably to lakes or very large ponds well fringed with vegetation. Still, I have found many of the nests on the banks of the swiftly-flowing river Dove, so beloved by trout-fishers, and so celebrated for its frequent mention in Walton's "Angler."

As to the nest, it hardly deserves the name, being nothing more than a quantity of sticks, reeds, and leaves put together without the least attempt at art. In, or rather on, this nest, which is little more than a platform with a slight hollow in it, the bird lays a great number of eggs, yellowish brown in colour, and spotted slightly with reddish brown. Six or seven is the usual number, but I have more than once taken eight eggs from a single nest. The bird always has two broods in one year, and sometimes brings up a third, if the weather be propitious—a fact which may account for its numbers.

When the young are hatched, they are quaint little beings, looking like round balls of dark down, rather than birds. As soon as they leave the egg-shell they tumble themselves into the water, and are at once as much at home as if they had been swimming for years.

Sometimes the nest is made too far from the water for the newly-hatched young to traverse. They can swim well enough when once in the water, but their limbs are not as yet capable of bearing them over land. The long toes of the parent are now used for a new purpose, the bird picking up its feeble offspring with them and carrying them to the water. She will sometimes even carry her eggs in the same manner. The bird has been seen in the act of carrying two young at the same time, one grasped in each foot.

She is rather capricious as a nest builder, and, like the wren, will occasionally make more than one nest before she is satisfied. Even after the nest has been completed and some of the eggs laid, she has been known to build another nest at some distance, and then transfer the eggs with her feet.

After heavy and continuous rain, the rivers are apt to rise so high that the nest would be swamped and the eggs destroyed. The Water-hen, however, has an instinctive prevision of a flood, and increases the thickness of the nest so as to keep the eggs out of the water. The same remarkable instinct has been noticed in the swan. While engaged in the task of adding to the nest, the birds divide the task between them, one remaining by the nest and acting as architect, while the other brings materials.

The all-useful toes of the bird serve yet

another purpose. Though so good a swimmer and diver, the Water-hen does not possess webbed feet. The extremely long toes, however, afford so much resistance to the water that the web would only add to the weight of the feet without sensibly increasing their swimming powers.

Though so wary a bird, the Water-hen, like many other creatures, soon finds out its friends, and will voluntarily seek the habitations of man.

Some years ago, one of my friends had a house in Sussex, the garden running down to the edge of a brook. Poultry of various kind were kept there, and among them was a pair of Water-hens which came to be fed as regularly as any of the inhabitants of the poultry yard. They began by striking up an acquaintance with the ducks in the water, and then by degrees accompanied them on land. I have seen them running about on the lawn in front of the house as much at their ease as any of the other birds.

THERE are two other aquatic birds which are often confounded with the Water-hen. One of these is the COOT (*Fúlica Atra*), which in size, shape, and general habits resembles the water-hen almost as much as the crow resembles the rook.

Strange to say, the characteristic by which the birds can be distinguished is the same in both cases, namely, the colour of the base of the beak. In the water-hen there is a large dark red patch at the base of the beak, while in the Coot the corresponding patch is white, and very conspicuous, especially if the sun be shining on the bird, just as the white base of the beak distinguishes the rook.

The Coot is not so often seen in brooks as the water-hen, and I do not know of any instance of its nesting in such a locality. Moreover, the water-hen remains in the same locality throughout the year, while the Coot is one of the partially migrating birds, haunting the brooks, rivers, and lakes during the warm weather, but betaking itself to the mouths of tidal rivers as soon as the cold weather comes on, knowing instinctively that it will find plenty of food among the young flat-fish, shrimps, and other inhabitants of estuaries.

As to the nest of the Coot, though I have examined many of them, I never found one which could be approached without wading or the assistance of a boat. I have tried both plans, and prefer the boat.

No one who studies even a tiny brook must be averse to wading when occasion demands, but the wading which is required in reaching a Coot's nest is of the most unpleasant character. The nest is always placed at some distance from the shore, and is mostly based on a foundation of growing reeds or sedges. I have found many of them on small tussocks just rising out of the water, crowned with rushes, and surrounded by sedge.

Now, the bed of the large and shallow pond where the nests are placed is necessarily of a muddy nature, and wading through mud is by no means an agreeable process. Mud is always slippery, and always studded with bits of sticks, stones, the shells of fresh-water mussels, water snails, etc., etc., on which it is not pleasant to tread with bare feet.

Then, you never know from one step what is likely to happen at the next step. You may come upon a patch of comparatively firm ground, or you may slide down into a hole a couple of feet in depth, in which latter case you will to a certainty measure your length in the water, either on your face or on your back as the case may be, and will find no slight difficulty in getting up again.

If you take a boat, a punt is the best for the purpose. It only draws an inch or two of water, a valuable property in the shallow waters which the Coot frequents, and it is so heavy that its weight will force a path through the sedges, which, when growing thickly, form a wonderfully strong barrier. I have more than once vainly attempted to drive a skiff through a sedge bank. The sedges seem at first to yield, but they suddenly recoil, and then drive the boat back again, in a most exasperating manner.

The nest of the Coot is very similar in appearance to that of the water-hen, but is of rather stronger make. It is simply laid on the reeds or sedges, and is not attached to them in any way, so that if the water should suddenly rise, the nest floats away with the bird still sitting on it.

In the defence of its nest the Coot displays great courage, as is shown by Mr Alex. Duncan in the "Naturalist's World" of Oct., 1884.

"On the 27th of February this year, a pair of Coots inhabiting the rushes at our garden foot laid the foundation of their nest. They kept building it for a day or two, when I noticed one morning that the nest had disappeared. Not knowing what had occurred, I imagined that the birds had sunk it so as to form a strong foundation on which to build the superstructure. On the morning following that on which the nest had disappeared, a new foundation or layer of reeds was laid on the top of the old one, and the birds were busy during the whole of that day in enlarging and adding to the layer. Visiting the spot again the next morning, I saw that the nest had again disappeared, and that the birds, especially the male, were in a high state of excitement.

"They did not attempt to build any more on the old site, but began in another place, and I was surprised to see that the first bundle of reeds which they placed in position shared the same fate as those of the first nest. But next day the riddle was solved in an amusing way—to me at least—but not to the subjects of the joke.

"Standing on the newly laid down reeds was one of the tame swans kept for the ornamentation of the loch, and seemingly coolly choosing the site of the Coots' nest for its own occupation. It was bending down and breaking off all the reeds within its reach, and laying them crosswise, evidently just commencing to build its own nest. Of course this was the reason of the Coots' nest disappearing so often, as the weight of so large a bird as a swan was more than sufficient to sink it out of sight.

"But the best part of the affair is yet to come. The Coots all the while had been rushing about very excitedly in an aimless way, seemingly not knowing what to do. However, things had evidently come to a climax, for one of them, mounting the swan's back with a rush, began a most furious pecking and pulling about its upper regions, while its mate boldly charged it up in front in good style, forcing the swan to cease its labours and defend itself. This it could not do very well, hampered as it was by the surrounding reeds, and by the dexterity of its small and nimble antagonists. It is needless to say that the Coots came off victorious, driving the large enemy ignominiously away—minus its dignity and a lot of feathers, which latter floated in the air like smoke after a battle—for a Coot, when roused, will fight with great pertinacity. The male of the pair I am writing about is a noted warrior in the tribe, thoroughly punishing all that venture near its chosen domain or mate.

"They were never molested again by the swans, one lesson being enough. But I am sorry to say that the nest, when it contained three eggs, was rifled, and the Coots began and finished another nest in deeper water, where it was secure from the egg-hunter, and where they successfully reared their brood."

I have already mentioned that when the two birds are swimming, the white patch on the base of the beak is a distinguishing mark of the Coot. When they are on land they can be easily distinguished by means of the legs. The feet of the Coot are grey, with a tinge of green, while those of the water-hen are dark olive green, gaining for the bird its specific name of *chlóropus*, or green-footed. Then the Coot has part of the tibia orange yellow, while the corresponding portion of the water-hen is scarlet.

Even the shape of the foot differs. The toes of the Coot are shorter than those of the water-hen, and are slightly fringed with web on the sides, while those of the water-hen are entirely without web.

THE last of the three similar aquatic birds is the WATER RAIL (*Rallus aquáticus*), a bird which, like its first cousin in the corncrake, is tolerably plentiful but seldom seen.

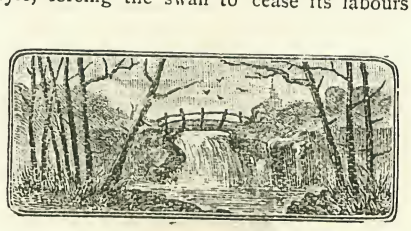
Like that bird, it has an invincible repugnance to using its wings, and even when tracked up by dogs can hardly be induced to take to the air. It winds in and out of the foliage just as the corncrake does among the stems of corn, and when at last compelled to take flight, it only rises just high enough to clear the bushes, and flies quickly and horizontally with dangling legs, just as has been mentioned of the water-hen. Almost the only chance of seeing one of these wary birds is by sitting still and patiently waiting under cover of a bush near the water's edge.

It can at once be distinguished by its peculiar stooping attitude and its short unwebbed toes. The mode of walking, too, is rather peculiar, the little white-tipped tail being jerked upwards at each step, in a manner which much reminds the spectator of the action of a rabbit when running.

In his work on "The Birds of Ireland," Mr. Thompson mentions a case which shows that the Water Rail is, in spite of its shy habits when at liberty, even more capable of domestication than the water-hen.

He saw in a gunsmith's window at Belfast, a Water Rail running about in the window, and picking off the flies from the glass. It resented any interference, and when a hand was placed near it, struck fiercely at it with beak and feet. It seemed so thoroughly at home that Mr. Thompson was quite surprised when he found that it had only been captured on the previous day.

(*To be continued.*)





THE THIMBLE AND THIMBLE-MAKERS.

"For your own ladies, and pale visag'd maids
Like amazons, come tripping after drums;
Their thimbles into armed gauntlets change,
Their needles to lances." *King John.*

"And that I'll prove upon thee, though
Thy little finger be armed in a thimble."
Taming of the Shrew.

In these days, when everything we see, hear, and touch is supposed to have a history, it is humiliating to have to confess that the thimble, a truly feminine article, is absolutely without any account of its origin or shape or use in early days.

I refused to believe in its non-existence, and felt that it must be somewhere, perhaps hidden under the dust of ages, and waiting only to be brought to light. But no; neither among the records in the British Museum nor in any bookseller's can anything be found about it.

I then went to the manufacturers of the thimble, thinking that in this age of universal knowledge they would be certain to know something of it, but their answer was short and decisive: "We manufacture the article, but know nothing of its origin or history."

Why, even the needle, which would be useless but for the thimble, has its history; so also its companion, the scissors; but of the thimble, neither record nor picture, nor even an engraving of it on a tombstone.

The first mention we get of it is in the twelfth century, but this in no sense helps us to its origin. It occurs in the collection of words of common things, written out by Hildegarde, and therefore we gather that it must have been in daily use in her time.

We have some little guide as to the shape of the thimble in the twelfth century by looking at the one dug out of the Burg Tannenberg in the Bergstrasse at Darmstadt. You will find it in the illustrations.

The Burg itself was destroyed in 1399, and never built up again; therefore this thimble, which is now to be seen in the museum at Darmstadt, must have been in use before the destruction of the Burg. The shape, as you will perceive, is somewhat similar to ours; it is a very well-made bronze thimble.

As far as we can be certain of anything, the thimble is to be traced to the inventive and ingenious artisans of Nürnberg, who were the acknowledged manufacturers of it in the fourteenth century.

It was not, however, until 1534 that the thimble-makers became what is called a corporate body, although for a whole century previously the Nürnberg merchants had carried thimbles with them for sale on their yearly expeditions to the great fairs of Leipsic, Hamburg, and Lubeck. In the shops, too, at this time we know they were offered for sale, for we find in one of the Shrovetide plays of the fifteenth century that a shopkeeper is made to say, while inviting the people to buy,

"Good thread have I in the underskirt,
Needles too, brushes and combs,
Thimbles, pockets, and laces,
Hooks and eyes in plenty."

The artisans of Nürnberg were ruled by the authorities with a rod of iron; they were allowed no independence of action even in trifles, and the regulations issued seemed to repress even the improvements of trade.

Thus, for example, in 1572 a thimble-maker named Jörg Endthor invented a twisting wheel, but he was forbidden to use it on pain of punishment, because it would have given him an advantage over other members of the craft.

One good rule, however, was strictly enforced, viz., that no inferior workmanship should be allowed to leave the city, thereby injuring its reputation. Perhaps one and all of these combined to prevent the thimble-makers' craft becoming a rich one.

We find on an old detached leaf, bearing date 1621, the following:—

"The bath-keepers, coopers, and thimble-makers amass no wealth."

The way in which the thimble-makers manufactured thimbles we are able to see from two old drawings of workshops in Nürnberg, which we are permitted to give in illustration.

The original of the first is in a book, published in 1568, the title of which was:—

"A truthful description of all things on the Earth, of all arts, handiworks, and crafts, illustrated by Jost Amman, the most prolific artist of the second half of the 15th century."

The second is a representation of a thimble-maker's workshop in the year 1698, by Christopher Weigel. There is more furniture here than in the former, and, according to the fashion of the age, is accompanied by some rather bombastic allegorical verses, which run something like this:—

"The strong protection of virtue,
Conquers the obstinacy of vice."
Patience is like a thimble:
If it cover heart and courage
Then no vice (needle) can wound it.
Needles sharpened by the tongue of slander
Must break at last
When praise and fame ennoble virtue.

A few lines are still in existence, written by Hans Sachs, in which he speaks of making thimbles out of brass, and of the way in which they are prepared and made ready for the tailors, shoemakers, needlewomen, and embroiderers, and concludes by saying, "I am master of the craft."

The thimble marked 1595, which is now in the museum at Nürnberg, is evidently out of a Nürnberg thimble workshop. It is rather narrow and pointed, and like most of the articles of that period, adorned with ornaments and a proverb.

Beneath the little holes there is a row of stamps representing stars, lilies, animals, eagles, &c., and under these runs a proverb: *Wen Got wil, so ist mein zil.*

There were many thimbles made of gold and silver, designed by the goldsmiths for the use of rich and highborn dames, for presents

Der Fingerhüter *



Faksimile nach Jost Amman vom Jahre 1568.



Sketch of Thimbles by Theod. de Bry, 1561 to 1623.







Nürnberg Thimble of the year 1595.



Thimble of the 14th Century found in Darmstadt.

* The Thimble-Makers.

for the pretty bride, or the good wife; and now and then a goldsmith would on his own account expend time, talent, and money in order to produce a perfect and costly thimble for his sweetheart.

Among these was one Nikolaus von Benschoten, who lived two hundred years ago. His work was so beautiful, and called so much attention to the thimble, that it gave rise to the fable that he had invented it; whereas the fact was, that by his bringing it into notice it became an article of everyday necessity.

What Benschoten did invent was not the thimble itself, but the artistic ornamentation of it.

A copper engraver, by name Joh. Theo. de Bry, who lived from 1561 to 1623, produced a sheet covered with representations of the most beautiful thimbles, the richest of which were adorned with somewhat free mythological subjects. On the upper round of the thimble there is a cupid or a genie, surrounded by the inscription, "Force d' amour." "Vis amoris." "La puissance d' amour" (the power of love); see illustration.

It seems that up to the end of the seventeenth century the thimble was to be found in few places outside Nürnberg, Cologne, and Holland. There were at that time double thimbles, of which the under one was quite smooth and gilded, while the upper one was of silver, and entirely pierced through. A quaint writer of this period mentions the industries requiring the thimble, the workers in which, he says, can bear testimony to its usefulness. He notices also its characteristic of preserving the tender fingers of those praiseworthy ladies who work much, "thereby," as he says, "preventing much shedding of blood," which is still often innocently spilt when the thimble is not at hand.

I have been fortunate enough to find two thimbles at South Kensington Museum, and one at the British Museum. No. 1 is from a set of needle-case, thimble, and box. The thimble is silver-gilt, covered with openwork scrolls, filled in with coloured enamel. It belongs to the eighteenth century.



Faksimile aus dem Werke Christoph Weigel's vom Jahre 1698.

No. 2 is of silver—the body of it is of filigree open work and scrolls—also of the eighteenth century.

No. 3 is at the British Museum. It is of silver, with portraits of Charles II. and his queen. There are some letters and figures on the lower border. It is an English-made thimble of the seventeenth century.

The group of thimbles and smelling bottle is in reality one thimble; it is a most curious specimen, and was lent me by a friend whose great-grandmother used it.

In consequence of the Nürnberg Council issuing so many prohibitive laws, the thimble-making craft were unable to hold their own; they could neither make use of their own inventions, nor could they employ machinery; and they were soon surpassed by those of Aix-la-Chapelle, and other places, where restrictions had no power to prevent the employment of machines put in motion by water-power.

Thimbles seem to have been introduced into England as articles of common use by a man named John Lofting, who came over from Holland at the end of the seventeenth century, and established a thimble factory at Islington.

We seemed to have used a shield for the finger made of leather as early as the fourteenth century, which was called "Fingerling."

In October, 1884, a celebration took place in Amsterdam, of the bicentenary of the special thimble-making of Nikolaus von Benschoten, to which we have already alluded. At this gathering of thimble-makers a new thimble was introduced, which seems to avoid the faults of the ordinary steel and silver thimble, by being made in three distinct parts; the inner and outer being of silver, and the intermediate of steel, thereby rendering it impénetrable; it is known as the *Dorcas* thimble.

The word thimble seems to be derived from the Scotch Thummel or Thumb-bell, a sort of shield originally worn on the thumb.

HOW LITTLE ONE CAN TELL!

A MAN in his carriage was riding along,
A gaily-dressed wife by his side;
In satins and laces she looked like a queen,
And he like a king in his pride.

A wood-sawyer stood on the street as he passed;
The carriage and couple he eyed,
And said, as he worked with his saw on a log,
"I wish I was rich and could ride."

The man in his carriage remarked to his wife,
"One thing I would do if I could—
I'd give all my wealth for the strength and the health
Of the man who is sawing the wood."

A pretty young maid with a bundle of work,
Whose face as the morning was fair,
Went tripping along with a smile of delight,
While humming a love-breathing air.

She looked in the carriage, the lady she saw,
Arrayed in apparel so fine,
And said, in a whisper, "I wish from my heart
Those satins and laces were mine."

The lady looked out on the maid with her work,
So fair in her calico dress,
And said, "I'd relinquish position and wealth
Her beauty and youth to possess."

Thus it is in this world, whatever our lot,
Our minds and our time we employ
In longing and sighing for what we have not,
Ungrateful for what we enjoy.

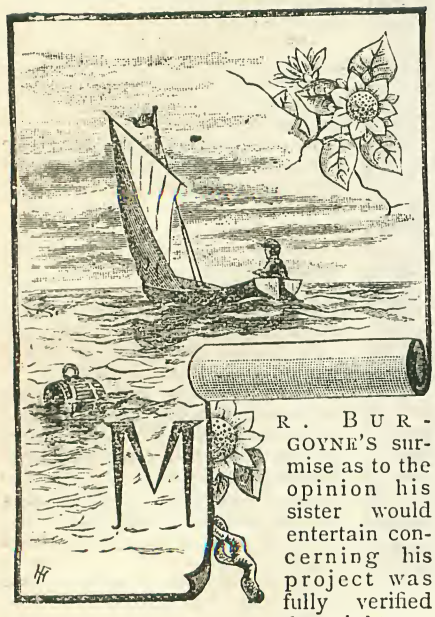
We welcome the pleasure for which we have sighed,
The heart has a void in it still,
Growing deeper and wider the longer we live,
That nought but Religion can fill.

ISABEL'S FORTUNE

By EMMA LESLIE.

CHAPTER IX.

CONCLUSION.



MR. BURGOYNE'S surmise as to the opinion his sister would entertain concerning his project was fully verified that night.

"Edward!" she exclaimed, when he had told her his plans. "You keep a chemist's shop, and marry my governess, when you might become one of the first doctors of the day, and move in the best society!" said the lady, with a gasp.

"But I hate the best society, and all its sham and hollowness," protested the young doctor. His sister shook her head, and put her pocket-handkerchief to her eyes.

"I shall be obliged to write to papa, and tell him you are out of your mind, and ought to be put under restraint," she said.

"Now don't be absurd, Ethel. You and I have always hung together, and helped each other out of scrapes, and can't you see I want you to help me still."

"And haven't I been ready to help you," said Mrs. Winthrop, suddenly changing her tactics, and growing indignant. "I have taken up your Mrs. Randolph and——"

"I never asked you to 'take up' that lady, as you call it," interrupted her brother. "I have to thank you for introducing me to the sweetest, truest girl——"

"Oh, spare me the rest!" exclaimed the lady, holding up her hands; "and allow me to remind you that you introduced yourself to Miss Randolph."

"Well, at all events you gave me the opportunity of studying her character, and becoming better acquainted with her, and I am greatly obliged to you."

"You need not be, I can assure you; for I am not going to help forward such a mad scheme. I should never have thought it of you, Edward—you, above all people, who were always so fastidious, to throw yourself away upon a governess."

"Ethel, I must remind you that you are speaking of my future wife. As to throwing myself away—well, I am hardly worthy to clean Miss Mabel Randolph's shoes."

Further argument was useless, Mrs. Winthrop saw plainly enough; but she told her brother he need not come there again with the expectation of seeing Miss Randolph, for she would not allow it.

At this the gentleman looked very blank. "Why should you not allow it, Ethel?" he said. "I shall write to her father to-night; and if he consents, why should you oppose our union?"

"Because I think it a piece of mad folly, which I will not help you to carry out. I shall certainly be sorry to lose Miss Randolph as a governess, but I shall tell her to-morrow morning that I wish her to look out for another situation, and leave my house as soon as possible."

The gentleman sprang to his feet. "Ethel, you will not so insult her?" he said.

"Insult her! By giving her warning to leave. You forget she is my governess."

Mr. Burgoyne paced the room two or three times, and then turned abruptly to his sister. "Will you let her stay here until I can get the license, and we will be married at once?" he said.

"No, indeed, I will not. I am going to the seaside in a few days, for everybody has left town now; and before I go Miss Randolph had better return home. I tell you, Edward, you ought not to marry that girl until the mystery of her having to be a governess is cleared up. Her aunt hinted plainly enough that there must be some shameful mystery about it."

"Yes there is, and I know all about it; but I am not at liberty to tell you or anybody else what it is just now."

"Oh, of course not! The young lady is sure to make her tale good."

"Mabel has no idea that I am in possession of her secret. You, and you only, helped me to its unravelment; and I tell you plainly that that clinched my determination to make her my wife."

"And I tell you plainly she shall never be your wife if I can prevent it," said his sister, now losing her patience and her temper together.

"Very well. Now I shall know what to expect." And Mr. Burgoyne took his departure at once.

But in the hall he altered his mind, and entered the library, where he wrote a note to Mabel, telling her he should call early in the morning to take her home at once to her father. He did not say that he had quarrelled with his sister over the matter; but that he thought the best place for his future wife to stay, until he could claim her, was her own home. The matter, however, was made clear enough to Mabel's comprehension the next day; for, as soon as breakfast was over, Mrs. Winthrop went to the schoolroom, and, in her most icy manner, informed Mabel that, in consequence of an alteration in her plans, she should not be able to take her with them to the seaside, nor would her services be any longer required.

Mabel was dumbstruck, in spite of the note already received from her lover. In vain she asked to be informed how she had offended her employer so deeply. Mrs. Winthrop would give no explanation beyond this: that she had been compelled to alter her plans.

And this was literally true. The fact of her favourite brother taking the arrangement of his life out of her hands altogether was a terrible blow to her. She had so often boasted to Mrs. Randolph that she could do as she liked with Edward, and hinted that she would make a match between him and Julia, that the news of the previous evening had terribly upset her.

To get rid of Mabel at once, and try to repair the mischief she had already wrought, was the only way open to her now, she thought. She ought to have known her brother better than to suppose she was likely to succeed in her aims now; but she would not own herself defeated—especially to her new friend, Mrs. Randolph. They would carry out their original idea of going to a seaside place within easy reach of London, and ask Mr. Burgoyne to spend part of the time at least with them.

It need hardly be said that Mr. Burgoyne was not likely to fulfil his part of this arrangement now, whatever he might have done if Mabel had been of the party, for he had made up his mind to persuade Mabel that their wedding ought to take place before the winter set in; and if she consented, all his spare time would be needed in superintending the alterations he meant to make in the premises over the shop at Margaret-street. Mrs. Winthrop indulged some hope that Mr. Randolph would refuse his consent when he heard that it was proposed to take Mabel to a home over a chemist's shop; but Mr. Randolph was not so much shocked at the proposal as Mr. Burgoyne himself had feared. Of course he knew nothing of the neighbourhood, and Margaret-street sounded very well, and so he raised no difficulty on that point; and Mr. Burgoyne stating that he was willing to make ample settlements for Mabel's benefit, Mr. Randolph could scarcely make any objection, more especially as Mabel herself had already given her consent.

But to Mrs. Rose, her tried and trusted friend, Mabel told all her hopes and plans for the future. It was necessary to do this, for Mabel had decided that, during the three months that was to elapse before she was married, she must learn a good many things herself, in order to teach and help her girls; and nobody could teach her so well as Mrs. Rose, who, in her husband's parish, took the lead in all charitable work.

Some of the methods Mabel proposed old-fashioned Mrs. Rose could not quite approve of, and one of these was Mabel's desire to cultivate her voice. She could sing very well, but she knew she could do better if she had some little training, and she at once put herself under the tuition of a professional, and spent a good deal of time practising her singing and music lessons, although to sing to a parcel of work girls was a very inadequate motive, Mrs. Rose thought, for so much time and money to be spent upon it.

"But the world moves on in this as in everything else, my dear, I suppose; only I should have thought lessons in cutting out, and how to manage a clothing club, would have been more useful to you than singing," said Mrs. Rose one day.

"I am learning both from you, dear Mrs. Rose, but Edward says my singing will be almost invaluable. We want to make our girls' club a real resting-place for them, after their hard day's work is over, and if I can sing and play to them while they sit and rest, or look at a picture-book, it will be the best thing possible for them. It is dreadful that they should have to work so hard. Think of it, to sit sewing at button-holes, or stitching with a machine, from six o'clock in the morning until eight or nine o'clock at night for a shilling a day. And out of this they have to pay rent, buy coals, and find their own needles and thread, as well as food and clothes."

"Why, what can they live upon out of such wages as that?" said the elder lady.

"Bread and tea mostly, Edward says. I have asked whether they could not make the people pay them better wages, but he says it is the whole system that is at fault, and not one or two men merely. He speaks very bitterly about it sometimes, and that is why he is so anxious that we should benefit these people all we can, because they are being so cruelly wronged by this underpaid labour."

"Well, well, my dear, it is a brave work you have entered upon, and I can see, will need as much, or even more, self-denial than if you went abroad to teach the heathen there."

"Edward speaks of these as our younger brothers and sisters, whom we are bound to take care of."

Mrs. Rose smiled, remembering Mabel's failures in this direction, but she only said, "You have not told me how you think Mary is getting on at home."

Mabel coloured, but she said, frankly, "Much better than I did, dear Mrs. Rose. I cannot wish now that I had not left home—our life is ordered for us in spite of all our blunders, I believe—but still I think if papa had let me try again, he would have found that I had profited by my first mistake."

"Better as it is though, Mabel; and now tell me about the wedding—how are you getting on with your preparations?"

Mabel laughed and blushed. "Oh, we are all very busy," she said.

"What a happy womanly Mabel she looks to-day," thought Mrs. Rose, as she recalled that other visit when she had come to her in such trouble and sorrow.

Mabel's wedding was a very quiet one. Mary was her only bridesmaid, and there was little in the way of wedding festivities afterwards, beyond a quiet gathering of old friends to bid Mabel farewell. They went to the Isle of Wight for a few days, but a week after the wedding they were back in Margaret-street, for Christmas was drawing near, and there were so many arrangements to be made for the due celebration of that festive season.

Mabel's drawing-room club, as she had chosen to call it, was to be opened on Christmas Eve, with what the doctor called high tea, which was really a bountiful combination of dinner and tea, at which Mabel was to preside. Her guests looked shy and awkward at first, but they had evidently strained their resources to the utmost, in the effort to make themselves presentable. All were invited to take off their hats and cloaks, as being more comfortable and sociable, but a few who wore ulsters declined to take them off, and Mabel learned later on that these had no "best" dress in which to appear—no dress at all indeed worthy the name, and so the ulster was convenient to hide the tatters of the poor apology for a dress.

After tea, during which the doctor chatted with one and another, and contrived to make them all feel at ease, Mabel went to the piano, which had been one of her husband's wedding gifts, and while the tea things were being removed, she played some merry dance music, which made the dull eyes brighten, and brought her guests to the cosy chairs clustered round the piano.

Then Mabel sung some sweet old ballads that held her audience spell-bound. Then they gathered round the tables again, to look at photographs and picture books, their tongues loosened by this time, and all disposed to be friendly and cheerful.

At length the joyous Christmas bells rang out from the neighbouring church steeple, and this was the signal for Mabel's house-warming party to break up. No one in their own station in life had been invited, but their new friends had been made to feel that they were not alone in the world, and that the coming of the Christ-child was as real now as when the shepherds heard the song of the angels, since His love could inspire the hearts of His servants to proclaim with their lives, as well as with their lips, goodwill towards men.

[THE END.]

A SELF-MADE SORROW.

By H. BROOKE DAVIES.



"KITTY, dear, will you try to be a little more attentive; you really are very careless this morning!"

"Attentive, Miss Gray!" Kitty Meredith cried, throwing down a volume of Schiller she had been blundering over; "how can a person attend to anything after receiving a letter like that?" And she placed an open letter on the school-room table. "Read it, Miss Gray, and tell me if you think any girl ever was so badly treated."

"Well, Kitty, I have heard so many dolorous tales of wrongs and woes conjured up entirely by your own imagination, that I must be very cautious in giving an opinion that you are the worst treated girl in the world—that life is not worth living, etc.—that I really have not much sympathy left, Kitty; your woes have been very exhausting!"

"You are laughing at me, Miss Gray," Kitty cried, bursting into tears. "Whatever my other troubles may have been, this is real enough. But, of course, you don't care—nobody cares. If you would only read Mark's letter!"

Miss Gray took up the letter and glanced at it, then read it over more carefully. "Why, my dear girl, this is the best news I've heard for a year and a day," and she drew the sobbing girl to her arms and kissed her tenderly. "It is such a good thing for you, my dear. You will have a friend and mother."

"I don't want a friend except you and Mark, and my mother is in Heaven," the girl cried passionately. "Oh, Miss Gray, I never thought of this! I worked so hard; I tried to be so good and learn everything, so that I could be a help to Mark when you were gone, and now he does not want me. I'm nothing to him; I can't stay here; my very heart is broken."

"No, Kitty dear, hearts are not so easily broken," Miss Gray said, gently; "and, besides, at fifteen girls know very little about hearts, especially their own, and I really think you are doing your brother an injustice. Think how good and kind he has been to you!"

"That's just the worst of it, Miss Gray," Kitty sobbed. "He has been kind to me, and I always kept looking forward to the time when I could be a help and comfort to him. Now he will never want me!"

"My dear, that's all nonsense. Mark will always want you, and you will always want him. Your lives are too closely bound together for the ties to be easily severed. Do try and be reasonable, Kitty. Your brother is just twice as old as you are. He has worked

very hard for many years, and lived here *practically alone*, for the sake of superintending your education. Your kind Aunt Mary has also lived here, though for such a young, rich, beautiful woman it is but a dull life."

"I never found it dull with Mark and Aunt Mary and you," Kitty interrupted; "and I think Wildwood is the loveliest old place in the whole world."

"It *is* lovely, dear, and I am not surprised at your loving your old home; but remember, darling, that it is Mark's house too, and it is only natural that he should have someone to share it with him."

"Has he not me?" Kitty interrupted.

"My dear, you are not old enough to understand, and I do not think we need discuss the matter further. Your brother's letter is kindness itself. He says distinctly that he studied your happiness as much as his own, and he looks forward to your joy in having a friend and companion at that time in a girl's life when she most needs one. Come, dear, put away the books for to-day, and let us help Aunt Mary to make everything ready for Mark's return."

"There's nothing to be made ready," Kitty cried bitterly. "I can understand now why the whole house has been turned inside out, painted, and papered, new curtains and carpets, chairs and pictures. I thought all the time it was *for me, because* you and Aunt Mary were going away, and I was to keep house for Mark, and help him in all his studies; and now someone else is coming. Oh! it is too cruel." And the sobs were louder than ever. "At least I might have been told sooner!"

"We can scarcely judge of that, dear. No doubt your brother had very good reasons; he is too just and considerate to act in any but the wisest way," Miss Gray said seriously; "but dry up your tears, and let us cut fresh flowers for the rooms. No doubt Aunt Mary is busy about the dinner, and we must have everything bright and pleasant; must see to our dresses too. We all want to look our best to-night, you know."

"I don't," Kitty said to herself. "I'll look just as I feel—miserable!" Still she followed Miss Gray into the conservatory, and helped to gather late roses and white chrysanthemums, delicate ferns, and such other blossoms as a particularly cold October had left indoors or out.

The whole house was in a happy bustle, for they all were devoted to their master, and delighted that Wildwood was to have a *real* mistress, for Aunt Mary was scarcely considered as such, Mrs. Makins, the housekeeper, ruling everyone, the master and mistress included, with a very high hand; and Miss Kitty, who was considered little more than a child (though she was a tall, stately girl of fifteen), was never even dreamed of as a mistress. By the old servants who had known her as a baby, she would be always to them the sweet, delicate, lovely child who had lost her mother before she had learned to lisp her name.

Wildwood was a beautiful old house on the outskirts of a quiet country village in Worcestershire. It stood in a well-wooded park, and was surrounded by beautiful and well-kept gardens. The walls were covered with luxuriant ivy and old-fashioned jasmine, and on the south side there was a broad terrace running past the drawing-room and library windows. Several broad steps, ornamented with stone vases, gay all the year round with flowers or hardy evergreens, led to the most exquisitely smooth tennis lawn, hedged in literally by roses of all shades and sizes; and beyond the roses was a thick holly and laurel hedge, that protected them. Mark Meredith, the master of Wildwood, was a quiet, studious man of thirty, who, ever since his mother's death, had been father and mother both to his little sister Kitty, for they were doubly orphaned. He had succeeded to the estate when it was sadly encumbered, and by means of hard work, personal economy, and attention to his own affairs, he soon cleared off the debts, and was master of his dear old home and a good income. But a few years before he had met with an accident which threatened to ruin his whole life. While out shooting, a branch of a tree caught him across the eyes, and, though the blow caused him intense pain at the moment, he thought little of it. But in the course of a few weeks he felt his sight failing. Within three months he had lost the sight of one eye entirely, and the other was very weak. He went to the most skilful oculists, but they gave him little hope, and at thirty Mark Meredith was practically blind. He could just grope his way about familiar places, and tell day from night, but that was all. It had been the dream of Kitty's life for two years to be able to help Mark, to read to him, write his letters—be sight and hands to her beloved brother; and the shock of finding there was someone else to take her place was a rude one. Perhaps Mark knew Kitty's loving, enthusiastic temperament as well as she did herself, but he knew her want of purpose and patience far better. She would tire of any self-imposed task after a little time, just as she tired of one study after another, but she was a true, warm-hearted, clever girl, who only wanted the precept and example of a good, loving, but firm woman for a few years to make her good and wise and firm, too. Such an example, instructor, and friend Mark Meredith felt he had found in Agnes Grahame. She was young enough to be sympathetic with Kitty, and old enough to advise her. She was gentle and patient, because, not being unacquainted with sorrow herself, she had learned to pity the wretched. She was strong, because she had fought a hard battle in life, and learned by sad experience not only that "to be weak is to be miserable," but that "the weakest go to the wall."

Miss Grahame was the daughter of a Scotch clergyman, who died while she was a baby. She had been adopted by an aunt, the wife of a chaplain in Paris, and given all the advantages of a liberal education, with a view to her gaining her own bread some day. A fluent linguist, an accomplished musician, with literary talents of a high order, and a sweet, loving disposition, that accorded well with her sweet, sunny Scotch face, it did not seem likely that Agnes Grahame should remain all her life a governess; and yet at twenty-five she was instructing three little girls in the house of a relative of Mark Meredith's.

Blind though he was, he had an ear for a sweet voice, and loved music passionately; and before many months were over Mark told the whole history of his life to Agnes Grahame, and she had consented to be his wife and finish the education of Kitty.

It seemed the most desirable arrangement possible to everyone except Kitty herself, who from the first resolved to make the worst of it, instead of the best. Though naturally ardent and loving, and fond of everything beautiful, she looked coldly on the new sister Mark had brought her, and everyone felt it was as well "the master" could not see the sullen, tear-stained face of Miss Kitty as he clasped her in his arms, and whispered, "My darling, I have brought you home such a sweet sister. You will love her, Kitty, because I do; and she will love you, because I do; and I hope—nay, I know—we will all be so happy!"

Just at first Mrs. Meredith was shy with her young sister, she was so cold and reserved, and repelled all advances so rudely. Matters were worse when Aunt Mary and Miss Gray left, and it was well that Mark could not see the discontent in Kitty's face, the mistrust in her eyes.

And yet it was hard not to love Agnes, she was so kind, gentle, and patient. She met the girl's distrust with kindness, her evident dislike with affection. She took infinite pains with her education, and, though Kitty hardened her heart and tried not to learn, she could not help it with such a teacher.

But as the winter passed Agnes felt she was making no progress in her sister's affection, and Mark's increasing blindness took up much of her time. Kitty was left alone to brood on her imaginary woes; for, on one pretence or another, she always refused to go to the library or join the pleasant reading parties there.

In the early spring a dreadful epidemic of scarlet fever broke out in the village, and then for the first time people understood the strength of mind and body of Mark Meredith's beautiful young wife. Day after day she visited the cottages, nursing the sick children, advising the poor, frightened, ignorant mothers, and preparing food for the sufferers with her own hands. Kitty was shut off in a distant part of the house for fear of infection, and Mark helped in every way his wife's efforts to aid the sufferers.

It was during those weeks of really enforced solitude that Kitty first began to think that she had not been altogether fair to her sister.

"Why shouldn't I be visiting the poor people, and helping to nurse them, instead of being shut up here by myself? I know it's all her plan to keep me back, and make herself seem everything."

But even as she uttered the ungenerous words she burst into tears; for she knew it was love and thoughtfulness that caused Agnes to keep her apart during the worst part of the epidemic.

But, alas! the worst part of the poor child's trial was to come.

Just at the last, as spring was merging into summer, and the disease had almost disappeared, Mrs. Meredith was seized, and, despite many entreaties, Kitty was not allowed to help to nurse her, or even go near the room where for many weeks Agnes hovered between life and death, and during those long, weary days Kitty saw herself in quite a new light, and she would have given anything in the world she possessed to undo the work of the past six months.

When at last Agnes was out of danger and able to sit up, Kitty made no effort to see her. All her old shyness returned, but from quite a different cause. She was remorseful and utterly ashamed of herself, and every time she reflected on her wilfulness, and thought if Agnes had died, her eyes filled with tears. Though her whole soul craved for pardon, she was almost afraid to ask it, so greatly had her sorrow magnified her offence.

It was not till the broad, bright sunshine brought back health and strength to Agnes that Kitty ventured to approach her. She was walking one day on the south terrace, looking more beautiful than ever with her golden hair cut close to her head, and her face almost as white as her soft, white dress. Her step was still languid, but her thoughts must have been pleasant, for there was a sweet smile on her face.

Kitty approached slowly, her eyes full of tears and her heart beating violently.

Agnes stood still when she saw her.

"My dearest child, don't come any nearer. You should not have come so soon," she said, kindly. "Mark said it would not be quite safe for you for another week at least."

"I could not wait any longer," Kitty sobbed, holding out her hand. "I am so miserable!"



"'THEN TAKE THAT HANDKERCHIEF FROM YOUR FACE, AND LET US HAVE SMILES INSTEAD OF TEARS.'"

Agnes drew near and took the outstretched hand, and clasped it affectionately.

"Can you ever forgive me, Agnes?" she whispered, pressing her handkerchief to her crimson face. "I have been so wicked, so ungenerous, so ungrateful! Can you forgive me, and love me?"

"My dearest Kitty, yes, with all my heart. I have always loved you, my sister, and there is nothing to forgive. I have seen for months that you have not been happy; but I thought, 'Time, that doeth all things well,' would set matters straight. I kept waiting and hoping, dear, that you would take me into your confidence and let me be your friend. Believe me, Kitty, my only wish in life is to make you and Mark happy."

"I know it!" Kitty cried; "I knew it always in my heart; but I would not let myself believe it. Oh, Agnes, you do not know how mean, selfish, and jealous I have been!"

"I know you have been very miserable, dear, and very foolish, too; but it's all over now; we will not misunderstand each other again, and you will not break your poor heart fretting over a self-made sorrow."

"Never again. I can see now that my troubles were all imaginary and of my own making, and I am truly sorry, Agnes."

"Then take that handkerchief from your eyes, and let us have smiles, instead of tears. Do you know, Kitty, I have never seen you smile yet, though your face should be one perpetual gleam of sunshine. And now that you are your own bright self, I have a glorious piece of news for you. I did not intend to tell you for another week; but now that we are friends"—and she gave Kitty's hand another warm embrace—"I cannot keep the good news to myself any longer. Just before I got ill Mark had an operation performed on his eyes with the best results. In another week he will be able to take the shades off, and then, with the help of glasses, our dear Mark will see as well almost as before the accident, and I want him to see his sister looking well and happy, and reflecting credit on my care."

"I can't help looking happy when I am happy," Kitty whispered, nestling closer to her sister's side. "I hope I shall never cause you one moment's sorrow again; and oh, I am so glad dear Mark did not see my sullen, discontented face! It seems like a bad dream, Agnes, the misery of all those months, when I had such wicked, unjust thoughts about my best friends; and when I saw how good and kind and patient you were, I made myself far worse than ever."

"Hush, dear child. It's all over and past now. Do not think of it even as a dream; but let it be a lesson, Kitty; let it teach you that there are real sorrows enough in the world without conjuring them up out of nothing—that it is poor wisdom to meet troubles half way; and above all, Kitty, dear, let your unhappiness teach you that it is much better to look on the bright side of things, and think the best, instead of the worst, of everybody.

HERALDRY, HISTORICALLY AND PRACTICALLY CONSIDERED.

PART II.

BEFORE entering on the "Grammar of Heraldry," a few historical details must be given to explain the *raison d'être* of such an institution, and the rules by which its distinctions are lawfully claimed. After giving these rules, derived from feudal times, and a list of the titles corresponding one to another in England, Germany, France, Spain, and Hungary, the subject of the "seize quartiers," and all degrees of quarterings, the language of heraldry, blazonry, marshalling, the seven kinds of arms, the escutcheon, and the metals and tinctures shall follow.

A system of rewards and punishments is of Divine ordinance. The right of "the powers that be" to award them is distinctly declared in Rom. xiii. 3, and 1st Peter ii. 13, 14. This fact recognised, let us consider for whose benefit this legalised system of chronicling, or granting, honorary distinctions was instituted.

Whether a man's prerogatives be traced back through a long line of ancestors, or whether the family honours were won but yesterday, the principle on which each man may claim his rights for himself and his family is precisely one and the same. Time and family alliances must eventually place the newly-elevated on the same footing as the others, antiquity alone forming a distinction. Peerages and civil knighthood are within the reach of genius and faithful service, and the poorest yeoman who tills his own acres, or the small tradesman who struggles to give his son a university education, may find a name (unknown to historic fame) inscribed in the peerage of an appreciative country.

Fortunately, there are other than heraldic distinctions by which a man may benefit his children. Academical degrees, medals, prizes, orders, civic rank, lucrative appointments, and naval and military rank—all are open; and the sun of prosperity that rose long ago for some of us, will rise to-day, and again to-morrow and to-morrow for others, till time shall be no more.

Under the feudal system, immense privileges were attached to the soil. In granting



a fief for noble conduct, the status of nobility was granted with it; but, mark! this nobility was not necessarily accompanied by any title. Thus, Wrotesley, of Wrotesley; or the Chisholm, of Chisholm (chiefs for the last 700 years), was, and is still, equivalent to the *Von* or *Zu* and the *le* or *de* of the German and French nobility. As stated by Sir James Lawrence, Knight of Malta, author of "The Nobility of the British Gentry," 1825, "during the existence of the feudal system, all countries were divided into fiefs, and these again into *arrière*-fiefs." In Germany the holders of the first are styled "princes"; in Spain, "grandees"; in Hungary, "magnates"; while in England and France the grand vassals of the Crown corresponding to these were the "greater barons" (afterwards called "peers"). The second order of nobles (or *arrière*-fiefs) were styled in Germany "barons"; in Spain, "hidalgos"; in Hungary, "equites"; in France they were distinguished by the prefix "*de*"; and consisted in England of the "knights," "squires," and "gentlemen entitled to bear arms" in right of their ancestral ownership of the soil.

In all these countries the second order are styled "noble," as well as the first; the first order being members of the second, but to whom special distinctions were granted for noble actions in the service of king, country, or the defence of the Christian Faith. These have become popularly styled "commoners," but this designation is utterly without authority, and is an illegal misnomer. So likewise that a gentlewoman (in the heraldic meaning of the title) should be called a "spinster," is illegal; for on no less authority than that of Sir Edward Coke, her descriptive designation is "*generosa*"; the term "generosity" being synonymous in the olden times with "nobility."

The Hon. Sir Thomas Smith, Knt. (died 1577), one of the principal secretaries to King Edward VI. and Queen Elizabeth, confirms the statements respecting the status of the gentlemen and women of England. (See his "Commonwealth of England," printed 1601.) "The first part of gentlemen of England are called Nobilitas Major (he says); the second sort of gentlemen be those which may be called Nobilitas Minor. Gentlemen be those whom their blood and race doth make noble, or known."

The yeomen tilling their own land—a rank equal in dignity to that of merchants, and professional persons, followed next in order; lastly, the paid labourers, soldiers, sailors, and the common people in general. And here I must observe that the designation "yeoman" is derived from the Saxon *gemen*, and denotes one that has some land of his own—a "carn" of land, or a "plough land" (anciently of the yearly value of five nobles)—to live upon. In law they were called *legales nomines*, or men fit to be called upon juries. By the statute of 2nd Henry IV., cap. 27, it is enacted that no yeoman should take, nor wear, any livery of any lord, upon pain of imprisonment, and to make fine at the King's will and pleasure.

With the enormous increase of the population many changes have cropped up, and hereditary gentlemen and women are now engaged in trades and professions barred to them a century ago. Heraldry can with difficulty hold its own, and the title of "esquire," like that of "baron" in Germany, does not of necessity describe the status of those who annex it. A real English "esquire" holds the same rank as a genuine German "baron,"

and an English "baronet" as a real German "count."

Originally, the English nobles of the first class (titled) were all of the esquire or gentlemen class. But in the present day this rule has been set aside. The conferring of a title does not make a man a gentleman, inasmuch as it does not affect his hereditary descent. Ferri de St. Constant, in his "Londres et les Anglais" (1814), says, "The title 'gentleman' answered formerly to 'gentilhomme.'" The nurse of James I., who had followed him from Edinburgh to London, entreated him to make her son a gentleman. "My good woman," said the King, "a gentleman I could never make him, though I could make him a lord." (See Bailey's "Dictionary of Heraldry," vol. ii., printed 1728.) He adds, "Nobility (or patrician birth) should not be



SHIELD OF THE BLACK PRINCE.
"FOR PEACE."

confounded with peerage. A man who could not prove two descents would not be a gentleman (*Nobilitas*) in the true signification of the term, even by the bestowal upon him of a dukedom." The latter, in itself alone, is only an honorary distinction. (See Lord Verulam, Selden, Camden, Lawrence, the "Statutes of the Garter," and all authorities on heraldry, in confirmation of these statements.)

To be eligible to enter the lists at a tournament, or to be admitted to the Order of Malta and of St. John of Jerusalem, a man had to prove four quarterings of arms, and eight quarterings for admission to that of the Garter.

Perhaps some reader may not understand what is meant by "proving quarterings" and the "*seize quartiers*."

Begin with your father's family, both on his father's and his mother's side, and again their fathers' and mothers' parents and grandparents, and so back regularly in pairs, and prove the hereditary right of each to bear arms. Then take your mother's parents, and the parents of these, and so trace back their names, family places, and distinctions, and the birthright of each one to bear arms, until you have at the top of your ancestral tree sixteen ancestors.

Sir Henry Spelman says that, owing to the many wars and invasions to which this country was subjected, it is difficult to trace back a simple paternal pedigree for more than four or five hundred years (not to speak of quarterings). Yet there are some who can do so. It must also be remembered that while a name may be shared with some historic family —as, for instance, one inscribed on the "Battle Roll"—to establish a claim to the honour of a connection with it, a genealogy should be produced in an unbroken line to the man there immortalised.

The language of heraldry is of a mixed character, dating back to the early part of the thirteenth century. The terms were adopted from the Anglo-Norman and English languages, as employed in the earliest known "Roll of Arms" in existence, compiled between the years 1240 and 1245. The language is concise, expressive, and suggestive. For a study of the same the reader must be referred to "Parker's Glossary."

To describe in heraldic language, or to represent pictorially any device or composition, is denominated "blazoning." It was introduced by the French, possibly in the time of the Merovingian dynasty—extinct 752—or else in the ninth or tenth centuries; and the use of family armorial bearings was inaugurated among the kings of the Heptarchy.

The term "Blazonry" had its origin in the trumpet-blast given when a knight entered the lists at a tournament. The officers of arms (or heralds) proclaimed his armorial insignia, so that any to whom his shield was obscurely visible should know who he was, especially were his visor closed. The German word *blazen* signifies to blow a blast on a horn or trumpet.

In English, "to blazon" means "to bruit abroad," "to display," "to make public far and wide." Shakespeare thus employs the term: "Thyself thou blazonest." It also means "to shine," to be brilliant or conspicuous. Thus in the double use of the word it is equally pertinent to the subject, whether in reference to the blast of the trumpet or the brilliant colouring or glittering of the metals with which the shields were resplendent.

Marshalling, like blazoning, was one of a herald's duties, and denoted the preparation of a new escutcheon, or coat of arms. This consisted of a distinct composition or the aggroupment of two or more, so as to form one design. Also, it was his business to arrange the association of the helm, crest, and mantling, so as to produce (did reason exist) a more elaborate yet single composition.

There are five different kinds of arms, and two supplementaries :—

I. Arms of Dominion, belonging to nationalities, and borne by their respective sovereigns.

II. Arms of Patronage, borne by lords of manors, governors of provinces, and others.



SHIELD OF HENRY PLANTAGENET, PRINCE OF WALES, AFTERWARDS HENRY V.

(*From his Stall Plate in St. George's Chapel, Windsor.*)

III. Arms of Community, borne by bishops, cities, guilds, trades, and societies.

IV. Arms of Pretension, borne by a ruler who (as a suzeraine or otherwise) has a claim on a territory belonging to another, and who thus adds the arms of that territory to his own.

V. Arms of Family, borne by individuals and their clans, granted for services and deeds of arms rendered to the sovereign, the country, or the Christian faith.

These arms of Family may be supplemented by Arms of Succession, obtained on the inheritance of other family estates, and quartered with their own original arms; and likewise Arms of Alliance, borne to indicate the union of families. For instance, the family arms of a wife may be impaled on the shield of her husband—that is, they occupy the left side of the shield (to the spectator's right). This will be seen exemplified on the hatchments placed on houses when the death of one of the heads of the family has taken place. In this case one-half of the lozenge-shaped escutcheon has a black ground, and the other half white. If the master of the house be dead, the heraldic right is black, and if the mistress of the house, the heraldic left is black, while the side on which the arms of the survivor are blazoned is white. If both be deceased, the whole background is black.

The Escutcheon is the shield, bearing upon it, or charged with, the device granted to the bearer. The whole surface of the shield is called the field. This field is divided thus :—



1. The Chief.
A. Dexter Chief.
B. Precise Middle Chief.
C. Sinister Chief.
D. Honour Point.
E. The Fess Point.
F. Nombril Point.
G. Dexter Base.
H. Precise Middle Base.
I. Sinister Base.
2. The Base.

The dexter side of the escutcheon, or its own right, answers to the spectator's left, and sinister side to his right.

I said that the language of heraldry was derived from the Norman; the metals and tinctures and the ordinaries are of Teutonic origin, and many of the devices were brought from the East, the cradle of the science, by the Crusaders. The first-named, or colours, are traced to the old German race, who, according to Tacitus, painted their warriors' shields with gorgeous tints.

Tinctures are divided into colours and furs. The colours employed are—

Or, gold.	*Purpure*, purple.
Argent, silver.	*Sable*, black.
Gules, red.	*Tenne*, tawny.
Azure, blue.	*Sanguine*, dark red.
Vert, green.	

These tinctures are severally indicated on an uncoloured escutcheon by means of dots and lines, thus—

Or is denoted by a powdering of dots.

Argent, by a plain white field.

Gules, by delicate vertical lines from chief to base.

Azure, by horizontal lines from dexter to sinister.

Vert, by slanting lines from dexter to sinister.

Purpure, by diagonal lines from the sinister to dexter.

Sable, by vertical and horizontal lines crossing each other.

Tenne, by diagonal lines from sinister to dexter crossing perpendicular lines.

Sanguine, diagonal lines crossing each other.

Or stands first in estimation amongst the metals, and *gules* amongst the tinctures.

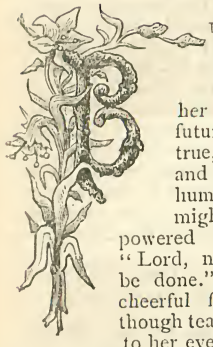
The furs, the lines employed in parting the field, the differences (used to distinguish the several sons of the head or chief of a family, and the subordinate degrees in each house), together with crests, crowns, quarterings, devices, cantons, etc., will form the subjects of the next article of this series.

DREAMING AND DOING.

By NELLIE HELLIS, Author of "Donald and I," etc., etc.

CHAPTER III.

NEW DUTIES.



BRAVELY did Winnie keep the resolution made on that evening when Maurice told her of the plans for the future. Sometimes, it is true, she was sick at heart, and that common cry of our human nature, "What might have been *if?*" overpowered the Divine aspiration, "Lord, not my will, but Thine be done." But she brought a cheerful face to the fore, and though tears came only too readily to her eyes, she never permitted herself to be low-spirited in her mother's presence. "What should I do without you, my darling?" was often on Mrs. Braithwaite's lips. And in the sweet consciousness that she was both a solace and help in the little home circle, Winnie, notwithstanding her sorrow, was already beginning to recognise that true happiness comes not from dreaming but from doing.

"Oh! who can dare complain,
When God sends a new duty
To comfort each new pain?"

And Winnie found plenty to do. They were fortunate in letting the villa at Leytonstone before the house in Brindley-street had found a tenant, and by the end of February the flitting was accomplished. But it was some time before they could get what Mary Grey—the one servant whom Mrs. Braithwaite had retained—called "straight." At last, however, order prevailed over confusion, and when the old familiar furniture had been arranged as nearly as possible after its former fashion, an atmosphere of home began to pervade the rooms that at first had seemed so strange and desolate.

With the house put in order, Winnie began to think of other work. Her mother had very gratefully accepted her offer to teach Dora and May, and she promised to ask Dr. Schofield whether he thought it would be of any use to advertise for pupils to share in the little girls' lessons.

"Want pupils to come to your house, do you?" he said, meditatively, when he had been told of Winnie's proposal, and she herself was eagerly awaiting his reply. "Well, what do you say to coming to mine instead, and teaching Connie, Katie, and Trot? The daily governess who has taught them for the last two years wishes to leave on quarter-day. She is going to get married in the summer, and I suppose has a lot of finery to make. Of course, we should give you the same salary as we give Miss Spence, and I think five pupils would be as many as you could manage. What do you think of it, Winnie?"

"I should not like to leave mother; that would be the only objection," she replied. "Though we should not be in the same room, it would be pleasant for her to know I was in the house."

"You see, Katie could not come to you," said Dr. Schofield. "Unless we take every care of her now, she may be an invalid for life."

Winnie had forgotten poor little Katie's misshapen spine and delicate health, and she saw at once that if she undertook the charge of her cousins' education she must certainly go to them.

"And I shall be too busy attending to household duties to miss you in the morning," said Mrs. Braithwaite. "In the afternoon, when I am at leisure to sit down with needlework, or go for a walk, I shall have your company. I think your uncle's arrangement is very desirable. The short walk to and from his house will be good for you as well as for Dora and May, and I would much prefer they did lessons with their cousins than with strangers."

"Then we will consider it settled, if you please, uncle," said Winnie; "only as I have had no experience in teaching, I don't think you ought to give so much as you pay Miss Spence."

"Tut, tut," was the sole reply vouchsafed to this remark. Then turning to his sister the doctor continued: "By the way, I saw young Clayton this morning. He is coming to call on you to-morrow. He is anxious to take up his abode here as soon as you can receive him."

Winnie was silent during the brief conversation that ensued between her mother and uncle. That they should be obliged to take a stranger under their roof was still a deep regret to her; and though she had struggled against the disinclination, knowing pride was at its root, she had not succeeded in overcoming the weakness. Now she heard that Mr. Clayton would be offered the use of the breakfast-room as a study. She had decided that that room should be sacred in the evening to Maurice and Frank, and she felt anything but charitable towards the young man of whom her uncle was speaking in very high terms. He was still a sore subject to her on the next day, and she resolved that she would be out when he called in the afternoon. But though it was dark when she returned, the object of her unusually long walk had not been gained; for as she entered the drawing-room with her hat and jacket on, she saw that her mother was talking to a gentleman, evidently the undesired "lodger," as Winnie would persist in calling him.

"This is my eldest daughter, Mr. Clayton."

Winnie came forward, intending only to bow, but the young man extended his hand, and being a gentlewoman she at once took it. Something in the firm yet gentle pressure pleased her. That character is shown by the hand-shake was a pet theory with Winnie, and the tall lithe form and low musical voice made her wish the gas had been lighted so that she might have seen their visitor more clearly. She exchanged a few words with him; then ran upstairs to take off her hat and jacket. When she came down he had gone.

"I asked him to stay to tea," said Mrs. Braithwaite, "but he said he had an engagement. I think we shall like him. He has been telling me about his early life."

"Was it a sad story, mother?"

"I consider it so. He was born in India, and both his parents died before he was a year old. After that he lived with his grandfather in England. Then when he was seven his grandfather died, leaving him to the care of his guardian, an old bachelor in the North of England. He seemed very pleased at the prospect of coming to us. He says he has never lived in a house with a lady at its head. Poor boy! I am sure he has often felt the need of a mother."

"But he is not so very young, is he mother?" asked Winnie.

"About twenty-five, perhaps; but he is still boyish enough to be companionable to Maurice and Frank."

"He struck me as being particularly quiet and serious."

"That was because he happened to have been talking very gravely when you came in. His guardian—a Mr. Mangham—wished him to study for the Bar, and in preferring to be a doctor he has very greatly displeased him."

"What a horrid old guardian!"

"Not at all. Mr. Clayton spoke most affectionately of him. I suppose if he were not fond of him he would not much care whether he had offended him or not, for he has had small but independent means ever since he came of age."

"Happy man! Did he say when he was coming to live with us?"

"He asked if he might come next Monday. I told him we should be quite ready for him then."

Winnie's unfounded prejudice against their future "lodger" must have greatly decreased, for she herself saw that his room was nicely in order against his arrival. He had said he would be in time for the seven o'clock meat tea that had now become an institution; and Winnie half thought it was he coming up the staircase as she sat alone in the drawing-room on the Monday evening. As the footsteps approached nearer she knew it was Maurice. The moment he opened the door she saw he was in one of the despondent moods, to which, now that he had fully entered upon his new life, he so frequently gave way. But she made no remark until he had taken the comfortable armchair she wheeled in front of the fire. Then as she knelt beside him with her arm resting on his knee, she asked softly—

"What is it, Maurice? Has anything gone wrong at the warehouse?"

He did not answer for a minute, then his reply came with a groan.

"It's *all* wrong. It's grinding the life out of me."

"Do you find the work so difficult?"

"It's easy enough, but it's so hateful to add up columns of figures all day long, and be writing exactly the same thing in half a dozen different books. And all the time I keep thinking of what I've had to give up, and how different my life will be from what I hoped to make it."

"You needn't be a clerk for ever," said Winnie, cheerfully. "In another year or so Frank will be able to take a situation, and he and I between us shall most likely earn more than you do now. Then you can take up your old profession again. But, Maurice, why do you never paint now? Can't you see by gaslight?"

"Don't you understand that I want to forget? It would only make the pain more intense."

"May I say what I like, dear?" and Winnie put her arm gently around her brother's neck, and laid her head on his shoulder.

"Of course you may, though no amount of talking can mend this matter."

The last part of Maurice's reply was evidently lost upon Winnie.

"I think you are wrong," she said softly, "in neglecting to cultivate a talent which you know you possess. If you did not make very rapid progress, practice would keep you from going back in your art; and when the time comes that you can give it your whole attention again, you will not have lost any ground, though you may not have gained much. Don't you remember the line:—

'We always may be what we might have been?'"

"More beautiful in theory than true in practice," Maurice replied. "What about that old ambition of your own? Do you think now that you will ever be a poetess?"

"No, because Miss Yuell told me I have no real poetic talent. But she said I had a keen sense of the beautiful and pathetic, and she was very pleased with a little story I showed her. She asked if she might keep it for a while."

"When was that? I wasn't aware you had confided your hopes to Miss Yuell."

"I told her on that terrible morning, when —you know, Maurice."

"Yes. Well, dear?"

"And she promised to look at my verses and give me her honest opinion. Of course our trouble drove all that out of my head. But one evening, just before we left Leytonstone, she sent a note asking me to bring in my poems, and read some of them to her. I didn't want to go, but she asked in such a way that I couldn't refuse."

"And she said they showed no special talent?"

"She didn't say anything that evening. But afterwards she told me that my verses weren't a bit better than the ordinary schoolgirl scribble."

"Wasn't that expressing it rather strongly?"

"Of course she didn't use those words, but that was what she meant. I suppose the little story that I took to her with the verses was better written, or she would not have asked if she might keep it. But you know," and Winnie turned her face towards her brother once more, "our cases are not parallels. You have real, decided talent. The head master at the Slade School told you so, and he wouldn't have said so if it were not true. Oh Maurice! you won't let it run to rust, will you?"

Her trembling voice showed her earnestness, and drawing her close to him, Maurice said fondly—

"What is it you want me to do, little sister?"

"To go on with your painting in your spare time. I am sure you could get an hour after tea if you liked, and could you not join an evening class at one of the large art schools?"

"I must think about that, but I promise you I will get out my easel and brushes before I go to bed to-night."

It was not necessary to speak. The light pressure of her hand around his was sufficient answer. Presently the clock on the mantelpiece chimed the quarter to seven.

"So early!" Winnie exclaimed. "Why, Maurice, you must have come in long before your usual time this evening."

"Yes, I had an headache, and I suppose my face was an index to my feelings. Any way, as Mr. Mackenzie passed through the office he stopped and told me he thought I should do better work to-morrow for leaving a little earlier to-day."

"No wonder you looked depressed and tired out. You should have told me you had a headache."

"I partly walked it off," he replied lightly. "Nevertheless I shall be glad of a cup of tea."

And of something else more substantial, thought Winnie; and thereupon she remembered hearing her mother tell Mary to make a curry of the cold mutton left at dinner. This was a dish which Maurice especially disliked, and she doubted whether he would feel inclined to make his meal from the steak that had also been ordered. A lighter, daintier food would be far likely to tempt his appetite, and as there was still a quarter of an hour before tea, she would have ample time to make one of the tasty little dishes at which she had been lately trying her skill. Two minutes after she was in the kitchen, with a clean white apron tied smoothly over her black merino dress.

Winnie was a favourite with Mary, and now when she said she had come to make a little dainty for her brother's tea, she at once gave all the help she could. While Winnie scambled some eggs, she toasted some nicely-shaped pieces of bread, which were first buttered and then spread with anchovy paste. The eggs, done to a nicety, were then placed upon the toast. It was a delicate, tempting little dish, and proud of the result of her hasty performance, and forgetting her large bibbed apron, Winnie announced her intention of carrying it to table herself.

In the concern occasioned by her brother's despondency, she had forgotten they were expecting Mr. Clayton. Now she was suddenly reminded of the fact, for as she entered the dining-room he stood directly confronting her. He must have come in with Frank, whose latch-key gave him a silent admittance into the house, for there had certainly been no knock or ring to give notice of the arrival of a visitor. Her cheeks were naturally flushed with the heat of the kitchen fire, but they took a deeper tint as Mr. Clayton, having waited till she had placed the dish on the table, came forward and shook hands.

But she recovered her self-possession almost immediately.

"I have been cooking a little dainty for Maurice's tea," she said laughing. "But if you do not like curry I will allow you to share it with him."

"It is too bad of you to make that condition," he replied, "for now I feel inclined to deny a taste which I think must have been born in me in India. There is nothing I like better than curry, except—whatever you may have in that covered dish, Miss Braithwaite."

Winnie looked at him rather curiously. She had liked the gentle gravity with which he had risen and spoken to her in the dim fire-lighted drawing-room; she liked the manner in which he was now trying to put her at her ease, and she liked the frank bright face from which the dark hair was tossed carelessly back.

"I have been very foolish," she thought. "But this shall be a lesson for me. I will never again form an opinion of a person till I have seen him."

As the conversation went on she was pleased to see that Maurice and Frank lost the tired, careworn expression of countenance they had lately brought to table with them. Remarking upon one of the pictures in the room, Mr. Clayton was told that Maurice had painted it, and this led to a talk such as Winnie knew delighted her brother. Mr. Clayton spoke in very enthusiastic terms of an artist whose acquaintance he had made in a railway carriage. He was a Swiss by birth, he said, and in very delicate health. On this particular journey he had been seized with a sudden attack of faintness. Fortunately the other occupant of the compartment was, to some degree at any rate, a doctor, and the remedy which he happened to have in his pocket soon produced a rallying effect. On parting M. De Varreux had given him his card, and asked him to call upon him at his house at Hampstead.

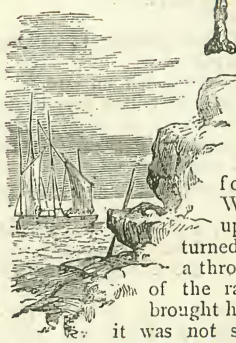
"I have been several times," Mr. Clayton continued, "and if I didn't consider my own the noblest profession a man can have, I might wish I were a painter. M. De Varreux loves his art so intensely that one is apt to catch the contagion. Perhaps," addressing Maurice, "you would like to go with me to see him. I am sure he will be only too happy to show you his studio."

Half dreading that her brother would refuse the proffered kindness, Winnie listened anxiously for his answer. But Maurice was no longer the sad dejected boy that had entered the house an hour ago, and she felt she should always be grateful to Mr. Clayton as she heard the eager reply—

"If you really think I shall not be taking too great a liberty, I should like to go above all things."

CHAPTER IV.

UNEXPECTED JOY.



It was about a fortnight after the conversation recorded in the last chapter, that Maurice and Percy Clayton, who was now almost like one of the family, started off for Hampstead. Winnie was still sitting up when they returned, and her heart gave a throb of joy at the sight of the radiant face Maurice brought home with him. But it was not so much its brightness and hopefulness that pleased her, as the underlying expression of steadfast purpose and patient resolve.

Of himself, however, he did not speak that night. He talked entirely of M. De Varreux, whom he described as "an artist with a weakly, feeble body, a grand intellect, and vivid imagination." With the old look, only intensified and deeper than Winnie had ever seen it before, had come back one of Maurice's old rapturous fits of admiration.

It had not evaporated on the following afternoon, when (it was Saturday, and therefore a half-holiday) Winnie coaxed her brother to take her for a long walk across Regent's Park, and over Primrose Hill. As soon as they had left the noisy streets behind them, Maurice began talking of M. De Varreux; and Winnie, only too glad that he should give utterance to that of which she knew his mind was full, listened eagerly to all that he had to say.

"He told me," Maurice said presently, "that he has thought out all his best pictures at night in the intervals between paroxysms of pain. Suffering seems to sharpen his imagination, and then, lest he may forget it, he writes down the beautiful vision he has been conjuring up. Of course he didn't say all that until he knew I was an artist myself."

"Then I suppose you were strangers no longer?"

"He didn't seem a stranger to me, at any rate. I never intended talking about myself, but presently I found I was telling him everything. At the first word I knew I had his sympathy, and that must have drawn me on."

"Did he not advise you to keep up your painting?"

"He told me I must. He was horrified to hear I had entirely neglected it for nearly three months, and though he didn't say much, he made me feel quite ashamed of myself. 'I can scarce understand how you do love your art if you have done this,' he said, with his soft foreign accent. He didn't speak contemptuously or even reproachfully, only with great surprise and disappointment. I was awfully cut up for a minute or two, and I was quite glad that Clayton was at the other end of the studio, with his back towards us."

"I daresay you made yourself out to be far more to blame than you really are," said Winnie, warmly.

"Well, I suppose he thought there was some excuse for me," returned Maurice, "for he made me promise I would let him see some of my sketches. Just as we were leaving he said he was going to have a class on Saturday afternoons, and that if I liked I might join. The fee would be four guineas for the course of twelve lessons. Now, was not that good of him? For I saw from a prospectus that the full terms were double that amount. I believe if he hadn't been afraid of hurting my pride he would have offered me the lessons free-gratis for nothing."

"You would like to join his class, Maurice?"

"Yes, Clayton says he is a splendid teacher, and has turned out some of our best painters, But though I would gladly become his pupil I can't, and so there's an end of it."

"Why can't you?"

"I have scarcely four shillings to call my own, much less four guineas."

"Mother would give it you, I am sure."

"She couldn't. We have had very heavy expenses during the last three months and very little ready money to meet them. I saw she was worried last week, and so asked Mr. Mackenzie to give me my next month's salary in advance."

"But it seems such a pity that you should let the opportunity pass," said Winnie, anxiously. "I believe this M. De Varreux is just the teacher for you."

"So I think. Never mind, Winnie, perhaps the chance will be offered me again some day when I shall be able to make use of it."

"I do wish I had the money," and Winnie sighed wistfully? "but I have only half-a-crown of my own in the world."

Maurice laughed. Notwithstanding his unattainable desire he was in very good spirits.

"I may be able to join the class at the half course," he said. "If I can I am sure M. De Varreux will let me. Meanwhile I mean to avail myself of every spare minute at home. The mornings are so light now, that I shall be able to get an hour or two's work before I go to the warehouse."

"And I shall get up too and bring you a cup of coffee. I can make it in three minutes over my spirit lamp."

"I thought you hated getting up early?"

"I must confess I am not particularly fond of it. But as I always wake early it would be good for me to have some object to take me out of bed. As it is I lie and think till I sometimes——"

"What, dear?"

"Get the heartache."

"I thought you had given up the habit of indulging in day dreams?"

"I am trying to overcome it, but I haven't cured myself yet." Then after a minute's silence, "But I do wish I saw some way to get those four guineas. I daresay uncle would advance it from my first quarter's salary, but I haven't begun teaching yet, and I shouldn't like to ask him."

"I should be very sorry if you did," said Maurice. "Now don't trouble either your head or your heart anything more about it. You can take credit to yourself for having made me resolve that I would no longer turn my back upon my old love. M. De Varreux has done the rest."

But Winnie was not yet content to let the subject drop.

"When does the class begin, Maurice?" she asked.

"Next Saturday. Winnie, you won't mention this to mother?"

"No, of course not, but perhaps by then something may have turned up."

"I am afraid we have less ground for hope than even Mr. Micawber. If I had a picture I could sell, it would be different. But I have disposed of all that were worth anything, though—more shame to me—if I had done my duty I should have others to take to market by now."

His words called to her memory his last birthday gift to herself, the picture of the gipsy child. It had never been framed, and so vividly did it bring back the sad occurrences which had followed so closely upon her return home, that she had placed it with its face against the wall in a dark corner of the room. Why not sell that? It was surely worth four guineas. Maurice would then have the wherewithal to pay for his lessons, and, at the same time, the picture would be taken from her sight for ever.

But with the last thought her feelings underwent an instantaneous and complete change. The picture, all at once, became indescribably dear and precious. Was it not a visible token of Maurice's affection for her when she had been far away from him. And was it not a link that connected the present with that one never-to-be-forgotten evening when she had been welcomed home with smiles and tears, and, with her hand fast locked in her father's, had heard him whisper, "God bless you, my little Winnie, and grant that it may be long before we are parted again"?

Yes, it was all this and more. How was it possible then to sell such a treasured possession?

And yet ought she to keep it? It seemed to her that Maurice's acquaintance with M. De Varreux had been providentially ordered. A little instruction and encouragement from the Swiss artist just at this time might be of lifelong importance and service; while without the lessons, her brother, if he did not again sink into his former state of dejection and apathy, might plod on alone, feeling that his labours were of little use, and losing instead of gaining hope from every fresh trial of his skill.

Then she thought of Miss Yuell. Often and often during the past weeks had Winnie gone to her for help, and never in vain. When she heard the story perhaps she would offer to purchase the picture. If so the sacrifice would not be very hard, for Winnie felt sure that at the first hint that she would like to have it again, Miss Yuell would offer to let her buy it back. And in the meanwhile whenever she went to Leytonstone she would be able to see the picture, and knowing it would be her own again some day, would be well content to leave it in her friend's keeping.

This seemed the best thing she could do, and as she had promised to spend the following Wednesday with Miss Yuell, she resolved that until then she would banish the subject from her mind. For the time, at any rate, she succeeded in her endeavour, and Maurice, though he had half feared a "dreamy mood" was impending, could not complain of a silent companion on his homeward walk.

But only for a time was she able to put the picture from her thoughts. During the next day and the next it was constantly in her mind, and the idea of parting with it at all became more and more painful. On the Tuesday evening she took it from its dark corner, and having placed it on a chair, looked long and earnestly at it. And although there were tears in her eyes when at length she turned away her gaze, her intention remained unchanged.

That visit to her own room occupied a longer time than Winnie was aware of, and when she went downstairs she found Maurice had finished his painting for that day, and had come to the drawing-room for a chat with his mother and herself. She was glad to see him, for as Dora and May had gone to bed and Frank was taking a walk with Mr. Clayton, the three elders of the family would be able to enjoy a quiet little chat. But she had hardly taken the chair that Maurice placed for her beside his own, when the loud rat-tat of the postman was heard, and the next minute Mary entered the room.

"Both for you, miss," she said, as she handed Winnie a registered letter and what appeared to be a magazine; "will you please sign the receipt?"

"Why, it's from Miss Yuell!" said Winnie, glancing at the handwriting on the envelope. "And I only heard from her this morning."

"I daresay she wants you to do a commission, and has sent you the money," said Mrs. Braithwaite.

"Mother, you are an oracle," and Winnie unfolded five postal orders for a pound each. "But if it's very important business," she went on, "I shall get you to share the responsibility."

So saying she began her letter. But before she had read half a dozen lines, Maurice heard a low stifled cry, and a quick gasp for breath.

"What is it? Has anything happened? Nobody is ill, I hope?" he asked hurriedly.

"No—I—I don't quite understand. I must go over it again. Perhaps I am not reading it rightly."

Beginning again she read her letter through. Then with trembling hands she caught up the magazine, tore off the wrapper, and rapidly cast her eyes down the list of contents. The next instant she was by her mother's side, and with her arm round her neck, cried out—

"Oh, mother, mother, I am so happy! I never thought I should be so happy again in all my life as I am at this minute! Oh! say it is not wrong to be so happy as I am now!"

She was trembling in every limb. As a child she had frequently given way to such fits of excitement, but latterly she had learnt to keep her feelings in better control. But just now there was no staying the strong emotion that spoke in her quick broken utterance, her glistening eyes and quivering lips.

"Wrong to be happy? No, my child. If *he* were here he would say as I do. I am very glad, dear Winnie, of whatever it is that has given you so much joy."

"Yes, that is what I meant. Thank you. Mother, what do you think Miss Yuell has done?"

"I can't guess. You must tell me."

"Maurice knows, but I don't think I ever told you that I wrote a story and gave it to her to read. She was so pleased with it that she thought she would send it to the Editor of *The Children's Magazine*. This morning she got a copy of the story in print, and five pounds, which the Editor begged her to send on to me. Oh, Maurice!" and now Winnie had thrown herself into her brother's arms; "I never thought of it till this minute. I was so overwhelmed with my own happiness that I never thought of you. But now you can join the class on Saturday, and nobody need trouble about anything."

She struggled to say more, but her lips refused to utter the words, and she burst into a flood of tears.

Both Mrs. Braithwaite and Maurice knew it was better to let her excitement spend itself in a natural way, and neither spoke till her sobs had ceased and she had regained possession of her voice. Then, as he gently put back her hair from her forehead, Maurice said—

"Do you really mean that they have published your story, and given you five pounds for it?"

"Yes. I don't wonder you can scarcely believe it."

"It does seem almost too good to be true," he replied smiling. "But after this, Winnie, you must never say that your dream won't be realised."

"I can think of nothing but the present to-night. The future can never bring me such happiness as I feel now. And then *could* the money have come at a better time? I did so want that four guineas for you."

"You don't imagine, do you, that I shall take the first money that you have earned with your pen?"

"You must. Why, what do I care about the money? It is enough for me to see my story in print. The payment is nothing."

"You will be glad of it for some purpose or other before many days are over, dear."

"Not for myself. Maurice, you will take it?"

He did not answer, but Winnie read his unwillingness in his face. Already some of her joy was fading.

"If I ask it as a great, *great* favour of you, you would not—you *could* not—be so unkind as to refuse?" she pleaded again. "Mother, say it is his duty to do as I wish. He will take it then."

"I don't even know what you and Maurice are talking about," said Mrs. Braithwaite. "This is the first word I have heard about a class."

"You weren't to be told because we thought it would worry you, but you shall know all about it now."

And then as briefly as possible Winnie made her mother acquainted with M. De Varreux's proposal, and of Maurice's wish and inability to accept it, finishing with the question—

"Is he not wrong to refuse to take the money from me?"

"I think so," was Mrs. Braithwaite's reply. "Maurice," and she laid her hand affectionately on her son's shoulder, "you would not bring a cloud over Winnie's happiness by refusing to let her give herself a pleasure by doing you a kindness?"

And after that, what could Maurice do but consent?

Winnie was almost her usual self again when Mr. Clayton and Frank came in from their walk. Of course they had to be told the good news, and Mr. Clayton's very sincere congratulations strengthened the regard that Winnie now had for him.

"This will always be a happy day to you, Miss Braithwaite," he said, when presently Frank was deep in his sister's story, and Maurice and his mother had drifted into one of the low toned conversations that were such a relief and pleasure to both. "And," he added, "it has been a very happy day with me too."

"Has it?" and Winnie looked up quickly and sympathetically. "I am so glad!"

"There has been a difference between my guardian and me for the last year or two," went on Mr. Clayton, encouraged to relate the story by the ready interest of his listener. "He had set his mind upon seeing me a barrister, and I preferred to become a doctor. In a fit of irritation, he one day declared that if I persisted in following my own inclination, he should leave out my name in his will. Of coure I could only say that he was at liberty to please himself, though I expressed my sorrow that I should have given him cause for vexation. That only seemed to make things worse, and though we have kept up an occasional correspondence, and I have been to stay with him from time to time, the old friendly relation that existed between us seemed entirely at an end. This morning, however, I received a long letter from him. He says his feelings have never really changed. He was only vexed and annoyed with me that I had refused him the ready compliance with regard to the choice of a profession as I had given on every other occasion, and his pride was wounded by my apparent indifference as to the disposal of his property. Now he hopes that bygones will be bygones, and that we shall be as father and son again for the rest of our lives. So you see I too shall have good reason to look back upon this as a very happy day."

"Yes, indeed. Thank you for telling me. Mother said you were troubled because your guardian did not approve of your choice of a profession, but I knew nothing more than that. I am so glad he is anxious to forget and forgive. Yet," somewhat timidly, "I am glad too that you were firm in your resolve to abide by your own decision. If I were a man I would either be a clergyman or a doctor. I think they are the highest of all professions."

Percy Clayton had never known a sister's or a mother's love, and a woman's sympathy was as sweet as it was new. From Mrs. Braithwaite he had already received it, but for the first time he had talked unreservedly of himself to Winnie. As he looked at her flushed, earnest face, and the deep clear light that shone in her eyes, a feeling that was half a longing and half a hope arose in his breast. Afterwards the longing and the hope took a more definite form, but he always dated the birth of his love for Winnie from the day on which she saw her first story in print.

(*To be concluded.*)

VARIETIES.

WOMAN'S INTELLECT.—The intellect of the generality of women serves more to fortify their folly than their reason.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

WOMEN AND WIT.—Women, somehow, have the same fear of witty men as of fireworks.—*Jerrold.*

TRUE RICHES.—Riches are less wealth than is learning, for wisdom cannot be stolen; learning is therefore thy best friend.

SOURCES OF PLEASURE.—What are the things that give people the keenest joy? Precisely those which belong to no one, such as national glory, the greatness of the past, the supreme works of poetry, the sea, the forest, the blue sky, and the snowy peaks of the mountains.

DYED ALREADY.

Mycilla dyes her locks, 'tis said,
But 'tis a foul aspersion;
She buys them black; they therefore need
No subsequent immersion.

SOWING KINDNESS.—It is better to sow a genial heart with kindness than a field with corn, for the heart's harvest is perpetual.

TRUTH FOR EVER.—I have seldom known anyone who deserted truth in trifles that could be trusted in matters of importance.—*Paley.*

SPEECH AND SILENCE.

While in thy lips thy words thou dost confine,
Thou art their lord: once uttered they are mine.

FAIR NAMES FOR FOUL ACTIONS.—By giving fair names to foul actions those who would start at real vice are led to practise its lessons under the guise of truth.—*Scott.*

CUNNING.—Cunning is a weak imitation of wisdom, and is liable at any time to merge into fraud.

A TOURIST ON THE RHINE.

While sailing up the Rhine some years ago, Mr. Charles Knight tells us in his recollections, he saw an ingenious traveller who had a peculiar mode of enjoying the beauties of that noble river. He sat in the cabin hour after hour with the map of the Rhine spread out before him. Ever and anon he called out to the steward—

"Steward, where are we now?"

"Bacharach."

"All right—here it is"—exultingly putting his finger on the map.

"Where are we now?"

"Oberwessel."

"All right."

And so on until he arrived perfectly satisfied at the last landing on the river.

HEALTH AND WEALTH.—There is this difference between these two temporal blessings, health and money—money is the most envied but the least enjoyed; health is the most enjoyed but the least envied. This superiority of health is more obvious when we reflect that the poorest man would not part with health for money, but that the richest would gladly part with all his money for health.

FAULTS TO BE AVOIDED.—There are six faults which one ought to avoid: the desire of riches, drowsiness, sloth, idleness, fear, and anger.—*From the Sanskrit.*

CONSTANCY.

Time flies on restless pinions—constant never.
Be constant—and thou chainest time for ever.

—*Schiller.*

SEARCHING FOR HAPPINESS.—Happiness has no abiding place, but often is like the old woman's spectacles. After hunting for them high and low, she found them at last safe on her nose.

LOOKING AHEAD AND LOOKING BEHIND.—The great misfortune with most of us is—we are constantly looking ahead for our experience instead of looking behind.

WIVES AND WIDOWS.—Like most national proverbs, those of Scotland press hardly on wives and widows. "Ne'er marry a widow," says one, "unless her first husband was hanged;" and as for a wife, "Wae's the wife that wants the tongue but weel's the man that gets her." And again, "I'm but beginning yet, quoth the wife when she went mad." Worse still, "A dish o' married love soon grows cold."

FOOLS AND WISE MEN.—As a piece of glass from the vicinity of gold acquires the colour of a topaz, so a fool may derive some consequence from the presence of the wise.—*From the Sanskrit.*

AT A TOLL-BAR.

A young girl, fresh from the Highlands, came a few years ago on a visit to a sister, residing in Glasgow. At the outskirts of the town she stopped at a toll-bar, and began to rap smartly with her knuckles on the gate. The keeper of the toll-bar came out and asked what she was doing that for, when she demurely interrogated him as follows:—

"Is this Glasco'?"

"Yes."

"Is Peggy in?"

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.—The key to success in every art or branch of science is to have a clear notion of what we have to acquire. If one has a clear idea of what she is going to do, she will seldom fail in selecting the proper means of accomplishing it.

HINDOO MAXIMS.—Shun the society of the wicked. Cultivate the society of the good. Practise virtue day and night. Remember always your transient state.



ART.

THE TRAGEDY QUEEN.—It is impossible to trace patterns upon plush so as to be permanent. The only plan available for an amateur is to trace the design, with the help of tracing-paper and tracing-cloth, and to run over every line with fine white cotton.

LASSIE.—To frost window-panes, follow the directions to which you allude, given by us, and melt the sal-ammoniac in warm water.

E. M. B.—To clean Parian marble, moisten some fuller's earth with water, and cover the marble with the paste. Leave it thus covered for two days, and then wash it off.

PENSEE.—Fern leaves can be frosted, like holly leaves in Christmas decorations, by using powdered glass, sold for the purpose at church-decoration shops. But we warn you to keep it well corked up in a widish-necked blue or green bottle, with a label on it stating that it is ground glass. Otherwise it might be mistaken for sugar, and if taken as such it would result in an agonising death.

LLANDUDNO LASSIE.—The best medium for painting on canvas in oil colours is Roberson's—for amateurs. We thank you for giving us the benefit of your long editorial experience in the management of the magazine to enable us to accomplish our work more satisfactorily.

HANA.—Modelling clay for barbotine work requires mixing with strong size. Gutta-percha is now superseding the use of clay, as it is less cumbersome. It is melted in water kept boiling over a spirit lamp, manipulated with the fingers, and stuck to the jars by being slightly warmed.

LOVER OF ART.—You need good teaching. You should learn to draw freely and correctly before using paints.

CELIA.—Autumn leaves, well dried in botanical paper, will keep their colour for some time. If varnished, they become brittle, but the object will be otherwise attained. The varnish should be that used by bookbinders, which is very delicate and white. Gum water might answer sufficiently well.

T. E. D.—Steel and copper engraving are more difficult than wood engraving, and the tools more expensive. Lessons in the manner of working is absolutely necessary, a general proficiency, more or less, in the art of drawing not being sufficient.

E. P.—The painted jars will need a pale copal varnish.

MARY H. PEN.—We do not advertise shops; but all the chief London artists' colourmen keep copies of paintings, and let them out by the week. China colours, not oils, are employed for painting china.

GWENYTH.—1. Wood, if of a hard description, requires no preparation for receiving oils. If soft and porous, put on a coating of ordinary size. 2. The authors you mention will do no harm to a sensible girl of sixteen.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MURIEL M. should certainly consult a good doctor, and explain all her nervous symptoms. They are well known, and very little will set her all right. She need not alarm herself.

PICKWICK.—Do we not all of us belong to a "speak no evil society," if we are followers of Christ? There is no need for joining an extra one. We are, it is to be hoped, already enrolled under His banner.

MAUD AND PUSSEY write us two very sad notes, saying that they are fourteen and fifteen, and have an "unpleasant mother," of whom they wish to be independent. But they do not say of what their mother is guilty, so probably, if we could hear that side of the question, the blame might be on the other side. Now, outside the service of God there is no happiness, and one of His lessons is, obedience to parents. "Let them first learn to show piety at home;" and to this good and blessed work, we advise Maud and Pussey to devote themselves at once, and to look, if possible, on "the things of others," to make them happy.

BLUE VIOLET.—The word Selah, as employed in the Psalms, is merely a musical term, to direct the singers and instrumental performers.

A READER OF THE G. O. P.—Your diet needs careful attention if you have scurvy. Show yourself to a doctor, or even a good experienced apothecary.

FLORINE.—According to general rule in the case of an "e" and an "i" being united in immediate juxtaposition, the second letter of the two is sounded, and the first in order is mute. But the rule is not absolute, at least in point of usage, in reference to the words "either," and "neither;" for while the majority of educated persons follow the general rule, a considerable proportion of highly-bred persons make an exception to it in this case, and pronounce the "e." So you may take your choice.

LUCIE B.—The first two numbers of the G. O. P. are out of print in our office, but you may possibly find them, or the vols., in some bookstall. We sympathise with you on account of your great trial. You write very well.

AMELIA SEDLEY.—There is a confusion of ideas in the metaphors employed in your verses. There is no "storm" in an "unbroken chain," and "life's race" is not "fitful"—though your feelings may be so. It is a continuous, rapid, unstaying race, going at an unchanging rate of passage, minute by minute, hour by hour, with steady advance. The grammar in the first line of the last verse is at fault. It should be "Who for man didst" (not "did") "die."

CONSTANCE.—The Editor is obliged for your kind letter, and advises you to grease your hands at night and wear very loose chamois leather gloves, and kid ones by day, whenever possible, as when reading or writing or at household work.

JUNO.—1. The story "Aunt Diana" is not published elsewhere than in our magazine. 2. The word "bonfire," old English *bonefire*. According to Wedgwood, the word is related to the Danish *baun*, a beacon or beacon-fire, and the Welsh *ban hagl*, a lofty blaze.

BLUEBELL.—To assist you in taking cod-liver oil, try taking sardines in it, instead of ordinary oil. Someone suggests that, having swallowed a dose, you should eat a strong peppermint lozenge. It should be of the XXX strength.

SOOKIE and TIBBIE must apply to those who advertise their judgments of character by means of handwriting, and be prepared to send thirteen pence in stamps for their answer.

H. M. D.—Your printed verses are the best, and are creditable for your age; but we differ from you in the sentiments expressed in the last verse. Doubtless, earthly affection—that is, the love of one person for another—is a great solace amidst the sorrows of life. Nevertheless, no human love can take the place of the divine, nor "fill the longings" of One who is an immortal, and whose more perfect existence and condition is still in the future. The union of the creature with the Creator, the enjoyment of His supreme love, who "while we were yet sinners" (that is, alienated and indifferent to Him) loved and "died for us"—this alone can fill the heart and satisfy its "longings."

SPOOK.—Chopines, or shoes mounted on a description of stilts, are of Eastern origin, and such may be seen in engravings on the feet of Turkish ladies in the time of Elizabeth. We, however, obtained them from the Venetians. They were made of wood and covered with coloured leather—red, yellow, white, etc. Some of these erections for the feet attained the height of half a yard, the height of this pedestal being regulated by the rank of the wearer. But please to bear in mind that while these women of the olden times had a fancy for elevation (a desirable object in wet and muddy streets and crowded assemblies), there was no constriction of the feet, no narrow toes to distort the natural beautiful form—no throwing the chief weight on the toes by the elevation of the heel only. According to Bulwer ("Artificial Changeling," p. 550), Englishwomen imitated the Persians as well as Venetians, among whom they were worn till A.D. 1570. There is a story (to be found in "Ellis's Letters," No. 313) to the effect that when Charles I. met Henrietta Maria at Dover, and, being surprised at her height, cast down his eyes at her feet, doubtless supposing that she wore chopines, she showed him her feet, saying, "Sir, I stand upon mine own feet; and have no help of art. Thus high I am, and am no higher nor lower." Your hand is very good.

NEGLECTED ONE.—Titian was an Italian, or to be more explicit, Venetian, painter. His name was Tiziano Vecellio, called Titian. He was a pupil of Giovanni Bellini, born 1477 or 1480, and died of the plague, August 27, 1576. His first work was "The Death of Peter-Martyr," in the Church of San Giovanni et Paolo at Venice, which was burnt down on the 15th August, 1867. His other great works were the "Assumption," Venice; "Bacchus and Ariadne," National Gallery, London; and the "Last Supper," in the Palace of the Escurial, Spain.

OKOSMANDEL.—We can only suggest advertising for the number. Weekly ones cannot be got at the office, nor anywhere else, we think; but you may get the monthly parts. 2. The "Katydid" (*Plataphyllum concavum*) is abundant in the United States during the autumn. It is a pale green insect, closely allied to the grasshopper. The male insect makes the sound "Katydid" at night by means of membranes in its wing-covers. It is a very harsh sound, and nearly articulate.

A TEACHER.—We have read the extracts from your MSS. with great care, and have rarely seen better promise than they contain. Some of the descriptive writing is excellent. Continue writing and endeavouring to perfect yourself. You will do well in the future.

HOPE, EVA MANLEY, A MERRY ENGLISH GIRL, ELAINE, and CECILIA all send us manuscripts of verse to read, and, as usual, we find the same characteristics, *i.e.*, lack of original thought, mere rhymed prose, and a general tendency to morbidness. But writing such things does no harm. Girls must have some outlet to their feelings.

G. E. H. inquires "when the custom of the Queen's offering of gold, frankincense, and myrrh on the Feast of the Epiphany had its beginning." In the Middle Ages a little drama used to be performed, called "The Feast of the Star," and in France and elsewhere was called "The Feast of the Kings," being likewise held in Italy, Germany, and Spain on Twelfth Day, when the worship of the three kings, wise men, or magi, was commemorated. Lots were sometimes drawn with beans as to who should personate the king; hence he was called "the Bean King." Chambers, in "The Book of Days," vol. i. pp. 64 and 67, observes:—"These commemorative rites formed a Christian custom, ancient, past memory . . . . . A century ago the king, preceded by heralds, Knights of the Garter, etc., went to the Royal Chapel, St. James's, and offered gold, myrrh, and frankincense, in imitation of the Eastern magi offering to our Saviour. Since the illness of George III. the procession has been discontinued."

A CONSTANT READER OF THE G. O. P. does not say whether she stamped her directed envelope. Many people forget to do this, and then expect to get answers from societies and people of limited means, which is ill-bred and mean.

M. S.—We could not say anything about patent medicines nor their value.

NOMA.—"Love is the fulfilling of the law." "Noma" had better sit down at once, and see how far she herself is to blame in the quarrels with her stepmother. Perhaps she will find that she lacks love and patience.

REBECCA need feel no fear of hydrophobia because a healthy cat scratched her slightly two years ago. Perhaps the truth is that "Rebecca" wants more exercise and healthful amusement to divert her thoughts from herself.

ROSAMOND had better write to the hospital, and inquire whether she could be admitted, and if there was a chance of success in undergoing an operation.

DOROTHY.—Rothsay, Isle of Bute, is situated on the innermost part of a deep bay, the town stretching along the shore. The houses are pretty and the shops good, and the population about 7,800. The climate is mild and equable. The town is well protected by mountains on the west and south, and the season lasts nearly all the year. The route is from Glasgow by steamer in three and a half hours. The lodgings are plentiful and reasonable, the boating good. Two miles distant good bathing can be obtained. The surrounding scenery is grand, and there are many objects of interest around.

FLORENCE.—The best thing for you to do is to go on steadily with your education. At fifteen years of age you should write a better hand than you do; and you might then prepare to be a book-keeper in a house of business. Nothing is ever gained by neglecting education, and writing a poor and uncultivated-looking hand unfits you for every position in life.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. VIII.—NO. 391.] JUNE 25, 1887. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

"LA GÉANTE ANGLAISE."

A SKETCH OF BOHEMIAN LIFE.

By H. E. GRAY.

CHAPTER I.

"LA GÉANTE ANGLAISE" was a sobriquet which delighted the heart of Mariana Ross. She knew well how applicable it was to herself. She liked the name, for it was a pleasant reminder that her friends were as conscious of her fine intellect as of her fine physique. Moreover, she accepted it as a fair prognostication of her future career.

Rather more than a year ago a young French art student had had the auda-



"'WILL YOU COME WITH ME THIS EVENING, MY DEAR?'"

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city to make love to Miss Ross, and, as a revenge for the scornful composure with which she had repulsed his addresses, he had called her, satirically, in the hearing of his *confrères*, "La Géante Anglaise." The name had been caught up by the *coterie* of artists—English, French, and American—amongst whom Miss Ross posed as a central figure, and it had adhered to her ever since.

She was indeed a stately woman—tall and massively built, with a quantity of heavy, dark hair, which set off rather than hid a well-developed head. She possessed vivacious brown eyes, and her mouth, if somewhat large and thick-lipped, had decided fascination in its curves. This was especially apparent when she was roused to exhibit her powers of sarcasm and wit—powers she possessed in no small degree. La Géante Anglaise was a woman who ruled by the pure force of her decisive personality. Her sway extended not only over her small, benign old father, but even over such men as the contemptuous Monsieur Hugo Lalange, master of the famous drawing-school in the Rue Berger; and it was rumoured that this acrid gentleman was actually wont to modify his customary sarcasms when criticising Miss Ross's drawings from statuary.

It is unquestionable that Dame Fortune had behaved with remarkable kindness to Mariana Ross. It had seemed her destiny when, five years ago, her father's health had broken down, that she should be forced to gain her livelihood by becoming a governess. But by a turn of fortune's fickle wheel events transpired which enabled her to follow the natural bent of her genius, and to embrace that not less arduous if more attractive calling, the life of an artist.

For the last four years she and her father had lived on the Continent. During the winter months she studied in the famous Parisian drawing-schools; and when summer came she, along with certain of her artist friends, retired to some picturesque rural spot, partly to economise their slender finances, and partly to study Nature at the fountain head.

But if fortune had lavished smiles on Mariana, she certainly had few for Mr. Ross, unless, indeed, the smiles had been ironical. It was undoubtedly an irony that this small, neat old gentleman, with his precise ways and insular prejudices, should be forced to spend his declining years in a roaming continental life.

Mr. Ross had been a Wesleyan minister of some note. Failing faculties, added to a deeply religious humility, had, in his old age, combined to subdue manners which had formerly been authoritative and self-assertive. It was difficult to believe that this mild old man had been a power in his day, or that his zeal and eloquence had commanded the attention of the masses. Was it not an irony that now, in his old age, he should sit in solitude in a small *salon* of a lodging-house of the Quartier Latin, or listen meekly while his daughter and her friends discussed religion, ethics, and art in what appeared to him most unorthodox terms? For Mariana had been steadily shifting, for years past, from the safe moorings of her girlhood's education. She had become rationalistic and democratic, and had learnt to look on her father's conventional views of life with a pity verging on contempt. But, withal, it must not be imagined that she transgressed any of the proprieties of social decorum. The right instincts of a lady were deeply rooted in her being. From the outset, when she had been compelled, as an art student with slender means, to assume a Bohemian life, she had fenced herself round with a barrier of reserve, which none of her acquaintances had ventured to assail. Indeed, as has been observed, where, in one case, an exception had occurred, La Géante Anglaise had forces at her command with which to repulse and rout the culprit.

While, on the one hand, the daughter had instinctively adapted herself to her new surroundings, becoming thoroughly cosmopolitan in tone and independent in character, the father, on the other hand, clung tenaciously to all his inbred convictions and prejudices. Nor was it to be expected that, so late in life, he should change, or even modify, his own peculiar ideas and habits. It followed, of necessity, that he led a very solitary existence. Absorbed by his precise routine of occupation, he rarely ventured to criticise or question his daughter's more erratic sayings and doings. He had become, all unconsciously, one of the worshippers at the shrine of her mastering genius. While Mariana was engaged in painting, in studying the old masters, or in the pleasures of intellectual society, her father was striving to resuscitate the past by the perusal of old sermons and diaries, and by assorting incidents and details relative to a certain religious revival in Cornwall, in which he had been a leading actor. Hour after hour would he sit in the dingy *salon au sixième*, poring over his manuscripts, the monotony only relieved by making for himself a cup of tea by the aid of a small spirit lamp. At noon the servant of the lodging-house would bring up his *déjeuner*, consisting generally of a pale-coloured *consommé au semoule*, followed by an underdone *biftech*. At such times did the old man, one wonders, remember with sadness the old days in England, when he could cut himself a slice out of a steaming sirloin, and there were potatoes besides in abundance?

Daily, at exactly the same hour, the old minister would descend from his high abode, and dressed with scrupulous neatness in black coat, white tie, and silk hat, he would proceed to take his constitutional. Crossing the Quai d'Orsay, he would make his way into the gardens of the Tuileries, by the Pont Royal. Straight down the *grande allée* he would walk, oblivious of sights and sounds, until he reached the Place de la Concorde. Mechanically he would turn to the left, and make his way home again, either along the Quai or by one of the side walks of the gardens. He never varied his walk. He dreaded doing so, and for this reason: One day, not long after their first arrival in Paris, he had summoned up courage to make a dash through the stream of rushing vehicles of the Rue de Rivoli, and had walked some way along under the covered arcade. He felt bewildered by the cosmopolitan throng who lounged past, or gazed in at the shop windows. Presently, however, observing an unusual crowd collected at a corner shop by the Rue Castiglione, he edged his way amongst them, and succeeded in obtaining a full view of the window. What met his eye those who know the Rue de Rivoli can guess—photographs that were pitifully weak imitations of "La Source," that marvellous picture in the Louvre hard by. The Puritan minister was simply dumbfounded. Blushing like a girl, he hurried back into the Tuileries, mentally resolving never to look into a Parisian shop-window again. To that resolve he religiously adhered. It never occurred to him to endeavour to persuade his daughter to quit this city, which, to his innocent mind, appeared to be a sink of impurity. No; it was here that she was making fame and fortune, here he would live, and, if need be, here he would die. Maybe his prayers, if not his mild presence, would avail to preserve his daughter from the contamination of surrounding evil. At least, it should never be said of him that he had been a clog to genius, thereby frustrating the will of God.

CHAPTER II.



IT is a Sunday afternoon. Mariana is preparing for one of her informal *réunions* so famous amongst her friends. Let us look on as she moves about, arranging her room for her guests. It also, like her father's, is at the top of the house; but, unlike his, it is large, with two windows, which give a good view of the street, at the end of which one catches a glance of the Seine. Her father's *salon*, on the contrary, is at the back of the house, looking down on to the square courtyard. (We all know that an artist requires plenty of light.) In one corner of Mariana's room is the bed, but this does not prohibit the room from serving for receptions. Draped with Eastern curtains, and covered with a large fur rug, a bed may be converted into a handsome divan. Almost in the centre of the room is a piano—a hired one—but of such good tone as to satisfy the most fastidious ear. On the walls are pinned, as closely together as possible, a large number of sketches of every description (souvenirs of Mariana's artist friends), from a vigorous pen-and-ink drawing by Hervé Julien, the famous caricaturist, to a most tender-toned landscape by Charles Dupont. None of

the sketches are framed, thus being easily packed away when their owner leaves Paris in May. The tables are strewn in artistic confusion with books, *objets de vertu*, and pigments. Before one window is the easel, with canvases, palettes, and brushes propped up around and against it. An old velvet curtain, which wears its age well, screens a door on the opposite side of the room, and before this is placed a plaster cast of the great Venus of the Louvre.

The stately Mariana moves about this room, setting out a dainty tea-service *à l'Anglaise*, and preparing an antique brass kettle, under which burns a spirit lamp. This done, she seats herself at the piano, and after a few seconds' dreamy reflection, accompanied by detached chords on the instrument, she begins to sing. She chooses a contralto solo from the *Faust* of Berlioz. She is thinking of this very time last Sunday, when, at the Châtelaine Theatre, she had last heard that master work. Absorbed by the weird sensations which memories of the piece recall, her voice rises and falls with the passionate cadence, attracting more than one occupant of the house.

Across the corridor, in his little *salon*, sits the old minister, reading his Sunday evening portion, dreaming, maybe, of bygone Sabbaths, when he and another Mariana used to walk across the summer fields to chapel.

The wild music of his daughter's song strikes on his ear as a profanation of the holy day, and, rising presently, he makes his way to Mariana's room.

What a contrast is the room he enters to the one which he has left! Here are no sombre theological books, but, instead, a variety of modern works in the paper covers of the Tauchnitz edition. There, in the place of honour, is a grave bust of John Wesley, the Christian saint; here is the statue of a pagan goddess. As he stands, surrounded by soft colours and graceful objects, how incongruous the small, pale man looks! "A symphony in black and white" a facetious American has called him.

He pauses till the song is ended. Then, as Mariana raises her bright eyes, and smiles at him, he presses his fingers tremulously together, and says, in a gentle, apologetic manner,—

"I am going to the Presbyterian Church in the Rue St. Augustine. Will you come with me this evening, my dear?"

"Oh, *mon cher!*" she exclaims, languidly raising her arms, and clasping her hands behind her head—"Oh, *mon cher*, I should be *trop ennuyée*. Ah, no doubt you have forgotten! To-night I have my little *réunion*. Mr. Plunkett has promised to recite, and Johnnie Heathcott is bringing his 'cello. We are going to play a new sonata of Raff's. I could not miss that for the world! Have you had your cup of tea? Yes. Then I will not make mine now, for they will not be here for an hour yet. Now, take care and don't catch cold, for the wind is due east. Ugh! How can you go out into the dismal streets when it is so cosy indoors?"

Perhaps he had come with the intention of giving his daughter a little fatherly counsel, but now he turns quietly away, and closes the door behind him.

La Géante Anglaise is queen: she rules. The day has not yet arrived when even the unexpressed wish of one man shall be law to her.

And now up to her high abode mount Mariana's guests. Here is Carlyle Plunkett, editor of the *Revue Rationaliste*, whose epigrams, like sharp, two-edged swords, cut into the hearts of many a public man. He is silent and self-contained, yet seeing more in one sharp glance of his small, half-closed eyes than some of us see in a lifetime. There follows Hervé Julien, also grave, and remarkably slow of speech. This gentleman has never once been known to make a joke; yet week by week his caricature drawings convulse the whole of Paris with exquisite mirth. This small man with a large smile, as who should say, "Behold in me Lincoln Lee of renown," is (at least in his own estimation) America's greatest tragedian. This laughing boy, familiarly known as "dear little Johnnie," is young Heathcott, whose admirable paintings of seascapes caused such a sensation two or three years ago.

So, by degrees, some dozen men and women, all of intellectual stamp, assemble in Mariana's room, there to sip tea, while they listen to or make music, and talk on art, philosophy, and politics. After awhile Carlyle Plunkett recites "Psyche" from "The Earthly Paradise," and then, in fine contrast, he chooses Browning's "Saul," after which "dear Johnnie" tunes his 'cello, Mariana seats herself at the piano, and Miss Miller, a young American, comes forward with her violin. The talk and laughter is hushed, and the company give themselves up to the enjoyment of the sonata by Raff.

While the music is going on, let us take note of Miss Miller, for we shall have more to do with her by-and-by. Like most others present, she has two arts—one to be followed as a *métier*, the other for recreation. Could there be a greater contrast than that between her and Mariana? Rachel Miller's personal appearance may be summarily dispatched by the phrase, "nothing particular." She has no marked idiosyncrasies of manner, dress, or speech. She has none of the *aplomb* which distinguishes most of her fair compatriots; in the company of some people her diffidence amounts almost to shyness. Her early life had not been wholly unlike Mariana's, though Rachel had been bred in the far West. Her parents had been old-fashioned folk holding cut-and-dried opinions, and now, though, through a strange sequence of events, their child was alone and launched into the dangers of a Bohemian life, she yet retains many old-fashioned prejudices, and has a tender regard for her childhood's faiths. Strange to say, this apparently simple-souled girl aspires to be a depicter of the intricacies of human nature and society—a novelist. As yet nothing from her pen has brought her much fame or much money, but she hides in her heart the conviction of future success. A year ago, through the influence of a mutual acquaintance, a story of Rachel's had been brought to the notice of George Eliot, and not long after this Rachel had the felicity of being introduced to her. The great authoress drew the young girl aside, and, as was her wont, spoke a few grave words on the responsibilities of artists; then touching Rachel's hand gently, she said, in a low impressive voic, "Are you strong? Genius lays a heavy burden on us, which none but the hardiest can carry," and with that left her.

The sonata is ended, followed by nicely discriminating murmurs of appreciation, and then, amid a general move, Rachel slips from the room.

In another minute she is tapping at Mr. Ross's door.

"Come in," cries the old man, who is in the midst of blowing a smouldering log into a reluctant blaze. He has just returned from service. Who was there could look to his fire while he was out?

"Alas! Miss Miller," he says, as Rachel enters, "these French people do not know what a good fire is. Now in England we had coal—we had coal. It's very kind of you to come and see me, remarkably so! Sit down, I beg you, near the fire, though it is a poor one—though it is a poor one. My daughter has tried to procure coal, but she found it was so expensive that I determined to bear with these logs. She cannot be troubled with trifles, you know, so I do not tell her what a trial I find it, in the midst of my writing, to have constantly to rise to blow up the fire."

"Ah! and how are you progressing with your book, Mr. Ross?"

"Pretty well, pretty well. But I find writing an arduous task. The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak—is weak. Yet, I trust I may be spared to complete my labours. My daughter, I assure you, would assist me, but that her own duties leave her no time—no time. She is drawing four hours each day at the Academy. There must be relaxation, too, for so young a mind. I could not wish to spend her energies—no, not on me—not on me."

He spoke apologetically, though no hint had been given by his visitor of any lack of duty on Mariana's part. Yet half unconsciously the old man was jealous for her, and on this, as on all occasions, was careful to speak of 'my daughter' as doing the utmost for his welfare and happiness. In this La Géante Anglaise herself, had the question been put to her, would have concurred. As a fact, the question never had arisen in her mind. And where two parties are entirely content with their mutual relations, why should others criticise?

Mr. Ross was writing the history of the Religious Revival that had taken place in the old home of his youth. Nothing pleased him better than to pour into Rachel's willing ear details concerning this work. She spared many a half hour to spend in the company of this solitary old man. He was capti-

vated by her kindliness, and had come to look forward eagerly to her visits.

"If I were at home," he says, nervously fingering some loose manuscript sheets on the table, "If I were at home, with what ease might I collect from my friends most interesting details and anecdotes, which now must be lost to my book; for in Paris there is no one—no one!"

"You would be glad, I am sure," says Rachel, "to be at home again. I know how often I long to be back in America."

"Yes, yes; but my daughter, you see, has her friends here, and she has the first claim—the first claim. She has her career before her, while mine is past. As long as she has to support an aged father, he is content to live where she thinks best. My daughter, you know, is a remarkable young woman; she will win fame some day—some day."

"She has made her mark already, Mr. Ross. Don't you remember how the English art critics praised her last year's picture of Dinah Morris in the prison with Hetty? Already she is called La Géante Anglaise," added Rachel, with a smile.

"Ah! ah! I know. But I do not like this foreign language—these foreign ways. She talks, and her friends laugh, and I know not the reason of their mirth. I must sit aside and keep silence. May be it is the will of heaven; but——" Breaking off from the track into which his thoughts seemed leading him, he hastened to add: "My daughter is very good to me; she lets me have all I require, she lets me do as I like—do as I like."

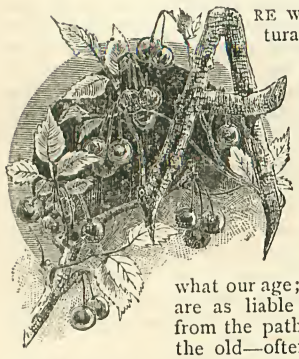
To Rachel there was something very piteous in the smile that came over the old man's face as he said these words, nodding his head the while, to impress the truth of them on his visitor.

However, she quickly turned the conversation, leading him to talk of his younger days, and of his ministry. Presently, when she rose to say good-bye, the old gentleman detained her for another moment to relate quite an amusing anecdote, and as he opened the door for her they both parted with a little laugh.

(*To be continued.*)

ARE WE LEADING NATURAL LIVES?

By MEDICUS.



ARE we leading natural lives? Are we living as common sense and reason would dictate?

A correct answer to these questions concerns us all, no matter what our age; for the young are as liable to aberration from the paths of health as the old—often more so, for their bodies are more delicate, their nerves more sensitive. Yet they are questions that we seldom care to ask ourselves or to think of until something happens to us. That something may not be sudden and acute illness. No; for this we are bound to leave in the hands of our medical adviser, knowing that he only, with heaven's blessing, has the power to guide us through it. But some little lingering complaint that dwells in us, that hovers over us like a cloud-shadow over a green field in summer—something that may appear so trivial that we care not to speak of it even to our friends, and dare hardly confess even to ourselves as existing, and yet something which detracts from our enjoyment of life, which causes listlessness, some loss of appetite, pains here or pains there, dreams by night or restless nights; and, above all, perhaps a degree of irritability of temper that we are heartily ashamed of, and a want of pleasure in the duties of life, so that actions the most trivial and work that we used to delight in, is done no longer with any heart or spirit.

What has caused this? We seldom answer the question, or even think of it, until we have first made to ourselves some such remarks as these:—

"Oh, I feel as if I needed some medicine," or "I want a tonic," or "I want an occasional cordial."

We may take any or all of these and find no benefit; then, perhaps, say—

"I want a good long walk. That is sure to do me good."

We take the long walk, and are surprised to find how tired and languid we return.

We may even go away for a few days to the seaside, or down into the quiet country, and once more we feel surprise—surprise that we should be so listless, so dull, so apathetic, and that neither the sea and its passing ships, the green fields, nor the woods, possess half the interest for us they did in the days of yore.

Then, indeed, we may be inclined to face the question, "Are we leading natural lives?"

Because, you know, all illnesses, however seemingly innocent or trivial, have causes, and the very fact of our being in the least degree dull or weary, is in itself a proof that such causes do exist, and that we are really and truly invalids *pro tem.*, hard though it may be to believe it. It is, indeed, well for us if we take time by the forelock, and, instead of trying to scare away our slight indisposition by fugitive doses of physic or a day at the seaside, set about living by rule for a time and studying hygiene in our own persons. We may as well then pitch our favourite pills behind the fire, and empty our cordials down a rat's hole at once, for they will no more scare away the trouble that is hanging over us than saying "Sh!" would scare away a live lion.

Now, I do not want to alarm my readers; but let me tell them this truth—little trifling aberrations from the ordinary standard of health may be the thin end of the wedge, which, if not extracted, may end in breaking up health and constitution.

Get rid of it, then, by every means in your power before it gets too much hold, and you will soon be your own happy self again.

Sometimes the departure from health is caused by sluggishness of the liver, brought on by want of exercise and errors of diet.

I will tell you how this may act for evil, and then give advice for remedying the mischief.

The functions of the liver are manifold. Pardon me for working in a little physiology here. It is a dry subject, I admit, but so very useful at times. This illused and little-thought-of organ, the liver, although it does get the blame of a good deal it is not guilty of, cannot be even temporarily out of sorts without causing bodily and mental suffering. Why? Because one of its principal functions is the elimination of the bile from the blood. If this bile be generated, and finds its way into its natural outlet, it not only aids the digestion of certain matters, but acts as a mild aperient. If, on the other hand, it be suppressed or dammed up, it remains in the blood or finds its way back by re-absorption; and in either case, although actual jaundice may not take place, great derangement of the general health, both bodily and mentally, is sure to be the result.

Now chief among those who lead unnatural lives is the individual who eats or drinks irrationally. When I say drinks, I am not making the slightest allusion to the use of wines. No young girl has any need or business to put stimulants to her lips, and few older people either. But far too much fluid is drunk with meals. If one wants to be strong, she will adopt the following hints about drinking:—

1. *Don't* begin the day by imbibing a cup of tea in your bedroom. A mouthful of cold water is far better, and the juice of an orange. Then, after dressing leisurely, a few minutes spent in the open air will give you an appetite.

2. *Don't* drink tea or anything else until you have almost finished breakfast. The bite-and-sup plan is ruinous to digestion, because the salivary juices are of the greatest importance, and this plan prevents their being of much use.

3. *Don't* drink strong tea, or strong coffee, or strong anything else with breakfast. If you must have tea or coffee, let it be weak; but milk that has been boiled with a tablespoonful or two of lime-water added afterwards, is far better. Soda-water and milk is an excellent breakfast beverage, and in many cases should take the place of tea.

4. *Don't* drink much fluid between meals. If thirsty, an orange will do good, followed by a mouthful or two of pure cold water, held back in the throat for a short time before being swallowed.

5. *Don't*, without the advice of a medical man, use cordials. I cannot at the present moment call to recollection any that are not a mixture of poisons, and the worst and most dangerous kind of stimulants.

6. *Don't* drink anything with luncheon, not three ounces of fluid. You cannot coax an appetite by means of imbibition, at least not a real one; and if you have no appetite, your liver will thank you to go without food for a time.

7. The afternoon tea: *Don't* have it too strong, sip it, and eat a morsel of biscuit, or bread and butter, but no sweets.

8. *Don't* dine too late, and beware of fluids again, and even soup, remember, is a fluid; sauces and condiments are also to be abjured. They make one eat, but they deceive, and they undoubtedly congest the liver.

Now, if the liver be even slightly congested, you will be out of sorts. The system will be dry, and the nerves weak. You will not feel yourself to be yourself. You are on bad terms

with yourself, and all the world; you may be peevish, sometimes so much that even to smile will feel a trouble, for you cannot be bothered even being civil to people.

The eyes and complexion become muddy or dusky, and the mind altogether dull and apathetic.

This is a case of ordinary liver derangement. Of course matters may be far worse: the tongue may be furred, the skin hot and dry, the head may ache, etc., and a general all-over-illness result, which is most distressing. A medical man would best be consulted, although it is surprising how soon cases like this latter yield to restricted diet, soda and milk, a blue pill at night, and a good dose of saline aperient next day, half an hour before breakfast. The Pullna water is the best, the dose being half a tumblerful.

But unless one who suffers mentally and bodily from derangement of the liver makes up her mind to lead a more natural life, her trouble will be constantly recurring, and her last state be ten times worse than the first.

Exercise is most essential to a healthful existence.

Now I think I hear a mournful plaint coming from the lips of some of my readers to this effect.

"I feel too feeble to take exercise, too languid, and tired."

My reply is this:

"You must suffer a pain for a profit. I grant you that at first, for maybe a whole week, your walking exercise will feel quite a drag to you. But take it. Wind up your courage, and go boldly forenoon after forenoon, and afternoon after afternoon, for a good long walk—a walk that will make you gently, comfortably tired. Do this independent of the weather. If it rains, wear a light mackintosh; if it blows, muffle your neck with a light woollen or silken scarf. But go. In a few days you'll find the advantage of it, and complain no more of feeling weary."

And what is better still, you will secure good sleep, and more perfect action of the skin.

A great many people suffer from an uncomfortable feeling of heat of skin and weakness of nerves, combined with a general feeling of discomfort, after eating.

In nearly every case this is caused by over-indulgence in food.

"The strength must be kept up!" Indeed. Would the reader be surprised to know that this seemingly simple sentence, and the faith that really simple people pin to it, cause the death of thousands—ay, tens of thousands—annually in this country and in America. Alas! for the poor stomach and poor unhappy liver, no wretched cab-horse in London is ever driven as they are, under the unnatural idea of keeping up the strength. Why, most people could live for days without food of any kind, and be the better of it, and thousands of cases of slight indisposition would yield at once to a gentle aperient and a day's complete abstinence from food.

I shall not say another word about this, because the sentence, "the strength must be kept up!" is so pregnant with mischief and folly, that I never can hear it without getting angry.

Well, now, one is leading an unnatural life if the skin be not kept in constant working order, not only by regular exercise, but by the daily use of the bath. And as regards the Turkish bath, I want to make a remark, which is original, so far as my readers are concerned. Nearly all acknowledge its extreme usefulness when taken once a fortnight or oftener, because they actually feel the benefit of it. They come out refreshed and cheerful, comfortable in body, and happy in mind. This is because the blood has been purified. But why was the blood impure? Simply because the bather has been leading an unnatural life. Well, then, will not the Turkish bath be a blessing indeed if you can thereafter determine to walk in the straight path that leads to health? The hint is worth thinking about and acting on.

By the time this article is published summer will be with us. Summer is the time to institute dietetic and all other healthful reforms. Well, I have written a paper for the Summer Number of the GIRL'S OWN, called "How to be Healthy in Hot Weather," and I take this opportunity of calling attention to it. It is worthy of perusal by all who wish to gain strength in the warm days, to sustain them during the winter.

In conclusion: many of my readers have the care and charge of children. Do they ever ask *themselves the question*, "Are we bringing these infants up naturally, and in a way that will conduce to their future health?"

Over-feeding and over-clothing are the principal mistakes made in our treatment of children. I fear that few mothers ever trouble to consider whether or not they are feeding their young folks in a rational way. If they do not do so, they will assuredly grow up puny, nervous, and feeble in body and mind. A fat child is not a healthy one. The muscles should be hard; moreover, a stout child is subject to a variety of troubles that the more hardily reared is quite exempt from. Do not, then, deceive yourself by appearances. Avoid giving children too many sweetmeats, and always treat them so that *they shall* have a good wholesome appetite when *meal times* come.

In clothing choose a happy medium. When in the perambulator they should be well wrapped up, but not when running about.

The proper ventilation of rooms, whether living rooms or bedrooms, is a matter of great moment, for fresh air is life to a child as well as to a grown up person.

DREAMING AND DOING.

By NELLIE HELLIS, Author of "Donald and I," etc., etc.

CHAPTER V.

THEN AND AFTER.



THE first person Winnie saw on the platform at Leytonstone Station was Miss Yuell. She gave her hand a very loving squeeze, but she did not speak of her story until they were clear of the few passengers that had alighted with herself, and they were walking along the pretty country road that Winnie knew so well.

"Miss Yuell," she said then, "I don't know how to thank you for what came last night. You have given me the greatest happiness of my life."

"You will have deeper joys some day, I hope, dear. But it is a very sweet pleasure that you are experiencing now, and I am quite sure it must be felt to be understood. Are they not all very pleased at home?"

"Very pleased and very proud. If I am not careful my head will get turned. I have been vainly endeavouring to assure them there is nothing remarkable in having written a child's story; the only remarkable thing is that I should have done it."

"And believe me it possesses genuine merit. I was sure of that when I read the MS., but being anxious it should stand entirely upon its own merits, I sent it anonymously. It was not until I received a reply saying the story was accepted that the editor knew the real name of his correspondent. He is still in ignorance of yours."

"Then it was not a surprise to you when the magazine containing my story came in?"

"I had no idea it would be published so quickly. I thought it might be some months before it would appear, and for that reason I thought it was kinder to say nothing to you about it. Hope deferred sometimes makes the heart sick, you know, Winnie. As it was, I had the pleasure of sending you the story and payment together."

"I can't tell you how glad I was of the money. It was so delightful, too, that it should come just last night."

And then Winnie poured out the story of Maurice's acquaintance with M. de Varreux, and of all that had ensued in consequence.

"Was it not strange?" she asked then. "There seemed no way of getting the money except by asking you to buy the picture. I knew you would let me have it back again as soon as I could refund the money. But you can understand, can't you, that for many reasons it would not have been a pleasant thing to do?"

"Dear child," said Miss Yuell, affectionately, "if you would not have accepted the money I could have lent it you, and you could have paid me back at your convenience."

"Yes, but——"

The pause was sufficiently expressive.

"But you didn't like to ask?" said Miss Yuell. You and Maurice have a fault in common, Winnie. You are both inclined to be proud in the wrong places. Think it quietly over on the first opportunity, and you will see what I mean. Hasn't Maurice become reconciled to the idea of taking your money yet?"

"Oh, yes! and he went to the warehouse looking so happy this morning. I must try to write another story now."

"Don't be in a hurry. Let the desire come of its own accord, and then carry it out. In other words, wait till you have something to tell, and then tell it to the best of your ability. There is no greater mistake than writing for the mere sake of writing. Besides, I do not think that just at present it is the duty that lies nearest to hand."

"No, Dora and May's education, and my teaching, must come before everything; and, as you once told me, it is safer and wiser to leave the appointing of our work to God. I have been learning the truth of that ever since, Miss Yuell."

"It is a lesson every Christian has to learn,

dear. Perhaps you will one day see how good it was for you to begin to learn it young. But you have found it hard at times, have you not?"

"Very hard."

"And so you will again. But, remember, God's thoughts are not our thoughts, nor His ways our ways. And knowing that they are infinitely wiser, and that they tend infinitely more to our happiness than any of our own thoughts and ways, we must trust Him as a little child trusts his earthly father. Though the road by which He leads us may be rough and dreary, it is the one that will have the brightest ending by-and-by."

Perhaps the hearts of both were too full for words. Winnie, at any rate, did not care to talk. The exuberancy of her joy of the previous evening had subsided into a feeling of quiet thankfulness and content; and as she walked along the pretty country road upon which the bright spring sunshine fell chequered through the branches overhead, she remembered the resolve made in the dark days that followed her father's death. She had not kept it in her own strength; grace had been given her, and with the same all-sufficient help she would go on doing her duty bravely. And so once again she made the vow that, regretting no past and trusting no future, she would "act in the living present, heart within and God o'erhead." As Miss Yuell marked the sweet tender gravity of her face, and the hopeful trustful expression in the clear brown eyes, she silently and thankfully acknowledged that life's discipline of sorrow and joy, and of sowing and reaping, was doing good work for Winnie.

* * * * *

More than two years have passed. The memory of her return from school still has power to sadden Winnie Braithwaite's heart, and bring a momentary shadow over her usually bright face. But with the "new duty" sent to comfort her "new pain" have also been sent many new pleasures and joys. Two other little stories have followed their predecessor into print. They were written in the holiday weeks of leisure. But dearly as she loves to shut herself in her room with only her pen for company, she knows that at present, at any rate, such employment must not be her chief occupation in life. Her endeavour to get pupils has met with more success than she dared hope. Connie Schofield has gone to school at Brussels, but Winnie is still teaching her younger cousins, and in the afternoons and on two evenings in the week she gives German and music lessons. For though not gifted with musical talent above the ordinary, she has practised and studied diligently, and as her method of teaching is very successful, she has now a good number of pupils.

For all this she is very thankful; for, had she not been able to add considerably to the incoming fund, Maurice would doubtless have been still doing uncongenial work at the warehouse. Thanks, however, to his sister's exertions, he has been able to put himself entirely under M. de Varreux's training; and though he does not contribute largely towards the general expenses, the sale of his pictures, and the fees for pupils, which his master's recommendations has secured him, make him certainly no burden upon his family. Frank has taken his place as cashier at the warehouse, and as he seems to have inherited his father's good business qualities, and excellent judgment of the texture of the costly materials for which the firm is noted, it is not improbable that he may gradually rise to the position his father once occupied, while Dora and May, stimulated by the desire "to earn money for Mother as Winnie does," are giving their best attention to their lessons.

It is an unusually warm day in April, and Winnie, returning from her afternoon teaching somewhat later than usual, is gladly welcomed by her mother, who is sitting alone in the drawing-room.

"You look tired, dear," says Mrs. Braithwaite, as she anxiously scans her daughter's face. "And, do you know, you are a whole half hour late?"

"I gave Minnie Turner a little longer lesson to-day, and it is too warm to walk quickly," replies Winnie. "But I am not so tired that a few minutes' rest will not put me right again."

"You shall have a cup of tea, dear; that always does you good."

"I can wait, mother, thank you; we shall all be getting tea in less than an hour. Where are Dora and May?"

"Gone to meet Frank. He told them he should walk home this evening."

And then, notwithstanding a second assurance from Winnie that she is in no need of the offered refreshment, Mrs. Braithwaite goes to the kitchen, and in a few minutes reappears with a cup of tea and a delicate slice of bread and butter.

"Mother, you spoil me," says Winnie, fondly. "But," taking the cup, "I couldn't refuse it now you have made it for me. There is nobody makes tea as you do. Mr. Clayton says so."

"And I know you consider him an indisputable authority," says Mrs. Braithwaite, smiling. Then, as she sits down and takes up her knitting, she adds, "By the way, he had a letter from Mr. Mangham this morning. He told me about it after you had started for your uncle's. The principal doctor at Dorford is dead, and Mr. Mangham has offered to buy the practice for Mr. Clayton. Doubtless he would be glad to have him living within an easy visiting distance, and Dorford is only four miles from Mr. Mangham's house."

"Yes, that is only natural."

A shadow falls upon Winnie's face, and for a few minutes she remains silently looking through the window at the clear delicately-tinted sky, which is all that can be seen in the little street in Bloomsbury of a spring sunset of exquisite beauty.

"Don't let your tea get cold, dear."

At these words Winnie turns her head, and Mrs. Braithwaite has the satisfaction of seeing her put down an empty cup.

"We shall miss him, mother."

"Who, dear?"

"Mr. Clayton. Weren't you saying it was probable he might go to live at Dorford?"

"My thoughts had gone to another subject. Yes, indeed, we should miss him. But Mr. Mangham said he did not wish to influence his decision. If it would be more to his advantage to remain in London, he was by all means to do so. I do not think we shall lose him entirely, Winnie, though now that he has passed his final examination he will be anxious to get either a practice or some suitable appointment."

"I cannot help hoping that he will not leave London," says Winnie, stifling a sigh. "Why, Maurice," she adds, as her brother suddenly enters the room, "I thought you were not coming home till late to-night?"

"I was obliged to come. I couldn't keep the good news to myself," he answers, rapidly. "I went to Burlington House to inquire for my picture this afternoon, and ——"

"You've got it hung?" with a rapturous cry from Winnie.

"Yes."

"That's splendid. Oh! Maurice, I'm so proud of you. You must be feeling—just as I did when I saw my first story in print."

"Something like it, I suppose. And you may take some of the credit to yourself, Winnie. If you had not shown me my duty in that dreadful time two years ago, and then not only encouraged me, but put help within my reach, I think I should just have given up everything in despair. Mother, if the picture should be sold, I mean to give you a lovely dress. You haven't had a really good one since ——"

He stops abruptly. The loss has been harder for the wife than the children, and the mention of her great sorrow always, as they know well, strikes a pain to her heart. Carried away by his own joy, Maurice has been less thoughtful than usual.

With quick and ready tact, however, Winnie goes on, "No, it was too bad of her to insist upon a merino instead of a satin at Christmas, but now we won't let her off. We will get Frank to choose the stuff—a beautiful soft glistening satin—and we will have it made up as we like, with plenty of pretty clinging lace."

"And I will paint your portrait in it," says Maurice, "and who knows whether it may not grace the Academy next year? But people won't notice the dress when they look at the face. They will think it the likeness of one of the most beautiful women they have ever seen. Why, little mother, are you blushing at your own son's praise?"

Before she can reply, Dora's voice is heard calling them to tea, and in a few minutes the whole family are discussing Maurice's success over the tea-table.

The meal is half finished when Mr. Clayton enters. He apologises for being late, but he is quieter than usual, and does not say much till tea is over. Then he asks Mrs. Braithwaite if she would care to hear a lecture at the University College that evening, on "some of the least known of Robert Browning's plays."

"I have had four tickets given me," he continues, "and shall be glad if some of you will help me use them."

"I am sorry to say I cannot go," says Mrs. Braithwaite. "I promised my brother I would spend an hour or two with them this evening. But I think Winnie would like to hear the lecture."

"Indeed I should," is the eager reply. "I dearly love Browning."

It is finally decided that Winnie and Dora, with Mr. Clayton and Frank, shall make the quartette. As there is no time to spare, the two girls run upstairs to put on their hats and jackets.

It is a well treated and well delivered lecture, and Winnie enjoys it. As she is leaving the theatre she is stopped by the mother of one of her pupils, who begs to be allowed to introduce her to her husband. When Winnie is free to move on again, she sees that her brother and sister have disappeared, and that only Mr. Clayton is with her.

"Where are Frank and Dora?" she asks.

"Dora seemed to be getting impatient, so I told Frank if he would like to go on with her I would promise to take you safely home."

"The promise was not necessary," she says. "You always take good care of me."

He looks pleased at her reply, and as they pass out on the broad-gravelled walk in front of the University, draws her hand in his arm. Presently Winnie finds herself walking in one of the many quiet squares of the neighbourhood.

"This is not the nearest way home," she remarks. "We are going considerably out of our road."

"I know, but I wanted a little talk with you, so I brought you here."

And thinking it may be one of the last pleasant chats she shall enjoy with her friend, Winnie is quite content that he should have made the opportunity.

"I must consider myself fortunate," Mr. Clayton says, "for I am no sooner qualified to practise on my own account than I have two positions offered me in one day."

"Mother told me of Mr. Mangham's proposal. What is the other?"

"A partnership with your uncle. There is no need to ask which I have accepted."

"You will remain in London?"

"Yes."

'I am very glad."

"Thank you. I should not have closed with Dr. Schofield's offer so readily had not my dear old guardian said I was to do what I considered best for my own advantage, and hinted that if I decided to settle in London he should come up and live in one of the suburbs. But for that I might have allowed him to purchase the practice at Dorford, though it has always been my wish to work in just such a district as Dr. Schofield's, where one has an opportunity of doing good to one's poorer neighbours. If my guardian should decide to come to London, I hope you will go to see him sometimes."

"It will only be a pleasure. I liked him very much when he came to stay with you at our house last Easter."

"And you made a great impression upon him. He never writes that he does not inquire for his 'little friend, Miss Winnie.' I shouldn't wonder if, after all, you are the great attraction that will bring him to London. But," with a sudden change of voice, "it was not to talk about my guardian's good opinion of you that I brought you here. It was to tell you, Winnie, how dear you are to *me*."

For a minute she looks up wonderingly. Then she asks herself why she should be surprised at this open confession of affection. Have they not been friends in a very close sense of the word for the last two years? He is dear to her; it would be strange if he had no corresponding regard for her. That he has called her by her Christian name does not startle her. He has done so on more than one occasion before, only then it had seemed to her that he had used it unconsciously. She hardly knows what answer to make; but as he seems to be awaiting a reply, she says, simply:—

"It has always made me happy to know that we are friends. Perhaps I was not aware how much I had learnt to depend upon your advice and sympathy till mother told me Mr. Mangham had written to ask whether you would accept a practice at Dorford."

"Dearest, I want you to consider me something more than a friend. I love you, Winnie—I have loved you almost from the first day I saw you. And, in return, I want you to give me your love—the love that a woman gives to the man who will one day be her husband. Will you do it—can you do it, my darling?"

He feels her hand tremble, but as soon as he takes it in his own, it lies quietly in his firm gentle grasp. But she does not speak.

"Do not tell me it is impossible," he says in a few minutes. "Perhaps you do not love me now. I do not think you do, but if you would let me try I think I could win your love."

There is a ring of painful apprehension in his voice. It is this which makes Winnie raise her head and lift her eyes to his.

"But I do love you a little now," she says, in a low clear tone, "and some day I think I shall love you more."

The reply is characteristic. Honest and true to herself and him.

In a few broken words he tells her how happy she had made *him, and then again they* walk on in silence.

Presently he feels the hand that lies in his give a slight quick start.

"What is it, dear?"

"I was only waking myself up."

"Waking yourself up?"

"Yes. Day-dreaming is an old habit of mine, which I hoped I had wholly overcome. But I had gone off in a reverie all about myself—and you. You and I mustn't be selfish in our love, must we?"

"I hope not, my darling. But why do you ask that just now?"

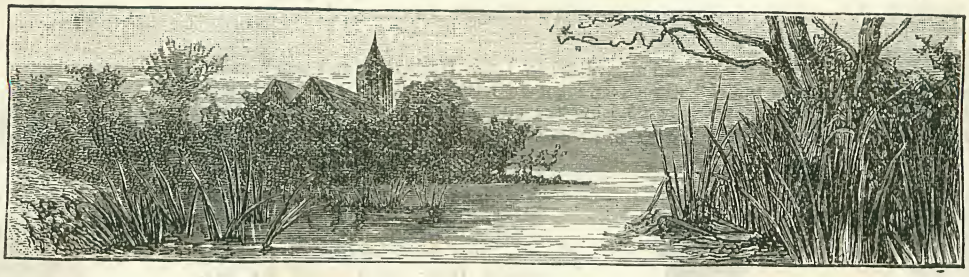
"Because I forgot for the moment that there was anybody in the world but our two selves. But I have still Mother and home to work for. I must not neglect that duty even for you."

"I shall not ask it. But I think when the time comes that I can make you my wife, we can so arrange that in taking a new duty you will not feel that you are neglecting the old. Can you not trust me, Winnie?"

She has proved the Christian stability and sterling worth of his character again and again, and there is no shadow of doubt either in her heart or in her upturned face, upon which the crescent-shaped moon shines softly down, as she says—

"If I could not trust you I should not love you."

[THE END.]



NOTICES OF NEW MUSIC.

HUTCHINGS AND CO.

The Convent Bells. Cantata for treble voices, by Gustave Ernest.—We have before this called our readers' attention to the work of this young composer, to whom, it may be remembered, the Philharmonic Society awarded a prize for an overture. The cantata before us is well written for girls' voices. The part-writing is good and effective, and the solo, "How can I ever happy be?" is at the same time charming and easy. One fault is constantly apparent, viz., the awkward treatment of the English words, with wrongly accented syllables, &c., giving the effect of a bad translation from the German. The plot of the story (if there is one) should have been printed.

Under the Lime Trees (Valse Pastorale); *Drifting* (a river scene). Two piano solos by Ignace Gibsone.—The first is a charming, simple waltz, for the most part played by the left hand, with accompaniment in the right. The simple melody is rather like Schumann's *Happy Peasant* in valse time! The second is the better of the two in every way, and is really nice. In the fourth bar from the end there is an E in the treble clef which we think is a misprint for F.

LONDON MUSIC PUBLISHING CO., LIMITED.

Twelve songs, to old English words, by Erskine Allon.—Although most of these songs have a strong family likeness about them, the accompaniments are full of variety, and the type of melody in each song, however similar to the others, is always welcome as a most refined and graceful piece of work. Nos. I., IX., XI., XII. are especially delightful. As the entire work only costs half-a-crown, and as the compass in all the songs is a medium one, they should become well-known and well liked.

Burnham Beeches, a rustic dance for pianoforte, by J. T. Musgrave, will find admirers in all those who like bright little country dances. It is arranged for bands of different *timbres*.

Sweet Bird, Answer Me. Song composed by O. M. Morse Boycott.—Although this song contains several trite phrases, it is very pleasing and melodious, and not difficult. Compass from C to F.

CHAPPELL AND CO.

Court Dance. For the pianoforte. By Marcella Cusack Clark.—A short, stately movement, intended to be played as an introduction to the following companion picture.

REID BROTHERS.

Village Dance, already in its second or third edition, is a bright pastoral movement by the same composer as the Court Dance, and is the more important work of the two. We recommend it as a delightful piece to learn.

MARRIOTT AND WILLIAMS.

Spring Time is the title of a happy joyous song, by Joseph Trousselle, suitable for mezzo sopranos.

As the Nightingale is another simple little ballad, introducing sad chromatic notes in imitation of the bird, instead of the usual painful opportunity for a vocal shake, which latter accomplishment is often echoed upon a flute. As you may imagine, the flute is easier to shake upon than the voice, and therefore the echo is superior to the original, and the nightingale itself is best of all. The chromatic held notes here are really much more suggestive than all the shakes in the world.

A Doubting Heart. Song, written by Adelaide Procter, composed by Helena Heath.—A very creditable setting of these beautiful words. Notice the modulation into G flat, and its rich effect. The two other songs which we have received from the same lady composer, *The Day is Done* and *The Better Shore*, begin in a very promising manner, but are disappointing and commonplace afterwards.

DRESS:

IN SEASON AND IN REASON.

By

THE LADY DRESSMAKER.



THREE SUMMER MANTLES.

I DARESAY some of our girls have been looking with interest on the struggle of the poor "pit-brow women" to keep their work at the pit bank. These women, by the most trustworthy accounts, seem model workwomen: industrious, respectable, and often supporting their families by labour (which, if hard, and not over cleanly, is very exceptionally healthy), and setting an excellent example in every way to their brother working men, who, I fear, are seeking, in the abolition of the "pit-brow women," a rise in their own wages. The complaint brought against their work is, that they have to perform it in trousers and tunic, thus adapting their costume to their work; and this complaint seems the more extraordinary and absurd, when Lady Harberton and many other women eminent in letters, science, and reputation, are advising the adoption of a divided skirt; when many millions of Her Majesty's women subjects in the East wear the trouser as their national attire; and when it is the dress prescribed for bathing and the gymnasium. It is not every woman who is fitted for domestic service; nor can she obtain work which we, perhaps, should think more fitted for her. Meanwhile little mouths must be filled, and the old and helpless must be fed and clothed, and our brave sister-women don the most suitable, decent dress, and sally forth to the labour at the pit-bank, hard and uncleanly though it may be; but if no other be at hand, what can be done? According to one woman, who had had twenty years' experience of both domestic service and pit-mouth work, she prefers the latter! So it is not from healthy and congenial employment at fair wages that our women and girls need to be protected. Mr. Matthews, in receiving the deputation of these industrious "pit-brow" women, laid down a very fair and sensible aphorism, "that grown-up people, both men and women workers, ought to be trusted to know their own business, and what is good for them;" and it is from the women themselves—not from men—that complaints should come. Our blessed Lord's advice, "Have salt in yourselves, *i.e.*, spiritual wisdom and virtue," holds as good to-day as 1800 years ago; and we women and girls have special need to follow it, for we are too liable to be led by mere opinions, and not to think for our true selves.

I am always anxious that my girl readers should think on all these daily subjects of women's work; and so I mention everything touching their dress and clothing as it comes.

And now, from seasonable news, I must turn to the subject of the new styles that have been adopted since we entered upon this changeable spring, in which it has been nearly impossible to wear spring dresses. In the Park I see nearly as warm clothing as in the winter months. Last Saturday morning there was but little appearance of summer there, so far as clothes were concerned, woollen and velvet and silk being the prevailing costumes. This year the Princess of Wales has seemed to favour brown in various shades, and truly some of the new ones are very becoming and pretty. On Saturday she had a brown mantle and bonnet to match; and the young princesses had pretty hats of a dark reddish shade, with light coloured "covert coats." Very large but very invisible plaids were worn, and also many gowns with small spotted patterns



BLACK SILK GOWN AND SUMMER TRAVELLING MANTLE.



BLACK SILK DRESS WITH SLEEVELESS JETTED BODICE.

on them, the spots being white. Ribbons tied in long clusters of loops are worn on the skirts of many of the spring woollens. If the gown be grey, the ribbons are often white, the same long clusters of loops being placed at the side of the fronts, or on the left hip. The most becoming costumes at the present moment are in different shades of heliotrope, which appear universally popular; and I also noticed that tan-coloured gloves were worn when the entire costume was of heliotrope; while heliotrope gloves were much used with black dresses, in all shades of the colour, having taken the place of lavender kids.

The spring woollens and cottons are some of them very pretty. Some of the new cashmeres, in all colours, 46 inches wide, and less than two shillings a yard, are quite wonderful bargains; and the summer serges are also low-priced and good. The same may be said of beige, which may be found as low as ninepence a yard, all wool, of excellent quality, with the new checks and stripes, as well as the plain surface. In fact, the choice of woollens under many names is so vast that no one could fail to find what they want. Alas! it is a stern and faithful testimony to the cold and changeable nature of our climate, that their range should be so great, and that woollens of delicate hues should have so largely taken the place of cottons and linens.

The newest cottons look as nearly like woollens as possible, having white frisé loops over plaided grounds; and even zephyrs show the same style of weaving, with thick cords and coarsely-threaded canvas weaving. Lace and zephyr, woven in chessboard squares, of close and open weaving, is very pretty; and so is the lace-striped zephyr, which will make up into pretty best frocks at a small expense. The range in cottons is immense, from sateens, lawns, and zephyrs, to crimped cottons, under their different names of Arabian and Damascus, to cambrics and blue linens.



EMBROIDERED SWISS MUSLIN OR ZEPHYR DRESS.

So far as possible at present with these long draperies, they should be made to tie up with tapes, so that they may be undone easily for washing, and by good management even some of the bought skirts can be thus arranged, to the infinite comfort of the washerwoman and the better appearance of the frock when washed. Embroidered lawns are made much as thin woollens are. The bodices are pointed, and have a vest-like trimming of the embroidery. Full bodices are laid in very narrow pleats from the point to the waist line, and then left loose to about two inches below the throat, when the small pleats are put in again. The backs are sometimes made in the same manner. The back drapery is still plain or caught up in small pleats at the waist behind.

The basque bodices of woollen gowns are very often edged with cord, and some of the newest have the edges of the basque double-piped again. The revival of the plain round underskirt is very marked, and they are much used with polonaises; but a change is made in using the light material for the underskirt and the dark for the polonaise. Two very favourite colours to be used together are myrtle-green and almond colour. Many of these fine woollen skirts, being very soft, are lined with horsehair, to give them a little substance.

The Norfolk blouse in its varied forms, but generally with pleats back and front, is as much worn as though it were just invented, and seems to be a garment becoming to everyone There are variations to its form, one of which we give as our paper pattern this



GOWNS OF TENNIS FLANNEL.



ZEPHYR GOWN, WITH PARASOL OF THE SAME.

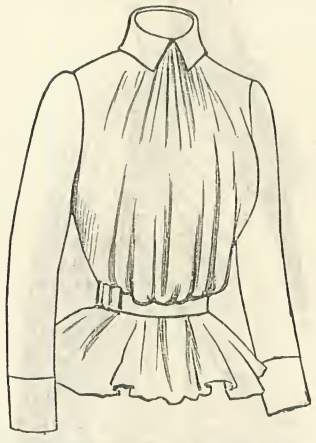
month. The sketches are very representative of the season's fashions, as they deal with tennis flannels, embroidered robes, and black silk dresses, which are coming more than ever to the front as the ordinary best gown of Englishwomen.

The zephyr gown, with parasol of the same, the crown of the hat also having some of the same material on it, shows the way of making these pretty dresses. The original was a grey zephyr, with red design, the cuffs, collar, and front being of red sateen, and the bunch of ribbon at the side of red gros-grain. A red bow trims hat, and also the parasol.

The gowns of tennis flannels show both plaided and cross-barred flannel, and I have given two examples of black silk dresses, showing the plain but gracefully draped skirts. The summer travelling mantle may be of fine flannel or of pongee silk or alpaca. The three summer mantles show exactly what is worn in the way of out-of-door coverings. The small sleeved mantelette is very suitable for deep mourning, made up in plain crape cloth without crape trimmings.

Last, but not least, I have illustrated a pretty method of making up one of the embroidered Swiss lawns or zephyrs which are so prevalent in all the shop windows in every different colour and shade of colour. These will make cheap and pretty summer garden-party dresses, and if kept clean and carefully ironed should not want washing during the summer. Then, with a change of ribbons and a few alterations, they will answer for small and early winter evening parties quite well.

The paper pattern selected for this month's issue is one of the new loose-fronted Garibaldi bodices, with a tight-fitted back like a dress bodice, a most becoming as well as novel shape. If made in a printed flannel, as they generally are, they are not lined, and are very easy to make indeed. Unless the material is most flimsy, they never need lining. The amount of material required is from two and a half to three yards, depending on the width of it. The fronts are finished with a plain hem,



NEW BLOUSE WITH LOOSE FRONT.

the hooks and eyes being put on between the hems, so as to be invisible. The edge is simply hemmed in the machine. The pattern consists of nine pieces—two sleeve-pieces, one collar, one cuff, front, back, two side-pieces, and a band. The collar is of turnover shape, and is stitched at each end. Price of pattern, 1s.

All paper patterns are of medium size, viz., thirty-six inches round the chest, with no turnings; and only one size is prepared for sale. They may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker, care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate-hill, E.C.;" price 1s. each. If tacked in place, 6d. extra. The addresses should be clearly given, with the county; and stamps should not be sent, as so many losses have occurred. Postal notes should be crossed, but not filled up with any name. *Patterns already issued may be always obtained*, as the Lady Dressmaker selects only such as are likely to be of constant use in making and remaking at home, and is careful to give new hygienic patterns for children as well as adults, so that the readers of the "G. O. P." may be aware of the best methods of dressing themselves. The following in hygienic underclothing have already been given: Combination (drawers and chemise), princess petticoat (under bodice and petticoat), divided skirt, under bodice, instead of stays; pyjama, night-dress combination. Also, housemaid's and plain skirt; polonaise with waterfall back, Bernhardt mantle, dressing jacket, Princess of Wales jacket and waistcoat (for tailor-made gown), mantelette with stole ends, Norfolk blouse with pleats, ditto with yoke, blouse polonaise, princess dress or dressing-gown, Louis XI. bodice with long fronts. New patterns of Bernhardt mantle, with pleated front; and plain dress-bodice, suitable for cotton or woollen materials. New tea-jacket, or *après midi* for indoor wear.

IN THE DAYS OF MOZART.

THE STORY OF A YOUNG MUSICIAN.

By LILY WATSON.

CHAPTER X.

IN the house by the rushing Salza, Nannerl Mozart was peacefully slumbering when strange dreams began to confuse her brain. She thought she was playing on the clavier, while one Herr von Mölk, an ardent admirer of hers who found no favour, sat open-mouthed, as he was in reality wont to do, in the corner; then he began to drum upon the window to the rhythm of the Bach's Prelude she was performing. "How uncouth and rude of him! Just like his clumsy ways," she thought; but the tapping grew louder, and suddenly Herr von Mölk and the clavier vanished with the slumber that was put to flight.

"There is really a stone flung up at my window! Well, I will see what is happening before I disturb father or Wolfgang," thought Nannerl; and peeping forth, she beheld in the moonlight a figure that she recognised as Elsa von Eberstein.

To descend softly, unbar the door, and hurry the fugitive into her own chamber, was the work of a few moments for the kind-hearted girl.

"Elsa! how wild and distracted you look! and your clothes are torn and soiled. Oh, what can be the matter?"

"I have run away from grandfather," faintly responded Elsa. "I climbed down by the ivy."

"By the ivy! And you have come all alone through the forest in the night? How could you?"

Elsa nodded; she was evidently exhausted, and only the words "For Rudolf" escaped her.

"Well, I love Wolfgang dearly," soliloquised Nannerl, "but I doubt if I could do so much for his sake. However, creep into my bed at once, and I will ask you no more questions till the morning."

Elsa was only too thankful to rest after her adventure, but her kind-hearted friend lay long awake, pondering many things, while the weary wanderer's regular breathing showed she was fast asleep.

On the next day Rudolf was summoned from Paul Engelhardt's lodging in the neighbourhood. His amazement at seeing his sister was great, and he found the seniors of the Mozart household wearing very grave faces. Herr Leopold Mozart, musician though he might be, was an extremely prudent man, and this escapade was little to his taste. He knew that two young people of eighteen and nineteen were not fit to face the world without resource, and his opinion was decidedly expressed, that if Rudolf were determined to try his fortunes in music, he should go to Vienna alone. Wolfgang and Nannerl, on the contrary, applauded and sympathised with Elsa's bold feat. Frau Mozart, handsome, good-tempered, motherly, left admonition to her husband, but soothed and caressed the girl with tender benevolence.

Leopold Mozart was just debating within himself whether he were not in duty bound to send for Herr von Eberstein, when a messenger arrived from Castle Höhenfels, bringing a chest containing the remainder of Elsa's wardrobe and a letter from her grandfather, evidently written under great excitement.

"You have chosen to run away from my roof, imperilling your life, and showing the basest ingratitude," ran the epistle. "You must now go your own course. I will consent to receive you again on one condition—that you express penitence and give up, at once and for ever, all communications with your scoundrelly brother, who has no doubt tempted you to this undutiful step. Unless you do this, you and he shall henceforth be as strangers to me. Never hope to see a groschen of my

money," and so on. The servant brought also a few blotted lines from poor Aunt Lucinda, and a purse containing a hundred florins, sent without her father's knowledge.

"Return at once," counselled Leopold Mozart to the troubled Elsa. "Let this brother of yours try his fortune awhile. He is not penniless; he may succeed—who knows?—for he has talent. But your grandfather's house is the place for you. He expects you will go back."

This was true, but neither Von Eberstein nor Mozart understood that it was impossible for Elsa to comply with such a suggestion. Had Rudolf not wanted her, she would, with a breaking heart, have returned to her prison-home. But she saw in his face the delight at the prospect of her companionship, that he would, for her sake, have feared to express. Forsake him, her delicate artist brother? Never!

She wrote a humble and conciliatory letter to her grandfather, telling him she was not ungrateful for all his past care, but pleading with him that Rudolf, who had been left to her charge by their mother, was the one companion she could not forsake, even for him. The letter was touching and submissive, and cost its writer many tears, for the mood of indignant rebellion, brought on by imprisonment, had given way to gentler feelings. Elsa might as well have spared her pains, for on receiving the letter Von Eberstein tore it in pieces, flung them into the ashes, and forbade Lucinda ever to mention either of the young people again in his hearing.

So now the two poor children had all the world before them!

The Mozarts pressed them hospitably to remain till their way became plainer; and for two or three weeks they were thankful to accept the invitation.

"Stay with us as long as you can," pleaded Nannerl. "I have no friend here like you, Elsa."

Elsa could not help enjoying the life in the cheery Mozart household, enlivened as it was by the bright affection that prevailed between parents and children, the frequent visits of Court musicians, and above all by the presence of the radiant boy Wolfgang Amadeus, whose rising fame left him as ingenuous, simple, and affectionate as ever.

Nannerl poured forth into her friend's ear various confidences about the poor Herr von Mölk, who used to come and sit in dumb admiration to hear her play on the clavier, but who, by reason of his stupidity, found little favour with the sprightly object of his affections. Fräulein von Mölk, on the other hand, was secretly adored by Wolfgang, and numerous were the merry allusions between the Mozart brother and sister to these premature attachments! Other friends there were in plenty, and visiting for the purposes of music, masquerades, and card playing was constant. There was one game of quoits in great favour with Salzburg society, in which it was a point of honour for each player to furnish a quoit painted by his own hand. The foibles and personal peculiarities of the others, with sarcastic inscriptions, formed the favourite subject for this very primitive style of art.

All this was well enough for relaxation, but Rudolf longed for a different atmosphere. Elsa's delicate beauty and quiet grace of manner caused the good folk who shared in these boisterous amusements to feel a little constrained in her presence; she was not of their sphere. Even the Mozarts often scoffed at Salzburg society, and it would have been intolerable to the ardent Von Eberstein for long. Fortunately an opportunity soon presented itself for departure.

"Engelhardt has at length found Stern the situation for which he has long been wishing," said Rudolf, coming hastily to Elsa one day. "He is to be wood-ranger to the Count Rosenkrantz, at the village of Perlensee, not very far from Vienna. They remove thither in a few days. We can share their conveyance, and thus get to Vienna with but little cost, if you do not mind the rough mode of travelling, Elsa."

No. Elsa minded nothing that Rudolf could put up with; and the arrangements were soon completed. With the kindest farewells and expressions of regret from the Mozart family, the brother and sister departed in the travelling waggon of their peasant friends.

"Now I am indeed on the high road to fame and happiness!" thought Rudolf, as the wheels laboured along the ruts. But an unspoken thought was in Elsa's breast.

"I wonder, I *wonder* why Herr Engelhardt has not been to see me, and did not even come to say good-bye!"

Through the kind offices of the Mozarts, who knew Vienna well, Rudolf and Elsa easily secured a suitable and inexpensive lodging in the capital. Gottfried Werner was far away, otherwise they would have sought shelter with him. But they found comfortable, though plain, accommodation in three tiny rooms above a baker's shop, and the good woman of the house promised to help Elsa in preparing the one substantial meal daily that was to stand them in stead of dinner from a restaurant. The waxing and rubbing of the polished floors, and all the little household tasks, were ardently undertaken by the young housewife, who looked round the bare little *appartement* with as much joy and pride as if it had been a veritable palace.

What a change it all was from the remote Salzburg valley and Castle Höhenfels! Memories of her childhood in Vienna rushed into Elsa's mind, and sometimes the intervening space seemed like a dream. Her sweet-voiced, graceful mother, the happy home, the evenings of music into which she and little Rudolf were but permitted a brief glimpse, her tall soldierly father; all, in the kaleidoscope of memory, blended in shifting hues of visionary charm.

Fortunately their lodgings were not far from the Prater, a beautiful and romantic park in the city, encircled by the Danube; and here the brother and sister wandered in all the strangeness of new-born independence, a day or two after their arrival. The consideration of "ways and means" was not at all to Rudolf's taste, but he knew that money must be found, and he determined to face the question of finance valiantly at once, for the comfort of his little sister.

"Do not be afraid, Elsa," he was saying, as they paced along the walk. "You think the sum for the hire of a clavier is high, but I must have a good one. It is false economy to have a poor instrument, and we shall easily be able to pay for it, for I propose at once to begin to earn money."

"What shall *you* do, *Rudolf, dear?*" asked Elsa, with trustful simplicity, believing with her whole heart in the glorious future before this gifted brother.

"There is nothing like facing things boldly, and I intend without delay to obtain an audience of the Empress for both of us."

"Oh, Rudolf!" ejaculated Elsa, mentally reviewing her wardrobe in terror at the thought of the august Maria Theresa.

"Yes," said Rudolf, firmly, gazing before him with wide, lustrous eyes. "She liked our mother always; she was kind to us as children; she will be kind to us now, and I feel assured of her protection. I shall then be asked to play at Court, and when that is done my fortune is assured. My compositions I shall take to the chief music publisher in Vienna; beginning, perhaps, with that Sonata in A sharp, for violin and clavier. No doubt he will pay me well, and then my time will be divided between composing—which I shall do in the daytime—and playing at great houses at night, for which I shall also be well paid. If anyone asks me for lessons, I shall give them, provided," said Rudolf, with emphasis, "that my pupils have talent. I cannot teach people who are stupid and lazy. I shall ask a good fee, that I may not have too much teaching; for after all it interrupts composition. Thus, my Elsa, you see that my time will be fully occupied. We have come to the land of music, where talent is appreciated. Never fear, my little sister, we shall soon make our way—and *then*—I will send for Aunt Lucinda to come and stay with us, and grandfather will adopt a very different tone when he sees my position. I will make *him take* back his words about my mother, though."

A severe fit of coughing interrupted Rudolf in this impassioned speech.

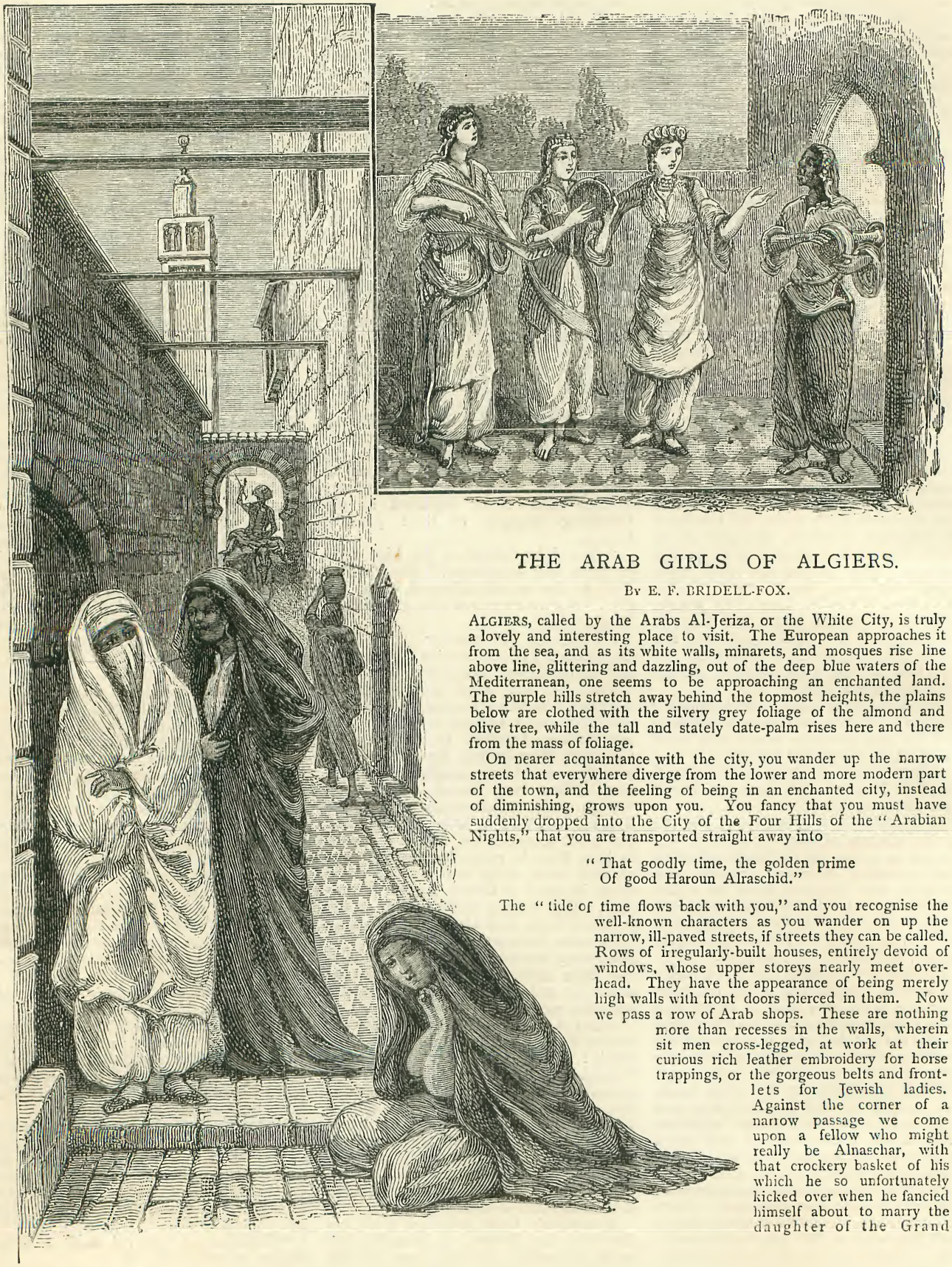
"The air grows chilly," cried his sister, anxiously. "We must not forget it is November. See how dark it is getting! Pray go home, dear, and let me follow when I have made my purchases. We have lingered too long I fear."

Rudolf resisted the proposal to leave his pretty sister alone, but seeing her distress and anxiety, he consented to turn back, while she *hurriedly* went on through the Prater to seek the part of the city in which the shops were that she wished to visit.

"Whither so fast?" said a well-known voice at her side.

She started, and recognised Paul Engelhardt.

(*To be continued.*)



THE ARAB GIRLS OF ALGIERS.

By E. F. BRIDELL-FOX.

ALGIERS, called by the Arabs Al-Jeriza, or the White City, is truly a lovely and interesting place to visit. The European approaches it from the sea, and as its white walls, minarets, and mosques rise line above line, glittering and dazzling, out of the deep blue waters of the Mediterranean, one seems to be approaching an enchanted land. The purple hills stretch away behind the topmost heights, the plains below are clothed with the silvery grey foliage of the almond and olive tree, while the tall and stately date-palm rises here and there from the mass of foliage.

On nearer acquaintance with the city, you wander up the narrow streets that everywhere diverge from the lower and more modern part of the town, and the feeling of being in an enchanted city, instead of diminishing, grows upon you. You fancy that you must have suddenly dropped into the City of the Four Hills of the "Arabian Nights," that you are transported straight away into

> "That goodly time, the golden prime
> Of good Haroun Alraschid."

The "tide of time flows back with you," and you recognise the well-known characters as you wander on up the narrow, ill-paved streets, if streets they can be called. Rows of irregularly-built houses, entirely devoid of windows, whose upper storeys nearly meet overhead. They have the appearance of being merely high walls with front doors pierced in them. Now we pass a row of Arab shops. These are nothing more than recesses in the walls, wherein sit men cross-legged, at work at their curious rich leather embroidery for horse trappings, or the gorgeous belts and frontlets for Jewish ladies. Against the corner of a narrow passage we come upon a fellow who might really be Alnaschar, with that crockery basket of his which he so unfortunately kicked over when he fancied himself about to marry the daughter of the Grand

Vizier. The asses of Ali Baba pass you, laden with their sacks. You find yourself vaguely speculating if the treasures of the Forty Thieves may not really be hidden within those dirty sacks. The poor donkeys toil along as if they were heavy enough to contain that hidden treasure. You squeeze yourself as flat as possible into an arched doorway, in order to allow the donkeys with their loads to pass you. The door behind you is shut and close locked and bolted, as if no one ever went in and no one ever came out.

But the women and the girls of Algiers, where are they?

When in the French part of the town, we see occasionally fair faces of girls, often with the sad, hectic look of illness, driving about or shopping with their friends in the gay and varied bazaars, where the bright stuffs and quaint ornaments of the East are to be seen. But these are not the native girls of Algiers. These are the birds of passage from the northern climes, come to seek in the milder air and balmy breezes of the South for that health which they have lost in the fogs and bleak winds of their own country. May they have found renewed health when they return to their happy Christian homes of civilised Europe! No: these are not the girls of Algiers. Where, then, are they? Indeed, one may well pause for a reply.

What is that shambling mass of white garments that steals furtively by, two intensely black eyes peering out from the only gap in the white bundle of clothes with which she is swaddled rather than dressed? This is one of the native Algerian women, and that jet black negro woman who follows close behind is her attendant. They have probably been to visit the Arab market on some rare and necessary errand.

And did Zobeidé, the beautiful wife of the Commander of the Faithful, when she met the Porter on that memorable evening that brought Haroun Al-Raschid and the three blind Calendars to her house, did she look like this tottering bundle, and stumble and shamble along in this ungainly manner? Yes, truly did she; for thus, and in no other fashion, do all respectable women appear in public all over the East, and the fashion has not changed with them since the time of Haroun Al-Raschid. What a terrible disenchantment of our juvenile dreams of the beauty and grace of the women of the "Arabian Nights"! But it is rare indeed that these Arab women are seen at all in public. Those well-barred doors seldom let in or out any of the women that those thick walls enclose. From the cradle to the grave they are neither seen nor heard of. The Arab women are kept in the strictest seclusion. To such an extent is this the case, that an Arab gentleman never inquires after his friend's wife and family. It is considered a grave breach of good manners not to ignore the existence of the females connected with him. His salutation to his friend would be vaguely worded, as to "the health of the other house"; but to name wife or sister, or any female relative nearer than grandmother, would be considered in the highest degree indiscreet.

Let us, however, enter behind these closed doors.

The plan of an Arab house is to a certain extent similar to that of the old Roman houses of classical times, as these are still to be seen in the ruins of the once buried city of Pompeii. The rooms are built round an open court, into which they look. All doors and windows open on to this central court, and no window looks into the street. The houses are thus specially adapted to that life of strict seclusion to which the Mahommedans condemn the female sex. The different storeys of a large house are often occupied by different families. The roofs are flat; to this they all have access. These flat roofs serve as a promenade for the women, as a playground for the children, or may be used to dry clothes or fruit upon, according to the status or requirements of the different families.

The central court below is also common to all. In well-to-do houses a fountain plays perpetually in the middle, to cool the hot air and refresh the occupants.

If a man has several wives, which, however, is by no means so often the case as Europeans are apt to imagine, each wife would have a different set of rooms, and all her *ménage* separate to her own private use.

Here in these enclosed courts do the Arab girls pass their childhood. Most of them are taught to make the beautiful embroidery which we buy so eagerly, the neckerchiefs, opera cloaks, curtains, table covers, etc. They learn besides to say a few simple prayers. But reading and writing are rare accomplishments, and are only mastered by ladies deemed quite exceptionally learned. At the age of ten these poor children are considered to be women. They may no longer go unveiled into the street, under any pretence, or be seen by any men of the adjoining families. It is considered the height of immodesty for a girl to allow her face to be seen even by a relative. The veil is not a thin piece of net or gauze—our idea of a veil—but a cloth as thick as a towel, which covers the head, face, and throat, leaving only a narrow slit across the upper part of the face for the eyes to see out of.

Twelve is the usual marriageable age; but we must bear in mind that in the East women mature earlier than with us, and girls of twelve would be as womanly as girls of seventeen or eighteen in our northern climate. Marriages are always arranged between the parents, neither bride nor bridegroom, certainly not the bride, being often consulted on the subject beforehand. There is a special class of elderly women who make it their business to conduct such affairs. They describe the good character of the young man to the parents of the girl, the dowry he would be able to settle upon her, and the presents he would make to her father. They then enlarge upon the personal charms and attractions and amiable disposition of the girl to the young man and to his parents. He is only allowed to fall in love by hearsay. His mother may then make a visit of ceremony to the mother of the girl, and the amount of dowry which the lover proposes to bestow forms an important item in the conversation.

One of the rare occasions on which Arab ladies can enjoy each other's society, or have an opportunity of making new acquaintances among their own sex, is at the Moorish baths. There are rarely baths in the private houses. The public baths are set apart, therefore, on certain days for the exclusive use of women. They are arranged on the same plan as those known with us as Turkish baths, and include refreshment rooms, to which the bathers resort after the bath; here, after bathing, they often lounge away the rest of the day, sipping coffee and eating sweetmeats, which they doubtless make more sweet by adding what our grandmothers used to call "a dish of scandal," to give zest to the food. The young girls disport themselves for hours in the water with the same fun and frolic as we may see English maidens doing at any seaside bathing place. Many a marriage is planned in these rendezvous. A mother who is anxious to find a suitable wife for her son has here an opportunity of making acquaintance with the girl, and of observing if she is kind and good, and that she behaves herself nicely. It is of much importance to her to know this, as the mother, if a widow, almost certainly shares her son's home.

When the dowry is finally fixed, and all things duly arranged to the satisfaction of parents on both sides, the wedding takes place.

Great festivities are prepared at the house of the bridegroom for the reception of his young bride. All the relations of both parties will be present in their best attire, and the women will wear all the jewellery they either own or can borrow; but the latter will receive their company in different rooms from the men. The rule is never relaxed between Mahommedans, that the sexes do not mix. A man may not see the face of any woman save only that of his wife, his mother, and sisters. At dusk, the women go to fetch the bride from her father's house. Presently, a procession of figures in white, veiled to the eyes, rushes hurriedly along the narrow streets, flambeaux and torches flaring out wildly in the twilight sky; drums beating, pipes and tabors fluting, accompanied by the shrill and peculiar cry, the "you-you-you," the cry of joy which the Arab women delight to raise on all festive occasions. The bride is bound to seem to resist, and the women to appear to drag her along by force. It is part of the ancestral custom to pretend that she is carried off.

Arrived at her future home, she is at once conveyed to a room apart, where her wedding toilet commences. This is an arduous business, and occupies the whole evening. Her long hair is cut short, and perhaps dyed with henna, which turns the rich jet black to a dusky gold; lines are drawn with a black preparation called kohl round her eyes, so as to increase the darkness of the long black lashes, and thereby add to the brilliancy of her large, soft black eyes; the line of eyebrows is pencilled into a perfect arch, and continued so as to meet over the nose, these points being the Arab girl's ideal of beauty. The nails and tips of fingers and toes are stained with a yellowish decoction, prepared from the leaves of the henna tree. Perhaps a little "beauty spot" is dabbed here and there on her fresh young cheeks. Her dress for the occasion (her wedding dress) is like her usual costume, only made of richer materials. It consists of an under-garment made of the finest muslin, or gauze, with long loose embroidered sleeves, a sleeveless jacket of silk or satin, full trousers of some rich stuff drawn in at the ankles, and fastened round the waist with a handsome sash; while a white haik, or shawl, is finally thrown over the head and falls to her feet; she wears a profusion of necklaces, immense earrings, and silver anklets that hang over the pretty little bare feet, which no tight or high-heeled shoes have ever deformed.

During the toilet, her future mother-in-law recites to the young bride her duties to her future husband, not forgetting to add a chapter on those towards herself, for "the wife in the East is rarely the mistress of the household, she is only the daughter of her husband's mother"; * often a difficult position, requiring tact and forbearance in all parties.

The lover comes at last to see and to claim his bride. The old woman who has transacted all the introductory part of the affair, and superintended the final toilet, unveils the trembling girl, and bride and bridegroom look in each other's faces for the first time. At this point each should drink water from the other's hands, in token that they finally accept each other as husband and wife, in confirmation of the simple previous ceremonies of contract. It is now allowable for either, if disappointed in the other, to put down his or her hands, and refuse to drink. In which case, there will be no marriage.

Our frontispiece shows this moment. The bridegroom sees the face of his young wife for the first time, and eagerly draws her hands

* See Urquhart's "Spirit of the East."

towards him to drink from them, in token of approval of the choice which has been made for him. The young bride is too timid to look her husband in the face as yet. We hope he will be kind to her, and try to make her happy, and give her no rival in his affections or his home.

Meantime, the music and feasting continues in the court of the house below. The professional musicians have been engaged for four and twenty hours at a stretch, as is the custom; that is, from noon of the one day till noon of the next, during the whole of which time they will, with short intervals of rest, continue to perform. We see a group of them at the head of this article. I may here mention that when making sketches in Algiers from these women, they could be induced to make no other engagement to stand for me to draw them, than their usual one; and though nothing was further from my thoughts at the time than marriage, I was obliged to engage them to stand for me with their various instruments from noon of the one day till noon of the next, as if for my own marriage in the Arab fashion. The negro woman thrums with her fingers upon her darbouka, a drum shaped like a jug, but open at one end. One plays the viol with a plectrum (a piece of bone), another shakes her tambourine, and the third advances a step forward to chant a blessing on the house, and a welcome to the bride.

"He loved her when her qualities were only described,
For ofttimes the ear loveth before the eye,"

as the King Bedr Basim sings in the "Arabian Nights" of his unknown bride.

The famous *couscousou*, the popular Arab dish, has been freely prepared for the visitors, as well as many a dish of tempting sweetmeats. The couscous, in a huge deep platter, or basin, is placed on a low stool, which serves as table, in one room, and all who wish to partake of it, squat round on the floor; long-handled wooden spoons are provided, with which each guest is expected to help himself; also slices of bread on which to wipe the spoons. This dish may consist of a variety of ingredients. Fowls or mutton cut up into small pieces; these have been boiled together with hard boiled eggs, rice, and peas, or raisins, and a variety of spices and flavours added to the whole.

Chairs are not used in an Arab house, and an inexperienced visitor entering quickly to the party might easily put one foot down on a guest and another into the savoury mess, before perceiving what mischief he was perpetrating on the party squatting round their low table.

The wedding over, the wife settles down into a life of seclusion, similar to that which she has led as a child in her father's house; if anything, the seclusion is probably even more strict. For an Arab is notoriously jealous, and he will ill-treat his wife shamefully on the merest suspicion of her having for a moment received any visitor during his absence. The women are not required to work, and have very few amusements or occupations. Moreover, the mother, and not the wife, is the house-mistress. Their vacant aimless days pass by in an enforced idleness and uselessness that is sad to think of. If it sometimes happens that Satan finds some mischief for those idle thoughts, there is much excuse to be made for them. They are very ignorant, and are despised and ignored by their natural protectors. "The Arab women live in a state of slavery, which is consecrated by the supreme law of their sacred book, the Koran, by Mohammed, their prophet. No friend or neighbour could legally interfere, or would wish to do so, to prevent the most cruel treatment of a wife by her husband on the merest suspicion of having even spoken to a stranger." The constant suspicions of the men, and the reckless cruelty they practise towards their wives, is one of the features most striking in the "Arabian Nights"; and Lane, in his "Modern Egyptians," observes that those stories give us a very perfect idea of the domestic life, customs, and modes of thought in all the countries of "the changeless, non-progressive East."

In the busy English-speaking countries, a life full of benevolent activity is held up to us by our teachers for admiration, and they who spend idle, frivolous lives are not thought well of, even, let us hope, by themselves; for we, at any rate, know that a life of good works is acceptable to our Heavenly Father. But these poor, untaught women, what can they do? there is no sphere of usefulness open to them.

Think of all the intellectual resources open to our English girls! Think of the many unmarried girls who are a light and a blessing to their homes! of the many spheres of usefulness open to them! Think of our young mothers, happy in training their little children in the tender paths of love and goodness! and then think of these poor secluded Arab girls, living out their dull lives of enforced idleness and ignorance, and those young Arab mothers, whose boys, early freed from the narrow life of the harem, learn, alas! only too soon how low a place mother and sisters hold in the social scale, and ignore or despise them accordingly!

The Muezzin, the call to prayer, repeated from the minaret of the mosques in every country professing the Mahommedan faith, is one of the most impressive sounds ever heard. Five times a day rings out that solemn cry, "Allah achbar! Allahoo achbar;" "God is great! God is most great!" It stirs the clear air of the starry twilight before the dawn. "Come to prayer! Come to prayer! Prayer is better than sleep!" And men, wherever they may be or whatever their occupation, at the Muezzin call put the shoes from off their feet and turn towards the east, reciting words in honour of their Creator. But—and is this possible?—though prayer is recognised as a duty so important by the Moslims that it is called "the key of Paradise," it sounds not for the women's ears! Have they no need of prayer? What may we think of a religion where wives and mothers join not in the men's devotions, and which affords no laws for the protection of the ignorant and weaker sex?

If they are not required to pray, they may, however, join in the fasting. The great national fast, which is kept through the month called Ramadan, is observed equally by men and women, even by the little creatures who have just commenced to wear the veil of womanhood. The fast celebrates the promulgation of the Koran, and is followed immediately by a month of feasting. While Ramadan lasts, it is not allowed to eat or drink during the whole day; or, as their law expresses it, "while there is light sufficient to distinguish a yellow thread from a black one."

The fast is regulated by the moon, and falls each year a month later than on the previous one. When it occurs in the summer months, and the days are long and the nights short, it becomes a severe trial on the strength of the young. The family sit down to supper immediately it is dark, and breakfast the last moment before dawn. After a few days the girls succumb to the fatigue, and lie fainting about the house, incapable of the slightest exertion. Long before the month was over I have seen pretty young girls, previously remarkable for their beauty, look so worn and aged by this severe penance that they appeared like wrinkled old hags. The girls have permission to drink water throughout the day when they first commence the practice. The trial of such prolonged fasting would be else too great a strain for them to bear.

One sad pleasure is always allowed to them. On Friday, the Mahommedan Sabbath, the beautiful Arab cemeteries are strictly kept closed to all men, that the women may visit undisturbed the places where the bodies rest of those dear to them who have "gone before." They freely seize this, almost their only, opportunity of a breath of fresh air.

The cemeteries are always placed outside of the towns, often in lovely situations on the hillside, where the breezes from the glorious Mediterranean blow freshly over the luxuriant wild flowers and among the banana and palm trees. Wandering among these graves, topped with their curious stone turbans, you come upon these groups of white-robed women, all of whom have brought some offering to lay beside the graves of their departed ones. Pitchers of fresh water, dishes of figs and dates, which they verily believe the departed spirit will return to partake of. And the moan of some lonely, bereaved one will find vent in exclamations such as these:—"O my master! O my camel!" (Meaning, "O thou who broughtest my provisions!") "O camel of my house!" "O my dear one!" "O my only one!" "O my father!" "O my misfortune!"

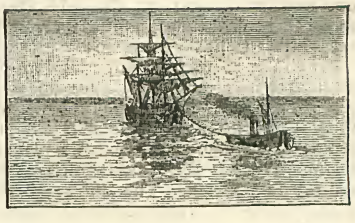
Then will she pour forth the tale of her sorrows and troubles, in the firm belief that the spirit of the dead hearkens and sympathises.

Then comes a pause, and the face of the mourner is bent eagerly forward in an anxious, listening attitude, and the low, weird, rustling murmur among the dry palm leaves overhead are construed by her sad fancy into sounds of consolation from the other world.

There will we take our leave of the Arab women of Algiers, in their beautiful country cemeteries, face to face with death, where alone they are allowed to freely breathe the air of heaven with uncovered faces.

The black servant, who is not a Mahommedan, may go where she likes with unveiled face. Her parents were probably negro slaves captured in the Soudan—that Soudan where men and women are still bought and sold, in spite of the efforts of our heroic Gordon. But the well-to-do Arab woman is more permanently a slave than is her negro servant. For, to quote the words of Stanley Lane Poole (who is an authority on all questions concerning the followers of Mahomet), "there is no country where Mahommedanism prevails where woman is not in a degraded position. Under Islam she is everywhere a slave. The pious Mahommedan, like the Jew, thanks God that he has not been made a woman. The pious Mahommedan woman may only thank God that she has been made according to the Creator's will. Man and woman alike recognise that to be a woman is to be in an inferior condition. When a son is born, there is nothing but congratulations; when a daughter, othing but condolences."

Have we not cause, my sisters, to be most deeply grateful to a Divine Providence who has placed our womanhood in a country over which the light of Christianity sheds its pure, tender, and ennobling light?



THE BAZAAR AND FÊTE FOR THE PRINCESS LOUISE HOME.

By ANNE BEALE.

H.R.H. THE PRINCESS LOUISE has graciously signified her intention of opening this bazaar on the 1st of July. It is to be held in the grounds of Charlton House, near Blackheath, by the kind permission of their owner, Sir Spencer Maryon-Wilson. The pretty inauguration ceremony is to take place at three o'clock, and we trust our readers and ready helpers will make it known for the benefit of the Home in which they have been so long interested. We regret that it was impossible to announce the day at an earlier period.

Our good Princess has signified her willingness to receive purses containing £2 2s. and upwards for her name-child, the Home, and we hope she may be gratified by the number presented. The Marquis of Lorne, and other distinguished personages, will accompany Her Royal Highness by special train from Charing Cross to Charlton Station, and friends who are desirous to be present should book for that station on the North Kent Line.

We are promised a concert, and a pastoral play is on the *tapis*—also a reading and a ventriloquial entertainment; but so much depends on weather that we dare not particularise all the allurements set forth to captivate both the wary and the unwary. We only hope for a good sale and cheerful purchasers. The bazaar will be continued on the 2nd of July, and we can only add—Come! come! come!

Again grateful acknowledgments are made to the following persons, donors of work and money. We cannot particularise articles, but thankfully append names or their equivalents:—

Fancy and useful work: Miss Monckton, Mrs. Theophilus Bennett, "Knitting," "One of Our Girls," "A few Schoolgirls in Thurso," "A Reader of the G.O.P.," E. Cawte and Friends, the invalid daughter of Mrs. Douglass, A. C. J. F. and J. W. B., for Miss Anne Beale's stall, postmark Inverness; ditto, Miss Edith Norton; ditto, Miss Alice Scrivener; ditto, "A Friend of Young Girls"; ditto, from A. E. Anne Beale's best thanks to these kind friends.

Money: Anonymous, £2; F. L. Franklen, 10s.; Mrs. Trueman Mills, £1 1s.; Mrs. Henry, 2s.; Anon., 5s, postmark London, W.; Anon., 1s. 1d., postmark Sleaford; Anon., 1s., postmark Glasgow; G. Gossett, 1s.; Emma Tebbs, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. C. Helyar, 10s.; Mrs. Pritt, £1; Miss Tetchworth, 10s.; "A Working Girl," 2s. 6d. in a little jug; Messrs. William Dawson and Sons, £5; Lady Theodora Martin, £3 3s.

Gifts in kind: Box of soap, Messrs. Field; lemonade, etc., etc., H. D. Rawlings; aerated waters, Batey and Co., Burroughs, Wellcome and Co., Mr. B. Foster and Sons.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

CHESTER.—While in training for missionary work abroad, you could not carry on any other occupation. You must give up your whole time to it. Apply to Miss Lloyd, Hon. Sec. of the Mission Training Institution for Ladies, 143, Clapham-road, S.W. Apply also at the Mildmay Deaconess' Training Institution, Lady Principal, The Willows, Stoke Newington, London, N. The Directory of the "Women's Year Book" for 1887 gives a second address, which is no longer that of this society.

MEDICUS.—You should apply for information to Mrs. Garrett-Anderson, M.D., Dean of the London School of Medicine, 30, Henrietta-street, Brunswick-square, W.C. The college contains 150 beds, and students receive appointments as surgical dressers and clinical clerks without paying any extra fee. An entrance scholarship is offered annually in September, value £30. A prospectus, with every desirable information, can be likewise had on application to Mrs. Thorne, hon. sec., at the school.

A. L.—Books are sent all over England from Cambridge on paying an annual subscription of £1. Apply to the hon. sec., Miss Kennedy, The Elms, Cambridge.

ART.

LINDSAY.—We name Miss Vawdrey's Pen-and-Ink Etching Club, 2, Alexandra-place, Plymouth. The New Year term begins in May.

ONE IN DOUBT may we think feel easy respecting the idea taken by her husband from what she calls a "splasher." Whatever that may be, he seems to have altered the design so much that we think he could not be charged with infringement on the rights of copyright. "The hands and drapery being changed a little," and "the face and position of the lady quite different," we should see no reason for uneasiness in offering your screen for sale.

BERTHA GRIEVESON could procure the clay for modelling at an Italian plaster-cast shop, or could obtain an address, if not the clay, at an artists' colourman's. At one time we dug it up in a garden of our own.

BERTHA.—There is an Art College at South Wimbledon, Merton-road, under the supervision of R. Pickersgill, Esq., R.A. Young gentlewomen trained between sixteen and twenty-four years of age.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BUTTERFLY'S writing does not show any character at present. She ought to write careful copies daily. Her spelling is bad, especially in writing "girld" for "girl." We are not surprised that her "ma does not like it" when "Butterfly's" voice trembles, and she "cannot keep right time when singing." To keep correct time and the voice in tune is very essential. We are unable to assist her in these respects.

SOUR EIGHTEEN.—We cannot answer your question in the way you desire, as the average height of men depends much on the nationality to which they belong and the number of large manufacturing towns in each country (in which every race is found to dwindle and deteriorate). As a rule the northern races are tall. Even within the limits of Great Britain we find that in the northern counties fine specimens of physique are more general than in the southern, excepting in healthy country districts. We fear poor "Eighteen" will turn more acid still when we find fault with her handwriting, which is too large and needs sloping.

COLLEEN OGE is thanked for her good wishes, and we hope her efforts with regard to the new competition will be successful.

GERTIE S.—Your father or mother will be able to tell you the books you need, we daresay. No, we do not know how to help you to get tall. We think your gymnastic exercises may help you.

ROBIN must consult a doctor.

EPSILON had better have her deed of gift drawn out by a lawyer. It will be better to pay the small fee to have everything right. Her plan is quite feasible and right.

NURSE.—We are much interested in your letter, and the description of your work as a nurse. We regret that we cannot help you about the quotation you send us.

CHIRPIE WARBLER.—Pigeons belong to the *Columbidæ* family. The dodo is extinct. The name given to it by Linnæus was *Didus ineptus*. We could not undertake to answer so very wide a question as to "enumerate the names of the different species or families of animals. Get your parents to buy you a book.

DAISY.—Curates' stipends, as a rule, vary from £80 to £200 per annum. We could not say whether there would be any difference in Jamaica.

MRS. OSBORNE (Castron Vicarage).—We have found it impossible to decipher this address, or to find it out with the aid of the P.O. Guide.

JOEY.—"The Spider and the Fly" was written by John Heywood, and published in 1556—a long allegorical poem in seven-line stanzas, the spider representing the Protestants, the flies the Roman Catholics.

LUCIA P.—While a minor, living under your parents' roof and protection, it is only right to consult their wishes, even in such matters as the style of your hairdressing. At one time it is quite true that cutting the hair short straight across the forehead was thought very bad style, and this more especially on account of the vulgar description of persons who adopted it, chiefly of ill repute. But the most respectable as well as the highest in the land have long been wearing short hair, curled or frizzed over the forehead and the front of the head. When the parting is thin, good sense is shown in adopting this style. Your writing is fairly good, and so is your composition.

MARIE ROSE.—The individual will think that the girls who acted as you describe must have been very young and silly. Such jokes are dangerous sometimes, and if the actors in them be discovered, we pity their feelings of humiliation and their loss of self-respect, as well as the lack of due deference which will probably be evidenced towards them.

MARGERY DAW.—The pronoun "I" is used in the nominative case, and answers to the question "Who." "Martha and I went to town." "*Who* went to town?" "I went." You could not say, "Me went," unless you be a "Nigger." The pronoun "me" is used in the accusative case, and answers to the question "Whom." "He gave the book to Martha and me." "To whom did he give it besides Martha?" "To me," not "To I." How could you say "Me strolled towards town"? "*Who* strolled?" "I did." You write well.

LADY CLARA.—1. You cannot do better than take Willson's "Handy Guide to Norway" (Stanford). It is the newest and cheapest. 2. We are overstocked with stories.

W. W. SCARBOROUGH.—We thank you for your interesting letter. 1. Undoubtedly there are cases in which the small payments are found to be a convenience, but on the ground of economy they can never be recommended. "Time is money," and collectors do not work for nothing. 2. In comparing quotations, the relative degrees of security must always be taken into account, and it may be that the Post Office asks and obtains a little more, because all who have dealings with it know that the security is the best in the world.

TO THE CONVALESCENT POOR.—It is not generally known that the benefits of the Metropolitan Convalescent Institution (established 1840) are entirely free to poor persons requiring change of air and nourishing diet after illness. The three Homes, situated at Walton-on-Thames, Kingston Hill, and Bexhill-on-Sea, contain 600 beds, and more than 4,500 poor people are admitted yearly, free of charge, without delay, on letters of recommendation from subscribers. A list of subscribers' names and addresses can be seen daily, between 10 a.m. and 4 p.m., at the office, 32, Sackville-street, Piccadilly, W.

MARIANNE.—The line, "feast of reason and the flow of soul," is taken from Pope's "Imitations of Horace," book ii. sec. 1.

B. H.—The poem about which you inquire is by Leigh Hunt, and is called "Abou Ben Adhem." It is found in most of his collected works.

MAGGIE W. H.—Yours is a nice little essay, but we regret that it would not suit our magazine. We thank you for your kind letter.

OMNIA VINCIT AMOR.—The French name Quatre Bras (literally meaning "four arms") is pronounced "Katre Braa." Your verses do not seem to give promise of development in future attempts into poetry. Were there original and striking ideas and beautiful similes, a little incorrectness in composition would be of small importance, as the rules for metrical composition could be learnt.

MARION and ROBERTA.—We have given an article on "How to Lay the Dinner-table" (see vol. vii., p. 106, monthly number for November, 1885). On no account attempt to remove grease from polished wood by means of a hot iron. Use a paper-knife to lift off the thick lumps, and then rub with an oiled rag. You should put metal or glass saucers round the piano candles, to prevent guttering over.

IVANHOE.—There are many excellent reading societies. Get the "Directory of Girls' Clubs," price 1s., and make your own selection (Griffith and Farran, St. Paul's Churchyard).

A PRETTY GIRL (?)—A really "pretty girl" should be doubly careful of seeking any position of peril—one of extreme peril is that which you desire. We could be no party to furthering such views. If you admire yourself, and praise your voice, etc., you show yourself still less proof against the extra temptations connected with such a calling.

"VICTORIA'S LAUREL:"

THE EXTRA SUMMER NUMBER

OF

"THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER,"

FOR JUBILEE YEAR 1887,

IS NOW READY.



The pleasant task is finished. Once again
Our Extra Number speeds upon its way;
Bearing for many a young and active brain
Counsel for hours of study—hours of play.
If joyful lives with added joy be filled,
If smiles perchance to pain-drawn lips be won,
If earnest minds with some new thought are thrilled,
These summer pages will their work have done.

And since this happy year our Sovereign's fame
In loyal hearts yet deeper cherished lives,
We crown them with the leaves that bear her name,
Who to our girls so bright a pattern gives.
VICTORIA'S LAUREL—is it not that she
Is honoured for those virtues widely known,
Which every maid of high or low degree
May with God's blessing also make her own?



EVENSONG.

See page 702.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. VIII.—NO. 392.] JULY 2, 1887. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

"LA GÉANTE ANGLAISE."

A SKETCH OF BOHEMIAN LIFE.

By H. E. GRAY.

CHAPTER III.

THIS winter had been a particularly busy time for Mariana. Besides the usual pictures which required to be finished, in order that they might be ready to send into the summer exhibitions, she had received a special commission from a rich American. Mr. Leonidas Yonge had been introduced to La Géante Anglaise by Rachel Miller. This millionaire had been so struck by Miss Ross's vigorous personality, that he determined to follow up the acquaintanceship. On the occasion of one of their first meetings he had requested to



All rights reserved.] "'HULLO, MISS ROSS! YOU ARE JUST THE PERSON I WANT.'"

be shown her drawings; himself no mean judge of painting, he was in no way disappointed with the young lady's work. In one of her portfolios he discovered two studies of heads, one entitled "Paracelsus," the other "Festus," and the spirit with which these were executed delighted him so much that the American asked her to paint for him a finished picture, introducing the two characters.

After some demur Mariana had consented; but the painting of this picture proved a most arduous, though at the same time a soul-absorbing, task. It necessitated a close study of Browning's great poem, which originally had given the inspiration of the subject, besides a careful consideration of the particular scene to be depicted.

Mariana had risen early these cold winter mornings, to snatch an hour's daylight before she must start for the academy of Hugo Lalange. On Sundays, too, she would sit the whole morning at her easel. She had her reward, for as the subject grew under her hand, she knew that it was the finest piece of painting she had yet done; it was grandly conceived and capably executed.

Again and again, for he was wintering in Paris, Mr. Leonidas Yonge had called on her, presumably for the purpose of making inquiries on the progress of the picture. On such occasions he would beg to be allowed a glimpse of it, but though she told him plainly that it was "coming well," she would not agree to satisfy his curiosity. But her friend did not on this account cease his visits; nay, these appeared to Mariana to give him so much pleasure that she encouraged them somewhat, by inviting the millionaire to one of her Sunday réunions.

"Come and see how we manage such things in Bohemia!" she said. "I fear you are, at present, wholly unaware of the amount of enjoyment we with scant accommodation and slender external resources manage to extract from life."

"At least I am sufficiently sensible of the enjoyment to be desirous of sharing in it," replied he, gallantly.

So he came; and though some of Mariana's friends were somewhat prejudiced against "this be-dollared Philistine" (as they expressed it), these were soon obliged to admit that Leonidas Yonge, despite his dollars, was by no means an undesirable addition to their midst. One or two, indeed, who had pictures on their easel awaiting purchase, came to consider him, erewhile, a remarkably true connoisseur of good work. The reason of this favourable opinion may be surmised.

A man of the world and a man of nice culture, Leonidas Yonge was able to hold his own, and, withal, to adapt himself to that peculiar tone which characterised this artistic clique. A good talker, he was moreover an excellent listener: a most necessary accomplishment this to one who finds himself much in the company of young and somewhat struggling artists, these gentlemen being apt to look upon all things as admirable or the reverse, in proportion as each conduces to the furthering of their especial branch of the fine arts.

Yet, strange to say, in conversation with Mariana herself he seldom referred to her art. It would have seemed to him an audacity to talk "shop" with this stately lady; he could hardly associate her in his mind with her unconventional surroundings. Though not unusually egotistic for so young a man, Leonidas found himself frequently talking to her of himself. He spoke of his life in America, of his wanderings in Europe, of his desire for a definite aim in life. He spoke also of her life, contrasting it with his own to her advantage, envying her her glorious gift of expression. At times he would talk of Mr. Ross, envying her for possessing a father's affection, for he himself had no near relations living. Mariana pitied him as a man whose hardest lot was that he had "great possessions." She detected in him possibilities which poverty might have developed. Poverty would have forced a concentration of his talents; these, owing to his enormous wealth, were in danger of becoming evaporated by diffusion in a multitude of shallow channels.

CHAPTER IV.



T length the picture of Paracelsus was finished, although Mariana concealed the fact that she might keep it by her a little longer, to add here and there a last finishing touch.

It was March, and, as is frequently the case, a spell of hot weather had suddenly burst upon Paris. People forgot the east winds and cold driving rain, which would inevitably return before long, and revelled in the balmy sunshine.

On one of these days, Mariana, who had lately felt rather over-wrought from her long hours of work, determined to give herself a holiday, and to spend a few idle hours in a favourite spot—the Gardens of the Palais de Luxembourg. She was making her way downstairs when she was met by "dear Johnnie," who was coming up two steps at a time, and who looked rather more like a blooming schoolboy than usual.

"Hullo, Miss Ross!" he exclaimed, "you are just the person I want. Julian and I have been concocting a little scheme. We think some of us require a holiday; it is positively cruel, not to say depraved, to spend these rapturous days in town. What do you say to a day at St. Cloud? We propose going up the Seine, leaving by the first boat tomorrow, and returning the day following. We can each contribute our share of the food, and picnic in the woods. There's a nice little inn at Montretout where we can get put up for the night. It won't cost much! I have made Miss Fairfax and Miss Miller promise they'll come. For men, we shall have Lee, Plunkett, Julien, and (with a bow) your humble servant."

"It sounds most enticing," said Mariana, when she could edge in a word. "I'm sure I need the cobwebs removed from my brain. In fact, this is an off-day with me, and I am now on my way to the Luxembourg."

"Good. The boat starts at 9.15 a.m. Is that too early? No. Well, if 'la grande Anglaise' misses it, I for one shall be *désolé*. *Au revoir!*"

He was off, taking the stairs at a run, and leaving Mariana to follow at a more dignified pace.

Just as she was about to take a ticket for an omnibus which would convey her to the Luxembourg, up dashed Leonidas Yonge. He was driving a high buggy, and was on his way to the Parc Monceau to see a friend; "but the friend must wait while he gave himself the pleasure of driving Miss Ross where she desired."

"This is a lucky *rencontre!*" he exclaimed, as she took her seat beside him. "I was coming to call this afternoon, and then no doubt I should have missed you. I am going off for a few weeks' tour in Spain with an old college chum. I wanted to see you before we left."

"Ah! How you will enjoy yourself! You choose a good time of year; it will not be too hot now. When we went it was midsummer, and the heat overpowered us. Of course I wanted to see the old Moorish towns, but it was impossible, what with the heat and the execrable railways, and general bad travelling, I assure you a tour in Spain—at least, for a lady—is anything but luxurious. However, I saw enough to wish to go again, so don't let me discourage you!"

As they drove along, Mariana gave her companion a more detailed account of her experiences of travelling, but quickly perceiving that he had something important in his thoughts, which he wished to mention, she said laughingly—

"Ah! I was forgetting, you have travelled far more than I have, and my experiences are small in comparison with yours. Is not that what you are thinking?"

"No, no, Miss Ross; but the fact is I have a favour to ask of you. I have my suspicions that your picture is finished, and I am most anxious to see it before I leave on Thursday. You are waiting for the frame? That doesn't matter! Please let me just see it, at least before I leave; then you can keep it till I return from the Pyrenees, if you really do wish to give it a few more touches."

As she was hesitating Leonidas turned his eyes straight at her, and with a look in them which she had never before noticed, he said—

"I do so wonder, Miss Ross, if my wishes have weight with you!"

Mariana blushed slightly, but replied at once—

"When do you leave? I shall be out of town all to-morrow; 'dear Johnnie' has organised a little party, and we meditate spending the day at St. Cloud."

"Then let me see 'Paracelsus' before you start, or even after you return!"

"But we leave so early, probably before your lordship is awake! And we don't return till the following day, Thursday."

He seemed surprised. "Your artist friends are rather——"

But Mariana interrupted him, knowing his thought: "We artists are rather casual, rather unconventional, eh, Mr. Yonge? Yes, we really think that three women and four men can come to no harm, *en masse*." Mentally she added: "And you, my friend, are a little jealous!"

But Leonidas hastened to apologise, then added: "The fact is, I am so very anxious to see you——your picture before I start, that I was presumptuous enough to hope that you would postpone your visit, at least till the following day."

"That I cannot do. But at what time does your train start on Thursday? Not till eleven? Then, since you are so urgent, I will return from St. Cloud by the first boat (the Seine will be delicious so early!) and if you will be in the Rue de Bac at, say, half-past nine, you shall see your picture."

"You are very good to me," he said, with a lingering pressure of her hand, as Mariana said *au revoir* on alighting at the gates of the Luxembourg.

Turning his buggy, Leonidas made his way briskly towards the Parc Monceau.

He should see this picture on Thursday; that would be a great pleasure, for Miss Ross had assured him that it satisfied her. But it is not this thought chiefly which gratifies him, but rather because at that early hour in the day he is sure of seeing her alone, undisturbed by her other friends. He will tell her all he longs to say—that to him life will no longer be worth living unless shared with her. He will tell her that his wealth shall be precious to him only as it conduces to the furthering of her happiness and her fame. He pictures to himself how ennobling it would be to possess for his own the love, the fellowship of a woman of such mastering intellect. Handsome and stately as she is in her present surroundings, how far more so would she appear with every accessory to refined luxury which his wealth could procure! Though he dare not decide on the state of Mariana's feelings towards himself, he cannot but allow himself to hope for the best. This trip into Spain was a nuisance. How had he come to promise Carson he would go with him? Still, after all, a short absence would be favourable to his cause; it would allow Mariana time to consider his suit carefully, in case she should not be able to say "Yes" at once. Circumstances, on the whole, seemed most favourable; and at the thought his spirits rose.

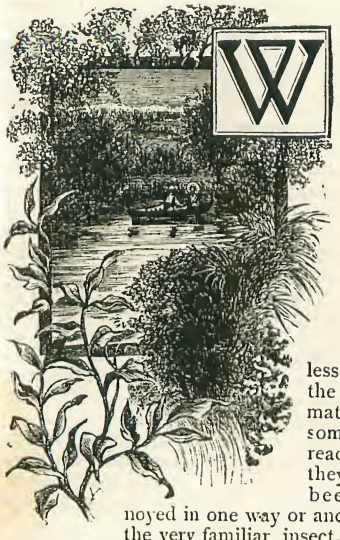
When Leonidas arrived at the Avenue Friedland half an hour late, his friend exclaimed:—

"I ought to blow you up for keeping a hungry man waiting like this for his food! But, by Jove, Yonge, you look as if you found life so worth living that I haven't the pluck to damp your ardour!"

(*To be continued.*)

FLIES.

By W. H. HARRIS, B.A., B.Sc.

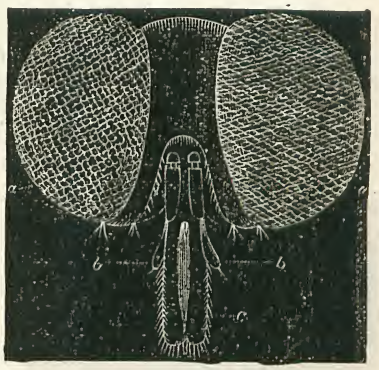


WHAT a nuisance those ugly, buzzing, tormenting flies are all the summer!" has doubtless been the exclamation of some of our readers as they have been annoyed in one way or another by the very familiar insect. Now, when things are disagreeable, it is just as well to try and see if there is not some good in them as a compensation. While, therefore, we admit flies to be occasionally one of the minor pests of life, let us try if we cannot get from them some intellectual pleasure through a slight study of their structure and habits. Such facts as we may easily learn will then, perchance, occur to us as a counterbalance to our feelings of dissatisfaction when the little creatures are troublesome.

A few preliminary remarks will be necessary for the proper understanding of what we have to say subsequently. It may seem absurd to state that flies are insects; and yet this last word is often used so unscientifically that it is just as well to know when it is properly applied to creatures. We have heard the reef-building corals spoken of as insects. Sandhoppers, mites, scorpions, spiders, and centipedes, in like manner, often have the term applied in a loose way to them; but by naturalists these animals are often excluded from the class *insecta*. What, then, entitles a creature to a place among true insects? First, that the body consists of three distinct segments; that it is, in fact, so cut into (Lat., *in* and *sectus*) as to be easily divisible into head, thorax, and abdomen. Secondly, that there are never more than three pairs of legs in the adult, and these are borne on the middle segment of the body—the thorax; consequently the abdomen is destitute of locomotory organs. Respiration is carried on by means of air-tubes, and usually wings are developed from the back of two segments of the thorax. This last fact is so important that eleven orders of the class *insecta* are founded on peculiarities of wing-structure. It will be sufficient for our present purpose to mention that flies are put among the *diptera* (Greek, *dis*, twice, and *pteron*, a wing), because, unlike most of the other orders, they have two instead of four wings.

Another important fact about true insects is that most of them exist in four different conditions. First, that of the egg; second, the larva; third, the pupa or chrysalis; and fourth, the imago or perfect insect. This circumstance is familiar enough to all who have kept silkworms, and it is true of flies. The changes from one to another of these states are called metamorphoses.

Flies' eggs are not round, like those of many moths and butterflies, but are longer than their breadth, white, and enclosed in a delicate membrane or shell. The larvæ grow rapidly after they are hatched, and are distinguished by a number of segments moving somewhat easily on each other. Their voracity is enormous, and as their food consists of putrescent matter, and their appearance is by no means pleasing, they do not afford an inviting theme. The popular name for them is maggots. Unlike most larvæ, those of flies change their skin only once, if they can even be said to do that; for in the pupa condition the last skin forms a kind of horny, eggshell-looking covering, from which the fly at length emerges. It is uncertain whether our summer swarms are the offspring of a few individuals who manage, in crannies of our rooms, to survive the winter, or whether late pupæ of the preceding autumn change in spring to perfect insects, which become the parents of the myriads appearing in the following months.



HEAD OF HOUSE FLY.

a. Eye. *b*. Antenna. *c*. Mouth, or Proboscis.

Now we will take the three segments of the body in order, and speak of the most remarkable organs in each. The head is more or less globular in shape, and is somewhat hollowed out behind, to fit more accurately to the thorax, and to give power of easy movement from side to side, and of rotating to a certain extent. It seems joined to the next segment by a mere thread. Most of its surface appears taken up, especially in the males, with two large eyes, which are composed of an immense number of facets, hexagonal in shape, each forming the top of a conical tube containing lenses and colouring matter, and terminating in a tiny thread of nerve leading to what serves as the insect's brain.

These minute organs, each of which answers to one of our eyes, are closely compacted



OUTER COVERING OF EYE, HIGHLY MAGNIFIED.

together, to the number, it is said, of four thousand on each side of the head. By their combined action it is probable they confer great distinctness of vision, but it is not known what range of sight they give. As they are rounded on their exterior, and occupy so much of the head, the insect can see in nearly all directions, though the eyes themselves are immovable. Through the conical shape of the tubes and the distribution of colouring matter in their interior, only such rays pass to the nerve-filaments as can penetrate directly to the bottom of each eyelet. This arrangement prevents indistinctness and confusion in the general picture produced on the whole retinal substance. Scattered over the edges of the compound eye are strong hairs, which appear evidently to serve a similar purpose to our eyelashes—that is, to catch fine dust and other particles which might settle upon and interfere with the otherwise unprotected surfaces of the eyes.

Upon the front of the head, and between the two compound eyes, are the antennæ or feelers. These organs are exceedingly important to insects, serving, it is believed, as the seat of more than one sense or faculty. By means of them bees of the same hive and ants of the same nest recognise individuals of the same or other communities. Many naturalists believe that the antennæ also contain the nerves of hearing and smell. Those of the fly consist of three segments, the front one of which is armed with a short bristle, which may increase its sensitiveness as an instrument of touch. If these feelers are cut off or injured, the insect seems quite helpless. Bees similarly maimed are unable to find their way

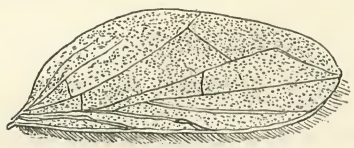


PROBOSCIS OF FLY.

home to their hives, though their eyes remain uninjured. It is possible, therefore, that the antennæ are acted upon by vibrations of various kinds, for which we possess no receptive organs.

The mouth of the fly is a very beautiful and effective instrument. Without entering upon an anatomical description of it, we may say that it is not intended for biting and chewing, or bruising solid substances, but for piercing them and sucking out their juices, and for these purposes, as we know from experience, it is admirably adapted. The penetrating power varies much in different species of flies. Some of those inhabiting our rooms are incapable of pricking us with their proboscis, and worry rather by the tickling sensation they make by walking over our skin or touching it with their tongue.

Passing to the next division of the body, the thorax, we may first mention that it is the seat of certain nerve-masses, or ganglia, which control the organs of locomotion—legs and wings. These nerve-centres, though connected with those of the head, which latter have to do with the organs of sense—eyes, antennæ, and mouth—are able to act independently of them. Hence, if a fly's head be cut off, the insect cannot be said to be killed, because for several hours, at least, a stimulus applied to the thorax will cause an attempt to run or fly, and if dust or a drop of water be dropped on the body, the legs will try to rub



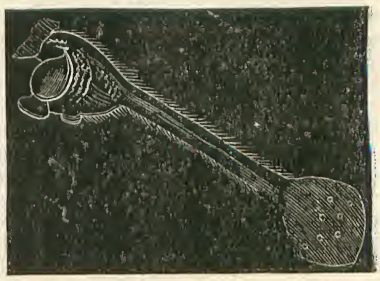
WING OF HOUSE FLY.

it off. If, however, the thorax be crushed, there will be no movement whatever; so that we may say the life of the insect depends chiefly on this middle part.

The wings are beautiful objects. Under the microscope they are seen to consist of membrane strengthened by nervures of a chitinous or horny substance, and covered with very minute hairs. The purpose of these last is evidently to protect the delicate skin of the organ from dust and moisture, either of which would be injurious, the former by adding to its weight, and both by endangering perforation, which would be fatal to the usefulness of the wing.

We have said that the flies and other *diptera* are distinguished from the majority of insects by having two instead of four wings. What, however, have been considered the rudiments or representatives of a second pair have been discovered, and to them the name of *halteres* or *balancers* have been given. Their office seems to be to aid in steering or directing the flight of the insect, for, when removed, all steadiness of motion appears destroyed. Above these poisers are minute scales, which are considered by some observers as the means by which the buzzing of the fly is produced, and others think the sound results from vibrations effected along the margins of the wings. It is somewhat remarkable that the insect can fly not only forwards or upwards or downwards, like birds, but also backwards and sideways, as we may see by disturbing a fly from a window-pane.

Speaking of window-panes reminds us to pass on to say a few words about the legs and feet of flies, which are so constructed as to give the power of walking up perpendicular smooth surfaces, or even to climb or crawl back downwards, as on the ceilings of rooms. A good magnifying glass shows that the leg consists of seven portions, jointed to one another, clothed with numerous hairs, and terminating in a foot armed with two claws. Between the claws are two spongy-looking



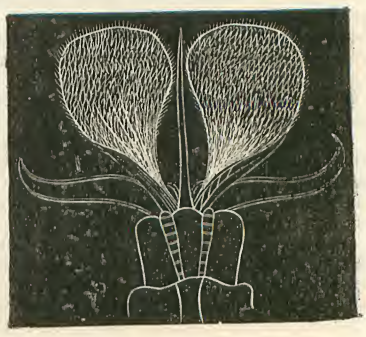
BALANCER OF BLOW FLY, HIGHLY MAGNIFIED.

cushions, called *pulvilli*. To these was formerly attributed the powers to which we have just alluded, and it was thought they acted as suckers, like the discs of leather by which, when moistened, and having a string passing through their centre, boys lift stones on which the suckers have been firmly pressed with the foot. More recent observations, however, have upset this theory; for it was found that the cushions are beset with minute bristles, which would quite prevent the squeezing out of the air from under the pulvilli. Under a very highly magnifying lens of the microscope these hairs are seen to have disc-shaped ends, and it is thought these may really act as suckers. In addition, there are glands in the cushions which secrete a slightly sticky liquid, and this certainly helps to give adhesive power, just as wetting the bottom of a teacup prevents its slipping in the saucer, and as moistening the tip of the finger with water makes it more difficult to push it along a surface of glass. So firm is the adherence produced, that a fly can sustain its whole weight in a perpendicular position on one leg. It may be thought, this being so, that there must be considerable difficulty in detaching its feet from a very smooth surface. This is met in two ways. First, by the help of the strong terminal claws, and secondly by the disengagement of the hind part of the foot first.

Space forbids our detailing the structure of the breathing apparatus and other organs of the abdomen, which have many points of interest. Enough, however, has been said to show that small and apparently insignificant creatures become very instructive, and are full of beauties when carefully looked into.

And now it may be asked, "But, after all, what use are flies, to compensate for the annoyance they cause us?" In reply we can only briefly indicate some of the purposes they serve.

To begin with, their larvæ consume enormous quantities of putrescent matter, and this just at the season when it would prove most injurious to human life.



FOOT OF BLOW FLY.

Then one observer has asserted that flies themselves catch in the air floating germs and spores, which, wiping from their wings and bodies, they eat, and thus prevent possible mischief to man.

Again, many birds, such as swallows, fly-catchers, and willow-wrens depend largely on flies for their food.

Moreover, other insects, such as dragon-flies, hornets, and wasps, get their living by catching and devouring flies.

It is manifest, indeed, that they have a special place in the order of the world, and the Creator who has given them structures so wonderful in organisation has also appointed them to fulfil their own particular share in the economy of nature. Were they to become extinct, we might for a while congratulate ourselves on being rid of a minor trouble in life; but we may rest assured their absence would entail in some ways, perhaps scarcely imaginable by us, a distinct, possibly a serious, loss.



Genoa Cake.

Ingredients.—Take half pound of butter, eight ounces castor sugar, half pound sultana raisins, two ounces mixed peel, ten ounces of flour, four well-beaten eggs, two ounces of almonds blanched, grated rind of one lemon, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

Cream (that is, stir the butter with the hand in one direction until the butter is quite like cream) half pound of butter; mix with it by degrees eight ounces of castor sugar, ten ounces of flour, half pound of sultana raisins, two ounces of mixed peel cut up small, four well-beaten eggs. Beat all well together for some minutes; have ready two ounces of almonds blanched, add them to the other ingredients, and lastly the grated rind of one lemon and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Butter the tin, and line it with a buttered paper, the paper to project about one inch above the rim. Pour in the mixture, and bake at once in a cool oven for one hour and a half. Sprinkle a few cut up almonds on the top.

Bouillabaise.

Two Spanish onions, four tablespoonfuls of salad oil, a lobster, an eel, scraps of any large headed fish, pepper and salt, a pinch of thyme, two bay leaves, a pennyworth of saffron, and a couple of stale French rolls.

Cut the two onions into slices, fry them in an earthenware stewpan, with three or four tablespoonfuls of salad oil, until they are slightly brown (do not let them fry too much); add pepper and salt, a pinch of thyme, and a couple of bay leaves. While the onions are frying, cut a lobster in half, take out the inside, as it contains a bag of sand, then cut the lobster into pieces. Take several scraps of other fish of any kind—an eel (large headed fish impart a better flavour), but any sort will do, so long as there is variety: now add the lobster and heads of fish, and let them fry together with the onions. Let them fry for five minutes, then add the rest of the fish, and add sufficient to cover well over the contents of the stewpan. Take a pennyworth of saffron, and dissolve it in a teacup of water, throw it into the stewpan, and stir all well together, and let the whole boil a good half hour. Prepare a couple of stale French rolls cut into slices, and as soon as the Bouillabaise is cooked, pour the liquor on the head and serve in a tureen. The fish is served on a dish.

Recipe for a French Omelette as made in France.

Four eggs, three tablespoonfuls of milk, one teaspoonful of sweet herbs chopped fine (parsley, lemon thyme, and marjoram; dried herbs in the winter), two teaspoonfuls of grated cheese, three ounces of butter.

Beat up the eggs, then add the milk and herbs and cheese; put the butter into a frying pan (six-inch enamelled and earthenware). Let the butter boil till it sputters, then pour in the omelette, stir it round carefully one way till it thickens, then shake it a little that it does not stick to the pan, and serve up hot.

Stewed Beetroot as a Vegetable.

One or two beetroots, two onions, some lard, three teaspoonfuls of salt, one dessert-spoonful of flour, milk or cream, four teaspoonfuls of brown sugar, one teaspoonful of pepper, one tablespoonful of vinegar.

Bake the beetroots for two hours till quite tender; when cold cut into thin slices. Chop fine the two onions, take lard enough to fry while stirring with a spoon; add the flour, milk, salt, sugar, pepper, vinegar, boil all together, then add to the beetroot. Place the beetroot in the middle of the dish, and put round it a border of mashed potatoes.—*From Soyer's Cookery Book.*

Les Merveilles—A Swiss Dish.

Ingredients.—Half breakfast cup of flour, two eggs broken in whites and yolks, one teaspoonful of salt, half pound of lard or dripping melted in a saucepan.

Knead the flour and eggs into a hard cake, and leave it for half an hour; roll it as thin as paper, then divide into strips one inch wide; stretch them slightly and roll them round the hands and press the ends together; dip them one by one into the boiling lard—they are cooked in half a minute; then powder them over with white sugar, and eat with preserve.

Hominy.

Half pound hominy, half pound of grated cheese.

Soak the hominy in cold water over night, next morning boil till soft. When cooked add grated cheese, put into a dish and bake twenty minutes. Very good eaten with salad.

Soufflet au Fromage.

Half ounce butter, one tablespoonful of flour, half pint of milk, one teaspoonful of salt and a little pepper, a breakfast-cupful of grated cheese, yolk of three eggs, the whites beaten separately into a froth.

Take the butter and flour melted in a saucepan and mixed to a thick cream, add the milk slowly, salt and pepper. Stir them all up till it becomes a thick cream, then add the cheese and yolks of eggs, lastly the whites. Put the whole into a flat buttered dish and leave it to bake in the oven twenty minutes, till brown, and serve up hot. It must be eaten at once.

Cure for Mosquito or Gnat Bites—an Unfailing Remedy in constant use by an Experienced Traveller.

Make a solution of alum water, as strong as it can be made, add one fourth of aromatic vinegar, one fifth of glycerine. Shake well before using; it will instantly cure the bite.

How to make very pretty Leaf Boxes.

Have a box of cedar wood—plain white wood—or carton painted any good grounding colour; on this gum rich coloured leaves as a wreath, or as a centre group, or as a border—autumn leaves, ivy leaves, or the leaves of wild geranium are the best—on the top and sides of the box; cover when dry with a coating of varnish. Tulip leaves on white wood have a very pretty effect.

Rogrod—a Norwegian Dish.

Ingredients.—One pound of juice, one pound of loaf sugar, half pound ground rice, quarter ounce of cinnamon, one pint cold water.

Squeeze the red currants into a cloth and weigh the juice, add the sugar and water, with cinnamon tied in a bit of muslin. Put these into a stewpan on the fire. When it boils pick out the cinnamon, and very gradually sprinkle in the rice, stirring without ceasing for a quarter of an hour. Wet some cups or moulds, and pour the rogrod into them; when quite cold serve it out with pounded sugar and cream or milk. When the currants are juicy a quart will yield a pound of juice; if at all dry three pints will be required.

Sauce à la Mayonnaise—from a French Cook.

The yolks of eggs, a teacupful of oil, dessert-spoonful of tarragon vinegar.

Beat well the two yolks of eggs, pour in the oil drop by drop, stirring it one way all the while, till it turns to a whitish cream; then stir in one dessert-spoonful of tarragon vinegar.

Way to Make very nice Chocolate.

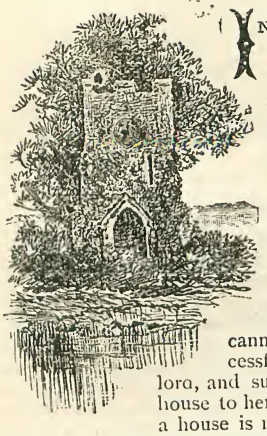
One square of chocolate (vanilla) for each person, and half pint of milk; grate the chocolate into a very fine powder, put it into the milk when quite boiling, let it boil twenty minutes, stirring it all the time, and serve it up fresh from the fire.

EVERY GIRL A BUSINESS WOMAN.

A PRACTICAL GUIDE TO THE WORLD OF INDUSTRY AND THRIFT.

By JAMES MASON.

PART VI.



IN this article we are going to say something first about landlords and tenants, next about servants, and last of all about husbands and wives.

A business woman can never deserve the highest praise if she cannot negotiate successfully with a landlord, and suit herself with a house to her mind. Renting a house is not an affair to be lightly gone into; and a true business woman takes a serious and sensible view of it, and has at her fingers' ends all the points experience has shown to be of consequence if entering on a new habitation is to be a success.

For whatever time the tenancy is to last, one of the first matters to be looked to is what the liabilities exactly are which the tenant is likely to incur. Many people before now have had their simplicity imposed upon in negotiations about houses, and only discovered when too late that they were liable for a great deal more than they expected.

Even in the case of a tenancy from year to year it is advisable to have a written agreement: indeed, the rule in every transaction of any consequence is to *have the terms in black and white.* The agreement should be drawn out by a competent solicitor, unless of the very simplest kind. Before signing it call for the receipts for the Queen's and the parish taxes last due. Should you fail to do so, you may be called upon to perform the unpleasant business of paying for the shortcomings of your predecessors.

"Never take for granted," says one who has had much experience, "the report of the house agent or of the landlord's surveyor as to the state of repair of the house. Let the house be examined by someone appointed by yourself, to whom particular instructions should be given to look after flues and drains."

A tenant usually pays all taxes, rates, and charges except property tax and land tax, which are paid by the landlord. Should the tenant pay them they are deducted by him or her from the rent on the next settlement with the landlord.

On the subject of rates, it is remarked by Mr. Charles Dickens: "It appears almost impossible for any but the official mind to understand on what principle they are imposed and what becomes of the money after it is paid. One thing is certain—that both rates and taxes must be paid. It is also certain that if you pay your taxes and the collector employs the money for his own benefit, and fails to account for it to the authorities, you will have to pay it a second time. It is, therefore, considered advisable by experienced taxpayers only to pay when that course can no longer be postponed."

We are not so sure about that. There is certainly something to be said the other way, but our own advice is to pay taxes, when satisfied as to the amount, at once. The longer payment is delayed the more one frets under it, and the heavier the burden of taxation appears to be.

Here is a form of receipt for rent:—

LONDON..... 18—.

Received of Mrs. A B the sum of..... Pounds.....Shillings and.....Pence for one quarter of a year's rent due..... on Dwelling House No....., ...Street, in the Parish of....., less.....for Property Tax.

C D (Landlord).

Cash.....£—:—:—
Property Tax.....£—:—:—

£—:—:—

When a tenant makes up her mind to go away she must give her landlord notice of her intention—*notice to quit*, it is called.

Should the tenancy be a yearly one—that is, should the house have been let at a yearly rent—notice to quit must be given six months beforehand. Though this, however, is the usual notice, there may be a special arrangement by which three or even one month's notice will be held to be enough. If the house is taken quarterly, a quarter's notice must be given; if by the month, a month's; if by the week, a week's. Should the house have been taken for a fixed period—say on a lease for seven years—then the tenancy terminates at the end of it, and no notice is required.

A verbal notice to quit is sufficient: as a precaution, however, against disputes and misunderstandings, it should always be in writing. The notice to quit should be clear and distinct in its language, somewhat in this form:—

I hereby give you notice that it is my intention on the.....day of .....next to quit and deliver up possession of the house and premises I now hold of you, situate at .....in the Parish of.....in the County of.....

*The.....day of.....*18—.

(Signed).....

Witness.....
To Mr.....

When the landlord wishes the tenant to go he gives notice to quit in the same formal way, calling upon her to "quit and deliver up," on a certain date, "the peaceable and quiet possession" of the property then occupied.

In taking a furnished house always have a written agreement, accompanied by an inventory of the furniture. This inventory should mention all the articles that are broken or cracked, so as to save disputes and overcharges when leaving. The agreement should state (if any servants are left in the house) how much attendance is to be given; what notice is required previous to leaving; whether there are any extras, and if so, what they are.

There should be a written agreement also in taking lodgings. A useful form of such an agreement is given by the author of "A Guide to the Unprotected":—

"*Mrs. Jones agrees to let Mrs. M. a sitting-room and two bedrooms, for the sum of.....per week, from this day [or the .....day of.....*18.....]. *This sum includes every expense. No extras for use of house linen or plate, nor anything else except for the washing of the house linen and for coals. The coals to be charged as follows: For drawing-room fires..... per day; bedroom fires.....per night when used. Gas, per week.....*

"*Either party can end this agreement when they please, giving three days' notice of their wish to do so. The proportion of rent up to the day of leaving is to be paid, and not to the end of the complete week.*

"*Mrs. Jones assures Mrs. M. that there has been no fever nor anything infectious in these rooms, that the beds are free from obnoxious insects, and that there are no rats about the rooms.*

"*Ryde, 5th June,* 1887.

"ANNE JONES."

There is not so much danger of catching scarlet fever and other infectious diseases by going into new lodgings as there used to be. By an Act passed in 1866, "If any person knowingly lets any house, room, or part of a house, in which any person suffering from any dangerous infectious disorder has been, to any other person, without having such house, room, or part of a house, and all articles therein liable to retain infection, disinfected to the satisfaction of a qualified medical practitioner, as testified by a certificate given by him, *such person shall be liable to a penalty not exceeding* £20."

When a lodger decides to shift her camp she should address a notice to her landlady:

"*I hereby give you notice that on the .....day of.....next I shall quit and deliver up the rooms I hold of you in this house.*"

On the subject of *servants* every girl, in view of the time when she will exercise her gentle sway over a household of her own, should try to possess accurate information.

When hiring servants—having satisfied yourself on the points of character and suitability for the service you would have them perform—the most important matter is to have the terms on which they are engaged clearly understood. It saves many a dispute afterwards if you start with a careful, precise, and business-like statement of every special duty you will require, and every privilege you will permit.

With reference to privileges: "A serious mistake," says one writer, "and one too often made, is to lay down the hard and fast rule, 'no followers allowed.' Servants always have had, and always will have, followers, whether their masters and mistresses like it or no. It is much wiser to recognise this fact, and to authorise the visits of the 'follower' at proper times and seasons, first ascertaining that his antecedents and character are good."

If any perquisites are to be allowed, state in hiring exactly what they are.

When a servant is paid her wages a receipt should be taken—with a penny stamp, of course, if over £2. It is customary with some people to keep a little book, in the beginning of which they put the servant's name, age, and qualification; where she was in service last; when she first came, and so on. The rest of the book is devoted to receipts, which the servant signs on receiving her money. Servants should always be paid their wages at regular times, and should never have to suffer the inconvenience of lying out of what is due to them.

In cases of bankruptcy servants are entitled to their wages before the other creditors have been paid. The sum must not, however, exceed the amount of four months' wages in full, nor must it be over £50.

Kindly feeling will no doubt induce all

whose means are equal to it to supply a servant who has fallen sick or sustained an accident with medical attendance. A master or mistress, however, is not bound to do so. But if the servant is dismissed for inability to work, she may demand either a month's wages or a month's warning. The visits of the servant's doctor must be permitted.

A month's notice is required before leaving or dismissing, but in the latter case a month's wages will suffice. In a case of serious misconduct a servant can be discharged without notice or its equivalent. A servant, for instance, can be ordered at once to pack up and be off who wilfully refuses to obey orders, gets intoxicated, stays out all night without being able to give a good reason for so doing, commits a theft, or is guilty of immoral conduct.

No one is legally bound to give a character to a servant, though, in the absence of very good reasons, only disagreeable people will refuse to furnish one. When a character is given it must be a true one. Suppose—from perhaps a mistaken notion of saving trouble and making things pleasant all round—you give a servant a character for honesty when you have good reason for knowing that trustworthiness is not one of her virtues, should that servant rob her new employer, an action might be raised against you, and you might have to pay for whatever was stolen.

If a mistress is malicious enough to give a bad character without having any foundation for it, she may have an action raised against her for defamation. It is to be observed, however, that until proof is given of the untruthfulness of the character and of express malice on the part of the mistress, the communication is presumed to have been privileged, and no action is maintainable.

We come now to the subject of *laws relating to marriage and married life*, so far as these are specially interesting to women. And first of all about cases in which marriage is contemplated, and possibly all arranged for, and yet never comes off. There is many a slip between cup and lip, and one can never be quite sure that an engagement will terminate in a wedding. Sometimes it is the lady who breaks it off, but in most cases it is faithless man who is to blame.

A mutual promise to marry forms a binding contract, and when it is broken an action can be raised by the injured party, whether man or woman, for the recovery of damages proportioned to the extent of injury and to the defendant's means. Such actions are known as *breach of promise cases*. Ordinarily they are brought by the lady, egged on by her friends. We are inclined to think that, except in extraordinary circumstances, no lady left to herself would ever come before a British jury to ask them to assess the injury to her feelings in pounds, shillings, and pence. When a man raises an action for breach of promise he meets with less than no sympathy, which is pretty much what he deserves.

The abolition of actions for breach of promise has been often discussed, and perhaps may form an item in the legislation of the future. The frivolousness of many such actions is very apparent, and the circumstances disclosed to the public are often little edifying.

Suppose the promise to marry does not name any date for the wedding, the law presumes that it is to take place within a reasonable time. Should one of the contracting parties marry a third person, and thus render performance impossible, he or she may be sued at once, and that even though the third party has died in the meantime.

The contract to marry may, of course, be put an end to by mutual consent, and an action for breach would be hopeless, supposing a promise had been obtained by fraud or by false representation. An action for breach of promise must be brought within six years of the breach having occurred.

The sympathies of the jury in cases of this kind, we may add, are, as a rule, on the side of the lady—especially if she be good-looking—and an attempt is usually made to console her at the expense of the defendant, even though, with a view to reducing the damages, he should appear in court with his oldest coat and a faded necktie.

Leaving breach of promise cases, we shall proceed to speak of the more substantial subject of *marriage settlements*. These are legal instruments entered into by those who intend to marry, or by some parent or relation on their behalf. "Generally speaking," says an author we have already quoted, "they comprise the lady's fortune and a certain proportion of the gentleman's, which are placed in the hands of trustees to secure a certain income for the lady and her children in case of her husband's death or bankruptcy. No prudent woman should marry without this provision. . . . . The friends of the lady should *insist* upon a proper marriage settlement, to the satisfaction of the lawyer, being signed *before the marriage*. On her return *from* church the husband's will should also be signed. It would not be valid if signed *before* marriage."

The ordinary style of settlement in cases where the property is personal (such as stock, money, etc.), and not real (such as land, houses, etc.), is thus described by Mr. John Indermaur in his handy book on "Ladies' Law":—

"The settlement vests the property in trustees in trust to invest it and pay the income to you and your husband respectively for life, giving the first life interest to the one of you from whom the property or the major part of it comes. Thus, suppose you have £5,000, which is to be settled, the ordinary course is to provide that you shall be paid the income during your life, and then on your decease before your husband that he shall receive the income for the residue of his life. Or if he is the person finding the money that is being settled, the first provision will ordinarily be for him, and then on his death to you.

"After the death of both of you, the fund is settled upon your children in such shares as you and he together have by deed directed, or the survivor of you has so directed by deed or will; and in default of any such direction, the settlement goes on to provide that there shall be an equal division between your children—that is, such of them who, being sons, shall attain the age of twenty-one years, or, being daughters, shall attain that age or marry earlier. If there is only one child, it is usually provided that that child shall take the whole, and if no child, then the ultimate provision is for the next of kin of whichever of you the property came from."

Whenever there is property worth settling, there should be a marriage settlement. "If there is no money or other property conveniently to be settled," Mr. Indermaur suggusts, "let your husband, if possible, insure his life, and make a settlement of the policy upon you. Many a woman is saved from distress by such a course."

A great change came over the legal position of married women by the passing of what is known as the Married Women's Property Act, 1882. This Act, which came into operation on the 1st of January, 1883, made little noise in passing through Parliament, but it effected an alteration in our fireside relations of an almost revolutionary character.

The Act permits a married woman to do most things which her single sister may do. She may contract freely with those who are willing to trust for payment to her, or, rather, to her separate property; she is liable to be made bankrupt; she may invest in shares of companies, limited and unlimited; and, to protect her property, she may employ against her husband all the remedies, civil and criminal, which she would be at liberty to employ against a perfect stranger.

The principle that the husband and wife are one may almost now, from a legal point of view, be considered as an antiquarian curiosity. What propriety is there in such an assumption when a husband may, under certain circumstances, send his wife to jail for taking his property, and she may treat him in precisely the same way for similar acts in connection with what is hers? To those familiar with the Married Women's Property Act the point has gone out of the *mot* attributed to a husband whose wife upbraided him for yawning in her presence:—"Ma chère amie, le mari et la femme ne font qu'un, *et quand je suis seul* je m'ennuie."

The following are some of the leading provisions of the Act:—

A married woman is now rendered capable of acquiring, holding, pocketing the rents, interests, and profits, and disposing, by will or otherwise, of any real or personal property in the same way as if she were a single woman.

She is also capable of entering into any contract to the extent of her separate property, and she can sue and be sued just as if she were a single woman, and her husband need not be made a party to any legal proceedings brought by or against her. Any damages or costs recovered by her in any such action become her separate property, and any damages or costs recovered against her are payable out of her separate property.

Every married woman carrying on a trade separately from her husband, in respect of her separate property, is subject to the bankruptcy laws in the same way as if she were an unmarried woman.

Every woman marrying, now that this Act is in operation, is entitled to have and to hold as her separate property, and to dispose of, all real and personal property which shall belong to her at the time of marriage, or shall be acquired by, or shall devolve upon her after marriage, including any earnings from any employment in which she is engaged, or which she carries on separately from her husband.

Any money or other estate lent or entrusted by a wife to her husband for the purpose of any trade or business carried on by him, or otherwise, is, in the event of the husband's bankruptcy, to be treated as assets of his estate. It cannot, however, be recovered by the wife until all other creditors have been satisfied.

Property acquired after the commencement of the Act by a woman married before the Act is held by her just as if she were a single woman.

A married woman may effect a policy of insurance on her own life or on the life of her husband for her own separate use. The Act protects, as a trust in favour of wife and children, a *bonâ fide* insurance by the husband of his life for their benefit, and a similar insurance by the wife.

In regard to her separate estate, the married woman has now all the means of redress by civil or criminal proceedings which are enjoyed by any other owners of property. In connection with this provision of the Act, husbands and wives can give evidence against each other.

It is to be observed, however, that no criminal proceedings can be taken by any wife against her husband so long as they are living together, nor, for that matter, when they are living apart, in connection with any act done by the husband whilst they were living together, unless property has been wrongfully taken when leaving or deserting her. If in deserting her he walks off with her umbrella,

she may give him cause for repentance by prosecuting him for stealing!

The wife is liable for any debts contracted by her before marriage. A wedding is not equivalent to running away from one's creditors. Formerly a husband, amongst other responsibilities of married life, took on his shoulders all his wife's debts incurred before marriage, and cases were not uncommon where men, blinded by affection and kept in ignorance by the designing, found they had married to their financial ruin. All this is changed. The husband is now only liable to the extent of any property he may have acquired or become entitled to through his wife. If he has received nothing, then he owes nothing.

In any question between husband and wife as to the title to or possession of property, either party, or any bank in whose books stocks, funds, or shares of either party are standing, may apply, by summons or otherwise, in a summary way to any judge of the High Court of Justice in England or in Ireland, or in England to the judge of the County Court of the district, or in Ireland to the chairman of the Civil Bill Court of the division in which either party resides.

From these dry but necessary particulars as to the Married Women's Property Act of 1882, it will be seen that women in the bonds of wedlock have now little cause to complain of being ignored either as to their rights or their responsibilities. Formerly what a wife had was her husband's. Now there are two purses, and what a wife has is her own, this separate ownership being accompanied by well-defined duties.

The Act of 1882 does not apply to Scotland. The rights of married women in Scotland are protected by an Act of the same nature passed a year earlier.

We have now come to the end of these articles. The subject is far from exhausted; but we hope that what we have said will enable girls to show themselves cautious, prudent, farsighted, and methodical in any affairs that come before them as they make their way through the world.

We have told many things that wise women ought to know, and shown how some at least of the ordinary transactions of life are rightly managed. Other affairs which we have not mentioned are conducted precisely on the same principles, and once sound principles are mastered, the mere details of customary methods are in most cases very easily learned.

The great rule in all matters of business is to be guided, not by impulse, or by whim, or by "notions," or by anything of that sort, but simply by common sense. Be sensible and you will be businesslike, and, more than that, you will be happy. On the foundation of common sense all the lasting happiness of the world does really rest, and for that reason all girls who wish to lead pleasant, useful lives, and be one day at the head of happy, well-regulated, prosperous households, must be BUSINESS WOMEN.

[THE END.]

A SUMMER SONG.

FAIR summer, from lands of the far sunny south,
Comes gaily with music and dancing along,
With light springing steps o'er the heathbells and daisies;
From shady retreat, with a reed in her mouth,
She pipes to the echoing woodlands her song,
And hears them repeating, repeating her praises,
And laughing rejoices in days that are long.

The hyacinths bend at the fall of her feet,
And shine as the shaken bells rustle and ring;
Her sweet-scented breath in the valleys is blowing;
She sits, flower-laden, where bright waters meet,
On banks where the happy birds twitter and sing,
Her life like a fountain of joy overflowing
With pleasures the purest that nature can bring.

The green seas of corn wave and swing as she passes,
The wind of her wings in their billowy song,
To waken the woods to her wide exultation;
She scatters her pearls on the silvery grasses,
Where kine rest in day-dreaming peaceful and long;
Her notes touch the songs of a fairer creation,
Her heart it is light and her spirit is strong.

She chases cloud-shadows on sunlighted wing,
With light feet and laughter she runs on the hills,
She walks on the waters, and bathes in the billow;
Her beautiful motions her draperies fling
On glens where she trips to the musical rills;
Till deep in the twilight, the roses her pillow,
She sleeps, and her vision white Innocence fills.

J. HUIE.

IN THE DAYS OF MOZART.

THE STORY OF A YOUNG MUSICIAN.

By LILY WATSON.

CHAPTER XI.

"OH, Herr Engelhardt, how glad I am to see you!" Elsa cried impulsively, putting forth both her hands. To appreciate the greeting of a friendly face, one should be alone in a crowd, as the girl felt at this moment among the good folk of Vienna, who streamed cheerfully along the Prater.

"And I am glad to meet you just now, for you should not be roaming alone about Vienna at this time," said Engelhardt, with a touch of the gentle authority he had retained since the relation of teacher and pupil ceased between them. As he spoke he drew her hand within his arm.

"Rudolf did not want to leave me, but I sent him home because his cough was troublesome." Elsa would not allow any imputation, however slight, upon her beloved brother. "Where do you come from, Herr Engelhardt?"

"I am living in Vienna now, not very far from you."

Elsa gazed in blank amazement.

"May not others leave Salzburg for Vienna besides yourselves?" said Paul, smiling. "It is a very usual thing to do. My chief work at Salzburg was writing, and that I can do here, even better, as my publisher lives in Vienna. And I have hope of work in connection with one of the public journals."

"I wondered you did not come to bid us farewell at Salzburg," said Elsa, naïvely.

"I knew I should see you at Vienna."

Paul stopped short, as though he had checked himself on the point of saying something further, but Elsa was too eager to pour forth her confidence to notice it, and she began at once to tell him about her escape, her hopes for Rudolf, and their projected future. It was too dark for her to see the look of tender compassion her friend bent upon the slight figure at his side. When at length she ceased, he did not reply at once, then said, with a great gentleness in his tone—

"I want to tell you something, Elsa, that I shrank from telling you when you were at Castle Höhenfels, or within the reach of gossiping tongues at Salzburg; but now perhaps you may be comforted—if—if—sorrow or trouble comes—to know that there is someone who loves you with his whole soul. For I want you to give me the right to cherish my pupil always—protect her—and care for her—to make her my wife."

"Oh, no—no! Pray do not say that,"



FAIR SUMMER.

cried Elsa, in distress and bewilderment, shrinking a little away from him. "It spoils it all. I hoped you would be my friend and Rudolf's. I cannot leave him. I shall never marry so long as he wants me."

"You should not be asked to leave him. Do not I care for him too?"

"You are very kind, but it would not be the same thing at all," declared Elsa, feeling that to entertain any such ideas would be utterly treasonable to her new-found duty and delight of being "her brother's keeper." "Please do not talk of it."

"Tell me if there is anyone else; if there is not, I will wait for a little while," said Paul, trying to master his disappointment. He had expected that Elsa would be taken by surprise; and yet he was distressed at her reception of his offer.

"Of course there is no one else. I am only going to think of Rudolf," she replied.

Then, warned by her companion's silence that it was no light matter, she pleadingly continued: "Herr Engelhardt, I ought to thank you. Do not think I am ungrateful. But, indeed, Rudolf wants me all to himself. Our mother died of consumption—and *he* is delicate; and now grandfather has cast us off, I must give myself entirely to caring for him, or he may fall ill too. Rudolf does not understand money, or managing ways, and indeed I cannot think of anything just now but of my duty to him."

"One day you will find that other duties must also be thought of," said Paul; "but, my child, I will say no more. I have taken you by surprise. Try to forget it, and to treat me in the same way as usual. I have waited long, and I can wait longer."

"You cannot have waited very long, because I am only nineteen," Elsa sagely remarked; and at her tone Engelhardt was conscious of new hope. "I do not want to think about marriage, but I am not ungrateful to you, though it may seem as if I were."

"I shall ask you to think of it at some future time, but at present we will say no more about it," observed Paul, quietly. "Here we are at the 'Handlung' you sought."

Elsa had but little sleep that night as she revolved again and again the occurrences of the evening. Paul Engelhardt! he was so old—a great deal more than thirty—so familiar a figure as tutor of her childhood, friend of her girlhood, that the character of lover seemed altogether anomalous. When such a personage presented itself to the girl's simple imagination, he assumed the form of some young, brilliant, etherealised knight of romance, not in the least like anyone she had ever seen. But she had chased away even that vision of late, for Rudolf's sake, and now here was a strange combination of circumstances! She had never thought of the possibility of doing without Paul Engelhardt in her life, and it had been strangely delightful to see him again: but he had always figured as the middle-aged friend in the background of her mental prospect. Could it ever be different? Rudolf, at any rate, should know nothing of what had passed between them. So, vainly trying to discover what she really felt and really would decide by-and-by, Elsa tossed upon her pillow.

She had no leisure for much meditation on her personal affairs, for ere long the news came that the coveted audience with Maria Theresa was accorded to herself and her brother on a fixed day. The poor girl had dwelt so long in her remote mountain home that she felt a strange flutter at the thought of being introduced into the presence of Majesty, and most certainly she had no toilette fit for the occasion, nor could she, for Rudolf's sake, lavish a large sum from her scanty store in purchasing a handsome gown. He declared, with man-like indifference, that she "looked well in anything," and abandoned himself to boundless hopes founded upon the forthcoming interview.

On the appointed day the brother and sister betook themselves to the palace, where they were conducted through state apartments and long galleries, magnificent but chilly, into a small *salon*. With hearts beating high in expectation they waited for half-an-hour; finally the rustle of draperies was heard, and Her Majesty the Empress Maria Theresa entered alone.

She was the most illustrious woman at the time in Europe, and though she was past her prime, having now reached the age of fifty-two, she was of handsome and commanding presence. Her open countenance wore an expression of resolution and energy, affability mingled with penetrating discernment. Her manners had the ease and grace of one who, by nature as well as position, is a patroness of others. She was heroic and intrepid in character, and well merited the reverence expressed in the cry (traditional or actual) of her Hungarian subjects twenty-eight years before:

"Moriamur pro *rege* nostro Maria Theresia!"

(Let us die for our king, Maria Theresa.)

Every inch a Queen, she swept, in her black widow-draperies, into the little *salon*, seated herself upon a sofa, and smiled at the brother and sister making low obeisance before her.

The character of Maria Theresa had been prominently before the eyes of Rudolf and Elsa ever since their babyhood. They knew all about the brave, noble-minded Queen in her youth, her magannimity, courage, and Amazonian exploits in the great struggle against Frederick, which had now for six years been concluded by the peace of 1763. Never had they forgotten the one occasion in their childhood when Her Majesty sent for them to the palace and gave them into the charge of Gottfried, that they might be duly conveyed to their grandfather. And, foolish young creatures that they were, they forgot the many matters that engross the mind of Majesty, and expected the Empress would remember them, as they remembered her. Whereas, even the one event of her husband's death (that had taken place four years earlier) would have been enough to banish the Von Eberstein children from present recollection.

"From what country, then, are you?" she inquired graciously.

Rudolf, finding that they were not recognised, suddenly collected himself, and gave a somewhat stammering account of their history to the Empress, who was thinking meanwhile—

"The youth is well-looking but delicate. The girl, with her slim figure and b autiful eyes, even in her country dress, is unusually lovely. One may do something for such a face as that."

"You are the children of Ottilie von Eberstein, you say? Ah, yes, I recollect; she was a favourite singer of mine many years ago, and her husband was a colonel in my army. But had I not already provided for you? Surely, unless my memory fails me, I sent you to the care of your relatives, who accepted the charge?"

"Your Majesty, yes," replied Rudolf, hastily; and he went on, without much lucidity, to explain their present position. The Empress's attention was wandering; she preferred to speak herself rather than to listen, and as Rudolf was attempting to describe the passion for music that had driven him from the ways of commerce, she cut him short by a sign with her hand.

"You wish for my protection? Young man, there are many musicians at Vienna; but for the sake of your mother, who was a good and virtuous woman of great talent, I will hear you. A day shall be appointed for you to play before myself and my family. And as for you, my pretty child," said the Empress, looking with added favour on the drooping form of Elsa standing before her, "you share your brother's fortunes in Vienna? How old are you?"

"Nineteen, your Majesty."

"I will not forget you, if it should prove, as I doubt not it will, that you are as good as you are fair."

Elsa murmured some words of thanks, which Maria Theresa cut short by addressing Rudolf—

"Your sister is not already betrothed in marriage? Good. I will make it my concern to provide her with a suitable husband in due time."

The unfeigned start of dismay that Elsa gave on hearing this gracious promise did not escape the penetrating glance of the Empress. With all her good nature, Maria Theresa had the failing inevitable in absolute monarchs. She could not endure the possibility of a subject resisting her will. Strong by nature and by training, she liked to be supreme—a benevolent tyrant, yet a tyrant still! It was, therefore, with the slightest possible tinge of frigidity mingling with her gentleness that she continued—

"I doubt not I shall find you both deserving of my interest and protection."

Rudolf sought for suitable words to clothe his gratitude, but the Empress had accorded a long enough interview to the two young strangers. She rose, and acknowledging their deep reverence by a slight inclination of the head, sailed from the room.

When they found themselves safely outside the palace, Elsa drew a deep breath.

"Oh, Rudolf! I thought I should have been stifled!"

"Stifled by what?" inquired Rudolf, in surprise.

"By that terrible little *salon*, and by the overwhelming presence of Majesty. Oh! let us keep away from Court—let us be free, however poor!"

"Elsa, I am surprised at you!" cried Rudolf, regarding his sister with amazement. "Her Majesty was very gracious. True, she did not recognise us—but how could she? We were silly to suppose she could keep us in her mind for so long! And how we must have changed since we were children! Then I am to play at Court! that is the great thing gained."

The young composer's eyes shone with anticipation. Elsa felt remorseful that she had said anything to chill his hope.

"But I do not want to have a husband found for me, nor to leave you, Rudolf."

"It will be time enough to think about all that when it comes," rejoined her brother, sagely. "The Empress meant well; it was a mark of distinction, there is no doubt of that; and you must marry, Elsa. I do not want my pretty sister to be an old maid, like Aunt Lucinda."

Elsa's eyes were full of tears.

"The excitement has been too much for you," cried her brother, tenderly; "but we shall soon be at home, and then I will send for Paul Engelhardt to tell him all about it."

"Do not tell him what Her Majesty said to me." The words were on the tip of Elsa's tongue, but she would not utter them. The day's occurrences might have gone far to enlighten her as to the state of her own feelings; but she only felt oppressed, and chilled, too, that Rudolf had taken her marriage "one of these days" so entirely as a matter of course. What would he think if he knew how she had put aside Paul Engelhardt's proposal, and chiefly on his account? Dwelling on these things Elsa that night sobbed herself to sleep.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

FRIENDSHIP AND LOVE.—It has been said that what causes the majority of women to be so little touched by friendship is that it is insipid when they have once tasted of love.

THE FLATTERING TONGUE.—Nature has hardly ever found a woman ugly enough to be insensible to flattery upon her person.—*Chesterfield.*

ADVICE TO MUSICAL STUDENTS.

The following advice to the musical student is given by Mr. Ernst Pauer in his useful work on "The Art of Pianoforte Playing":—

Consider technical exercises as the daily physical exercise which is necessary to keep you in health.

Always come to your lesson with honest goodwill, and with a sincere desire to advance and to improve.

Do not get hold of the notion that your teacher finds fault with you for the mere sake of fault-finding.

Always be assured that ultimate success will ensue if you give yourself the trouble to work for it. Success may be deferred, but it will come at last.

Remember that a good composition is worthy of a good practice.

Regularity, system and precision, are not only excellent general qualities, but may be reckoned among the principal conditions that ensure a useful practice, and guarantee a successful performance.

Do not stammer through your practice; if you stumble in a passage leave off at once; then attack the obstacle again and again, till you manage to overcome it effectually.

Mind and body must both be vigorous when you practise. If you feel unwell, better leave off for a while until you have recovered.

Make yourself acquainted with the lives and portraits of the classical composers. Your interest in them will thus be heightened, and you will seem to meet them in their works.

PASSING AWAY.—Youth and beauty, riches and stores of worldly goods, with the society of those we love, and even life itself are all of short duration; then let not the wise therewith be fascinated.—*From the Sanskrit.*

A DECIDED ADVANTAGE.—Woman has many advantages over man; one of them is that his will has no operation till he is dead, whereas hers generally takes effect in her lifetime.

TWO ANNIVERSARIES.—An annuity of about ten pounds was bequeathed to the bell-ringers of Bath Abbey by Lieut.-Col. Nash, "provided they should muffle the clappers of the bells of the said abbey and ring them with doleful accentuation from 8 a.m. to 8 p.m. on each anniversary of his wedding-day and during the same number of hours, only with a merry peal, on the anniversary of the day which released him from domestic tyranny and wretchedness."

LOW AND HIGH PRICES.—Civility is the least price we pay for things, and repentance the highest.

AN HONEST MAN.

In the beginning of this century before lotteries were declared illegal in England, a London merchant while staying in the country with a friend happened to mention that he intended next year to buy a lottery ticket. His friend asked him to buy one for him at the same time, which, of course, he very willingly agreed to do.

The ticket, however, never arrived, and the whole affair was apparently forgotten, when one day the country gentleman received information that the ticket purchased for him by his friend had come up a prize of £20,000.

Upon arriving in London he inquired of his friend where he had put the ticket, and why he had not informed him that it was purchased.

"I bought them both on the same day," he answered, "and flung them both into a drawer of my desk, and I never thought of them afterwards."

"But how do you distinguish one ticket from another? and why am I the owner of the fortunate ticket more than you?"

"Why, at the time I put them into the drawer, I made a little mark in ink upon the ticket which I resolved should be yours, and upon re-opening the drawer found that the one so marked was the fortunate ticket."

SMILES EXTRAORDINARY.—Mrs. Browning's conceit: "Her hair had fallen by its own weight on either side of her smile" has all the flavour taken out of it by an American poetess who writes, "The sudden expansion of her smile shoved her ears out over her back hair."

THE RIGHT DIRECTION.—I find the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are moving.—*Oliver W. Holmes.*

MARRIED FOR A SHILLING.

The other day, while a registrar sat warming his feet at the fire, a stranger opened his office door and inquired, "How much will you charge me to read over about fifteen lines of printed matter from a book I have?"

"Why, can't you read them?" replied the official.

"I can, but I want to hear how the lines sound when read aloud. I'll give you a shilling to read them to me."

"Go ahead then; I can't earn money any quicker."

A woman at that moment stepped in and the stranger put down the book on the desk, clasped her hand and said, "Begin at the pencil mark there and read slowly."

The registrar's chin dropped as he saw that the reading matter was the usual form of marriage, but he didn't withdraw from his word, for, as he said afterwards, "I am an upright man, and might have lost even the shilling by refusing."

CHARACTERLESS WOMEN.—"Most women have no character at all," said Pope, and meant it for satire. Shakespeare, who knew men and women much better, saw that it in fact was the perfection of woman to be characterless. Everyone wishes a Desdemona or an Ophelia for a wife—creatures who, although they may not always understand you, do always feel for you, and feel with you.—*Coleridge.*

SEEING THE NEW MOON.—It is an old superstition that it is very unlucky to see the new moon reflected in a looking-glass or through a window pane. Mr. Henderson, in his "Folklore of the Northern Counties" relates a case of a maidservant who was in the habit of shutting her eyes when closing the shutters for fear she might unexpectedly catch a glimpse of the moon through the glass.

HAYDN'S WIFE.—The wife of Haydn, the great composer, was heartless, unsociable, quarrelsome, extravagant, and bigoted. She did not care a straw, her husband used to say, whether he was an artist or a shoemaker. It can scarcely be wondered at if Haydn often sought elsewhere the consolations which were denied him at home.

A PRECIOUS JEWEL.—Virtue is like a precious stone, best plain set.—*Lord Bacon.*



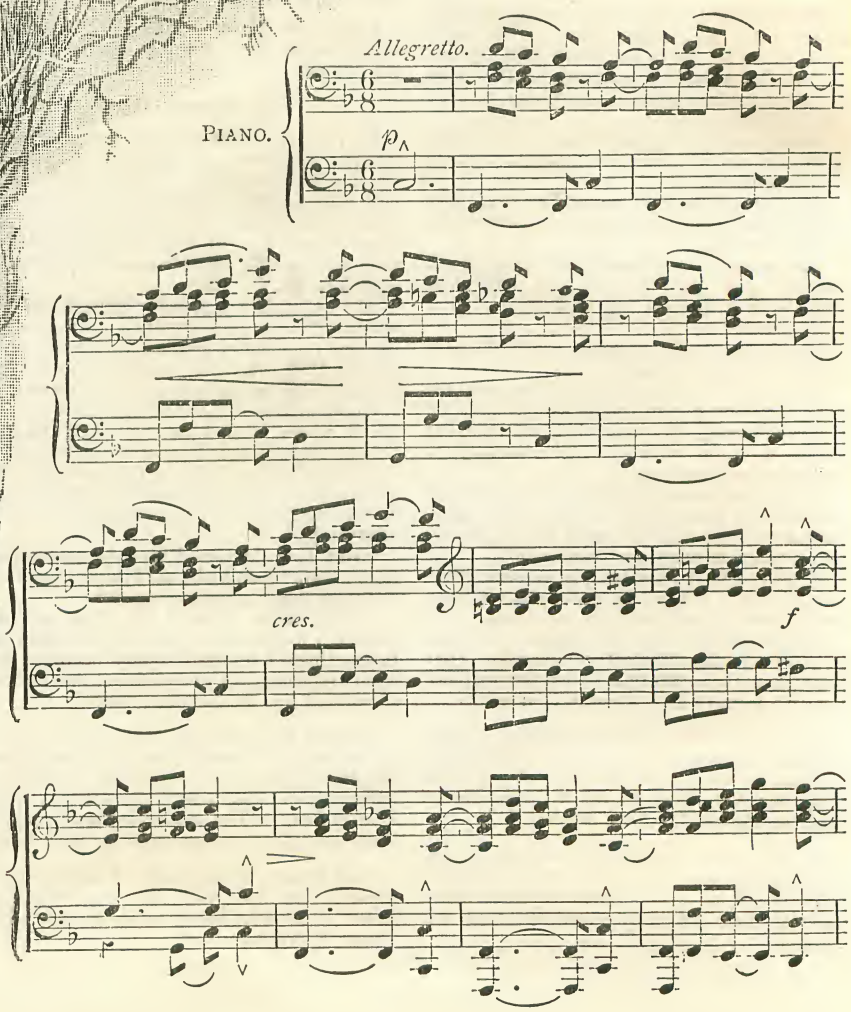
UNDER THE WAVES.

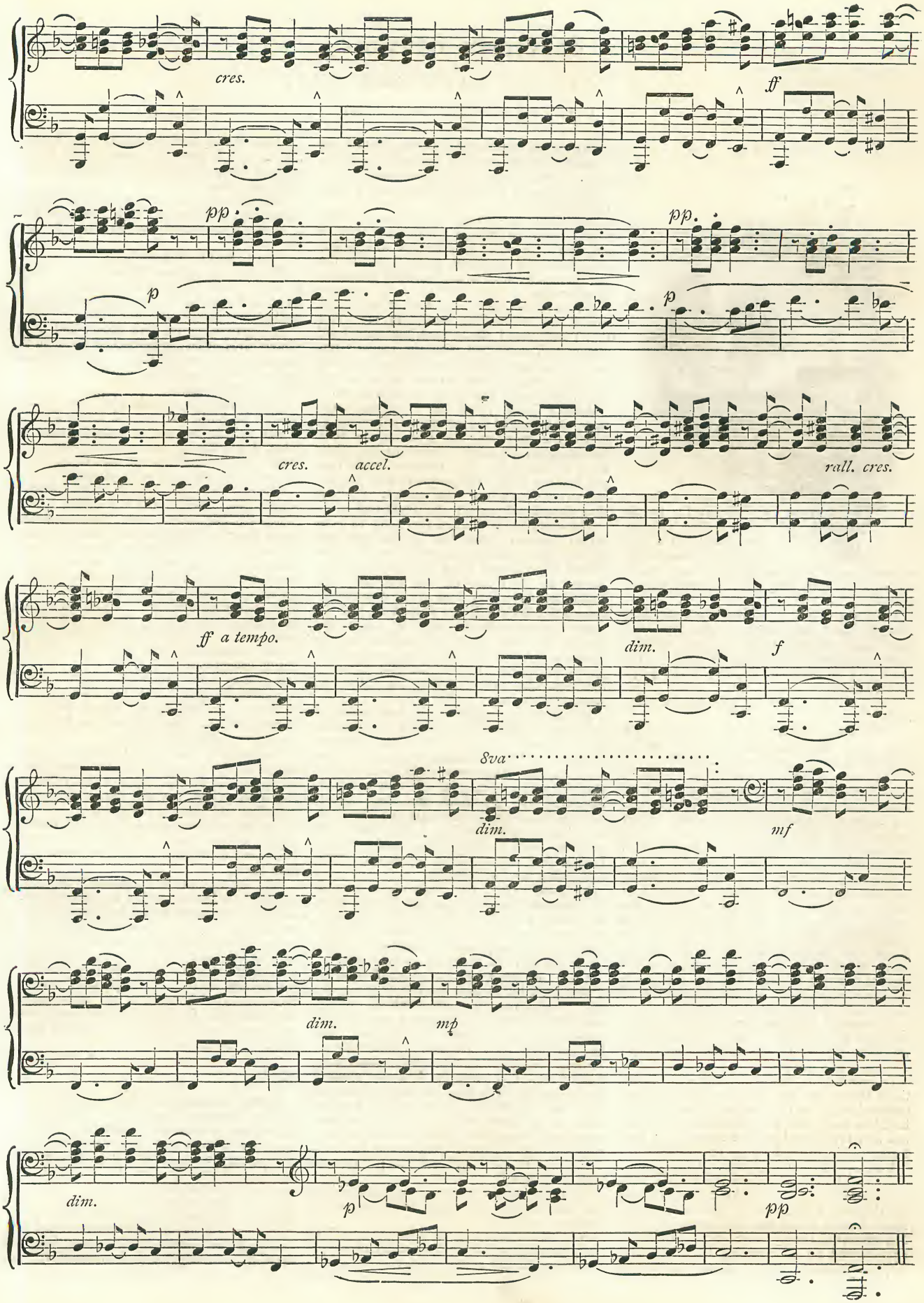
A Pianoforte Piece.

By

H. A. J. CAMPBELL.






cres.
ff
pp
p
pp
p
cres.
accel.
rall. cres.
ff a tempo.
dim.
f
8va
dim.
mf
dim.
mp
dim.
p
pp

GREYTOWN GRANGE:

A TALE OF LAND AND SEA.

By GORDON STABLES, C.M., M.D., R.N.

CHAPTER I.

ON HIGHLAN' HILLS.



I WAS quite a little tottie when I first remember auntie; but I had reached the mature age of seven, and I was poor papa's eldest daughter, so I considered myself of no small consequence.

I daresay I could not have been very big, though; for I have sunny recollections of a fresh-complexioned, white-haired old gentleman—my grandda—putting his hand on my head as I stood beside his chair, and saying, with a smile—

"You're not a bit taller than a peat, Idabel."

"Oh, yes, grandda," I have replied. "I have stood three peats endways against the wall, and I was bigger than all three."

Then came auntie, and for a time I seem to lose all recollection of grandda; so I daresay I had ceased to be so much in his company.

I know now that auntie was only fifteen years of age then, though to my child's eyes she was quite old. But how I admired her! —admired her first, and soon loved her!

You see, she came to us from the sunny south of England. We dwelt in a parish of which my father was minister, in one of the wildest districts of the northern Scottish Highlands—came to us in the heyday of her youth and beauty, with a world of winning ways about her, though her every action seemed strange to me. Yet she fascinated me, and her accent and language were as sweet to my ears as the music of a lute.

No wonder I forgot grandda while auntie was with us, and forgot even to be, as before, the little mother to my brothers and sisters when mamma was busy.

I remember, as clearly as if she were sitting there before me now and the old days had returned, what soft and peachy cheeks auntie had, how large and dark blue were her eyes, and how brown and soft her bonnie hair, that I used to kiss or fondly press to my cheek.

I took possession of auntie. I was jealous of even my brown-eyed rogue of a brother, who never failed to get on her knee when he had the chance. Though I told him over and over again Auntie Ethel was my auntie and not his, he would simply stare at me with indifference, and go on caressing her as before. This was indoors. Out of doors I had her all to myself, for brother Harold was far too wee to walk through the glens and over the mountains. Then was my happiness complete.

Dear days of auld lang syne, can I ever forget them!

Everything was so new to auntie that she would never be indoors when she could be out, and if the mist condescended to rise but as high as the mountain peaks, whether the sun showed his face or not, we went in search of adventure.

Auntie would very often have a book, and would read enthralling stories to me. Not that I understood all she read, but what I did understand, combined with the reader's impressive manner, and with morsels culled from my own imagination thrown in here and there, made up a very pretty entertainment.

Auntie dearly loved the drooping birch-trees that fringed the streams, and, nodding, kissed the wavelets; the wild flowers that, bending over its edge, seemed to lave their faces in the lake; the crimson heath that patched the cliffs; the purple or lilac heather everywhere, and the wee modest bluebells that clung fondly even to half-split rocks.

She loved the birds, too, that sung to us in earlier summer, when the heather yet was green—the speckled-bosomed mavis, that trilled so loud and clear that the music appeared to float and fill the air, and you could not have told from what direction it came; the blackbird, that fluted long into the night; the rose-linnet, with its sweet and cheery lilt; the croodling cushats in the groves of spruce, the fond curr-r-ring of the grouse to his mate, or even the wild scream of the mountain curlew, circling far above the rugged hill-tops.

But creatures basked on the bare banks or cliff-tops, or glided along among the heather, that poor auntie did not like, although I never hesitated to handle them whenever they gave me a chance. These were great green snakes, that shone in the sunlight as if they had been varnished with glycerine; and long, merry-looking lizards, that were never afraid of us, but would stop halfway up a tree-trunk, and gaze back with their bright beads of eyes, that I made sure were admiring my Auntie Ethel, and taking her for an angel.

My hands were not big enough then to hold an oar, but hers were, and I could steer, or thought I could; so many were the happy hours we spent on the loch, sometimes not returning until there were two moons—one high up in the sky, and the other on the water.

Once I remember we had climbed together a very high hill to look for strawberries—the fairy cloud-berries that grow only in the sky, and hide themselves behind their leaves, if the person looking for them is not good. We had gathered quite a basketful, and were returning adown the mountain side, auntie gaily singing and I chiming in with my childish treble, vastly out of tune, no doubt, when up from the distant lake came rolling a great bank of dark-grey mist. Auntie looked uneasily at it as she took firmer hold of my hand. She had read of people being lost on the hills.

"Never mind, dear," she said; "we will soon get home."

In a few minutes we were enveloped in the fog and drizzle, but kept steadily on, never pausing to think.

We kept descending till we found ourselves on a kind of table-land that neither of us remembered having crossed before.

It was thickly covered with low, flat heather, among which grew the scented wild myrtle, stunted juniper-bushes, and feathery, snow-white cat-tails.

The wet mist had made auntie's face all aglow, but a frightened look now came over it, as she whispered to herself, rather than to me—

"Lost! lost! We are lost!"

We went on and on, till the ground began to rise; then took another direction, and went on and on again; but whichever way we walked, we always came to a hill.

It began to grow dark apace, and, completely tired at last, we crouched down in the lee of a rock, round which the rising wind began to moan and whistle in a way that was dreary to listen to.

Poor auntie wrapped the plaid we had close around us both, and pressed me to her side. I was neither unhappy nor frightened; but when I put up my face to kiss auntie, and found her cheeks were wet with tears, then I felt sad, and cried a little for company's sake.

The plaid was right over my head, and presently, when I peeped out at a corner, I found it was all dark and dismal. Auntie repeated some beautiful prayer-hymn, and I daresay I fell asleep in the midst of it, and the next thing I remember is hearing the well-known sharp, foxlike bark of our own collie ringing in my ears, and next moment he was licking my face, frantic with delight. There was a gleam of lantern-light in our faces, and I was mounted in the arms of Donald Mhor, my father's henchman, and I'm not sure that auntie wasn't carried also.

I daresay I had fallen asleep again, for all in a moment, it seemed to me, I found myself in the red parlour on the sofa, a bright fire burning in the grate, tea on the table, and everyone smiling and talking.

Pardon me, reader, if I appear to linger longer on the memory of that summer than I ought to. It was the happiest of my life, and if even one single day of it was clouded over, I have lost all recollection thereof.

But summer wore away at last, and the long lovely autumn too, and then—then auntie went, and I saw her not again for seven long, long years.

She soon came to be called "our sailor auntie," for her father was a sturdy old merchant service captain, and it occurred to him to take his Ethel to sea with him, and show her a bit of the world, as he called it. But we cherished her memory as one does that of a beautiful dream; and, sitting by the fire in the dreary winter's evenings, with, perhaps, the snow-wind howling in the chimney, and shrieking like famished wolves around the door, round-eyed Ronald, my brother, would often ask mamma—

"Ma, will sailor auntie ever, ever come again?"

* * * *

Spring returned, the snow retired to the distant mountain peaks, the valleys grew green, soft winds came whispering from the west, the willows were dotted over with buds like white cocoons, the hazel fringed with catkins and studded with tiny crimson flowerets, and then the birds burst into song in the sky, in the copse, on braeland and hill. Many a little furry thing came creeping out from mossy bank or cairn, where it had lain cosily all the winter; the hedgehog bestirred himself, and wriggled forth to sniff the air,

withered grass and earth still clogging his spines; the scraping he made wakened the toad, and he, too, crawled into the light, blinking and solemn; while even the snakes glided from their dark retreats, and coiled themselves up by the footpaths to enjoy the morning sunshine.

Yes, spring had returned, and with it came grief. It was my first sorrow.

Poor dear old grandda! I had heard tell of death, but it never had occurred to me that he would one day be borne away from among us, and that we should never hear his voice or see him more.

His illness was not a very long one. I was with him almost all day and every day; but, though he lay in bed, I could not mark the coming change. He used to pat me on the head, call me his own wee peat, and tell me little stories, just as of yore.

But one day—my eyes are moist even now as I write—they led me away out of the room, then a strange undefinable dread took possession of me, I rushed upstairs to my lonely attic, and laid me down to weep.

The church where my father preached Sunday after Sunday was away down the glen. It stood among some trees—ashes and elms, with here and there a tall and sombre Scotch fir—close to the bank of the river, which went slowly winding by as if loth to leave the place. The graveyard—God's acre—was round the church, and grandda's grave was not far from the door. So we could see it every Sabbath, and place little wreaths of wild flowers on it.

My father's church was small, his stipend was even smaller; and as the time went on, and we children grew older and bigger, the pinch came, our dresses had to be patched over and over again, and our boots were not always the prettiest.

Pa was more in his study now than ever. He was writing a volume of sermons for publication. It was a work of many years, for he wrote and rewrote his copy, and read it to mamma, and wrote it over again after this.

But in the summer-time, when we strolled together in the even-glow, or when we sat around the fire in the long fore-nights of winter, the ever-recurring subject of conversation was the forthcoming volume of sermons.

Of course we children all thought papa the cleverest and best man in all the wide world, and mamma was not behindhand in her admiration for her husband's genius. She was far more sanguine about the success of the sermons than he was. For he would sit with a smile on his face, and gaze into the fire that burned on the low hearth, while she dilated on the golden future before us. The sermons were to take the world by storm, publishers would compete for the honour of bringing them out. Pa would receive more money for the book than he might even think right to take, only it would be for the best, for we children could then get the highest of education, and Harold would one day be a minister himself. We would not be allowed to stay long in the seclusion of this little Highland parish after the book was known. We would be translated, pa would thunder thenceforth in some great Glasgow or Edinburgh pulpit, and his family would sit every Sabbath in a beautiful pew beneath. To be sure, she added, they would be sorry to leave the old glen, and the innocent, simple parishioners they had dwelt and laboured among so long, but again it would be all for the best, and people were bound to go where they had a call, for was there not a kind Providence that ruled all below?

Dreams, dreams—idle dreams—let me say it at once and never again.

After years of study and toil the book was finished. Then came the heart-breaking hunt for a publisher. I can hardly bear to think of it even now, nor, knowing what I do of literature, repress a sad smile as I call to mind my father's first letter to a celebrated London firm. Fancy a young author offering his fledgling copy, and demanding his price!

I daresay the publisher took pity on papa's innocence, for he did write at last, though we had waited and waited a weary time ere the answer came. How we crowded round him as with trembling hands but beaming face he opened the missive! I was to be the very first to hug and kiss him with delight, when the joyful tidings fell from his lips.

Joyful tidings? The letter dropped from his grasp, he sank into a chair and buried his face in his hands.

It was on the whole a kindly-meant letter, though a strictly business one. The writer could not hold out even the ghost of a hope that the volume would ever be published, except at papa's own risk, and then it would but lumber the shelves for ever and a day.

But we still had hope. We hoped against hope, and tried publisher after publisher.

Politely declined by one and all.

We had a newspaper once a week, and I read even the advertisements.

"Look, papa!" I cried one day, rushing from the garden with the paper in my hand, "Look, O look!"

It was the advertisement of a "literary firm" so called, who undertook to mediate between amateur authors and the publishers.

Of course we wrote to the firm, and so polite and to the point was the reply that hope leapt up in all our hearts once more. It was so simple. We only had to send the MSS. and a guinea, and—wait.

So we did, but alas! and alas! we waited in vain.

Poor old elder Grant, shall I ever forget him?

"Minister," he said, "you'll shoost go up your own sel', and see all about it. Here is a five pun' note that I'll never have a bit o' use for, and if you'll not take it, into the fire it goes."

My father reluctantly borrowed the old man's money, and went away to the great world of London.

He wrote but a few lines back, and in a week he had returned.

The "literary firm" was nowhere to be found. The office was a three-pair back in a street off Drury Lane. The door was locked. The firm—one man and an office boy—had fled.

Dear father! how tired he seemed when I went bounding away to meet him! how tired and grief-stricken, and for the first time in my life I noticed he was growing old!

Ah! how little the rich in this world know how the middle-class poor often live, and the straits they are sometimes in! The middle-class poor? Yes, those toiling and moiling ones who must show a bold and smiling front to the world, even when the hearts within them are breaking; who must keep up appearances or sink for ever, both they and their children, and never—speaking as the world speaks—hold up head again on this sad earth.

"Dollars and dimes, dollars and dimes,
An empty pocket's the worst of crimes."

So chanted Fanny Fern; and thousands feel the truth which the couplet contains.

But the years flew by, one way or another. Under happier auspices, I think I should have been a very bright and cheerful girl. As it was, I fear I gave way to many a fit of melancholy.

One day I saw an advertisement for a young governess. I was but little more than fifteen, but had many accomplishments, as they are called.

I applied. How delightful I thought it would be to send home every week a few shillings to help my little brothers and sisters, and ease the load that weighed so heavily on my father's shoulders!

Whether I should eventually have obtained the situation or not, I cannot say I built a very pretty castle in the air over it, at any rate. But just then something occurred that changed the whole course of my existence.

A letter from our sailor auntie.

She had returned from sea after shipwreck, and her father was no more.

It was a very brief note; she excused its brevity by saying she was all but broken-hearted.

An orphan now, auntie lived with her elder brother, who had succeeded to the little patrimony, on the borders of Hampshire.

I wrote a long, long letter, quite a girl's letter, crossed and recrossed. I told her among other things of my determination to go out as a governess, and asked her advice.

In a post or two came auntie's answer. It was a more cheerful and longer letter than the last.

She would have come to us, she said, if her brother could spare her; for much and far though she had travelled, she had never forgotten the Highland heather. But as she could not get north, I was to come south. She would take no denial.

As to a governess's situation, she continued, I could be governess to her little family.

When I read so far I paused, and we all looked surprised.

"Ethel married!" cried my mother.

"And said nothing about it in her last!" added my father.

"Well," continued mamma, "dear Ethel was always a strange child, but depend upon it, papa, there is some mystery beneath all this."

Yes, reader mine, and a mystery there was, without a doubt.

(*To be continued.*)



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

FLORENCE ST. JOHN.—It is not an easy thing to say which are the three oldest cathedrals in England, as they were all built at so many different times, styles, and dates, and there may not be exactly three older than all the rest; but Winchester, we believe, claims precedence. The first cathedral is said (?) to have been built by King Lucius on the site of a pagan temple, another was built in 313, and another in 871. The present cathedral dates from seven different periods, and s said to have taken ten centuries to build, the oldest part being Saxon, dating from 980. Lichfield Cathedral is said to have been founded in 300, rebuilt in 667 and 700; Canterbury founded in 598, rebuilt partially in 1080; Rochester Cathedral built in 600 and 1000; and Exeter Cathedral was standing in 1050.

JENNIE.—The *Leisure Hour* for April contained a most interesting account of earthquakes. There are many traces of volcanic action in Great Britain (Scotland), the most visible being probably the Salisbury Crags, near Edinburgh, and the wonderful Island of Staffa. Slight earthquakes are annually felt at Comrie, in Perthshire. Indeed, if a heavy waggon passes your house and shakes it, it is practically a small earthquake, and, according to recent scientific discoveries, as shown on instruments, they are of never-ending occurrence.

MEDICA.—"Medicus" wrote an excellent and helpful article on "Dispensing for Girls," in vol vi., p. 443. The Pharmaceutical Society, 17, Bloomsbury-square, W.C., admits women to their lectures and examinations. The South London School of Pharmacy, 325, Kennington-road, also admits women to lectures and laboratory. Fees for one year's training, £15. A three years' apprenticeship to a registered chemist and druggist is also needful before one can open a shop.

HOUSEKEEPING.

A ROBERTSBRIDGE LASSIE.—A stillroom maid in the present day is really an inferior parlour maid, *i.e.*, she waits on the housekeeper's room in very large establishments. The name is rather deceiving, as there are no stills in existence in country houses, and the old duties of the maid of the stillroom have passed away.

ENTRE NOUS.—1. Put away the furs with a little camphor in a linen pillow-case, and enclose, if possible, in a tin box. Shake and beat well, to free from dust, before putting away. 2. If very intimate, the hat would probably not be taken off, unless the person were much older or superior in station.

BOSLAN.—Use about two ounces of ammonia to six gallons of water. This should wash six large articles and some small ones.

A CATHOLIC.—We were very much pleased to receive your nice letter of thanks and suggestions, and we shall remember them. You will find the enamel paints of great help to you in renewing shabby furniture, and a stained floor looks better than a ragged carpet. Rugs are so inexpensive that they are easy to procure. We are glad to find that you and your little maid both appreciate the dress articles, and also that on "Waiting at Table."

MARTHA S.—Coffee essence is made as follows:—One part of coffee to three parts of water. Distil in a heat of 200 deg. Fahr. in a close vessel for ten minutes; then strain and let it evaporate at a low temperature in a vacuum until reduced to one part.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A DERBEAU.—No Christian can presume to draw a hard and fast line for any other Christian, as to what or how much recreation may be permitted to him. Each individual is to be "thoroughly persuaded in his own mind," and to "abstain from all appearance of evil," while he is forbidden to be the judge of another man's liberty. "To his own Master he standeth or falleth." In the case of a girl under her parents' roof and protection, she should be under their guidance in all such matters. It is believed by many commentators that the passage (1st Cor. xi. 10) refers to the evil angels, for Eve having been beguiled by their prince, the arch fiend, and so misled her husband, she was placed under the protection and power of the latter by the Divine will, and this covering of the head in the Church was a sign and symbol of that fact.

HAWTHORN.—We feel for you much, as your case is hard, and an undue advantage has been taken of your dependent position. But you will not be of age until you are twenty-one, and your guardian has absolute legal control over you. So you can only ask for God's aid to bear your present circumstances patiently and to lighten them to you, giving you the comforting assurance that you serve the Lord Christ in that state of trial to which He has for the present called you. Deliverance will come by-and-by; and at least you have your sister in the evening.

DECEMBER.—Your letter is gratifying, and encourages us to write. Your age (17) is against your going out as a governess, for you have no experience, and ought still to be in the schoolroom, though possibly not for mere ordinary lessons. You should be trained in the art of teaching. See our article on "The Duties of Governesses," vol. v., pp. 630 and 770. Daily tuitions would suit your age better. Be careful about your spelling.

AN ONLY DAUGHTER sends us a letter which is exceedingly gratifying to us. We thank her for telling us how much benefit she has received from the



advice we have given in our correspondence. In addressing or answering a young lady she should say "ma'am," not "miss," any more than she would say "Mr." or "Mrs.," unless it were a child, and she might then say "miss" very properly. "Sir" and "ma'am" are otherwise correct. Christmas and New Year's cards may be sent to young men cousins, provided there be no lovemaking nor anything low and vulgar about them. Read what is on them carefully before you send them.

MERLYN.—The origin of the word "almanack" is to be found in the Arabic words *al manak*, to count, and is thus suitably applied to the measurement of time in days, weeks, months, and years. Such are found in the ancient Chaldean cylinders, and were employed in the time of the Alexandrian Greeks. When they were introduced into Europe we are unable to say precisely. In 1150 A.D. Solomon Jarchus published an almanack, Purbach one in 1450-61, and the first printed one was brought out by his pupil, Regiomontanus, in 1475. But Nostradamus was by far the most remarkable almanack-maker of the Middle Ages. The name "almanack" is also applied to the ancient calendars employed by the Scandinavian nations, in which certain days, such as saints' days and festivals, were represented by their respective distinguishing symbols.

AMY.—Many wonder, as you do, at the apparently inexhaustible supply of Indian shawls from which H.M. the Queen so continually makes bridal gifts. The explanation is found in the annual tribute paid to her, as his suzerain, by the Maharajah of Jumnoo. In 1846 a large tract of territory was ceded to him, and in return he bound himself to pay her 75 lacs of rupees, 3 pairs of cashmere shawls, and 12 perfect shawl goats.

A WESLEYAN sends us no fewer than eight questions, and amongst them this: "Is salvation to be found in the Church of England?" We sincerely hope and believe so! Compare Leviticus xxiii. 4 to 9, and 23 to 44, and Isa. lxvi. 23, with Isa. i. 11 to 18. You will then see why God rejected all His own ordinances at their hands—sacrifices, solemn meetings, prayers, oblations, new moons, and Sabbaths. It was because they were hypocrites: their "hands were full of blood," and they "oppressed the widows and fatherless," etc. Of course, when the Christian dispensation came, in place of Judaism, great changes were introduced, chiefly inasmuch as the types were fulfilled in Christ, and there was no further need of the sacrifice of animals. Faith, and truth, and real devotion are not confined to any one community of Christians.

WISHING TO KNOW.—The bride should leave her card (in return) upon the lady of the house, and the bridegroom should leave two, one on the master of the house likewise. If there be daughters of the house, she should leave one card between them, turning up one end to show that it is meant for all. Should there be a stranger in residence, a separate card should be left for her, with an explanation to that effect.

DARK IRISH GIRL.—A big girl of sixteen would do well to turn up her hair in a simple coil at the back of her head. Dresses become soiled by wearing the hair down on the back.

EUNONHARENYHA (Australia).—We thank you for your kind letter, but could not undertake the responsibility of putting you into communication with an English girl. Some day you will probably meet one, and arrange about a correspondence.

UNHAPPY ONE (Australia).—At 16 you have plenty of time for improving your mind, and in more important ways than by "playing a little on the piano and painting a little." Study history and physical geography. Ask your mother or some well-educated friend to set you a course of reading, selecting the best of our standard authors. Add to these studies those of a domestic character — plain sewing, household economy, cookery, nursing. Make it your business to give some portion of each day to helping your mother in whatever way she may require you, and attend to your manners. From sixteen to twenty-one you will have ample time for completing your education. As to "people looking down on you because you cannot play the zither or violin, nor speak German and Italian," the idea is ridiculous.

R. O. L.—Many new lights have in recent times been thrown upon history through the discovery of old records; and in the tragic history of poor Joan of Arc, who, it has till lately been believed, was so ill-requited by her ungrateful country, we have happily discovered an example of these new lights. The city records of Metz show that five years after she was said to have been burnt she went to reside there, and two of her brothers recognised her, and the magistrates made good her identification. French antiquaries also declare that a list is subjoined to these city archives of the presents bestowed on the heroine on her marriage with the Chevalier d'Armoise. The accounts of the Treasurer of Orleans show the expenses incurred for a public reception of the wedded pair in 1439. The marriage certificate, they attest, has likewise been found, and thus the stain on her country is removed.

G. A. Moss, if already in business and doing fairly well, had better continue in her present vocation. It needs more than a strong nerve to be a good nurse: it wants a good many strong ones; and besides that, intelligence, special aptitude for the work, patience, good temper, cheerfulness, cleanliness, punctuality, and implicit obedience to superiors and to hospital rules. Read what we have already said on the subject.

JANIE.—We know of nothing but to obtain a doctor's advice, and if your aunt cannot go with you, why not get a friend to go?

EXPECTANT may claim a quarter's fees or a quarter's notice, we should think. Many thanks for the story, which is not, however, suitable for our columns.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. VIII.—No. 393. JULY 9, 1887. PRICE ONE PENNY.



WOMAN AND ARTIST.

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO.

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AND so I'm a famous woman now—or at least, my pictures are praised and bought,
And that is the fame which I longed for once, though now I have it, it seems but nought;
For the ears that had loved to hear me praised are shut away by the churchyard grass—
My darlings get from the gold I earn but the flowers I drop as to church I pass.

Hush! Am I saying a gift God gives is a Sodom apple with bitter heart?
Do I not know that of all my life, God's gift has given the sweetest part?
And all of its glory and gain are His; if there's a pang or a cloud, 'tis mine;
Do we blame the vine if we choose to mix wormwood and gall with our choicest wine?

Think of the visions I used to have when I was a girl in the city dun—
A New Jerusalem gleamed for me whenever I gazed on a setting sun!
And Alps arose in each cloudy sky, and the park trees darkened to forests hoar,
And angels went to and fro in the crowds that strove and toiled in the city's roar!

It was my own shame I was not content, but pined for travel in foreign lands,
And 'twas my own shame that I often scorned the simple labours God gave my hands;
"Others had leisure and wealth," I said. "To me, who could use them, God granted none."
(And now I see that He dealt with me as the wisest of fathers would have done.)

Think of the glorious hours I had, when struggling to give to my visions life.
Is there any conquest in human power worth half so much as that blessed strife?
Though in defeat it must always end, but in defeat is the victory grand,
For dead, indeed, must Art's ideal be if it does not elude the artist's hand.

O, little chamber beneath the eaves! with its ceiling low and its window wide!
A very heaven it might have been, had my heart been lowly and satisfied;
But I fretted to find my purse too poor, for what I needed and saw so cheap,
And chafed that "I could not work in peace, but a little sister must run and peep."

At last, when in earnest, life's day began, and early I had to toil and late;
What sunny weather I might have had, had I but been ready to work and wait!
For the toil of art is the artist's joy, and yet my folly let trouble in,
By ever longing for praise and gold, that it seemed to me I should never win.

Yet love was nigh, which my pittance served, and which never wished more than I could share,
(Only I fear it sometimes longed for a smile or a word that I did not spare!)
And love was ready with tender praise, which because of the love I would scarcely prize,
For when God was giving the best of life, I thought I was offering sacrifice!

And now it is over—the crown is won—the victor's wreath with a thorn entwined,
And now, on my lonely upland path, I sigh for the valley I've left behind.
Ah, I have scarcely wiser grown than I was in the days that I so regret,
For neither Future nor Past is ours; it is in the Present our feet are set.

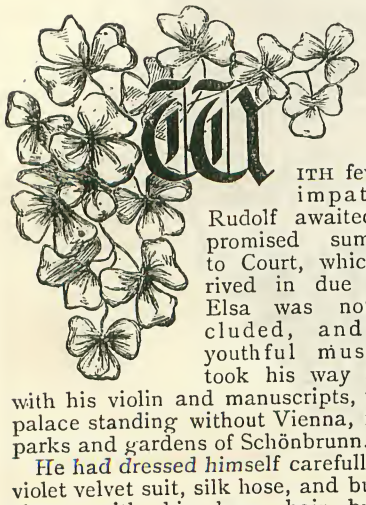
With Wealth and Fame I must serve God now, as I might have served Him in daily strife—
Must trust Him now with my emptied heart, as I might have trusted my blank young life;
I failed Him in youth, and joy, and love—shall I fail Him in age, success, and gain?
Oh, all God's gifts are of purest peace: 'tis the hands which take them that give the stain!

IN THE DAYS OF MOZART.

THE STORY OF A YOUNG MUSICIAN.

By LILY WATSON.

CHAPTER XII.



WITH feverish impatience Rudolf awaited the promised summons to Court, which arrived in due time. Elsa was not included, and the youthful musician took his way alone, with his violin and manuscripts, to the palace standing without Vienna, in the parks and gardens of Schönbrunn.

He had dressed himself carefully in a violet velvet suit, silk hose, and buckled shoes, with his long hair brushed back and tied behind in the prevailing fashion. His thoughtful face, from the pallor of which his great eyes shone out with speaking lustre, interested the august circle assembled in the *salon* whither he was introduced. Since the death of her husband, Maria Theresa had given up all musical parties. Her son Joseph was now associated with her in the sovereign rule, being emperor in place of his late father; and it was in his name that the summons had come to Rudolf.

Maria Theresa had been caused by her father, Charles VI., to study music, and she possessed both talent and taste, having, in her youth, been accustomed to sing charmingly. Her late husband, Francis I., had also been musical, and her children inherited their parents' love for the art. The Emperor Joseph sang well, and performed on the harpsichord and violoncello, while the archduchesses have been said by a contemporary to acquit themselves in music "very well for princesses!"

It was into the presence of the emperor, the empress, and the archduchesses that Rudolf was now introduced, and a vision of grace and beauty that flashed upon his sight almost took away his breath; for he saw a young girl whose unusual loveliness was enhanced by the brilliant splendour of her costume. Her luxuriant hair fell in curls upon her neck, and was raised artistically above a beautiful forehead. A sparkling expression of vivacity distinguished her from her sisters, and with grace and kindliness she smiled at Rudolf as he entered.

This was the Archduchess Marie Antoinette. She was barely fifteen, yet she was looking forward to her marriage with the Dauphin of France in the May of the coming year—a lofty destiny for which she had been carefully prepared from infancy.

Bright, radiant, and beautiful, in the prime of her girlhood, she was fitted to adorn the throne of any land.

Had Rudolf known that the lovely neck encircled by pearls was one day

to rest on the scaffold, his heart would have broken. He was completely dominated and fascinated by this vision of beauty, grace, and dignity. And it was not wonderful that from this hour the young musician became possessed by a hopeless far-off adoration for Marie Antoinette. He never spoke of it to anyone. It would have been too wildly preposterous; but he dreamed of her by day and night, and she exercised, all unknowingly, a potent influence over his work. Her power of inspiring devotion was, in truth, unusual. Six months later, when she was on her way to be married to the Dauphin of France, she had literally a triumphal procession all the way from Strasburg to Paris. "Everywhere," says the historian, "the peasantry quitted the neighbouring fields, crowding to the roadside to get a glimpse of their destined sovereign. Triumphal arches were erected in all the towns and villages; the streets were strewn with nosegays; rows of maidens, dressed in white, and adorned with garlands, awaited to present her with the choicest flowers of spring. Her youth, her beauty, her benignity, the radiant joy which beamed from her countenance, diffused a universal feeling of enchantment. One country priest near Chalons, who at the head of his flock was waiting to offer her a carefully studied harangue, forgot it all at her radiant appearance, and could only fall on his knees and stammer forth, "Madame, be not surprised at my lack of memory; *Pulchra es et formosa.*"

And in Paris, when she entered the very hall in the Hôtel de Ville whence the decrees for the execution of herself and her husband were to be issued in time to come, the old Marshal de Brissac said, showing her from the window the sea of uncovered heads in the Place de Grève, "Madame, you behold before you two hundred thousand persons in love with you."

Poor child! But now, all unconscious of her strange destiny, she smiled on the young musician, whose violin sang so sweetly beneath his touch. Rudolf played even better upon this instrument than on the clavier, and loved it more dearly. To him the "Straduarius" upon his shoulder yielded up all its secret mysterious sweetness, and the souls of his listeners were thrilled by its sensitive vibrations. He was playing a *réverie* of his own, that in its dreamy strain, half mournful, half rejoicing, was a fit reflection of the imaginative mood of youth.

"May I ask him if he can improvise, like the little Mozart?" inquired Marie Antoinette's winning voice; and the young musician surpassed himself in delicate and correct improvisation. To her he played; his violin impromptu was all for her. For her he improvised on the clavier placed ready to his hand; his whole being seemed to flow in streams of melody to her feet. No overnumbing nervousness was produced by her presence; it was an inspiration.

The little audience listened approvingly to the young *virtuoso*, and admired his rapt expression of countenance, though they were far indeed from understanding its cause.

He would gladly have played all day, but after an hour he was graciously bidden to desist.

"Can you tell us of your compatriot, Wolfgang Mozart?" inquired the Emperor. "He composed an opera, 'La Finta Semplice,' in Vienna last year, and produced another, 'Bastien and Bastienne,' at the amateur theatre of Dr. Messmer. It was a wonderful feat for a lad of twelve."

Rudolf respectfully answered by describing Wolfgang's present occupation. The Emperor talked a while longer of the Mozarts, in whom he evidently took a great interest, especially in "der kleine Hexenmeister" (the little magician), as he termed Wolfgang; and Rudolf listened with appreciation to the praises of his friend.

Then the interview was over, and the Royal family vanished from his sight, Marie Antoinette casting a peculiarly winning smile behind her at the youthful performer. He stood as one dazzled; then a chamberlain entering, presented him with a tiny jewel case, and signified that it was time to depart.

Elsa was watching at the window when she saw Rudolf returning slowly with his violin case. A look of weariness and dejection was on his countenance, instead of the proud and rapturous air with which he set forth. The November afternoon was dark and chill, and the anxious sister noticed that he coughed more than once as he came along. She forbore to worry him with questions, but he answered her eyes as he dropped into a chair.

"Yes, Schwesterlein, it has been successful, and I played well, I think; indeed, I know I did, for I was inspired."

"And now you are weary. Have you eaten since you left home?"

Rudolf made a sign in the negative, and Elsa felt indignant that no entertainment had been provided at the Court at Schönbrunn for the artist. She hastened to set refreshment before him; and when he had taken a little he was able to enter into particulars.

The practical question obtruded itself on the sister's mind, "Did you receive any recompense for playing? And what will this lead to?" Elsa was by no means of a money seeking disposition, and had forced herself of late to be "practical" and wise in economies, solely for Rudolf's sake. With the daily expenses, and the hire of the clavier, Aunt Lucinda's present would not last very long, and the question of ways and means was beginning to harass the little sister.

However, the unspoken question was answered by Rudolf handing her the case, and saying—

"This was sent me by the Emperor."

It contained a pretty ring of small value.

"Could we sell this, do you suppose?" inquired Elsa, timidly.

"Sell it? My darling girl, what are you thinking of? No, a Von Eberstein has not yet fallen so low as to barter the presents of his sovereign."

Rudolf might have added that it would fetch a very moderate sum, and that the money would not be worth the risk of his sale, in the limited circle of Vienna society, being detected by royalty, but to do him justice, neither consideration occurred to his mind, so poor Elsa was silenced.

On the next day Rudolf took the manuscripts of the pieces he had played at Schönbrunn to the chief music publisher at Vienna, but to his great chagrin and disappointment the head of the house looked askance at them.

"You are unknown, and they would have no sale at all."

"But I played them at Court, yesterday."

"Ah, yes, our Emperor and Empress are gracious. Try to play elsewhere, my young friend," added the publisher, who was really good-natured. "Become known, and then your compositions will be worth our while to publish; or copy them yourself, and try to get people to purchase them."

Rudolf, who had felt sure that his *réveries* for the violin and *capriccio* for the clavier would command instant appreciation by reason of their real worth, looked so bitterly disappointed that the publisher entered into further conversation with him.

"The Viennese public is not so musical as you suppose," said he at length. "They raved about the little Mozart of whom you speak, when he was a baby prodigy, but when he appeared last year and tried to take his rank as a musician, he met with nothing but discouragement. The common people care for bull-baiting more than any other amusement, so what can you expect? Then the musicians, my young friend, are a terrible set; always backbiting and injuring one another. Jealousy and cabals of every sort are rife, and they will be all against you. I advise you to go back to the Herr Grandpapa."

"Never," cried Rudolf, as he took up his rejected manuscripts to depart.

That evening as the brother and sister sat together they talked seriously over the prospect before them. Rudolf had played at Court, but except the fairy-like vision of Marie Antoinette and the little ring, he had carried no particular advantages away with him. The publication and sale of his compositions, on which the foolish boy had depended, seemed a thing of the far future. In the vast public of Vienna they were destitute of friends, save for the faithful Paul Engelhardt. Their stock of florins was melting down. How visionary seemed the brilliant prospect of a few short days ago! Lessons! why, Rudolf could not hope to get even the "stupid unmusical" pupils he so contemned!

And yet nothing of importance had occurred to open the eyes of the brother and sister! It was simply that the glamour of life had suddenly faded away, and they saw things in their true aspect.

As they spoke, a tap came at the door, and Paul Engelhardt entered. It was the first time Elsa had met him since their walk together, and a vivid blush dyed her face, but he spoke to her in his usual manner.

"Well, is the great musician pondering his future career?" he asked good-naturedly. "I want to hear about the visit to Court."

"I went to Court and played to the Royal family," said Rudolf bitterly, "but I seem to be much where I was before, as for any prospect of success; and worse off than before, insomuch that every day we get poorer; and nobody will look at my manuscripts."

"Come, come, my boy, this will not do," said Paul kindly, placing his hand on the head that Rudolf had bowed despairingly upon his folded arms, against the hired clavier. "The artist temperament, you know, is always either too much elated or too much depressed."

"I have been too much elated," murmured Rudolf; "that is easily seen; but I don't think I am too much depressed."

"No, you may not think so, but you are. Don't talk any more, but play me your last sonata for the clavier. I am longing to hear it."

Rudolf was only too glad to lose himself in the delicious strains of music. The allegro with which the sonata began was bright, melodious, and charming; the andante revealed depths of feeling which surprised Engelhardt in so young a composer; and the "prestissimo" at the close sounded as if the performer were bidding a bright defiance to all ills, and fleeing with airy footsteps from the regions of sordid care.

"That is the best thing you have done yet!" cried his friend. "You have only to go on composing and improving. Vienna, in spite of what your publisher says, is not the city to neglect a good musician in the long run. Your day will come. Why, my good fellow, how long have you been here? Three weeks! yet you expect to find the world at your feet, and are not satisfied with having been in the presence of the Empress *only* twice! Conceited lad! what do you expect?"

Rudolf laughed at the good-humoured raillery, in spite of himself.

"The difficulty is that I do not see—what next."

"Hard work next, and hard work next after that. Certainly, you may with advantage make yourself known to any friends of your father and mother in Vienna; there must be many."

"We were so young," murmured Elsa, "and our mother lived a very retired life. Stay, I remember the name of one great man—Prince Kounitz."

"The statesman, Prince Kounitz, who gave the Mozarts an audience? He is a musical connoisseur and a kind-hearted man. Rudolf shall make himself known to him to-morrow. He will help you, never fear."

But as Paul left the baker's shop his face looked grave. He thought the prospects before the ardent young musician of making an immediate livelihood in Vienna were but faint, and Rudolf could not afford to wait. True, he had talent, but so had Haydn, Glück, Hasse, Mozart, and many far greater composers than Von Eberstein, who had won but slack recompense in Vienna. However, Engelhardt was not without resources, having climbed painfully up to a fair literary position; and as he thought on these things, he vowed to himself that while he could work neither Elsa nor Rudolf should want for bread.

(*To be continued.*)

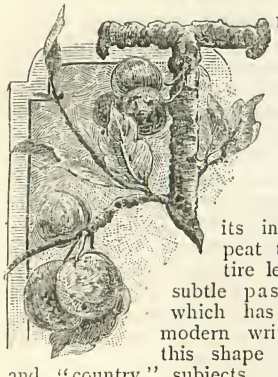
SOME OF THE POETRY WE READ.

A FEW NOTES ON THE MODERN USE OF THE OLD FRENCH METRICAL FORMS.

By J. W. GLEESON WHITE.

CHAPTER III.

THE VILLANELLE, BALLADE, SONNET, ETC.



THE *villanelle* has been written more often than might be expected, for the monotony of its refrain is apt to weary soon, as the first and third lines of its initial stanza repeat through its entire length. It has a subtle pastoral flavour which has tempted many modern writers to choose this shape for "season" and "country" subjects. In quoting an example one may be found that in itself describes the villanelle. This feat of making a verse shape describe its own rules has been always a favourite with rhymesters; the literature of the sonnet shows many a one. Mr. Swinburne's roundel was mentioned before. Mr. Austin Dobson, in note 9 to his early edition of "Proverbs in Porcelain," has a translated rondeau with this theme, while the following graceful lines appeared in "London" for Aug. 18, 1877:—

A dainty thing's a villanelle—
A precious little gem in rhyme,
And serves its purpose passing well.

A double-clappered silver bell
That must be made to clink in time—
A dainty thing's a villanelle.

Although unfit a tale to tell
Of plot or passion, care or crime,
It serves its purpose passing well.

You must not ask of it the swell
Of organs, grandiose and sublime—
A dainty thing's a villanelle.

And if you wish to flute a spell,
Or test your prowess as a mime,
It serves its purpose passing well.

To send a sugared kiss to Nell,
To ask a meeting 'neath the lime,
A dainty thing's a villanelle.

Or filled with satire, as a shell
Is filled with sound, and launched in time,
It serves its purpose passing well.

A floweret sweet to see or smell,
Transplanted from a happier clime,
A dainty thing's a villanelle.

And even here where poets yell
Among our London glare and grime,
It serves its purpose passing well.

Itself its only parallel—
Sly, musical, a rhythmic dime—
A dainty thing's a villanelle;
It serves its purpose passing well.

Provided but two rhymes are used, and the refrain alternates as in the above, any number of stanzas may be written. Six, however, suffice for most writers of this form.

The *sestina* is a form not very frequently chosen of late. Of its influence on Dante's "Divine Comedy," and its earlier use, space forbids digression. It is now written usually in six stanzas of six lines each, with an envoy of three lines. Here rhyme sound repetition yields to the word itself being repeated.

As an entire sestina would occupy too much space, it must suffice to quote a few lines from one by Mr. E. W. Gosse:—

In fair Provence, the land of lute and rose
Arnaut, great master of the lore of love,
First wrought sestines to win his lady's heart,
For she was deaf when simpler staves he sang,
And for her sake he broke the bonds of rhyme,
And in this subtler manner hid his woe.

In this sestina Mr. Gosse has chosen end words that do not rhyme (but that is allowable if the writer prefers it), but the words ending each line of the first stanza—this is the important rule—end those of each following one, but in altered order. The second stanza ends with woe—rose—rhyme—love—sang—heart. The third, heart—woe—sang—rose—love—rhyme, and so on in new order each time, until the envoy, which introduces the six words in this way:—

Ah! sovereign *love*, forgive this weaker *rhyme*,
The men of old who *sang* were great at *heart*,
Yet have we, too, known *woe*, and worn thy *rose*.

The freedom of the sestina, in spite of the words coming again and again, is probably greater than any of the other shapes, for the words are, of course, chosen either to bear frequent repetition, or so ordinary that they pass unnoticed. There are also examples of a double sestina with twelve verses of twelve lines each, and envoy of six—one by Mr. Swinburne and another by Mr. George Barlow, entitled "Alone," in a volume of poems, "A Life's Love." The title has an ominous fitness, in spite of the skill which Mr. Barlow has shown; the shape is evidently visible, and too unwieldy for modern taste.

The *rondeau redoublé* is so little akin to the rondeau that it was purposely left out of consideration there. It is curious that so simple and pleasing a form should prove to be the

least used of any. The first stanza of four lines supplies (each line in order) the final lines of the next four stanzas, with the first phrase of the initial line repeated as a refrain at the close of the last verse.

The *kyrielle*, the *virelai*, the *pantoum*, and a few other forms, are divergences from those noticed, interesting, but so rarely used that only the last need be described. This, the pantoum, is in stanzas of four lines, the second and fourth line of first verse form first and third lines of the next, through all its stanzas, which only cease when the writer is tired, which is usually long after the reader has ceased to feel any interest in this very wearisome shape. Every line is repeated once only, but the repeat coming but four lines off, is fatally monotonous, as after the first verse half of each has just been heard in the previous ones. Here is the opening of a pantoum :—

"In the burning August weather—
Steam and swelter, gas and glare—
Oh! to lie among the heather,
With the wind among my hair!

Steam and swelter, gas and glare,
Noise, and dust, and tittle-tattle;
With the wind among my hair,
Oh! to watch far off the battle!"

And so on for over a dozen verses.

The *ballade*, with its various kindred forms —the *ballade of double refrain* and the *chant royal*—is the last of the old French forms to note. This is now so often used by modern writers that it may in time be as little an exotic as the sonnet. It is, nevertheless, a very distinct and inflexible shape to handle neatly; but the very difficulty is so apparent that the slight tension with which the next rhyme-sound is awaited may, like a clever suspension in music, be the source of intense pleasure when the resolution comes. Here Mr. Andrew Lang is supreme. He has made the ballade the form *par excellence* for verse crowded with lore of all sorts, especially of books and bric-à-brac. To study one of his charming ballads is in itself a lesson in the form, since his "XXII. Ballades in Blue China" (afterwards issued as XXII. and X. in an enlarged edition) took the hearts of educated people by storm. He has produced many, and nearly all full of a subtle charm, not easy to analyse, and still more hard to imitate. Allusions to proper names that form the needful rhyme are so cleverly introduced that whether the name was chosen for the rhyme, or the rhyme decided on purposely to suit the name, none but he could say. Here he loves to sing of Aldines and Elzevirs, of rare editions of old-time books; here, too, he gives a real touch of pathos on nature generally, as seen from a pent-up Londoner's view. It would be easy to quote a dozen, and yet include but a portion of his very best ones, but space and courtesy forbid so large a quotation, and as in *Longman's Magazine*, in the American *Century*, and many other contemporary periodicals, he often prints fresh poems in this form, there will be little difficulty in hunting up his delightful conceits. "Rhymes à la Mode" contain many. So again in his books, "The Library," "Books and Bookmen," and "Theocritus," ballades appear which are well worth searching out. To him must be awarded the honour of having led the way in the study of the ballade, and its master, Francis Villon, of Paris. In 1872 Mr. Lang published his volume, "Ballads and Lyrics of Old France," opening up the poetry of Francis Villon, Charles d'Orleans, and others for the first time to English readers. The unaccountable neglect, even in France itself, of these old poets, until within the last few years, is curious; although from his choice of subjects as well as manner of treatment Villon must needs be a poet for scholars and readers rather than the general public. Mr. John Payne has since translated the whole of Villon's works into verse that excites one's admiration, not only by its intrinsic beauty, but at the marvellous skill by which works wrought in a foreign language of an obsolete form have been imitated with great fidelity, not of the words alone, but subject to the technical rules of that verse which these papers have tried to describe. Mr. Swinburne has also translated many of the housebreaker-poet's ballades. The life of Villon is not adapted for the columns of this paper, but that in the wild career he led—thief, murderer possibly, rascal certainly—he should yet write such manly poems, pictures of a depraved society, but keenly sensitive to the vices and follies of the day, moralising in no unreal fashion on the life he himself pursued, hatred for the sins he did is lost in pity for the sinner.

But to return to the ballade, which inevitably recalls the name of Villon. It is impossible to avoid quoting Mr. Lang, since, it may be, some of the readers of this paper do not know his volumes. This is a very typical one—a

"Ballad of Literary Fame.
"'All these for fourpence.'

"Oh, where are the endless romances
Our grandmothers used to adore?—
The knights, with their helms and their lances,
Their shields, and the favours they wore?
And the monks, with their magical lore?
They have passed to oblivion and *Nox*,
They have fled to the shadowy shore,—
They are all in the Fourpenny Box!

"And where the poetical fancies
Our fathers rejoiced in of yore?
The lyric's melodious expanses,
The epics, in cantos a score?
They have been, and are not: no more
Shall the shepherds drive silvery flocks,
Nor the ladies their languors deplore—
They are all in the Fourpenny Box!

"And the music, the songs, and the dances?
And the tunes that Time may not restore?
And the tomes where Divinity prances?
And the pamphlets where Heretics roar?
They have ceased to be even a bore,—
The Divine, and the Sceptic who mocks,—
They are 'cropped,' they are 'foxed,' to the core;
They are all in the Fourpenny Box!

Envoy.

"Suns beat on them, tempests downpour
On the chest without cover or locks,
Where they lie by the bookseller's door;
They are all in the Fourpenny Box!"

The terms "cropped" and "foxed" refer to the cut edges and spotted state of old books, as all collectors know; but perhaps the terms may be new to some of the readers of this magazine.

The above, with many a quaint turn of a line, half-pathetic, half-humorous, is a fair sample of a style Mr. Lang has made his own; but having quoted the example first, it will be as well just to note the laws of this shape; yet if the other forms have been followed through these papers, the rules will be almost evident at a glance.

The ballade consists of three verses, usually of eight lines, and a verse half the length, called the envoy, which begins with a dedication, "prince" or "princess" generally in the old ballades. Many subtle rules, one that the number of lines in each stanza should equal the number of syllables in the refrain, are not now insisted on. Each stanza and the envoy close with the refrain, which should in itself embody the "text" or "*subject*" *of the whole* poem. The rhymes are limited, not as in rondeaux and rondels, to two, for a third sound is introduced to rhyme with the refrain; while stanzas of ten lines allow four rhymes in all, used in this order for the eight line stanza—A, B, A, B, B, C, B, C, and B, C, B, C, for the envoy; for the ten line stanza—A, B, A, B, B, C, C, D, C, D, and C, C, D, C, D, for the envoy. A slight variation in the order of rhyme sounds (provided, of course, that it extends through the whole of the verses) is allowed. *The ballade with double refrain* repeats the fourth line of each stanza, unaltered in the following ones, and uses it also as second line of the envoy. The chant royal, considered by many writers to be the final *tour de force* of poetic composition, is thus epitomised by Mr. H. C. Bunner: "It was reserved for the celebration of divine mysteries, or for the exploits of some heroic race. It is composed of five stanzas of eleven lines, all using the same set of five rhymes in the same order, and each ending with the burden or refrain. To this is added an envoy of five or six lines, ending also with the refrain, and beginning with an address to some dignitary, as 'prince' or 'baron.'" The chant royal, "The God of Wine," by Mr. E. W. Gosse, put in the *Cornhill* article before mentioned, has the honour of being its first kind in English. Owing to the length of a Chant Royal, it is impossible to include a complete example here, and a stanza extracted would fail to convey the effect of the whole poem.

The *sonnet* is so widely known, and written in such enormous numbers, that space forbids its being adequately treated in these papers, especially as Mr. William Sharp's "Sonnets of this Century," obtainable in a shilling edition, has an exhaustive essay on the sonnet and technical analysis of its form, and gives besides some hundreds of examples of the best modern ones. This little volume has extended the rage for the sonnet even beyond its previous limits. One amateur lately volunteered to send an editor two thousand of his own for critical comment, so that sonnet writing is a malady to be discouraged. A form bristling with technical difficulties, and already possessed of a copious literature, in all European and some Eastern tongues, may be respected. The proverb that ends "where angels fear to tread" should not be rashly provoked against him by the amateur poet. As these papers have shown, there are many other forms available, the practice of which will at least tend to improve the versifier in rhyme and rhythm, and also in compressing his poem to limits probably more in accordance with its intrinsic merits than the epic, formerly the delight of young poets. It is by no means to be wished that Provençal forms should usurp the field of poetry. A true poet will no doubt always feel the shape his verses may best take by instinct, and only use artificial restraints of this character when the subject is suitable, but to those who write a little, it may give additional pleasure to try their muse loaded with chains, which may crush a feeble rhymer, but cannot only be worn gracefully, but made a decorative adjunct, when the skill required is equal to the demand. The taste for these forms is undoubtedly an acquired one, but no less pleasant on that account. Because we love native flowers best, yet we do not despise those exotics which demand extra care and attention, but in return yield fragrance of their own and diversify the monotony of one style only, be it in flowers or verse.

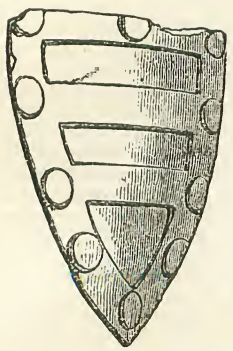
Postscript.—In Chapter II. of this series a few errors escaped notice in the proof. First, Mr. Richard Wilton is the author of

"Sungleams," also of a series of Rondels in the *Sunday at Home*, 1885; his works are full of grace, and well deserve study. Next, the Rondeau, "When Summer Dies," was erroneously transcribed, the substitution of the ending of the fourth line in lieu of the rightful wording of the sixth, "And where the hawthorn scattered far and wide," breaking the rule of the form, as well as being unlike the original version. Lastly, Mr. Oscar Wilde wrote a "Villanelle," not a "Villenette," the last being possibly a printer's form, certainly not a poet's. It may also be well to explain that while the majority of these forms are used by the Provençal poets, others had not their origin there, the Pantoum, for instance, being Eastern, and the Villanelle practically—in spite of one early example extant—of modern date. Those who wish to possess an anthology of verse in these shapes may be glad to know that a forthcoming volume of a popular series will supply an inexpensive but complete collection.

[THE END.]

HERALDRY, HISTORICALLY AND PRACTICALLY CONSIDERED.

PART III.



ANCIENT EFFIGY AT WHITWORTH, DURHAM.

In pursuance of our study of the grammar of heraldry, we now must enter upon the subject of furs, lines, quarterings, honourable ordinaries, subordinate ordinaries, charges, and roundles.

The chief furs employed in the blazonry of the escutcheon are ermine, vair, and miniver. Of the former there are several varieties—*i.e.*, ermine, ermines, erminois, pean, and erminites. The latter (vair) is made in heraldry to represent bells or cups—white and black, upright or upside down, ranged alternately or in horizontal lines.

The origin of the introduction of vair into armory is ascribed to the Signior de Coucies. When engaged in battle in Hungary, perceiving that his army was in the act of flight, he tore out the lining of his cloak, which was of the skin of the varus—a small animal of the weasel kind—and displayed it as an ensign for the purpose of rallying the men. It had the desired effect, and resulted in victory, and from thenceforth that fur became the armorial ensign of his signiory.

Here I will also venture to name a fact that may be regarded as rank heresy in the domain of the nursery and schoolroom, viz., that by some it has been supposed that the wonderful slippers of Cinderella were made of *vair*, fur—not *verre*, glass!

As in the case of ermine, so in vair, there are varieties—*i.e.*, contre vair, potent, counter potent, or varry coupé, vair en point, or pale, and varry.

The third fur is miniver. It is the skin of a small animal found in Lithuania, called the Litnite, and is of a pure white.

As some escutcheons have more than one tincture, they are necessarily divided by lines. The following examples describe those most commonly employed on English shields:—

Engrailed.

Invected.

Wavy (Undé).

Crenelle, or Embattled.

Nebulé.

Indented.

Dancette.

Angled.

Bevilled.

Escartel'e.

Nowy, or Franché.

Dovetailed.

Battled, or Embattled Grady.

Potent.

Enarched, or Double Arched.

Arched.

Urdé.

Radient.

In addition to these lines and the charges (or devices) emblazoned upon the escutcheon, there are certain bands, etc., which are called *Honourable Ordinaries*. These were marks of distinction originally bestowed by the sovereign for eminent services, either in council or on the field of battle, chieftains alone being entitled to them; and over and above these marks of the highest distinction, there are also *Subordinate Ordinaries*.

Of the former category there are the *Chief*, a broad band terminated by a horizontal line, occupying one-third of the upper part of the field. The chief has a diminutive, called the fillet.

The *Pale* is a band consisting of two perpendicular lines from the top to the base of the field, occupying one-third of its width. This pale has two diminutives—a pallet and an endorse.

The *Bend*, which is formed by two diagonal lines, drawn from the dexter chief to the sinister base, occupying one-fifth of the field if uncharged, but if charged, one-third only. This bend has four diminutives—the garter, the cotice, the riband, and the bendlet.

The *Bend Sinister*, which is of the same width as the bend dexter, having a diminutive called the scrape, which is but half its size.

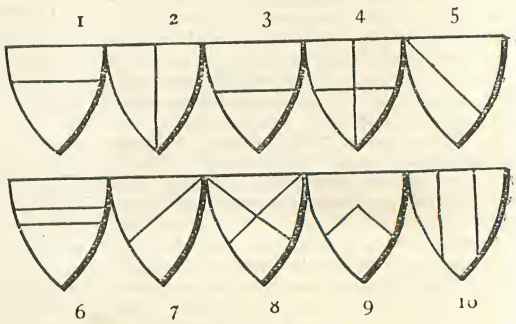
The *Fess*, a broad horizontal band across the centre of the field, occupying one-third of its breadth.

The *Bar*, a horizontal band occupying a fifth of the field, and of which there may be two. It has two or three diminutives, *i.e.*, the closet, the barrulet, and the gemels (a corruption of the French word *jumels*). When the escutcheon contains a number of bars—of colour and metal alternately—and exceeding five, the honourable ordinary is called a barry of so many pieces.

The *Chevron* is in form like the gable end of a roof, and is represented on the coat-sleeve of a military non-commissioned officer. It has two diminutives—the chevronelle and the couple-close, in which latter the chevronels are interlaced at the base.

The *Cross*, the distinguishing badge of the Crusaders, occupies one-fifth of the field when not charged, otherwise one-third, the two ribands simply crossing each other at right angles in the centre of the field. There are many varieties used in heraldry, described as a cross engrailed, or a cross invected, etc., the simple form remaining unchanged.

The *Saltier*, in which the bend and bend sinister cross each other diagonally on the field, like that of St. Andrew.



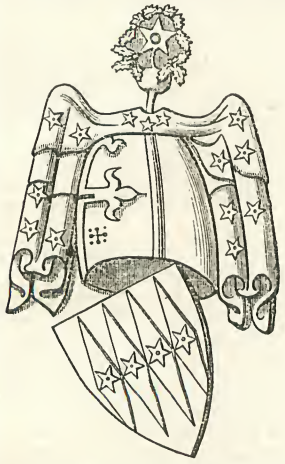
1. The Chief.
2. The Pale.
3. The Fess.
4. The Cross.
5. The Bend.
6. The Bar, or Barry.
7. The Bend Sinister.
8. The Saltire.
9. The Chevron.
10. The Tierce.



GENEALOGICAL ACHIEVEMENT.

11. A Genealogical Achievement; so quartered as to leave spaces for the blazoning of ancestral arms, which the bearer may have a legal right to combine with his own; with all the exterior ornaments of the Shield, Crest, Helmet, Mantle, Motto, and Scrolls.

The *Subordinate Ordinaries* are fourteen in number—The *Gyron*, the *Canton*, *Lozenge*, *Fusil*, *Mascle*, *Fret*, *Pile*, *Inescutcheon*, *Orle*, *Flanche*, *Flasque*, *Voider*, and *Tressure*.



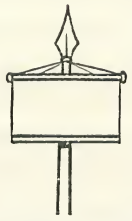
ACHIEVEMENT OF ARMS ON SLAB TO JOHN DAUBYGNÉ

It may be interesting to know that the mark of special distinction called the canton, a square marked out on the dexter chief of the field, and sometimes charged (when it may be enlarged) represents the banner of the ancient knights banneret. The exact period of the first institution of this distinction seems uncertain; but it can be traced from the time of Edward I. "It is most honourable, because never conferred," says James Coats (ed. of "Guillim's Heraldry" and the "New Dictionary of Heraldry," 1739), "but upon some heroic action performed in the field," and conferred with great ceremony after a victory. He proceeds to say of knights banneret that "they were allowed to bear arms with supporters, which no others may do under the degree of a baron"; and further, that "they were declared worthy henceforth to bear a banner in the wars."

It is desirable to explain that the ordinary knights carried a pennon, as shown in the woodcut. When raised to the dignity of a banneret, the king (or general) caused the point of the pennon to be rent off, and the square portion left was thenceforth suspended as a small banner upon his lance. The last knight banneret made in England was Sir John Smith, after the Battle of Edgehill, for rescuing the standard of Charles I. from the rebels.

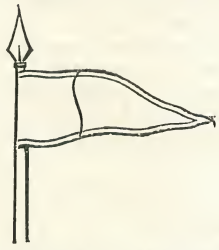
The charges borne on coats of arms signify devices. These often bore some reference to deeds of arms, for the lands were held under the Crown by military tenure, and coats of arms had no connection with any but armed service to the State. However, as regards dignities, certain exceptions were of early date. King Alfred, who valued trade so highly, caused a law to be made which conferred the honour of King's Thane upon any merchant who should cross the sea three times at his own expense, and he may well be regarded as the founder of British commerce. (See "The Analysis of Nobility in its Origin," translated from the original German of the Baron von Lowhen, 1754.)

In later times, when the sovereigns of Europe desired to decrease the power of the great barons, they began to do so by granting essentially military distinctions to persons who served them by wisdom in council or great learning. Later still they were extended to civic corporations and private individuals who had no claim to that special description of



BANNER AS SUSPENDED ON KNIGHT'S LANCE.

honour. Thus the ingenuity of the heralds was severely taxed to compose devices or charges that would be at all suitable and representative in character for these civilians. But Sir William Dugdale, in his "Ancient Usage in Bearing Arms," says, "Many errors have been and are still committed in granting coats of arms to such persons as have not advanced themselves by the sword, being such as rise by their judgment or skill in arts, affairs, and trades." He affirms that they should be awarded notes or marks of honour fit for their calling, to show forth (as did the arms of the ancient knights) the manner of



THE PENNON, SHOWING WHERE RENT FOR BANNER.

their rising, and not be be set off with those representations which, in their nature, are only proper for martial men."

The subject of coats of arms is too wide for the limits of these brief articles. Thus our readers who desire to enter more fully into the study of heraldry must be referred to exhaustive works on the subject. Still, a few words may be given with reference to special charges, and a list of the roundles and guttæ, and which form a distinct group of charges. The latter consist of small circular figures, seven in number, and distinguished one from



CANTON REPRESENTING BANNER GRANTED.

another by their several tinctures. They are named thus:—

1. The Bezant—*Or*.
2. The Plate—*Argent*.
3. The Torteau—*Gules*.
4. The Heurte—*Azure*.
5. The Pellet or Agress—*Sable*.
6. The Pomme—*Vert*.
7. The Fountain—Barry-wavy of six, *Argent* and *Azure*.

These are of frequent occurrence in heraldry.

With reference to special charges, the several forms of the cross, also the scallop-shell, the crescent, and the lion, are specially indicative of the Crusaders and the pilgrimages made to the Holy Land.

With reference to the lions of England, which our French neighbours prefer to represent as leopards, I may state, *en passant*, quoting from Boutell's "English Heraldry," p. 84, "Only when in rampant attitude did the early heralds consider any lion to be a lion, and blazon him by his true name. The English kings and princes knew that lions, in the attitude of their lions, were heraldic leopards." The animal bearing that name bore it simply as an heraldic title, which distinguished a lion in a particular attitude, but "drawn in every respect as other heraldic lions, without spots or any leopardish distinction whatever." Of all attitudes, that of the lion rampant is the first and most noble, taking precedence of all others. As stated in Coats' Dictionary, "The lyon was looked upon by the ancients as the king of beasts, being esteemed the most magnanimous, the most generous, the most bold, and most fierce of all the four-footed race. And, therefore, he has been chosen to represent the greatest heroes who have been endued with such-like qualities" (p. 208). "The warrior," says Sir James Lawrence ("Manual of Heraldry," p. 93), "who, though victorious, was still engaged in struggling with the foes of his sovereign—the lion rampant was considered a proper emblem of the hero." "From the time that they first possessed any true armorial insignia, the sovereigns of England have borne lions on their royal shields" (Boutell, p. 83). "In becoming fellowship with the lion," he adds, "the eagle appears."

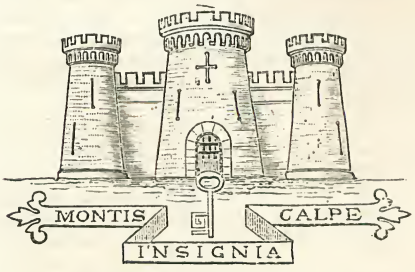


LION RAMPANT.

A lion walking and looking about him the early heralds held to be acting the part of a leopard. The English kings, who well knew their lions to be lions, in blazon styled them leopards.

The Royal bird, however, does not occur in English blazon so frequently as the lion. Edward III., as a second crest, bore an eagle. Amongst fabulous animals, the dragon and the wyvern are of the greatest antiquity.

Our next article of this series will have reference to *Cadency* (or differences), certain signs distinguishing the several sons of the head of a family—helmets, crests, mantling,



ARMS OF GIBRALTAR.

wreaths, mural and other heraldic crowns, cap of maintenance, supporters, cockades, and liveries.

(*To be continued.*)

"LA GÉANTE ANGLAISE."

A SKETCH OF BOHEMIAN LIFE.

By H. E. GRAY.

CHAPTER V.

MARIANA was awakened betimes on Wednesday morning by the sunshine pouring into her room. She arose with that alacrity so easy when one wakes to a holiday and a fine day. Her thoughts were busied, while dressing, with anticipations of coming pleasure. How delightful it would be to glide away from the bustling town out into the country! What beautiful tints there would be on the wooded slopes of Meudon and of Issy! Above all, how charming it would be to roam at will about the park and gardens of St. Cloud; to feast the eye on the masses of horse-chestnut, lilac, and laburnum, already in blossom, enjoying erewhile that ineffable sensation of mingled rapture and languor which seizes hold of the soul on a day in spring!

When she was dressed, Mariana proceeded to place her picture in readiness for Leonidas Yonge's visit on the morrow, in case the boat by which she returned should be somewhat late. Having pulled the easel into a good light, she draped it with a bronze-brown piece of velvet, which had worn and faded to an exact stage of artistic perfection. Then lifting the precious canvas on to the easel, she arranged the folds of velvet carefully around it, in lieu of a frame. The effect was admirable. Mariana stood gazing at her handiwork with a pleasure that was almost pain. How sweet to her ears will be the praise she will hear bestowed on it to-morrow! She knows that Leonidas Yonge will fully appreciate it. What will he say to her? How will he thank her? She will earn a large sum of money for it, but is there aught else she would like to receive in payment of her earnest labours?

Before she envelops the painting with a white sheet to protect it from dust, let us examine it. Yet how describe with pen what glowing colours in the hands of trained genius can produce? Those who know well the great poem of Browning can best picture it by the aid of their imagination alone.

The scene is in a narrow cell of the hospital at Salzburg. Paracelsus, who has been lying half unconscious on a meagre bed, has suddenly been roused to energy by the strengthening presence of his beloved friend Festus. Seized by a sudden vigour, he is inspired to make known to the world before he dies how he has "aspired," how "attained." He has just risen, and having put on his doctor's gown of scarlet lined with fur, and having grasped for the last time his trusty sword, he is in the act of saying:—

"This couch shall be my throne; I bid these walls
Be consecrate, this wretched cell become
A shrine, for here God speaks to men through me."

And Festus, taking a backward step, lifts his eyes to the great master, saying:—

"I am dumb with wonder."

The face, the whole attitude of Festus are painted with an intuition of rightness; in its expression there is guilelessness without insipidity, worship of genius without subserviency, saintliness without weakness. Yet, beautiful as is the figure of the beloved Festus, the artist has not allowed it to detract interest from the central figure, and this fact is the more marked because Mariana had allowed a ray of sunshine which creeps through the narrow window to fall aslant the face of Festus, while the figure of Paracelsus himself is entirely unillumined. Nevertheless he stands there in the gloom, with dying face transfigured by the glamour of enthusiasm, his eyes shining from the canvas like two celestial lights. The lines of thought and suffering traced about the brow and mouth are drawn with minute truthfulness. His rugged face contrasts with the delicate beauty of Festus—his massive clenched fists with his friend's long white fingers. An awed feeling steals over the heart as we gaze at the dying giant who is about to "stoop into a dark tremendous sea of cloud," but who feels assured he shall "pierce the gloom," he shall "emerge one day."

This picture was the outcome of much study, of deep thought; and Mariana had become so familiarised with the character of Paracelsus, as conceived by Browning, that she had almost come to regard him as a kindred spirit—nay, as part of her very being. And now, when the time was come that she must part with this lovely creation of her brain and hand, she was overpowered by an intense, if undefinable, sadness. Once more she thought of the money she should receive in exchange for her picture, and in the excited state of her feelings she thought of herself as an Esau bartering away his birthright for a mess of pottage. Tears came into her eyes, and then La Géante Anglaise flung herself down before her picture and sobbed.

Her feelings were strangely akin to those of a mother called upon to part with her beloved offspring; hence the tears.

But in the midst of her emotion the thought came to her as a possibility that she might become, with Leonidas Yonge, joint possessor of the picture. The remembrance of his look, of his hand pressure recurred to her; and in a moment, by a sudden intuition, all his past conduct with regard to herself, his deference both to her and to her father appeared in a new light.

But Mariana was not the woman to allow herself to be overbalanced by the inroad of new and perplexing possibilities; she soon resumed her wonted composure; and as she enveloped the picture in its pall-like covering, she determined to use this day of leisure for a careful consideration of the novel situation which seemed to have dawned upon her.

Presently, her toilet completed, she left her room, and locking the door to guard her treasure, she crossed the corridor to her father's room.

On entering the small *salon*, she was surprised to find that Mr. Ross was not there; for as a rule he was an early riser.

"*Mon cher*," she said, calling to him (for he was in a small inner room which served as his bed-chamber), "I must take my chocolate without waiting for you. You remember I'm off to St. Cloud. It's such a perfect day; you must wish me *bon voyage*. Mind you take a nice turn in the sun."

For a moment there was no reply; then her father called for her to go to him. She rose from the table and entered his room.

"My dear," he said, "do you think you had better go to-day? I find myself very poorly. I am sorry to trouble you, but perhaps it is advisable for me to tell you that in the night I had a return of that pain in my side which so troubled me last year at St. Maurice."

Mariana went to the bedside and felt his pulse.

"My dear papa," she said, "you sit too much over your books, and get hipped and nervous. That pain in your side, you know, went away when I had persuaded you to go out more. I cannot possibly put off my engagement. Besides, there is no need for it; your pulse is good! I will tell Julie to make you a nice sweet omelette for your *déjeuner*, and I shall order some fruit on my way to the Quai; that will soon pick you up. Now, I really mustn't stay another second, for I'm obliged to rush round to the Rue Belle Chasse to hurry them over that picture frame; I ought to have it by to-morrow. Do you know Mr. Yonge is coming to see my picture in the morning? You like him so much, so you must be as brisk as possible to greet him. But I shall be back before he arrives, not later than half-past nine. Now, good-bye!" and she kissed the white forehead. "Here, by the bye, is the key of my door; Julie will require it to make the bed and to dust the room, but otherwise I wish the door locked till my return. I don't want lodgers poking about, by mistake!"

Before Mariana left the house she saw the servant.

"Julie," she said, "take great care of



THE STEPPING STONES.

By Mrs. G. LINNÆUS BANKS,

Author of "Ripples and Breakers," &c.

FAIR maid, down the avenue
  Airily trip,
But over the stepping stones
  Heed lest you slip;
The green stones are slimy,
  The current is swift,
A false step might send thee
  All drowning, adrift.

Life's stream hath its stepping stones,
  Thanks be to God!
Where the pilgrim, if wary,
  May cross o'er dry shod;
But thankless and thoughtless
  Too many rush on,
All lightness and laughter,
  Then slip—and are gone.

my father till I come back to-morrow, and then I will give you a *petit cadeau*. I shall order some cognac to be sent for him—see that he takes some; and mind, you are to make a very nice omelette for his *déjeuner*. If Miss Miller calls for me presently, tell her I had to go shopping; I will meet her at the Quai."

Half an hour later the party for St. Cloud were assembled, awaiting the steamboat, all except Miss Miller.

"I can't think why she is so late!" exclaimed Mariana. "It is so stupid of people to drive things so close!" Then, as the thought of Leonidas occurred to her, she turned to Miss Fairfax, adding—

"I am very glad you are here, for if you had not turned up in time I should have gone back home again."

And what had made Rachel Miller late? Not many minutes after Mariana had left the Rue de Bac, Rachel had arrived there. Finding no response to her knocks at Mariana's door, she had ventured into the little *salon*. Here she found Mr. Ross seated in an arm-chair. How different he looked to his usual self! Generally so neat and clean-shaven, to-day he was quite *en déshabille*, and wrapped in a dressing-gown. Too restless to stay in bed, he was yet too weak to exert himself to dress.

"Is that you, Miss Miller?" he asked anxiously. "My daughter has only left five or ten minutes since; she could not stay with me to-day. I am very glad you have come, for I feel so ill and depressed. But you will stay with me, my dear?" he added in a childish, beseeching tone.

What could Rachel say? She, too, as much as Mariana, had greatly looked forward to this day of complete rest and amusement; she, too, had pictured to herself with delight the beauties of the spring and of the country. The thought came now, "Why should my pleasure be spoilt by Mariana's neglect? and besides, old men get nervous: there may not be much the matter with him, after all!" But the next instant, catching sight of the thin, patient face of the old man, her heart smote her. "For my father's sake," she thought; then she said aloud—

"Yes, I will stay with you, if you really wish it."

She did not add "instead of going to St. Cloud."

And well for Mr. Ross that he had such a good nurse! His fears proved correct, for all the morning and afternoon Rachel was occupied making mustard plasters to ease the pain in his side, in cooking and administering beef tea, and in persuading him to sip a few drops of brandy. However, towards evening the pain was so wonderfully better, that when night came he would not hear of her staying with him. Indeed, her patient seemed so much easier that at about ten o'clock Rachel thought it best to return to her own lodgings, leaving everything he could need ready at his hand. She really felt an affection for the good old man, and as she said good-night, she stooped and kissed his brow. Touched by her tenderness, he pressed her hand, saying, "Faithful in little, faithful in much—faithful in much!" Then added, "Don't trouble to come round early, my dear. My daughter will be home by nine o'clock."

Thinking it best not to seem too obtrusive in her attentions, she replied—

"Very well; then I will look in towards eleven."

Mr. Ross slept well the first part of the night, but towards morning he began to feel a return of the pain. When Julie brought him up his coffee he told her he should require nothing more; but that when his daughter returned she would require chocolate, after her early journey.

Presently, feeling very restless, he determined as a change to go and sit in Mariana's room. It would be pleasanter there, for the sun would be pouring in through the windows; and, moreover, he might watch for her coming. So he tottered along the corridor, feeling very weak; with some difficulty succeeded in unlocking the door, and made his way across the room, to a chair which was placed in the window.

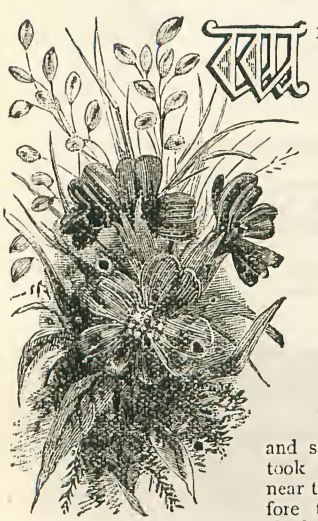
(*To be concluded.*)

"SHE COULDN'T BOIL A POTATO;"

OR,

THE IGNORANT HOUSEKEEPER, AND HOW SHE ACQUIRED KNOWLEDGE.

By DORA HOPE.



WHEN Ella had been two or three weeks alone with her aunt at the seaside, her enjoyment was greatly enhanced by the arrival of her mother and brothers and sisters, who took lodgings near them. Before they came she had been so much occupied with her aunt that she had had no time for amusement, and, having no companion, she had not cared to make any excursions even when Mrs. Wilson preferred to remain quietly at home; but now it was very different. Mrs. Hastings was too delicate herself to bear much fatigue, and was glad to spend most of her time driving or sitting quietly with her sister-in-law; so that Ella was free to amuse herself as she pleased.

On one of these occasions, after Ella had started with her usual merry party, and the two ladies fell into conversation, as was their wont, Mrs. Hastings remarked on the improvement in the thoughtless, impulsive Ella, and apologised for not having spared Kate to nurse her aunt; but Mrs. Wilson took up the cudgels on Ella's behalf, and said so much in warm praise of her that the mother's heart glowed with pride, and she treasured up the words to repeat to Ella, knowing how they would help her in times of depression and self-depreciation. She secretly wished that Mrs. Wilson would have spoken the smallest part of the praise to Ella herself; but, unfortunately, she belonged to a class of people who consider praise and sugar-plums alike injurious to youth.

Robin's greatest happiness was chasing moths, butterflies, and beetles, and Ella gratified him beyond measure by helping him in his collecting. He gave her a great deal of instruction as to the best places to find rare creatures and the best way to catch them. Some of their most successful hunts were amongst the seaweed left just below high-water mark. They found that by shaking a handful of it over a smooth piece of sand they often discovered uncommon and interesting creatures, which they would otherwise not have noticed, and before long Ella overcame her horror of touching Robin's treasures, and helped to catch and bottle the running, wriggling, jumping creatures, instead of picking up her skirts and flying off the moment they began to hop about. Other happy hunting-grounds were the stubble-fields, the sandhills, and the waste ground near the beach. These they found the best places for catching moths and butterflies, though here also, by shaking the plants, they met with many curious beetles of varieties quite new to Robin, whose collection hitherto had consisted only of those found far inland.

Ella herself had set up an aquarium. The boys' only idea was to kill their specimens and preserve them, as best they could, for their various collections; but Ella gradually became very much interested in the habits of the different creatures she met with, and reserved a few for further observation in a large basin of water. The only thing that distressed her was, that as it was impossible to get fresh supplies of sea-water at Hapsleigh, she must of necessity leave all her treasures behind, and she was comforted, therefore, when someone told her that some shellfish, notably mussels, can be gradually accustomed to fresh water, till they can live in it quite well, although if suddenly plunged into it it would kill them before long. They must be first put into a mixture of fresh water and salt, the proportions of the latter being made gradually less and less each time the water is changed, till

they are finally left without any at all. Ella thought she would try this; for, though less interesting than some of the more lively varieties of fish, their feeding always interested her, and she determined to start a fresh-water aquarium at home with her marine shellfish.

But, alas for the family's enjoyment! after a week or so of bright sunshine a long spell of bad weather set in. Though the boys braved the weather, and went for walks, any further outdoor amusements were impossible, and the lodgings, which were quite large enough when only required to eat and sleep in, seemed lamentably small now that most of the day had to be spent in them, and if it had not been for Kate's ingenuity in suggesting amusements, and Ella's good-natured readiness to carry out anyone's ideas, they would have found the time hang heavily on their hands.

Norman was especially delighted at being allowed to use a small microscope which the thoughtful Kate had brought with her, but which he had never before been permitted to touch, and, however bad the weather was, he was always ready to run out once or twice in the day with a little bucket to get a fresh supply of sand, seaweed, or water in which to find objects to look at.

Then Kate remembered having seen very pretty brackets and frames covered with shells and seaweed, and determined to try her hand at it, promising the boys that if they would help her she would make them each a frame for their own. Their share of the work was to wash the shells and seaweed which they had all collected during the fine weather, and, in the occasional gleams of sunshine, to venture out to hunt for more. Ella and Kate went to a draper's shop where they wanted to make some purchases, and asked if they could buy some old cardboard dress or bonnet boxes; but the proprietor assured them that as broken ones would answer their purpose, he would give them as many as they liked, and be glad to get rid of them; so their material cost them very little, nothing else being required but a little velveteen to cover the tops of the brackets and some glue to fasten the shells on with. They tried to use gum first, but found that, though it was strong enough for the seaweed, it would not hold the shells. They cut patterns for the brackets in paper first, till they got the right shape, and then cut them out of the cardboard, and stitched them into shape with strong carpet thread. They consisted of a half-moon-shaped piece for the top, a long piece for the front, shaped a little at the bottom so as to have a point in the middle, and a straight narrow strip, to add strength to the back. These were sewn together first, and the velveteen was gummed on to the top afterwards, so as to extend just over the joins and hide them, and the shells were then glued on to the front piece, and all the interstices between them filled in with tiny morsels of bright-coloured seaweed.

Then Ella was suddenly inspired with a taste for taking water-colour portraits, an accomplishment, by the way, for which she had no great talent; but the little ones sat still, greatly flattered, while she sketched them, entertaining them the while with stirring tales of the Hapsleigh animals.

Robin had been so vigorous in collecting butterflies during the fine weather that he had a great many more than he needed, and could spare Ella a good many for making what she called "butterfly pictures," with which she threatened to set up a rival collection to his own, which would have the great advantage of not being liable to breakages nor to the attacks of mites. She carefully pencilled on cardboard the outlines of a butterfly's wings, opened out in their natural position, then brushed the space over lightly with thin colourless gum, and, having cut the wings off close to the body, pressed them down on to the gum and put them under a heavy book to press. When dry, she very carefully picked them off with the point of a needle, and found a perfect picture of the wings on the cardboard; for all the beautiful feathers adhered to the gum, and looked exactly like a painting. She then sketched in the body and antennæ, and so obtained an exact facsimile of the butterfly.

As Robin's birthday was approaching, she bought him a photograph of the place, and decorated the cardboard mount in this way with pictures of some of his choicest specimens.

By dint of these amusements, and games of many kinds, the days passed on, until at last they were awakened one morning by brilliant sunshine; and, except for occasional showers, the fine weather lasted for the rest of their stay.

It must not be imagined that Ella had neglected her aunt all this time; she never left her in the morning till she was dressed and comfortably settled for the day, and always returned, even though Mrs. Hastings or Kate had been there all day, in time to read to her, or attend to her numerous little wants in the evening.

Ella had one occupation at her aunt's lodgings which she was too shy to speak of, even to her mother. Before leaving Hapsleigh, Mrs. Mobberly had begged her to make a point of speaking a kind word to the servants.

"You don't know, my dear Ella," she said, "what hard lives some of those lodging-house servants lead, and how lonely they are. Even ladies who are most thoughtful for their servants at home, seem to think that their stay in the lodgings will be so short that it is not worth while to get interested in the servants, or else they feel that they have left all their duties and household cares at home, and with them the duty of befriending desolate people; and, consequently, the poor servants at the lodgings, who always have more work than they can do through the season, rarely get a word of praise or thanks, or indeed a word of any sort except orders or complaints; and yet they are frequently as much strangers in the place as the visitors are, and do not know a creature."

In consequence of this exhortation, Ella had made a point of speaking kindly to the young maid who waited on them, and found her advances received with such surprise and pleasure that she grew bolder, and took an opportunity whenever one presented itself of having a little talk with the girl, being very careful, however, never to hinder her when she was busy. She was very ready to tell Ella all about herself, and her little crippled brother, and how lonesome she felt at coming away from home for the first time all amongst strangers. Ella soon won her heart by sending a picture book to the little brother; and finding that the girl did not possess a Bible, she bought her one, and having marked a great many of her own favourite chapters and verses, she gave it to her as a parting present, having first got her to promise to read a few verses every day. Before leaving, too, she found out there was a Young Women's Christian Association in the town, and went to see the lady at the head of it, who promised to take an interest in her *protégée* and invite her to a servants' Bible class.

Mrs. Moore, too, had been winning the heart of the landlady during their sojourn by helping her to get rid of the ants with which some of the lower rooms were infested. She had tried several remedies in vain, and was nearly in despair, for they were particularly numerous in the larder, and the lodgers were constantly complaining that they were served up in their food. After a long search, Mrs. Moore found a hole from which they issued, and poured some carbolic acid down it; she then mixed a jar of the carbolic acid and water, about one part of the former to twelve of water, and sprinkled this freely all over the larder shelves and floor, so as to intercept and kill those which were away from the nest. The first application of this mixture very materially checked the number of ants, and after two or three attempts they were all driven away, and the grateful landlady had no further trouble.

All things have an end, and, much too soon for most of the persons concerned, the children's holidays drew to a close; and rosy and sunburnt they returned home.

Ella went back to Hapsleigh a few days before her aunt to see that all was comfortable, and ready for her. It was a trial to part from her own family again, but she had become very fond of Hapsleigh, and the inevitable feeling of homesickness which seized her when she returned to the lonely house was softened by the warm welcome she received from Sarah, the maid, and old Mallard, the gardener. Billy, the old pony, too, so far forgot his sense of the proprieties of life as to walk right on to the pavement outside the station, to put his nose into her hand; and the dogs of course were noisy in their welcome. Even the poultry seemed to remember her, and crowed and cackled vociferously when she went into the yard; and going into the drawing-room, she was gratified and touched to find a bouquet of his choicest roses as a welcome from old Mr. Dudley.

The day after Mrs. Wilson reached home, the whole household had a great fright. One of the dogs had been irritable and evidently out of sorts for several days, and that morning he flew at Sarah, when she assured Ella "she wasn't doing nothing to him," and bit her hand severely.

She was terribly frightened and sat moaning in a corner till the arrival of the doctor, for whom Mrs. Moore had rushed in hot haste. In the meantime Ella tried her hardest to remember the instructions she had read for treating bites from mad dogs, and having a vague recollection that the poison in the blood must be prevented from flowing to the other parts of the body, she tied a handkerchief so tightly round Sarah's arm, that she effectually stopped the bleeding, and all circulation at the same time; so that by the time the doctor arrived the hand was almost black. She had an uncomfortable conviction that she was acting like a coward, and that the only heroic conduct would be to suck the poison from the wound, and she had visions of herself figuring in history, like Queen Eleanor. But deeds which sound charming in a history book have their drawbacks in real life, and this required more moral courage than poor Ella possessed; and so, though she secretly despised herself all the time for her cowardice, she contented herself by stopping the circulation, and plying the poor girl with strong brandy and water, which, as she had been a teetotaler all her life, soon had the effect of stupefying her.

Happily the doctor was at home, and arrived before the treatment had time to do any serious harm; and after examining and dressing the wound he asked to see the dog, to which Ella replied, much pleased at her own thoughtfulness and promptness of action, that it was probably dead by this time, as she had given Mallard orders to kill it at once.

The old doctor was always so ready to praise and encourage her, that she was very much taken aback when he turned upon her quite angrily, saying he gave her credit for having more sense, and begging her to go as quickly as possible in the hope it might not be too late to stop him. She obeyed instantly, though very much astonished, and running quickly down the garden, was relieved to find old Mallard, with his usual deliberateness, only just preparing to execute the culprit.

By the doctor's orders, the dog was confined in an outhouse by itself, and a veterinary surgeon was sent for.

"Don't you see, Miss Ella," he said, "you want to know whether the dog has rabies, or is only out of sorts. I cannot possibly say at present, but a very short time will settle the question, and it will make all the difference to the way of treating the bite, while in the meantime, if kept securely shut up, the dog can do no harm even if he has rabies. If you feel afraid of him snapping in the future, and like to have him killed in a few weeks' time, that is a different matter. Surely a sensible young lady like you cannot believe the absurd tales you hear about the person bitten being affected if the dog should chance to go mad years hence."

Ella had half believed in this curious superstition, and was comforted by the doctor's strenuous assurance that there was no truth whatever in it. She was bidden to inquire carefully into the dog's proceedings for the last few days, what food it had eaten, whether it had bitten, or been bitten by, any other dog, or had attacked any other person.

As he was leaving, after hearing the veterinary surgeon's opinion, the doctor gave Ella strict injunctions to keep up Sarah's spirits.

"Don't let that old woman" (it was well Mrs. Moore did not hear him) "frighten her into hydrophobia, by telling her of all the cases she has known of girls who have been bitten by dogs, and have died raving mad."

"I know her style," he muttered to himself as he went out; and certainly that was Mrs. Moore's favourite manner of showing her sympathy.

Happily the medicine prescribed soon cured the dog of its temporary ailment, and though Mrs. Wilson was afraid to keep it after the fright it had given them, they all could see for themselves that there was not the slightest cause for anxiety on the score of madness; and Sarah, being a strong and hearty girl, soon recovered, and Ella felt that she had learnt a valuable lesson from the incident.

(To be continued.)

GREYTOWN GRANGE:

A TALE OF LAND AND SEA.

By GORDON STABLES, C.M., M.D., R.N.

CHAPTER II.

AUNT ETHEL'S HOME IN HANTS.



OF course I would go, though right well I knew I would be missed at home. Mother would miss me, Harold would miss me; but poor papa would miss me most.

The leave-taking was got over as bravely as such leave-takings usually are, and three hours afterwards I was past Perth, and rattling onwards and southwards in the mail train to London.

I had heard so much about the world's renowned metropolis that I fancied I should alight in a city of palaces and grottoes and fairy-like caves, more wonderful because more real than anything ever the lamp of Aladdin could conjure up.

Town girls need hardly be told of my surprised disappointment when I at length alighted, on a rainy morning, at Euston. It was springtime, and I had left the Highlands with the buds all out, the tender, sweet green on the larch-trees, and the birds in song. But here—oh, everything seemed so dismal! The awful-looking cabmen, with voices that grated and jarred on my ear; the noise, the bustle, the independence, the grey and ugly houses, the slimy streets, and the people themselves—these latter, as they peered from beneath dripping umbrellas, hardly condescending to look at each other, but only at the pavement—seemed to me to be pale and woe-begone.

It was dreariness and loneliness beyond compare. And yet—this was London!

I was glad when I left it far behind, and when the green and beautiful country once more opened out to my view; then my heart began to fill with hope and joy, for I knew I should have a welcome from sailor auntie, of Greytown Grange.

I had stopped most of the day in London making some purchases for home, so that before I reached it it was getting dark; but a big round moon had just freed itself from a bank of clouds in the east, the sky above was clear, and there was every prospect of a lovely night.

"Greytown Grange, miss?" said the cabman. "Why, I live at Greytown. Know Mr. Wilmott well, miss. Little over two mile; but I'll take you there for next to nothing. Going home for the night, you see. Jump in, miss."

It was a road with many turnings, that wound in and wound out through lines of elms and lime-trees, past level meadows where stunted pollards grew, past clumps and groves of tall weird-like poplars (such giants I had never before seen), past strange-looking foreign-like farms and curiously-constructed cattle-sheds and ricks; then up a long incline—I cannot say hill—between hedges snowed over with blossoming May. There were fewer trees now, so I could catch a glimpse of the country. Though not home-like, I had to confess it was interesting and pretty, and lo! away down yonder beneath us was a lovely lake slumbering in the moonlight.

I was just thinking about the delightful rows that auntie and I could have on that broad sheet of water, when the cab pulled up at a wall with a wide wooden gate in it.

"Here we are, miss," he said, cheerfully, as he rang the bell. "Thankee, miss. Shall hope to have the pleasure of driving you again. Good-night, miss."

A moment afterwards I was in my auntie's arms.

Even through the mist of tears that filled my eyes I could see that auntie was still as beautiful as ever, but ever so much more sad and subdued-looking.

After I had settled down a little, and we were enjoying our tea (we were all alone; the brother, my uncle, came from town but seldom), I naturally asked about auntie's husband.

She looked puzzled; then, after a pause, she laughed, looking more now like her old self than ever.

"Oh, I forgot," she said, "that I had mentioned my family, to whom you are to be governess. The family consists of two canaries, a starling, a jackdaw, and an old tom cat."

"So that is the mystery, is it?"

"Yes, that is the mystery; but how ridiculous of me not to mention it before!"

During the evening, having still that sheet of water and its promised pleasures on my mind, I peeped out from behind the crimson blinds.

"Oh, Aunt Ethel," I cried, "we are quite close to the lake, as close as we are to Loch Rea at home. How beautiful the moon is shining on it! Won't we have some nice boating, auntie, dear? Of course, there is a boat. It will be just like the dear old times."

"Boat! Lake! What are you talking about, Idabel? You must be tired, child, and it is nearly time for bed."

"But the lake—the lake!" I persisted. "Come and see. Don't tell me I am dreaming, or distrait, or that it is only a mirage."

Auntie came to the window and looked out, then smiled—merrily this time.

"It isn't a mirage, child," she said, "but it is a bank of white fog lying all along in the hollow over Farmer Bennet's meadow land."

I soon settled down to my new life at Greytown Grange. It was a quietly enjoyable one. My pupils did not give much trouble, albeit Dick was seldom in his cage and Jackie never. On the other hand, while they affected to despise the seclusion of cage life, and loved to patter about and in and out at the freedom of their own wills, they were never out of mischief for a quarter of an hour at a time. Dick was of an inquiring turn of mind. Never a parcel came into the house that he did not bore beak-holes in to examine the contents. Jackie was hardly honest. Almost every day he used to return from the fowl-run looking very sly and guilty, his head, perhaps, bleeding, where the hens had pecked him, and his breast besmeared with yolk of egg.

Dick and Jack affected to despise each other, and sometimes open hostilities commenced, the bone of contention generally being that of a chicken. They talked as they fought.

"Ho, ho!" Jack would cry, aiming a blow at Dick that, had it fallen where it was meant to, would have speared him.

But Dick was too nimble.

"You rascal!" he would cry, hopping quickly aside. Next moment he would be on Jack's back, dealing him brisk, piercing pecks on the head, causing Jack to scream, "Kay! Kay!"

"There you are, then!" Dick would say, flying away up to the candelabra, where he knew Jack daren't follow, because he disliked the jingling the pendant crystals made. That sound was sweetest music to Dick, and he would perch for hours up there, shaking the

candelabra as he sang by way of accompaniment.

Sometimes, in fleeing from the wrath of Jack, Dick would hop into his cage, never failing to shut the little gate after him. Next moment he would be whistling "Duncan Grey" defiantly. Jack would lay siege to the cage for a short time, but soon forget all about his prisoner, and go off to look for eggs. Then Dick would come out, chuckling to himself, and go and catch flies. If Jack was the stronger, Dickie was undoubtedly the wiser bird.

My uncle I saw but seldom. He was a quiet man of business, who seemed to care for nothing except his cigar and a newspaper. Virtually speaking, Auntie Ethel was mistress and master, too, of the Grange.

"You look sadder," I said one day to her. "I was going to add," I continued, "that you look older; but you can never look old. You are very beautiful, auntie. But how strange it seems for a big tall girl like me to call you auntie! Shall I not say sister?"

"No, no," she answered, rapidly. "Auntie it was from the first; auntie it must be to the end."

There were tears on her long eyelashes. I had touched a tender chord.

I hastened to kiss and comfort her. I was as much a child then as ever.

"When," I asked, after a time, "will you tell me all your story—the story of your sea-life and the dreadful shipwreck?"

"Not yet, dear," replied auntie, mildly, while she put me gently away from her. "Not yet; the grief is far too recent."

I needed not another hint. I would bide her time, should it be long or should it be short.

When sweet summer came, and flooded all the land with leaf and flower; when the bloom was on the chestnuts and blossoms on the lime; when birds sang in woodland and copse, and the hum of insect life was everywhere, and down in the meadows, by the slow-winding streamlet, sleek red-and-white cows waded knee-deep in grass and buttercups, a feeling of calm and contentment took possession of me, and I found I could love even England, all tame and domestic though her beauties are, compared to my own wild mountain land.

Not that I ever forgot my Highland hills and my father's glen, with its humble cottages and peace-loving people. Oh, no! and there never was a night I did not pray for my home and all that was in it, and all that was about it.

My dear parents! what a simple faith was theirs!

"Had it been for our good," I remember hearing my mother say, referring to the lost book, "the sermons would have been published."

"Ah, Mary," my father had replied, "I fear we were presumptuous, and that in seeking to publish the sermons it was not the good of the world we had in view, but our own. It was not to be, anyhow."

"No, John; but Providence may have something yet in store for us."

"A quiet grave, Mary, down by the river-side," said father.

Summer passed quickly away at Greytown Grange; the days got shorter and shorter, the leaves grew a darker green, and the winds had a harsher sound as they swept through the branches.

Then came the autumn tints of pale yellows, browns, and crimsons. Some trees had the blush all one side, so that it looked as if sunlight were shimmering there.

But one day a storm came on, a storm of dry, harsh wind; then the leaves came down in showers till the branches were all but bare, and the giant poplars pointed skywards with skeleton fingers. The trees were waiting now for winter.

It came earlier this year than usual, and long before Christmas the ground was as hard as adamant, and covered deeply in dry powdery snow.

The village of Greytown was about a quarter of a mile beyond the Grange, just over the brow of the brae; and we were both well known there, especially auntie—she had always some little errand of mercy or another to perform.

I do not think that anyone could have been better loved by the poor of her district than auntie was.

She had such a cheerful manner with her, and a way of giving alms that accorded so well with the advice given us in the Book.

One evening, on entering the cosy parlour just about sundown, I found auntie standing by the window studying the sky. It was rather an ominous outlook, for the sun was glaring yellow and angry like through a bank of grey fog that ran all along the south-western horizon and was gradually rising.

Auntie turned round as I entered.

"So stupid of me!" she said "and poor old Granny Dale loves her pinch of tea so very much. Ring for Eliza, dear, and tell her to fetch my cloak. I'll go yet with it; I could not sleep to-night."

"But, dear Auntie Ethel," I entreated, "it will be snow; look at that strange sky; and see, the wind is even now beginning to rise. Send Eliza, or the lad, or let me go."

"Dear child, no, I would not expose either of you; it is but a step or two beyond the village. Get my cloak; I'll be back before you know I am well gone."

In another minute I was standing by the window all alone, gazing out upon the snow, the fast falling shadows, and—a coming storm.

As the wind began to moan through the leafless limes, I could not help feeling anxious, and angry with myself as well that I had not accompanied her.

I could not leave that window. Eliza came in with the tea and lights; I told her to take both away again, for to draw the blinds down was to confess that night had actually fallen.

Then the flakes began to come down in earnest, and the snow that had fallen was caught up and mingled with it, till everything was blurred and blotted out of sight. I turned my back to the window for one minute, only to return to it the next. I hated the fire, because it flared so brightly and lighted up all the room. But to look out any longer now was useless; all was dark as ink.

Eliza came in with more coals.

"Oh! Miss McCombie," she said, "what a dreadful night! Aleck has just come into the kitchen with the letter-bag; here it be, miss, and he looks dreadfully froze and his hair and whiskers is as white as an eighty-year-old-un's. I hope missus won't be long; I hope she'll take a cab, miss."

The wind rose higher and higher every minute; the frozen rose-twigs kept tapping against the black window-panes, showing every now and then white against the inside light. It was a ghostly sound and sight, and made me shudder.

A whole hour passed.

I could stand it no longer.

"Eliza," I said, "I shall go and look for your mistress; I fear something dreadful has happened. Tell Aleck he must come and bring the big lantern."

"You, missie!" cried Eliza, raising both hands and eyes to the ceiling. "Lawks, miss, you'll be smothered!"

"Go, go, Eliza, quickly; I've been out in worse storms than this among the Highland hills. Go quickly and bring Aleck."

When the door was opened, the wind and snow almost choked me; my breath came fast and short. It was like getting into a shower bath.

But I clung to Aleck; he was young and strong, and he needed to be—it was indeed a fearful night.

Hardly could we stagger against the snow-laden wind, while it seemed like certain death to enter the great wreaths that had already blown across the roads, just like the curling breakers on a stormy sea-beach, the powdery drift whirling over their crests representing the spray.

But on we struggled. At last—and we could not have been very far from the village now—a yellow glimmer of light shone dimly across our path from an adjoining cottage.

It was at that moment something dark among the snow attracted our attention. A feeling of fear seemed to clutch my very heart and paralyse me. I would have fallen but for Aleck.

He kept his presence of mind, and it was well for me and for all of us that he did.

Next minute he was kneeling by the side of that "something dark," and raising it in his arms.

My worst fears were realised.

I bent down, hardly knowing what I did, and pressed my cheek to hers. How damp, how icy cold!

And I had last seen her in the heyday of health and buoyancy of hope.

"Oh! Aleck!" I cried, and my voice did not seem to belong to me. "Is she dead? Is auntie dead?"

"Don't you take on so, miss," was the reply, "I'm near gone myself. 'Twon't do for all on us to be down to it. Help me carry poor missus. I don't think she'll want much more carrying, though."

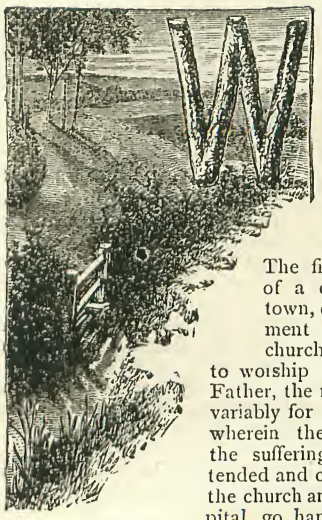
Hardly knowing what I did, I helped to raise the prostrate form of poor Auntie Ethel, and together we bore her towards the light.

(*To be continued.*)



HOSPITALS AND THE BENEFITS THEY CONFER.

By EMMA BREWER.



WHEREVER civilisation and Christianity exist, there you may be sure of finding hospitals. The first desire of a country, a town, or a settlement is for a church in which to worship the loving Father, the next is invariably for a hospital wherein the sick and the suffering may be tended and cured; thus the church and the hospital go hand in hand over the world, purifying, healing, and comforting all for whom Christ died.

There was a time in the world's history when there were no hospitals, but it was previous to the establishment of Christianity. Hospitals, therefore, are a sort of first-fruits of our Saviour's life among us.

The object of the early Christians in instituting hospitals was the housing and feeding of their poor, and as time went on they became rather houses of entertainment than hospitals as we understand them.

Hospitals, simply for the medical relief of the sick, diseased, and wounded, were first heard of in the eighth and ninth centuries, the most renowned and successful being that of Cordova, in Spain.

Hospitals are better understood than any of our institutions—they are friends to us all, and there is no doubt in our minds as to the blessings they prove to the people among whom they stand.

We have among us hospitals of all kinds, and for the treatment of every disease of mind and body; and certainly they were never needed in the world more than now; when the conditions under which we live impose so constant a strain upon mind and body as to become almost unendurable; when the ever-increasing progress of science and mechanical contrivances to save time and labour have imported new forms of accidents and injuries into our working classes; when dense populations are drawn to certain centres insufficient in space to support them. All of these are fruitful sources of disease to mind and body, and for those so afflicted our hospitals open their doors, showing no respect of persons, never refusing an accident when they have a bed on which to place the sufferer, and bestowing upon the poorest the best that skill and kindness can do for them. Lord Macaulay recognised this when he said: "Every bricklayer who falls from a scaffold, every sweeper of a crossing who is run over by a carriage, may now have his wounds dressed and his limbs set with a skill such as a hundred and sixty years ago all the wealth of a great lord could not have furnished."

The giant work performed by hospitals, and the amount of good done by them, can only be equalled by the demands made upon them for help.

It is the fashion to speak of the *good old times*, to the disparagement of those in which we live, and to speak of ourselves as having fallen from the high standard of our forefathers to become slaves to luxury. Whatever and whomsoever these phrases apply to, they are not suitable to hospitals and hospital workers. Everyone old enough to remember even thirty years ago, can testify that the bygone times will not bear comparison with the present for earnestness, self-denial, self devotion, hard study, Christian love and tenderness, which are the distinguishing characteristics of those now engaged in hospital work, be they doctors or nurses, matrons, stewards or visitors.

Picture the old nurses in their slip-shod shoes, and gowns bedecked with snuff, their breath redolent of "tincter o' rubub and sommat to it, please, sir," and their sly and often cruel ways; and then regard the refined, dignified behaviour of those now entrusted with the nursing, before whom the most reckless of our hospital students would hesitate to utter a flippant remark or a coarse joke; and whose touch, and voice, and presence help the sufferers to bear the most painful operations with fortitude.

Look at hospitals which way you will, they are good and productive of good. First, they are erected and carried on by acts of self-sacrifice, or in other words, by voluntary contributions, which means a constant and active carrying out of the command, "Bear ye one another's burdens." They keep up a continual sympathy between rich and poor; they afford opportunities for educated, earnest women to spend their time and talents in a vocation for which they are specially suited; they are centres of knowledge, they are powers for good in the land, and they are the sources of help and comfort to the people round about them.

If, as I believe, a wonderful improvement has taken place in our hospitals and hospital workers during the last half century, then there is no doubt that women and their influence have had much to do in bringing about the change.

Many of the women who have consecrated their lives to the work of nursing seem utterly to forget their own identity. It was only a few days ago I saw two refined gentlewomen working in a ward that made one feel faint, and gave one a choking sensation only to pass through it. They were handling, cleansing, soothing, dressing, the most awful forms of disease without one look of disgust, and without showing any sign of its being extraordinary work. I said to one of them, "Oh, how can you so control yourself!"

Her answer made me feel ashamed: "I assure you," she said, "I never feel disgust; I love these children as though they were my own."

The cry is often repeated, "How little is done in this country of ours to relieve misery!"

Oh, if I could only take those who idly utter this cry to places where I have been lately, how humble it would make them feel, and how astonished! Never was there so much quiet, unostentatious self-devotion for others as now; never so much sympathy between rich and poor; never so much real helpful work going on for the relief of sorrow and distress; and I fully acknowledge that never in the world's history was all this more needed.

As to hospitals, one must have been in them and seen the work going on in order to realise their far-reaching and benevolent influence.

There is an awful solemnity in the thought that while we in health are moving about briskly and cheerily, doing our work or taking our pleasure, in this great London there are between six and seven thousand beds constantly occupied by young and old, suffering from every form of mental and bodily disease, and that the numbers of people who occupy these beds in the London hospitals every year is about 60,000; while the number of out-patients, all more or less suffering, averages 940,000, together making a million; one in five, that is to say, of the London population almost entirely shut out from work and pleasure, and of a class sufficiently poor to be unable to pay a doctor.

One naturally goes from the thought of these sick and suffering ones to the army of medical men and nurses who tend and watch them day and night. It is not an easy life to be a nurse—it is one of great labour and strict discipline; it demands the giving up of self, it calls for constant and untiring vigilance, and requires of a woman the best years of her life, and yet at every great hospital there are so many applications for the office of nurse beyond those that can be employed as to be quite astonishing.

St. Thomas's, for example, was compelled to refuse over six hundred last year, and the London Hospital refuses on an average twelve daily.

This shows plainly the earnest desire there is for work among our women, and their readiness to place themselves in training for it.

I have asked several times at the hospital "what constitutes a good nurse?"

The answer has always been, "First and foremost a *good* woman."

But with every wish to become a nurse it is not every good woman who can be one, even though the opportunity be given her, for the life is one demanding much physical strength, and some of the work of a nurse is almost revolting, and not rarely the constitution breaks down under the strain.

Physical health is essential, therefore, in a nurse, so also is common sense, large heartedness, self-sacrifice, and obedience. Thank God there are many who possess these qualifications, both at work and waiting for work—women who, living out their lives, make the world better.

Hospitals have won the love, confidence, and support of those for whom they were instituted—I mean the working classes and the poor. This is in itself a good sign, for these people are sharp critics.

In a hundred ways they show their appreciation of these their own institutions. For example, the railway porters and cabmen, without any prompting, make collections among themselves for their benefit. Bodies of workpeople do the same, often sending some of their best work in the shape of easy chairs and couches to the wards. Post office officials, too, have lately made collections in order to buy toys for the children's wards and children's hospitals.

I have been to many of our London hospitals lately and made myself thoroughly acquainted with them, and I can say with certainty that there is an abundance of work and of every kind suitable to every class and rank in life waiting to be done. If there is anything you can do well and persistently, though it be ever so little, bestow it upon the hospitals, where it will be valued, and in the doing of it I am sure you will find happiness.

NOTES FOR AUGUST.

THIS is a busy season for entomologists; butterflies are to be seen in hundreds in the warm sunshine, hovering over flowers, or flitting round trees; and moths, beetles, and flies of all kinds are to be found. Collectors in towns will generally be rewarded by a search round street lamps, which sometimes attract rare specimens. In the country it will be noticed that clover always tempts winged visitors, as does fallen fruit.

This is also a good time for collecting larvæ; they should be looked for amongst the plants on which the insects are accustomed to feed; generally a good sharp shake of the plant will bring them down, but some cling so tightly that it is difficult to dislodge them.

Towards the end of the month, too, searching for pupæ may begin, a pursuit which lasts all through the winter months, from the end of August till the following spring. The pupæ are often found hidden under the moss and lichen on tree trunks, or under the grass and leaves at the foot of the trees. When trees stand alone, or in a line, many pupæ will be found by turning up the earth round their trunks with a trowel. The eaves of thatched roofs and corners of old barns nearly always contain treasures for the collector.

Although the bodies of full grown birds appear to be covered with feathers, it is a mistake to imagine that they grow on every part of the body. If they did, the free use of the limbs would be interfered with, and an unnecessary weight added. The feathers grow all over the head, except above the ears; the breast-bone seems to have none growing on it, but a line of feathers run down each side, so arranged as to cover it. The legs have a fringe of feathers round the thign, and another lower down, but the intermediate spaces are bare. The feathers all overlap one another, like the tiles on a roof.

Many of our country readers may be able, (by favour of the cook) to notice these lines of growth for themselves when a fowl has to be plucked; but anyone who has the opportunity of visiting the very interesting Natural History Museum at South Kensington will have the subject made clear to them if they look out for a thrush which is there, preserved specially to illustrate this growth.

The whole subject of the flight of birds is a very interesting one. The muscles of the chest, which move the wings, are enormously strong in proportion to the size of their bodies, especially in birds of prey, and others which need to keep long on the wing, though they have very little muscular power anywhere else. M. Marcy, a French observer, tells us that it is the act of *lowering* the wing, together with the backward motion which always accompanies it, which propels the body forward, just like the motion of the arms in swimming. During the raising of the wing, the feathers separate so as to let the air pass through them, thus offering the least possible resistance; but they close together again as tightly as possible for the lowering motion, when the object is to displace the air. In order to sink to the earth, the bird folds its wings close to the body, at the same time lowering its tail, which acts as a rudder, pointing up, or down, or sideways, according to the direction the bird wishes to take.

The small birds move their wings more quickly than the large ones; M. Marcy, has calculated that sparrows make thirteen evolutions of wing, pigeons eight, and owls five, per minute.

Without this means of moving rapidly from place to place, and of remaining a long time on the wing, it would be impossible for birds to supply their wants, for their food is so scattered that they need to take a long journey sometimes before they can get a sufficient meal.

The swift, as its name suggests, is the quickest flier of its tribe. It has been computed that the common swallow travels at the rate of ninety miles an hour, and that the speed of the swift is nearly twice as great. He leaves us in August, the first to go of all the swallow tribe. His shrill scream, as he rushes through the air, is one of the most markedly summer sounds, as is the robin's song of winter, and the cuckoo's note of spring.

Many seeds should be sown now for next year's flowering; amongst these are larkspur, honesty, forget-me-not, pansy, and violet. The seed should be well thinned when it comes up, that the plants may get on as much as possible before winter. In green-houses, and among window plants, "green-fly" must be guarded against. If a plant is infested with them, the best remedy is to wash each leaf with Gishurst compound, or a mixture of soft soap with a tablespoonful of petroleum to a gallon of hot water. It is not a pleasant operation, but a favourite plant is worth a little sacrifice.

Cut off the stalks of perennials, and pull up annuals as they finish flowering; and tie up hollyhocks, dahlias, and chrysanthemums. Roll and cut the grass and borders; and sow grass seed where needed, on a damp day.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

EDUCATIONAL.

A YOUNG GIRL.—Phosphorus exists in the animal system in large quantities—in the flesh as well as in the bone. It is also an essential ingredient in the brain and nervous tissue. Fish contain a large quantity of phosphorus, and, in consequence, are useful as additions to our diet.

A. K. S.—The University of London admits women to all its degrees, without exception, in arts, science, law, medicine, and music. The age is sixteen years complete. Address, Registrar, University of London, Burlington Gardens, W.

C. E. B.—Pupil teachers are usually engaged for four years. They must be not less than fourteen years of age, and must be of the same sex as the principal teacher of the school in which they serve. At the end of each school year they must produce the certificates and pass the examination specified in the Fifth Schedule of the Code.

INQUIRER.—The great merit of Tycho Brahé was shown in the rare patience and industry with which he observed and recorded the positions of stars and planets, and his observations were of enormous service to his contemporary, Kepler, in discovering those famous laws known as Kepler's Three Laws, which ultimately led to the discovery of the grand theory of universal gravitation by Newton. These were unquestionably the great modern steps taken in astronomy.

MAGGIE.—There are plenty of night classes for learning bookkeeping which are moderate in price. We do not know where they are in the city where you live, but we are sure that by a little inquiry you would find them before long.

FIJI.—We should advise you to stay where you are, and, if you wish to improve, take lessons, and study for some of the many examinations. You could easily find a French teacher, and you would thus lose less time than in taking two years to visit England and France, and probably learn more.

G. L. W.—We think that you would find Perini's "Italian Conversation Grammar" very useful. De Amicis has written some very good works suitable for students of that language, viz., "Constantinopoli," "La Spagna," "L'Olanda," and "Recordi di Parigi."

VANITY.—We have already introduced the Home at Tunbridge Wells for children of the upper class, of the clergy, navy, and army, and other of the liberal professions. The temporary change of air likewise offered will be most valuable in the case of convalescent children whose parents may be unable to leave home or to pay more for an eight days' change than seven shillings. Address the hon. sec., Mrs. Ladds, Ellington Cottage, Tunbridge Wells.

HOUSEKEEPING.

SPRING CHICKEN.—We have recently read, in a very valuable article on taxidermy, that feathers of all kinds (and we should fancy other things of the same nature) can be beautifully cleaned by the use of common French benzoline and plaster of Paris. The feathers are wiped down the right way of the feathers with a piece of wool saturated with benzoline, using fresh wool as it becomes soiled. When the feather is well damped cover the part with dry plaster of Paris, and allow it to remain on for some hours; then shake off the plaster of Paris, and curl with a blunt knife, if the feathers be ostrich. This recipe is a very valuable one, and has been found successful for many purposes.

ANXIETY.—You can make the violet ink for rubber stamps yourself. We find the following in that endless book of reference, Spon. Boil two ounces of logwood in three pints of water, till reduced to one and a half pint; strain, and add one and a half ounces of gum Arabic and two and a half ounces of alum. There are other recipes, but this seems the most suited to the home manufacturer.

HOUSEWIFE.—You should place yourself in communication with the National Association for the promotion of Housewifery and for the Training of Teachers, 41, Wigmore-street, W. If interested in the improvement of domestic service, on your own account or of servants, you will be glad to hear that model class rooms are about to be opened by Miss Headdon in London and elsewhere for practical training.

DOLLY VARDEN.—We do not approve of the mixture of chicory with coffee; but it is very good as salad. It is obtained from the roots of the wild endive (*Chicorium intybus*), which you may find growing on the roadside in dry and stony places. If you lay up the roots in a warm cellar, as sailors do, in a cask with sand, the cask full of holes, to allow the young leaves to protrude themselves, the crop obtained of blanched leaves will afford a nice dish for the table at no expense. The French adopt this plan very extensively. But beware of allowing the frost to touch them. Any old hamper or box, if well pierced with holes, would answer the purpose as well as a cask.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MYRA.—For the monthly part of the G.O.P., write to Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., enclosing sevenpence.

UPPERTHORPE had better write to Sir Bernard Burke to tell him that she "takes exception to H. M. the Queen's having no surname." The Guelphs and Ghibellines were two great rival parties, prominent in the history of Mediæval history; the former being advocates of the Papal power, the latter of the Imperial. The names were not "surnames," only those of two races. H.R.H. the "Heir Apparent" of our throne is the Prince "of Wales," but his surname is not Wales. You are (or may be) an Englishwoman, or a Highlander; but these are names of races, not private surnames. Sir Bernard Burke (Ulster King of Arms) says, "I feel persuaded that the Royal House of Saxe-Coburg *atavis edita regibus* has no surname. When the adoption of surnames became general, the ancestors of that illustrious race were kings, and needed no other designation than their Christian name added to the Royal title."

BETA and MOLLIE.—We suppose you mean "the Royal Agricultural Benevolent Institution," which pensions the widows and unmarried daughters of farmers with £20 per annum. Address the secretary, 26, Charles-street, St. James's, S.W., London. The applicants must be sixty years of age.

TWENTY.—We should think the circulation was in fault; consult a doctor. We (personally) should prefer commencing our tea with bread and butter, but there is no rule in the matter.



temptation, or are overtaken (for example) by a naturally bad temper, and speak hasty words. But to adopt an evil course of life, and willingly indulge in sins from deliberate choice, is to sin wilfully, which is, we believe, what is meant by "the great transgression." We have many times explained your second question by our Lord's own words. See St. Matt. xii., 24 to 32; St. Mark iii., 22 to 31 (specially note verse 30); and St. Luke xi., 15 to 21.

GWENDOLEN HARLETH.—We fancy the nature of the locality in which you live has something to do with your ill-health. Could you not obtain a more bracing climate? A reclining position would be useful to you, and you should avoid over-fatigue.

A FAITHFUL HEART.—We think you and the young man in question are a wretched, dishonourable pair. He, being already engaged to another, has made love to you; and you, aware of his previous engagement, have encouraged his advances! Last, and worst of all, you drag religion in, and resolve for one month to pray over it, that the Lord will show you what is right; whether the young man is to love the young lady he is engaged to now, or you, whom he loves best! Surely your letter must be a bad joke? You must know better than to pray over deceit, falsehood, and deliberate treachery?

IRENE MACALPINE.—We regret that we must decline. Our hands are already too full of MSS.

PEARL IRA has our thanks, and those of "Medicus."

ELIZA M. L. J.—Your letter gives us great encouragement, and it is now our turn to thank you. Certainly you may write to us again. There is no limitation made as to the number of times our correspondents may write to us. Your handwriting is not formed.

PERPLEXED.—There is such a thing as sinning against conscience, and against light, and sometimes, in these cases, the heart is hardened, the power of God's grace leading to repentance is withdrawn. This is demonstrated by the judgment pronounced in those awful words (Hosea iv. 17)—"Ephraim is joined to idols; let him alone!" In reference to Pharaoh, you forget that he was a cruel, unjust, evil man; as will be seen by the account of his treatment of the harmless Israelites, and his wholesale murder of the infants. He sinned persistently against his own religious lights and his conscience, and his punishment was just. Of course it is your own fault when you sin; because God has given you common sense and sufficient will-power to accept the aid of His divine grace, offered in answer to prayer in the name of the Lord Jesus. Having endowed us all with a conscience, it is our own fault if we act contrary to its dictates.

QUEEN MADGE.—Read our article "Duties of Governesses," vol. v., p. 630 and 770. Patience, gentleness, and firmness should be all combined in a governess, or one who teaches children; and over and above this, you should acquire the art of teaching, so as to make the drudgery of learning agreeable. Have you tried to do this? Have you interspersed your lessons with little stories? or has it been all hard, dull, and dry? See that the fault does not lie with yourself, and beware of threatening what you could not, with discretion, perform.

HAROLD'S DARLING.—We do not understand the kind of mind or heart that could propose to break off a three years' engagement because your lover wants to emigrate and join his parents. If you both are Christians, what do you fear? that your Christianity may wash off on the voyage? Surely you can be Christians still, under another sky, and in spite of anyone's opinions or opposition.

LETTICE.—As a general rule, a bow to all the persons present is sufficient, after having greeted your host and hostess.

FLORENCE.—There are no specially prescribed rules for the commemoration of a silver wedding day. In Germany the family and friends present a silver wreath; whether one each, or only one between them, we do not know. It is not the custom here. Your parents might invite some relations and intimate friends, and have a family party; and those who can should make them some presents in silver articles.

A LOVER OF MUSIC.—*Fiasco* is the Italian for a flask or bottle. In making the fine old Venetian glass, whenever the glass-blowers saw any flaw in their most beautiful work they turned it into an ordinary bottle or flask—a *fiasco;* so any failure came to be called a *fiasco*. In Italian theatres the word is used to express dissatisfaction with an actor or singer; for one false note, an audience will call "*Olà, Olà, fiasco.*" How it came to be used in this way is not known. When used in England, it conveys an extreme expression of utter failure.

MERMAID.—The sea-faring term to denote ocean measurements of speed, *i.e.*, "knot," means a geographical mile. It is somewhat longer than the English statute mile; and a ship making twelve knots an hour passes in that time over a space equal to fourteen English miles. The origin of sea terms may be generally traced to Anglo-Saxon, and sometimes Dutch, words; while those employed for military purposes are derived from the Ancient Norman. The word "gauge" is pronounced as if written without the "u"—"gage."

PERPLEXED ONE.—When you sin wilfully you do so knowing perfectly that what you desire to do is wrong; and you deliberately choose to act contrary to God's will and your own conscience because you prefer to please yourself. There are sins of ignorance and sins of infirmity and weakness when you yield to strong

PETITE CHATTE.—Your digestion has to do with your red nose. Wash with soft water and tar soap. Avoid pickles, salt meat, sweets, pastry, and malt liquids. Eat meat once a day, brown bread, plenty of fresh and cooked vegetables, and fruit, and plain milk puddings. Do not study nor write for an hour after dinner. Put your feet in hot water three times a week, for ten minutes; and above all consult a dentist about your teeth.

KITTY AND FAY.—Deep red is very pretty to mix with grey, and so is pink; but you do not mention the shade of grey, which makes a difference in the selection of a contrast.

LOLLY POP.—April 26, 1867, was a Friday. We could not explain without a diagram.

MADELINE C.—The whole quotation is—

> "My words fly up, my thoughts remain below;
> Words without thoughts never to heaven go."

They are from *Hamlet*, Act iii. Scene 3.

JOS.—We have read over your poem, and think it fairly good. Some other word in the place of "jot" would be more elegant; it is both unmusical and sounds too familiar for poetry.

ROLLING STONE.—The numbness has probably something to do with your circulation. Perhaps you do not take enough exercise in the open air. You might try a few Turkish baths also, which may be beneficial. If not better, consult a doctor.



VOL. VIII.—NO. 394.] JULY 16, 1887. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

"LA GÉANTE ANGLAISE."

A SKETCH OF BOHEMIAN LIFE.

BY H. E. GRAY.

CHAPTER VI.

THURSDAY morning, and Mariana was making her way back to Paris. As the weather was fine there seemed to be an unusual number of passengers, which considerably delayed the boat. This was annoying, as she had wished to be back in good time, in order to see her father, and be comfortably settled in her own room before Mr. Yonge's arrival. She had made up her mind now what should be her answer, in case he should ask the question she anticipated.

Mariana felt impatient for the time to pass, for she was excited, and, for her,



All rights reserved.] "THAT GLANCE WAS ONE OF PURE HORROR."

unusually nervous. On arriving at the house, Julie met her at the door.

"Ah! Mademoiselle is late!" she exclaimed. "*Le vieux monsieur* is better to-day; but yesterday, how ill he was! If it had not been for *ce chère* Miss Miller, what should I have done, with so many others besides to wait on! Mademoiselle need not alarm herself, however, for to-day he is much better. Mr. Yonge has been here for a quarter of an hour; I invited him to go up and see your father; but he said it was too early to disturb him. So monsieur has been seated in the *petit salon* on the *entresol* till you should arrive."

Mariana hurried upstairs to the next landing. There was Mr. Yonge, restlessly pacing the little room. When he caught sight of her, he came forward, and eagerly seizing her hands, said—

"I almost began to fear you did not intend to keep your promise, that I should not see you before I left!"

"Do not blame me, blame the world and his wife, who all appeared to be travelling by the first boat this morning! I also wished to see you," she added, smiling straight into his eyes.

How handsome his lady-love looked! Surely she had never seemed so beautiful before! Could it be for him that her eyes shone with such unwonted splendour? But Leonidas would not allow himself to continue gazing at her here, in this public *salon*, where at any moment strangers might enter and disturb them. The scene he had rehearsed so often in imagination during the last few days had always taken place, standing at her side, before the beautiful picture, which was both his and hers. An idea held him, half sentimental, half superstitious, that unless the scene realised his dreams, the answer to his question would be unpropitious. So he said hurriedly—

"Let us go up to the picture."

They ascended the long flights of stairs silently. Arrived *au sixième*, to Mariana's surprise the door of her room stood ajar. Almost simultaneously the two entered the room. The scene which met their eyes caused both to rush forward with an exclamation of horror.

Mr. Ross lay unconscious on the floor, and beside him the easel, under which was crushed the velvet curtain and the precious picture. Had the old man been intending to look at his daughter's picture, or had he merely caught the easel in his fall and so turned it over? It is impossible to judge. But the result to the picture was disastrous. Mariana, seeing this at a glance, instinctively cried out—"Oh! my Paracelsus!" wringing her hands the while. She appeared to have no other thought. But Leonidas, who was already kneeling beside Mr. Ross, feeling his pulse, turned a glance at the daughter as she stood gazing madly at the smudged and scratched painting. That glance was one of pure horror. But he quickly turned, and lifting the shrunken old man in his powerful arms, laid him on the bed.

"The first thing to be done," he said in a hard voice, "is to fetch a doctor. I will ride for one directly; fortunately my groom is with my horses below. Meanwhile you must plunge his feet in hot mustard and water, and chafe his hands with a little brandy." Then without a word or sign of tenderness he left the room.

What a change had come over the face of Leonidas in the last few moments! It had been so full of light, and buoyancy, and happiness; now it had become hard and haggard. The foundations of his faith had received a shock from which they would be long in recovering. As he hurried downstairs he muttered—

"I must do what I can for the old man, and then I will leave the place. Thank heavens, I can move about Europe or the world as long as I like!"

And she, La Géante Anglaise, turning round, found him gone, and falling in a heap on the floor wailed aloud—

"Ah! he will never see my picture! He will never know how beautiful it was, and he has left me all alone!"

She was indeed alone, for her father lay dead on the bed above her. Alone, for the mild eyes of the weak old man were closed for ever. Alone, for the piercing eyes of Paracelsus were obliterated. Alone, indeed, but for a pitiless companion, the Spectre—Remorse.

Where was all the praise, where was all the love she had yearned for? Lost! And there followed the learning by slow degrees how she had lost them; not by the falling or the shattering of her picture, but by the fall of the idol of Leonidas from its lofty pedestal, but by the shattering of his high ideal of womanly genius. The hideous truth of her faithlessness as a daughter had to eat its way slowly into her consciousness. She, as all strong natures must, suffered the more through the very strength of her remorse, through the very vividness of her repentance.

CHAPTER VII.



THAT same evening Leonidas Yonge went to see Miss Miller at her lodgings. They were distant cousins, and had known each other from childhood. Rachel had not long returned from her sad visit to the Rue de Bac; and now she was seated at the table, busied trimming a hat for herself with black, in deference to her friend's bereavement.

Leonidas stood with his back towards her, leaning his arms on the mantelpiece, and with his head bent on them.

"Rachel," he said, moodily, "it's all up with me."

"Has she refused you too?" asked Rachel; for she knew instinctively that he was referring to Mariana.

"No, thank heavens, for I hadn't asked her! I am thankful we went up to her room just when we did. If we had lingered below, I might have asked her before I found out! And then it would have been too late. What I have escaped!" he exclaimed, as if seized with a horrible idea. "A woman with a warped heart, however gigantic her brain, isn't fit for a wife!"

There was a long pause; both were preoccupied with their thoughts.

"You will go to her, you will comfort her!" exclaimed Leonidas, with a choke in his voice.

"Oh, Leo!" Rachel interceded, "don't be rash! Mariana's heart is true enough, I am sure. Have you only discovered to-day that she has been unsympathetic and careless towards her father? Don't be too hard on her! I have known it all along, and I have seen how such a state of things has come about. The dear old man could not keep pace with her; she slid out of his life, and she, half unconsciously, allowed him to slide out of hers. She will see it all, only too well, now! Picture to yourself how she will suffer, now, when she thinks of him dying alone, uncared for. She, with her clear imagination will suffer torments. Oh! how I pity her. Her very strength will prove a source of weakness, now when she is so utterly alone!"

"Rachel," exclaimed Leonidas suddenly, "you're a saint! You always were one, since you were a tiny thing, and used to get your brothers out of scrapes! And why on earth I'm not in love with you instead of this magnificent woman, I can't understand! Suffer? not a bit of it! All she feels is that this great picture, which was to make her fame, is spoilt. How could I marry a woman whose first thought, first care, was for her painting, when her old father lay on the ground, dying or dead, she knew not which! That scene is so revolting to me, and she and it are so indelibly associated in my mind, that I could never think of her without horror. Love her? Yes, I do! But loathe her I do too! Well, well, it's no use crying over spilt milk! I'm off to Spain; I go to-morrow. I suppose the best thing to be done is to rush about the world, and so forget her!"

Rachel gave a little sigh, as he paused. "Poor Leo!" she whispered, turning her sweet face towards him.

Leonidas appeared to wince at her look.

"Don't waste your holy sighs on me, dear," he said, sadly, "I am not worthy of them. And after all," he added with a laugh, "let's take a philosophical view of the case, and remember that I am only suffering as thousands of poor fools have suffered before!"

"I sighed," said Rachel, shyly, "because I was wishing you had a better cure for your heart-ache than rushing aimlessly about the world."

"What's that?" he asked, almost angrily.

Hesitating she replied—

"I have been thinking we are getting quite old, you and I, and neither of us has done as much as we believed we

should do, in the old days. Oh! Leo, if you had only found that mainspring to action, a definite aim in life, you would have such a prop to lean against now, in your trouble."

"I thought I had found it when I found her. It's all her fault now if my life is frittered away!"

"Leo, Leo! I am ashamed of you; have you no more backbone than Adam? Will you, too, say: 'The woman thou gavest me, she——"

He interrupted, "I am convicted; yet spare me! I will brace myself up, Rachel. Who knows but that even yet the rolling stone may find itself lodged some day, and gather a little moss on its barren surface! But it's getting late, dear, and I must be off. I will write to you about that picture by-and-by. If she will paint Paracelsus again, I will buy it. But I could never bear to see it! It shall be a gift to some public gallery, either in New York or Boston. But you will go and see her; you will comfort her, Rachel; for perhaps, as you say, she does suffer. Oh! yes, she must have to suffer, as well as I; and I can do nothing for her!"

Leonidas shook hands with Rachel hurriedly, and was gone.

When she was alone, Rachel leaned her head down on the table and sobbed. Leo said she was a saint. Was it fitting that saints should have such passionate feelings as to need the relief of tears?

* * * * *

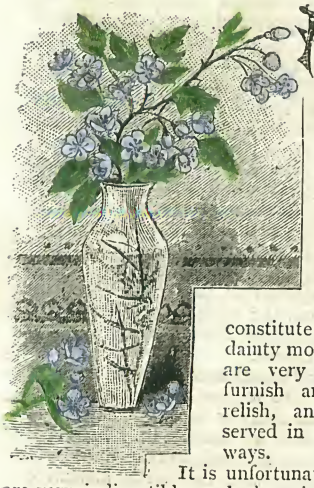
Whether Leonidas Yonge ever made his way back again to the Rue de Bac, and mounted those long stairs up to Mariana's room, I leave you, my reader, to decide according to your estimate of human nature.

But it is certain that La Géante Anglaise never repainted Paracelsus. She has made her fame from other subjects. For always obscuring the face of the dying genius, struggling to express his high-born thought, there comes the face of her dead father, pale and patient, dumbly reproachful, ever reminding her of the irrevocable past.

[THE END.]

LOBSTERS AND CRABS.

By PHILLIS BROWNE, Author of "The Girl's Own Cookery Book."



AMONGST the delicacies which are thoroughly enjoyed by people who dare venture to eat them are lobsters and crabs. These fish constitute truly most dainty morsels. They are very appetising, furnish an excellent relish, and may be served in a variety of ways.

It is unfortunate that they are very indigestible, and there is scarcely a form in which they can be presented in which they are not likely to disagree with persons who have a tendency to biliousness. It is probable that there is no dish known which has made a larger number of people ill than has lobster salad. Yet still lobster salad is popular amongst us. When it is served at table there are always plenty of customers for it. This leads us to hope that there are more people in the world than we had thought who are blessed with good reliable digestions, because we wish to respect our fellows, and we could not respect those who display the utter imbecility of taking food which they know beforehand will not agree with them. Individuals weak enough for this deserve to suffer.

There is no reason, however, why the physically strong should refrain from taking what they enjoy, and what does them no harm, because physically weak ones exist, and therefore it is well that girls should learn all they can about what to do with lobsters and crabs when they come in the way. This is all the more desirable because, indigestible as lobsters and crabs are at their best, they are infinitely more indigestible when badly prepared.

Lobsters are generally supposed to be obtainable all the year round, but they are at their best in the warm months. They are rather expensive, and are becoming more so, so that good sized lobsters are out of the reach of ordinary people. Much, however, may be done with a moderate sized lobster, for not many persons nowadays care to serve lobster pure and simple without an accompaniment of any kind; they would think it wicked waste, for a lobster is much more acceptable served as lobster salad, lobster cutlet, or lobster mayonnaise, than as plain lobster. The flesh of the cock lobster is the superior in flavour, although the hen lobster is valued because of its coral and spawn, both of which furnish the brilliant colour so much used in decoration. For this colour there is no substitute known. Some cooks fancy they can get it from cochineal, but the difference between the red of cochineal and the red of lobster spawn is evident at a glance to the most inexperienced.

When lobsters are plainly served they are usually dished as prettily as possible. First the large claws are taken off, and these have the shells cracked but not crushed in, so that the meat can be easily removed. The tail is split open down its length; the head, with the small feelers attached, is placed upright in the middle of the dish, the claws and the split tail are placed around, and green parsley decorates the whole. A good sauce for an accompaniment to the dish may be prepared as follows: Boil two eggs hard, and let them get cold. Open them, and put the yolks only into a basin, mix smoothly and very gradually with them five tablespoonfuls of oil, one of vinegar, and a little pepper and salt. If carefully mixed the sauce will look like cream. This sauce is what is called a remoulade. It is used as a salad dressing by many, mustard and a small quantity of anchovy or Harvey being frequently added to it. To my mind, when served with lobster it will be better without any addition of this kind, though if liked the soft greenish pith of the body can be taken out and mixed with the sauce. Some say this ought not to be used. Others think it the best part of the lobster. It must not, however, be mistaken for the drab coloured spongy substance which is found along each side of the head under the shell at the root of the small claws. This is called the lady's fingers, and should always be thrown away, as should also the bladder from inside the head.

The chief point to be remembered about *Lobster Salad* is that it must be freshly mixed when served. It is indigestible under the most favourable circumstances, but the longer it is made before it is eaten the more indigestible it becomes. Probably this is the reason why it has such a bad name. It is rather troublesome to prepare; there is a good deal of detail about it, and so cooks want to have it out of hand, and make it ready in good time. It would not be nearly so objectionable if it were mixed at the last moment. Make the sauce for it if you like; if put in a cool place it will keep well enough. Prepare the salad, if you like; the point of importance is to keep it dry, and it will stand a better chance of being so if broken up and laid between the folds of a clean cloth for awhile. Cut up the lobster also, if you can set it somewhere where it will not become dry; but do not mix the salad till the last thing. It will deteriorate with every half hour it stands. If such a thing should happen that some of it is left when the repast is concluded, throw it away. Do not attempt to keep it until the next day. This is a case in which it is wise to be extravagant. The probability is, however, that if well made none will be left.

Lobster salad is simply the pickings of a lobster mixed with salad and an ordinary salad dressing. *Mayonnaise of Lobster* is simply the pickings of lobster mixed with salad and mayonnaise sauce. I fancy that the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER understand perfectly well by this time not only how to prepare a salad but how to make mayonnaise. I need only remind them, therefore, that the chief thing to aim at is to have the salad dry, which condition is best attained by abstaining from washing the inner leaves which are quite clean altogether, and washing the dirty leaves as quickly as possible, and shaking them lightly in a loose cloth. It is a mistake to let salad lie in water. The best plan is to examine the leaves carefully one by one, put aside those which are free from insects, and wash the rest. This takes time, but what is worth doing at all is worth doing well.

Then as to the mayonnaise. All girls who are accustomed to make this sauce know that, be as careful as they may, sometimes the preparation curdles. Either they let the oil go in too quickly, or the kitchen is too warm, or something else goes wrong, but all in an instant as they are mixing the sauce they see that peculiar rough sandy appearance which tells that the sauce is a failure. If this should occur do not throw the sauce away. Settle in your mind what the fault has been, so that you may avoid it another time, then put the yolk of a fresh egg into a clean cold basin, and

mix with it the curdled sauce, added by drops, as the oil was added to the egg in the first instance. The sauce will come all right, and you will have added to your experience.

The special detail which is of paramount importance in a lobster salad, and that which makes one lobster salad to differ from another, is the ornamental arrangement thereof. It needs artistic taste to make a lobster salad properly, and this is the reason why girls of refinement and education are more likely to succeed than are uneducated girls. What is wanted is effective variety and contrast of colour. The mistake usually made is to introduce too many ingredients, and so produce a sort of jumbled combination. A little while ago there was a Cookery Exhibition in London, and I went to it. Amongst the exhibits were a number of lobster salads, which were very much admired. Two of three were certainly very charming, but for the rest, my admiration of them would have been greater if they had not looked so heavy. The talented individuals who made them seemed to have tried to bring in too much. If they had been content with less, they would have accomplished more. Let girls aim, therefore, at lightness of arrangement. A salad that looks light looks far more elegant than does one that is crowded and heavy.

The flesh of the lobster used in lobster salad should be cut up into pieces, or else should be torn apart with forks.

The following is the process of making a simple lobster salad: — Tear up the salad, and make a bed of it on a dish. Place on this some of the lobster; put on also some of the green pith and the creamy fat that adheres to the shell. Pile on at intervals the rest of the salad and the rest of the lobster, and make it high in the middle. Just before it is wanted dress the salad as salads are ordinarily dressed, or toss it well with a tablespoonful of vinegar, a gill of cream, and a little pepper and salt. Pile it high in the middle, finish it by pouring the thick mayonnaise over it, and decorate it as prettily as possible with lobster coral and sliced cucumber.

It will be noticed that it is advised here that the lobster salad should be tossed in salad dressing, apart from the mayonnaise. This is because the mayonnaise is too rich to be used, excepting on the surface of the salad. When mayonnaise only is employed, it generally happens that the interior of the salad is too dry; or where mayonnaise is employed in such quantities that it will penetrate all through the salad, the preparation is so rich that it is unpalatable. But if the salad be dressed separately, and the mayonnaise used only on the surface, the result will be eminently satisfactory.

It is a question to be considered what green-meat is to be used for lobster salad. To my mind lettuce only is to be preferred, and the crisp hearts of good cos lettuce are the best of any. This, however, is a matter of opinion, and many would prefer a mixture of vegetables, such as endive, watercress, small salad, etc. There is this to be said, certainly, that in the mixture of vegetables there is variety of colour, which is an advantage, for the dark green of watercress contrasts well with the light green of endive. Where watercress is used, however, the leaves should be broken from the stalk. The thick stalk of watercress is very much out of place in lobster salad. A very pleasant variety of lobster salad may be made of American cress only.

Lobster Cutlets are amongst the delicacies which many otherwise clever cooks are afraid of making. They ought not to be so; for though lobster cutlets cannot be said to be easily made, because they are apt to burst and crack in frying, and it requires practice to shape them neatly, yet they are soon managed by anyone who will give intelligence and pains to them. When successfully prepared they are always approved, are very *recherché*, and also economical, because they make a little lobster go a long way.

It is quite possible to make lobster sauce for six or eight people and a handsome dish of lobster cutlets out of a moderate-sized lobster; only for this, as also for lobster sauce, one must have lobster butter to give the required red tinge, and because lobster cutlets ought to be deeply coloured all the way through. Lobster butter, however, is not always obtainable. When there is a chance of getting it, it should be put by for use.

Lobster Butter is made both of lobster spawn and lobster coral. Spawn is the name given to the eggs of fish, and by lobster spawn we mean the little black beads which lie thickly underneath the body of a hen lobster at the right season. If these eggs were boiled with the lobster they would turn red; but as they are plentiful in summer, they are generally taken out by the fishmonger, and kept in brine for use in winter. To make lobster butter of the spawn, we mix the beads with an equal quantity of butter, and press the mixture through a sieve, crushing the beads while doing so. The butter thus produced will need to be cooked before it will be the right colour. It should, therefore, be stirred into the sauce, or stirred into the preparation of which the cutlets are made, over the fire; then it will turn red. Sometimes the spawn is put into the oven on a greased tin for a minute or two; sometimes it is thrown into fast-boiling water; but in any case it needs to be cooked before it answers the desired purpose. It can be obtained in small quantities from the fishmonger, and when hen lobsters are not to be had, a little spawn is a great convenience.

Lobster Coral, on the other hand, is the red substance that runs down the back of the fish from head to tail. Sometimes there is only very little coral in a lobster, sometimes there is a good deal; but whether there is much or little, every particle ought to be taken care of, because it is so valuable. It has to be mixed with an equal quantity of butter, rubbed through a sieve with the back of a silver spoon, and it comes out ready for use. If lobster butter has to be kept, it must be mixed with cayenne, put into small jars, covered with bladder, and kept in a cool place. If it is to be used at once, it must be stirred into whatever preparation requires it until that preparation is red. Then its flavour will be improved, as well as its appearance.

Another way of using lobster coral is to press it through a fine sieve, and use the powder thus obtained for decorative purposes. Lobster coral powdered thus looks very pretty sprinkled over white fish, or employed to garnish lobster salad. If it is not to be used immediately, it should be put into a very slow oven, and gently dried till it is hard. It can then be grated over whatever is to be ornamented. Dried coral will keep a long time.

Having obtained the lobster butter, let us see after the *Lobster Cutlets*. Take the flesh from the tail and the claws of the lobster, and remove the entrail that runs through the tail, and cut the meat into neat pieces about the size of a pea. If lobster sauce is to be made from this lobster, as well as lobster cutlets, put aside in a cool place till wanted a heaped tablespoonful of the cut-up flesh of the claws. This will make sauce for five or six persons. Melt half an ounce of butter in a small saucepan, mix smoothly with it an ounce of flour; cook these together; add gradually a quarter of a pint of water; stir the mixture till it boils, and then let it boil two minutes. When it leaves the sides of the saucepan clean it is done. Stir in the lobster butter to make it a brilliant red. Add gradually a tablespoonful of cream, a little pepper and salt, with a tiny seasoning of cayenne, and six drops of lemon-juice, and, last of all, the cut-up lobster, which must be mixed in thoroughly without being broken. Turn the mixture—or the panade, as it is called—upon a cold plate, spread it out, cover it with buttered paper, and leave it till quite cold and firm, when it will be ready for shaping.

It is not easy to shape lobster cutlets, but with a little care it will be managed. One must, especially when new to the work, take a little flour, but the less the better. If much flour is used, the cutlets are certain to burst in frying. Skilful cooks frequently use none at all. Take a portion of the mixture, the size of a small egg, and press it as nearly as may be to the shape of a cutlet—three inches long and half-an-inch thick. Dip these in egg, cover them with bread crumbs (be sure to make the coating complete), and place them side by side in a frying basket, not to touch each other. Plunge the basket into a saucepan of very hot fat, and, in about two minutes, they will be done. Drain them on kitchen paper, as fried things are usually drained, stick a little piece of the point of a small claw of the lobster into the narrow end of each cutlet to imitate the bone, arrange in a circle on a napkin, and serve hot.

Lobster cutlets can be served cold as well as hot, and thus prepared they form an excellent dish for a supper party. Prepare the panade and form the cutlets, but, instead of flouring, egging, and breading them, coat them over with grated coral. They are now ready for serving, and may be dished in a circle with chopped aspic jelly round them. A very pretty way of serving them is to enclose them entirely in jelly. To do this pour a little aspic jelly to the depth of a quarter of an inch into a clean Yorkshire pudding tin or sauté pan. Let this firm, then lay the cutlets coated with coral upon it, and pour more jelly over to cover them a quarter of an inch. When the jelly is firm, cut the cutlets out, leaving an edge of jelly all round them. They will look very inviting indeed.

The *Lobster Panade* used for lobster cutlets may be made into lobster croquettes. Form the panade into corks or balls, egg and bread-crumb them, and fry them. In lobster croquettes, however, it is well to tear the lobster flesh into shreds with two forks, instead of merely cutting it into dice.

Lobster Sauce is nothing but good melted butter made red with lobster butter, and having the cut-up lobster meat stirred in at the last moment. Here is the recipe in detail. Melt an ounce of butter in a small saucepan. Stir in a heaped dessert-spoonful of flour, and, when quite smooth, add half a pint of water. Stir the sauce till it boils, then add, off the fire, a tablespoonful of cream, a lump of lobster butter to make it a deep red, a tablespoonful of lobster meat cut into dice, and a few drops of lemon juice.

Curried Lobster is very popular with the people who have a taste for dishes of the sort. Pick all the flesh from a moderate sized lobster, and cut it into dice. Peel and slice thinly a moderate sized onion, and fry it in a little butter till it is soft and yellow. Pour in half a pint of stock, stir all together, and boil. Put a teaspoonful of ordinary curry powder, and a teaspoonful of Captain White's curry paste into a basin. Mix smoothly with a little cold water, and stir into the boiling stock. Add pepper and salt, and rub the whole through a fine wire sieve. Return the curry sauce to the stewpan, put in the lobster, and simmer gently for half an hour. Just before serving, draw the pan back, add a tablespoonful of cream and a few drops of lemon juice, and send rice boiled for curry to table on a separate dish. Perhaps it will be remembered that to boil rice for curry we wash Patna rice;

and throw it into six times its bulk of fast boiling salted water. Boil it quickly for about fifteen minutes, or till it is nearly cooked. Strain it, and rinse it with hot water to separate the grains, then put it in the stewpan again with the lid half on, and shake it occasionally till it is dry and quite hot.

Scolloped Lobster.—Supposing there is any lobster left after any dish has been made of it, it may be used as follows, if only the shell has not been damaged: Trim the shell of the body, cut away the ragged edges, and make the two halves uniform. Cut all that is left of the lobster into small neat pieces, and put them into a stewpan with a little lobster sauce. When hot through, put the preparation into the lobster shells, and cover with fried breadcrumbs. Set them in the oven for a few minutes, and serve on a dish covered with a white napkin, and garnish with parsley.

Crabs are supposed to be even more indigestible than lobsters, but they are cheaper, and are therefore more extensively used. The flesh of the crab may be used instead of the flesh of the lobster in many ways peculiar to the latter, and crab salad especially is little inferior to lobster salad. Crabs which when shaken rattle as if they contained water are not good. The best crabs are those which have the shell rough and of a bright red, and the joints stiff. Crabs more usually than lobsters are served cold.

Cold Dressed Crab.—If a handsome dish is required, serve the flesh of two crabs in one shell. Pick the meat from the cart, the breastplate, and the claws, and throw aside the branchiæ, or gills, sometimes called "dead men's fingers." The meat of the breastplate is particularly delicious, but it is troublesome to get at. Tear the white meat into shreds with two forks, and reserve about a third of the quantity. Mix the rest with the contents of the cart, and season with vinegar, mustard, salt, and cayenne. Put the preparation lightly into the prepared cart, sprinkle the white flesh reserved for the purpose on the surface, and garnish with parsley and a little lobster coral if it is to be had.

Hot Crab, called also Buttered Crab.—Pick the meat from two crabs, and carefully cleanse and trim the larger and handsomer of the shells. Season with salt, white pepper, a teaspoonful or two of common or chilli vinegar beaten up with a little made mustard, one quarter of its bulk in fine breadcrumbs, and a slice of butter, or instead a small quantity of salad oil. Put the mixture into the shell intended for it, cover thickly with breadcrumbs, place little knobs of butter here and there on the surface, heat thoroughly in the oven, and serve hot.

It may be well to add that lobsters which measure less than eight inches from the tip of the beak to the end of the tail, and crabs which are less than four and a quarter inches across the broadest part of the shell, are illegal.

BREATHING TIME.

By RUTH LAMB.

YOU smile to hear me say that I am old, as though the gauge
Of our life's length were years alone. They are no test of age;
For oft the hand is withered, while the heart is young and light,
The brain still flushed with happy thoughts, though locks be scant and white.

And oft again the heart that has but throbbed a few short years
Has borne, alas! an age of woe, of trial and of fears.
The step has lost its lightness, its springing, active tread,
The smile has faded from the cheek, and joy and hope are dead.

You tell me that this life of ours is just a mountain side,
Up which in youthful days we climb, in age must downward glide.
Yet some so gently rise you'd think their wings the angels lent,
To bear them o'er its rougher paths and aid in the ascent.

While others climb with weary feet, and hearts more weary still,
Their longing eyes upturned towards the summit of the hill;
Their favoured fellow-mortals yield no help, but pass them by,
So slowly rise they, and before their toil is ended—die.

I would not wish to shirk the load which I have strength to bear,
I would not wish my way all smooth, my life devoid of care;
But might I crave one boon, I'd ask a moment's breathing time,
A pause before eternity should take the place of time.

The traveller who with toil has gained the height long kept in view,
Does not at once, with hasty feet, his downward path pursue;
But pauses, leaning on his staff to think of dangers past,
And to exult that he has reached the wished-for goal at last.

Just as he turns would I to trace my footsteps on Life's track,
Though knowing, by the way I climbed, no mortal can go back,
To thank the Giver of all good for every victory won,
And pardon crave, in Jesu's name, for all still left undone.

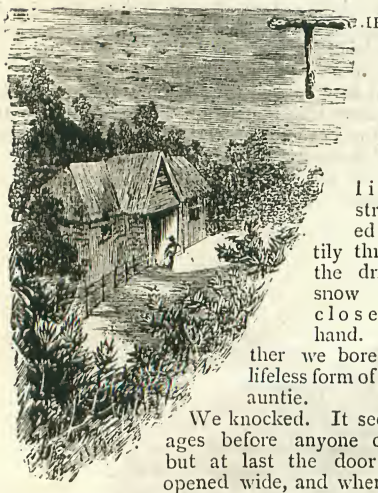
GREYTOWN GRANGE:

A TALE OF LAND AND SEA.

By GORDON STABLES, C.M., M.D., R.N.

CHAPTER III.

CONTAINING A SAD TALE OF THE SEA.



THE little cottage from which the yellow light streamed mistily through the drifting snow was close at hand. Thither we bore the lifeless form of poor auntie.

We knocked. It seemed ages before anyone came, but at last the door was opened wide, and when the kind-hearted cottager and his wife knew what had happened and who it was, their kindness knew no bounds.

A minute or two afterwards, auntie was laid on the clean truckle bed in the corner, well shaded from the fire, and Mrs. Rowe was bustling about getting tea ready.

Aleck was despatched to the village for the surgeon, and in less than half an hour the latter had arrived at the cottage. As he stood in the doorway, enveloped in his snow-covered top coat, muffler, and hat, I thought he was a very old man, but no sooner had he divested himself of his frozen garments and come forward to the light, than I discovered that, white though his beard and moustache were, they were white with the snow and not with age. He stood there in the middle of the floor with his eyes steadily fixed on auntie's face, while he employed himself thawing and removing the icicles from his hair.

"She'll do," he said at last.

"Oh! bless you doctor for those words," I could not help saying.

"Don't be impulsive, child," he replied. "You're Miss McCombie, aren't you? Yes, so you are; your aunt told me all about you. Fifteen too; what a little tot of a thing you are for your years! Mrs. Rowe, give me a towel; I'm too wet in hands and face to go near a couch or feel a pulse yet."

The doctor, whose beard was now brown enough, talked in a very matter-of-fact but cheerful tone.

When he had dried himself, and warmed his hands at the glowing wood fire—not for his own sake I felt sure, but for auntie's—he approached the bed on tip-toe and took her wrist, holding his watch in the other hand; then he felt her feet, which were rolled in flannel, and next gently opened her eyes.

Then he began to hum a tune, as men do when deep in thought.

"She will live?" I asked.

"Eh? What?" he replied. "Oh! yes to be sure. Narrow shave though. That was a sleep that would have ended in lethargy and death in an hour. Let her rest now, Mrs. Rowe; don't keep her too warm, give her tea when she wakes, nothing stronger, as you value her life; she can't be moved to-night."

Away went the doctor, and Aleck with Mr. Rowe went off to report matters at Greytown Grange, while I sat myself to watch by auntie's bed.

Her colour came and went very frequently, and soon she began to moan, and finally opened her eyes and sat up in bed, looking very bewildered indeed.

Next morning, about ten, a sledge drew up at the cottage door, with two spanking dark bays all a-jingle with tiny bells. There was the doctor, and very young and handsome he looked to-day, under the bright sunshine, for the wind had gone down, and the sky was blue and clear, the world beneath all sparkling and white.

The sledge was filled with furs and rugs, and in it poor auntie was laid and wrapped up; she was smiling but very pale. She shook hands feebly with Mrs. Rowe, the kindly cottager, and then away we drove. Such a ride as this, under other circumstances, would indeed have been enjoyable. As it was is almost seemed too soon over, for I think even auntie enjoyed it.

"Now, baby," Dr. Morland said to me half an hour afterwards. He had taken me by the hand and seated me beside him on the sofa, and held my hand as he spoke. "Baby," he said ever so earnestly, "I must tell you, because I think you are wise for your years, your auntie will be ill, very seriously ill."

"But you will save her, Dr. Morland?" I asked beseechingly.

"*You* must save her," he answered. "Nursing will do it more than medicine. I'm going to make you my first lieutenant; I'm captain, and you will carry out all my instructions to the letter, won't you?"

"I will doctor, I will, but——"

"Hold your tongue, please, till I'm done talking; there must be no fuss, no apparent striving to please her, no over officiousness, above all no tears. Now pull yourself together. Do you think there is energy enough in that little body of yours to do as I wish?"

"There is," I said courageously. "I'll do all you tell me."

"That's right, I thought I could trust you; no need then for me to get a sick nurse from town."

He let go my hand as unceremoniously as he had taken it, snatched up his hat, and was gone in a moment.

Fever came on; for many days auntie lay twixt death and life, while I hardly ever left the room. I tried to read but seldom could. I liked best, when auntie slept, to sit at the window and look out at the lovely snow. All the shrubs and trees were transformed into shapes that might have graced an elfin palace. The spruces and firs on the lawn were spruces and firs no longer, they were snow white plumes. It was under these the birds used to gather, and there Eliza placed their crumbs. There was not a breath of wind, not as much as sufficed to lift one feathery snow flake, and the silence all round the Grange was unbroken. Sometimes I could hear the bells of the village church, sometimes a blackbird would utter a shrill and startled cry from the ivy-covered hedgerow, but that was all. A robin found its way into the room one day, and there it remained, generally perched on a picture frame, coming down occasionally to pick up crumbs, and sometimes even venturing a sweet little song, in so low a voice that I felt sure it was somewhat impressed with the silence around us.

Dr. Morland came and went sometimes twice a day, often looking serious enough. He praised me for my attention, and I felt happy; but there were times when he did not seem to see me at all, just giving a few hurried orders and looking at the wall all the time, as if talking to that.

The days flew by, and the snow went away, and then the whole country became covered in dense fogs.

But the fever left my patient, and soon she was able to sit up in bed and talk a little.

Auntie's recovery was very slow.

I came in one day with a bunch of violets and primroses which I gave to her.

As she held them in her hand the tears came to her eyes.

"There was a time once," she said, still looking at the flowers, "when these would have given me much greater pleasure than now."

"Don't think of the past, auntie dear."

"It will relieve my mind now," she replied, "to tell you something of my sad sea life."

She appeared to drift into her story unintentionally.

"But it was not all sad," she continued, talking apparently to the flowers she held in that white, white hand of hers.

"Oh, no, it was not all sad. My father was principal owner of the barque we sailed in. He had nothing to love in the world, but me and his ship, for there never had been a great deal of fellowship between poor quiet brother Arthur and him.

"I remember we went to put a wreath of flowers on mother's grave the day before we sailed. I was crying, and there were tears in his eyes as we turned away from the grave with its pall of waving grass. But I was very young, and I daresay before we reached the latitude of Madeira—that sweet island of sunshine and flowers—I had forgotten England and everything in it. The farther south the ship went, and the more sunny the sky and sea became, the more my spirits rose. I felt wild with joy; I lived in the light of the sun. I wanted to read, but I could not. I tried to think, but only a strange, pleasurable dreamy feeling stole over me. But what a joy it was, in this new life of mine, to watch the motions of our bird-like barque as she flew along on the wings of the Trades, her decks as white as satin-wood, her bulwarks like polished ebony, her brass-work like gold, every rope coiled and in its place, and her sails all full and rolling out before the steady breeze, and silence everywhere except for the water that rippled from the vessel's bows, or came singing along the sides, and only now and then a gentle remonstrative flap of the canvas as the Linda—for so was she named—lifted her head too quickly up from the frolicsome waves.

"The water looked intensely blue even by day, and one could not help thinking of the many secrets that lay buried in its dark depths. Sometimes a shark would appear for a moment above the water, sometimes a shoal of porpoises would pass us, romping as merrily as children in a school playground, and passing, leave us far behind.

"At night it was beautiful to see the stars shining; they seemed so near, and they seemed so strange and different from any in

our climate. Then, at times the sea would be an ocean of phosphorescent fire, while behind a low bank of clouds on the horizon the yellow lightning would be flashing unremittingly. But when the moon shone down on the waters, then, indeed, was the night most lovely.

"I am weak," continued auntie, looking up from her flowers, "and I cannot paint my impressions of sea-life as I would like to; but they all come back to me in my dreams, O! so vividly!

"I can see my white draped Ayah, with her large dark lustrous eyes, crouching in the shade of the bulwarks. Kheera was an Indian; daughter of the sun she seemed, she lived but in the light; and, though she often told me wondrous tales of her own land, and sang me little chants in her own tongue, I never saw Kheera smile. Yes, I often see the girl in my dreams, and I often hear the calm manly tones of dear Jack's voice as he gave his orders to the men.

"You wonder why I call him *dear* Jack. I will tell you, Idabel, if you will listen; though I am faint, and my story must be brief.

"We had been to sea for fully three years, trading from port to port all over the world, for my poor father had made every arrangement for a protracted season away from England, which had now no charms for him, because mother was gone. We voyaged wherever fortune seemed to send us. Now, we were in Australia, next in China, India, or Seychalles; then back, perhaps, to the Cape, and thence to New Zealand; and, sailing onwards, we would presently find ourselves among the stormy seas, the cold fogs and the icebergs around the Horn; and in a month or two after, according to the winds, we would be lying quietly at anchor off San Francisco. We had been three years at sea when our first mate died.

"We waited at Frisco for two months, then Jack came out.

"How we came to love each other I know not. He was, however, all a brother to me—and so winning, noble, and true. My father liked him very much. They were seldom separate, unless when duty called them asunder.

"Yes, my father liked him, Idabel, and two years after he joined, we were betrothed.

"Pardon these tears, Idabel. Nay, child, let me weep, though but for a moment. It eases both head and heart. Jack is no more, and father, too, is dead; and I am alone in the world.

"After our betrothal, my father was as anxious to get back to England as he had previously been to stay away.

"But our misfortunes now began in earnest. Sorrows never come singly; we were caught in a tornado. O! what a fearful night that was. The howling winds, the tossing, chafing storm-vexed ocean; the pitchy darkness, lighted now and then by the lightning's flash; the waves that swept our decks, and poured down the only unbattened hatch in sheets of green water! Down below, where I was, I could ever and anon hear father's voice, or Jack's, shouting hoarsely through the trumpet.

"That, and that alone, gave me comfort. No, not that alone, for He who holds the ocean in the hollow of His hand was near me, even then. The tempest fell as quickly as it had arisen, though it left us little more than a wreck.

"But next day, two of our best men were stricken with fever. We were not far from Kingston Harbour, Jamaica, but here we were put in quarantine. Better, said my father, go to sea, again. So we steered away north, to meet the cooler breezes.

"Man after man fell ill and died. We were with the poor fellows night and day for months, dear Jack and I. What a heart he had! No wonder I cared for and admired him, for it is in times of affliction like these that the best qualities of a brave man come out in strong relief.

"But at last the plague left us, and we put into New York to make up our complement. Then southward we went again, *en route* once more for the West Indies, to discharge the cargo we had been forbidden to land before.

"Alas! we were bound never to reach the islands. And now comes the saddest part of my story, Idabel. I will not tell it to you, if you think it will give you pain."

"Go on, auntie, dear," I exclaimed, "I would rather hear it; we will know each other better then."

"All went well at first," auntie continued. "We had favouring winds, of favouring strength, and a sea like what a sailor loves to look upon; a sea with a cheerful ripple on it, and little waves that whispered, or sang, as they rushed merrily past our bows and sides.

"It was as lovely a night as ever glittered down on the waters. I had just come off deck, and in my own little cabin, which my father's kindness and taste had turned into a kind of fairy boudoir, Kheera, my Ayah, was helping me to undress, when suddenly we were startled by the brisk quick ringing of the ship's bell.

"Kheera clung to me in dread alarm. She was not courageous. Right well we both knew what the bell was saying. It was crying, *fire! fire! fire!* as plainly as tongue of bell could speak. And almost immediately there were the sound of hurrying footsteps on the deck, and loud sharp words of command. Then the shuffling, trailing noise, that always accompanies the rigging of the pumps and fire-hose.

"My curtain was drawn aside, and for a moment my father appeared in the doorway.

"'Don't be alarmed, Ethel,' he said; 'there is a trifling fire broken out forward. It's all above board, dear, and we'll soon get it under. Don't come on deck.'

"Oh, my poor father, Idabel; it was the last words ever I heard him speak.

"I cannot distinctly remember all that occurred that night.

"It was four bells, or ten o'clock, when the fire broke out, and in two hours it was nearly at its worst; and the confusion and noise on deck momentarily increasing. The barque was kept before the wind, which was blowing us southwards and east into the open sea. This gave us every chance, yet, though no smoke rolled aft, the glare of the burning Linda lit up our skylights in spite of the candle that burned in the jumbles.

"Another hour passed, then the vessel suddenly lurched to one side. There was a shout on deck followed by a tremendous crash; the foremast had gone by the board.

"'Stand by to lower away the boats. Get water and provisions in, Mr. Johnstone. Keep calm. Look hearty, lads. Cheerily does it.' It was Jack's voice we heard. All hope then of saving our bonnie barque was at an end.

"I think I must have fainted then, for I have only the most confused recollection of the events that immediately followed. What I next remember is awaking in an open boat, wet, cold, and shivering.

"Men were busy bailing, for a sudden squall had come on; seas broke constantly on board of us, and the waves were one mass of seething foam all around us, though they were blown flat by the violence of the squall.

"Up to windward of us was a hazy glare of light, and I knew it was our still burning barque.

"The second mate was steering, if steering it could be called, for the boat was drifting before the wind like a cork, Ida.

"I tried to rise, but felt crippled, powerless. I tried to speak; I wanted to know where my father, and where Jack was; but if I did speak, my voice was never heard in that howling storm.

"I sank back among the rugs and sails where they had laid me, and sleep, or rather lethargy, once more sealed my eyes.

"What a change when I again awoke! The rising sun streaming red over a smooth unruffled sea, the boat gently rising and falling on the long rolling billows; no one talking, all silence, save for the whisper of the oar-blades in the water, and the steady and monotonous sound they make in the rowlocks.

"'Where is father and Jack?' I cried, sitting up, and grasping the mate by the arm.

"He looked down at me pityingly, I thought.

"'In the other boat, miss.'

"'And the other boat, where is she?'

"'She's not in sight, miss, leastways not at present.'

"'And why was I not put in the boat with my father? Why am I here?' I cried, in anguish.

"'Don't blame me, Miss Ethel,' he answered, putting his great horny hand on mine. 'It was all done for the best—all for the best, believe me.'

Poor Auntie Ethel at this stage of her sad story lay back, or rather, fell back on her pillow. She looked utterly worn out, utterly exhausted, and *so* pale.

I bent over her and touched her brow with my lips.

"Speak no more, auntie," I whispered. "Let me say it. The boat your father and Jack was in was never seen again?"

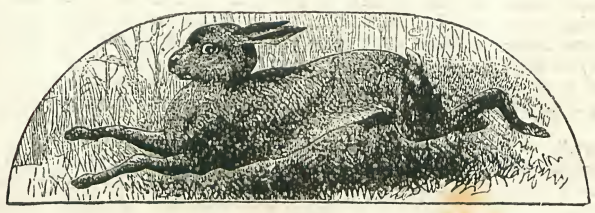
Her lips moved, and I could just catch the word.

"Never."

The room door opened silently, and Dr. Morland came quietly in, sat down beside the bed, and took her wrist.

But she did not even open her eyes.

(*To be concluded.*)



"WHICH OF THE CARDINAL POINTS?"

OR,

A WEST-END WORKWOMAN.

By A. M. HARLEY, Author of "Wrapped in the Robes of Mercy," "Fairview Rest," etc.



"Now, Alf, shut up your books; you have had enough reading for to-day. You will be getting just as pale and done up as you were before Easter, and I shall have to go home and own my mission a failure."

Alfred Sercombe threw down his book, and rising from the depths of his easy chair, crossed over to the other end of the room, where his sister sat busily knitting. Placing his hands on her shoulders, he made her look up at him.

"What are you talking about, Lil?" he said. "Have to own your 'mission' a failure? Why, little sis, I'm quite another fellow since you came to look after me."

Lily gave him a gratified smile, but this was speedily followed by a slight sigh.

"Why that sigh? After all, I fear I'm a selfish wretch; you are actually getting moped in this big city," exclaimed Alfred, in a concerned tone of voice.

"Moped! Not in the very least. You know I was perfectly delighted when father and mother settled I should come up and keep you company, so that you should not, in your usual style, over-work yourself. Moped! The very idea, Alf!" And a finished sock was rolled up and aimed at him. "Only——"

"Only what?"

"Well, the truth is I have not enough to do."

"Not enough to do!" was the amazed rejoinder. "Presiding at breakfast, starting me off to the hospital, discussing culinary matters with our landlady, making shopping expeditions, preparing German lessons, practising knitting socks for this 'worthy object,' etc."

"Oh, Alf, you know what I mean; I seem to be doing nothing for anybody but ourselves. And even for you, what is it I do?"

"Everything I want, Lil, and just as I want it done," replied her brother. Then laughing, he added—"I forgot in my enumeration of your duties, that which my friend Jackson says should be the chief aim of woman—the acquirement of beauty and grace!"

"Very useless aim for poor me, to whom nature has denied the possibility of its attainment," said Lily.

"Don't mistake; beauty and grace, not of person, merely, but such as a plain woman may attain," continued Alfred; and, resting one hand on the table, whilst he raised the other as though addressing an audience, he began: "The subject of my lecture to-night is—The Ethics of Æstheticism, more especially as concerning man's complement, Woman!"

"Stop, Alf," cried Lily; "I don't want one of Mr. Jackson's ethico-æsthetico-very-much-man-ico lectures to-night. Here, come and help your complement (*pro tem.*) to wind some wool." So saying she took a skein from her work-basket, and unfolding it held it on her hands.

"I thought that was the man's part."

"Never mind, if I choose to reverse the general order of things. You have such a way of see-sawing your hands up and down, vainly imagining you help thereby. Now, behold me practising a graceful pose!" And she threw herself in a lackadaisical attitude.

Alfred looked at her with amusement, but was soon intent on the mysteries of ball-winding. Round and round the wool was laid in leisurely, methodical fashion, for, however much Lily might be apt to act without due deliberation, her brother was more likely to err in the opposite extreme. Soon the "pose" was altered, and Lily's tongue was chattering away on the great event of the day before, the Queen's visit to the People's Palace.

"Do you know I could almost envy Mr. Walter Besant! What a charming realisation of his dream of philanthropy! How he must thank God in his heart!"

Alfred smiled; he knew his sister's admiration for some of the heroines of this clever author, and liked to tease her a little, good-humouredly.

"Yes, I must acknowledge that his portrayal of *ideal* woman has helped to bring about good practical results."

"Don't say *ideal* in that satirical way! Mr. Besant writes of real, true woman; if sometimes placed in ideal circumstances, it is but to bring out true, pure womanhood, as it may be, or rather, as it *is*," said Lily, with rising colour.

"Anyhow, Lil, I join with you in thankfulness for the good work so vigorously carried on in the East-end, and rejoice that the needs of the South are increasingly recognised."

"*You do!* Then why object to my helping Mrs. Wyville?"

No immediate answer was given. The winding came to a finish—the ball was placed on the table, then:

"We will make a compact, Lil. To-morrow you shall go with me to see an old cabman whose acquaintance I made at the hospital. If, after that, you still wish to help Mrs. Wyville, not another word will I say against it."

The following afternoon the brother and sister set out to make their proposed call. The near neighbourhood was but little known to Lily; she had not lived long in town, and, country-girl as she was, the life and stir of Oxford and Regent Streets, the gay shop-windows, had more attraction for her than the assemblage of squares, in a turning out of one of which her brother's rooms were situated. Going in zigzag fashion through three or four of these squares, they turned into a long street, again into a narrower, dingier one, and arrived nearly at the end of that, they passed under an archway into a court of some twelve or fourteen houses. At No. 3 Alfred knocked, and the door was speedily opened by an old man, whose face brightened up at the sight of his visitors.

"Right welcome you are, sir," he said, giving Alfred's hand a hearty shake with his left one, for the empty sleeve fastened to the breast of the coat told a sad tale of the trouble that had befallen the poor cabman a few months earlier. "Walk in, sir, and the lady too. Your sister, d'ye say? Glad to see you, miss, if you'll put up with my poor place. It's ne'er so tidy as it used to be before I had to give up my cab; the old missus didn't have to go out a-chairing most days, as she do now, bless her! Now, miss, take that 'ere easy chair; it's seen its best days, but it's mighty comfortable." And he indicated a wooden arm-chair with a cushion on it, which, seeing that a newspaper, a pair of broad-brimmed spectacles, and a pipe laid on the table by its side, Lily rightly guessed was the old man's usual seat, and begging him to keep it, seated herself in a cane chair near.

"You must feel rather dull alone here, I should think, after being used to an outdoor life," she remarked.

"It is lonesome sometimes, but though I'm not much of a scholar, I can read enough to amuse myself. Then," he added, "I'm beginning to be quite clever a-using my left arm, manage to square-up things a-bit, ready for the missus; and thank God I have the use of my legs. Yesterday I toddled down to Holborn to see the gay doings."

"And did you get a good view?" asked Alfred.

"Trust Sam Jenkins for pushing his way in a crowd. Right to the front did I get. And when the Queen came, I off with my hat, waved it, hooray'd at the top of my voice, and Her Majesty bowed and smiled quite gracious. What beats me holler, though, is why the gentlefolks go a-trapesing down to Whitechapel for, after the 'People' as they call them, when they've got some of the same sort at their own back doors, so to speak."

"Those nearer their homes are not forgotten, Jenkins, only the East-end seems to need more brightening up than we do here," replied Alfred.

"Maybe, maybe. I don't know much about them Whitechapellers; I've been a West-ender all my life."

"Then see," chimed in Lily, "what nice parks we have, and squares, and beautiful shops, and carriages, and everything so cheerful looking."

The cabman smiled rather dubiously.

"We poor folk, when we've got work to do, haven't much time for gaddin' about, and when we're out o' work we're out o' heart too; and looking at the grandees and their carriages makes us feel there's a sight o' things want sorting somehow. The homes want brightening up, I think."

"Quite true," Lily said. "And so these ladies think, and they do not only get up concerts and pleasant amusement, but go and cook little things for the sick people, and help to tidy up their rooms, and teach others to sew and mend their clothes; for some don't know how to make the best use of the little they have even."

"Do they wash up the saucepans after them, miss?" inquired Jenkins, with a comical look. "I've heard my old gal say how when she was in service the ladies 'ud give more trouble than enough a-cleaning up after them, when they came into the kitchen with their messin' and their cookin'."

"Things are different nowadays, Jenkins, than when Mrs. Jenkins was young; ladies learn to do all sorts of household work, cooking, and all the rest of it, cleaning saucepans, too—don't they, Lily?" said Alfred, raising his eyebrows.

"Of course, they try to do anything that may be useful," was the reply, given by his sister, her cheeks flushing.

"It's rare good of them to try, that it is, but I'll ne'er believe a lady in the land—aye, not even Her Majesty or the Princesses themselves—would come up to Mrs. J. at scrubbin' a floor or cleanin' a saucepan."



"SHE THREW HERSELF IN A LACKADAISICAL ATTITUDE."

Sam Jenkins gave a waggish nod. "But, dear me, miss, there are three or four folks in this house that 'ud be none the worse for a little help of that sort. There's two poor things in the back attic, they sit slaving and stitching all day, and sometimes part of the night, a hard matter to make a living; one sister is very delicate, and sometimes whilst the other takes home the work, she's just too faint-like to get something ready to eat, though she needs it bad enough. And there's the second floor front, that goes out washing; she's no time to mend her children's clothes. Plenty for the cookin' and the sewin' ladies to do here! P'raps you'd like to go up and see the Miss Greens."

"I'm afraid there is not time to-day," answered Alfred, looking at his watch.

After a few minutes he and his sister took their leave. No sooner were they out of the house than Lily began—

"It is too bad, Alf. I believe that old man and you laid a plot between you."

"No, indeed, I assure you I never named you to him until I introduced you to-day. The conversation certainly was most *àpropos*, and it almost renders it unnecessary for me to say what I was intending, about your beginning with work near home."

"Where are you going now?" asked Lily, as her brother turned a different way to that they had come, and entered a narrow passage between two houses.

"Only another way home," he replied, and passing between two posts, they emerged almost opposite their own door.

"Why did you take me that roundabout way?"

Alfred looked straight before him, then giving a sideway mischievous glance at his sister, said—

"I thought there might be a little more romantic interest in visiting the court if it seemed rather a long way off."

Lily tried hard to look fierce, but signally failed.

"Now," said Alfred, later in the evening, "now for my objections. And after hearing them, to whichever of the cardinal points my little sis conscientiously feels it best to carry her own special banner of love and cheer, I shall wish her, from my heart, God-speed. First, then, though you are fairly strong, I don't consider you robust enough to stand the fatigue of the journey and the work for any length of time, and in all weathers; and such things begun and not carried out, or done by fits and starts, are of less real use than a smaller work nearer home, steadily persisted in. Secondly, I have an idea—you must take it for what it is worth—that for everyone a short apprenticeship in one's own neighbourhood is a test as to whether the romance or fashion of the thing has an undue weight with us; mind, I say *undue*. Even *such* an impetus is useful in measure, in arousing some to whom the notion of practical, personal work is new. Thirdly—Oh! no, that is one of the things best left unsaid."

"Go on, Alf. You *shall* tell me all."

"No, it sounds so horribly selfish. Well, then, if you will have it, how can I tell but that after a month or two you would feel it your duty, like one of your heroines, to take up your abode in the midst of 'your people,' and, though this would bear out one of my notions, what a forlorn, desolate room this would be again, when my bit of sunshine had vanished."

Whereupon Lily jumped up and administered a sisterly chastisement, which was borne unflinchingly.

It is but a short time since Lily's apprenticeship began. At first, her visits were confined to No. 3; and the making the "best use" of poor Miss Green's one saucepan, which had to serve for various culinary purposes, the mending and patching the clothes of the widow's children, were both problems harder to solve than she had imagined. But she has found "experience" decidedly the best, if not the only "teacher" in such matters. Already her kindly unobtrusive way of proffering assistance, and the recognition that she looks upon all as the children of the same Father, upon all alike as needing the same redeeming love, has won her an entrance to more of the houses; and it is probable, even when she has "served her time," she may remain a humble workwoman in the West.

NOTICES OF NEW MUSIC.

Stanley Lucas, Weber and Co.

Daffodils. Song. By Ethel May Clapton, to Wordsworth's words.—A graceful, simple setting, showing some gift of melody, and some experience in its treatment.

Bird Raptures. Song. By Moir Clark.—A very romantic, Wagneresque wedding of music to Christina Rossetti's beautiful plea for the nightingale. The extreme harmonies and perfect independence of the piano part, which is too important to be merely called an accompaniment, combine to make this fine song rather difficult for the ordinary singer. It requires intellect as well as voice.

Last Night. Song. By Algernon Ashton, to words by Marzials.—A song for contraltos or mezzo-sopranos; simple, from the vocalist's point of view, and really a beautiful working out of one thought—viz., the opening two bars of the song, which are developed in a most charming manner, and with many effective modulations.

Spirit of Love. The East Indian. Words by Moore. Music by Edmondstonne Duncan.—The first of these two songs is elaborate and proportionately difficult. But it is a worthy specimen of the Romantic School, and would repay the necessary study. The second song is of another class. It is a simple, most beautiful, English ballad; we warmly recommend its healthy, fresh tone.

Sonata in C Minor. By Edmondstonne Duncan.—A work approaching nearer to the school of Brahms, perhaps, than to any other we could name. Much elaboration and detail is evident throughout, and much learned fancy. We admire the graceful second subject in E flat major in the first movement, which, by the way, is concluded in the tonic major. The slow movement or romance reminds one of the Greig Sonata somewhat, of course only in character. A very effective and brilliant presto movement, "Alla Scherzando," completes what we consider to be one of the best modern sonatas we have seen.

Pastorale and Allegro. By Pietro Nardini (1722—1793). Transcribed for the pianoforte by Oscar Beringer.—We have already noticed the Pastorale, and can only add that the Allegro before us is redolent of the age in which Nardini lived, and, from such a point of view, is most interesting and tuneful.

Banva. Four sketches for pianoforte duet. By Moir Clark.—In these effective but difficult duets the work is divided as equally as is the interest between primo and secondo, to both of whom Mr. Clark gives as much as most players can manage. There is a special quaintness about No. 1 in valse time.

Novello and Co.

Choral March—Advance, Britannia! By C. T. West. Composed for a grand colonial procession at Brighton in connection with the Grammar School there.—It is for treble voices in one and two parts, and must have been most effective in its place at the Dome.

Heather Bells. Two-part song for ladies' voices. Words and music by Dr. Frank Sawyer, of Brighton.—This is a capital fresh part-song, and should find favour with all singing-classes in which ladies join.

London Music Publishing Company, Limited.

Fair as the Dawn. Ballad. By S. Emily Oldham.—This song, which is sung by Signor Mhanes, is by no means original, but is simple, harmless, and easily learnt; compass, F to F. Even the enharmonic modulation in it is a very usual and often-tried effect.

The Bird and the Rose. Song. By Amy Elise Horrocks.—A most graceful composition, and, if rather sad, fully as delightful as it is tender in fancy.

Four Sketches for Violin and Pianoforte. By Charles Hoby.—These little trifles will be a boon to beginners on the violin, as the fiddle part is limited to the first position.

Joseph Williams.

Operatic Fantasias (No. 3). By E. Davidson Palmer, Mus. Bac., Oxon.—We have on other occasions noticed this series of operatic selections, and consider the one before us, No. 3, which is made up of melodies from Flotow's *Marta*, quite equal to the others. The airs are not smothered in embroideries so as to be indistinguishable.

Lullaby for Violin and Piano. By Ernest Claude.—This is No. 1 of six short pieces, and speaks well for the other five. It is quite simple, but really very nice.

J. and J. Hopkinson.

Lords and Ladies. Shepherd Music. Songs. By George F. Vincent.—The first of these songs is in minuet style, and quite illustrates the old-fashioned stateliness described in the poem. The second is of a pastoral nature. The sort of bassoon and flute effect produced by playing notes of the same name at the distance of two octaves apart is very suggestive of Arcadian simplicity.

Lamborn Cock.

La Defiance. By W. Lauber. — Is an effective military quickstep, written for piano solo. It would suit military bands excellently well.

Weekes and Co.

Elizabeth of Siberia. A service of song. By the Rev. W. Wilkinson.—Is principally noticeable from the fact that it is the outcome of that interesting story which appeared in The Girl's Own Paper for April, 1886, and which gave all of Prascovie's romantic adventures. The music is very weak.

The Message of the Bells. Song. By Isa L. Jopling.—An easy, straightforward song, the first part of each verse being made up of six-bar phrases.

Deux Mélodies pour Piano. Par Cotsford Dick. 1. *Autour d'une source.* 2. *Blondel.*—Two simple and attractive drawing-room pieces, with no pretensions to be more than they really are—that is, simple melodies for the piano, songs without words.

EMBROIDERY NEEDLEWORK

By FRED MILLER.

PART I.

If our readers were asked to say what they considered the most popular form of fancy work at the present day, we think the majority of them would say embroidery or crewel work. The reason of the popularity of this kind of art work is that it engages the inventive faculties as well as the skilful fingers of its votaries, and is at the same time one of the most useful and beautiful of the decorative arts. Few kinds of work have sprung so suddenly into public favour as this, for it is not many years since that the only kinds of fancy work were tatting and crochet and Berlin woolwork. It is little to be wondered at that when we compare embroidery with other forms of fancy needlework, the general taste should be so decidedly on the side of the former.

Embroidery, as practised in the present day, allows of much more freedom and variety of design, as well as individuality of taste, than the other kinds of work done with the needle; and so excellent is the quality of much of the work produced, that it speaks well for the talent of the workers that so worthy a position has been won for needlework among the other art handicrafts.

We propose in these two articles to consider the higher branches of needlework, and to give a few hints as to what seems to us are the principles that should guide our readers in designing for their needle. For we take it for granted that all our readers are by this time acquainted with this kind of art needlework, and as the subject has so often been dwelt upon in these pages, we shall proceed to discuss the question from a more advanced point of view than we have hitherto done. And we also hope to persuade those of our readers who have hitherto confined their efforts to small work, to try their hand at something important, some kind of work upon which their best labours shall be worthily engaged. And it seemed to us that no kind of work could be more useful than the embroidery of the curtains of a window, for all houses require curtains of some kind or the other, and it is often a matter of great concern to careful housewives how to secure the best effect with the least expenditure of money. They are always a costly item, and if we go in for anything like a rich figured material, curtains run away with a good deal of money.

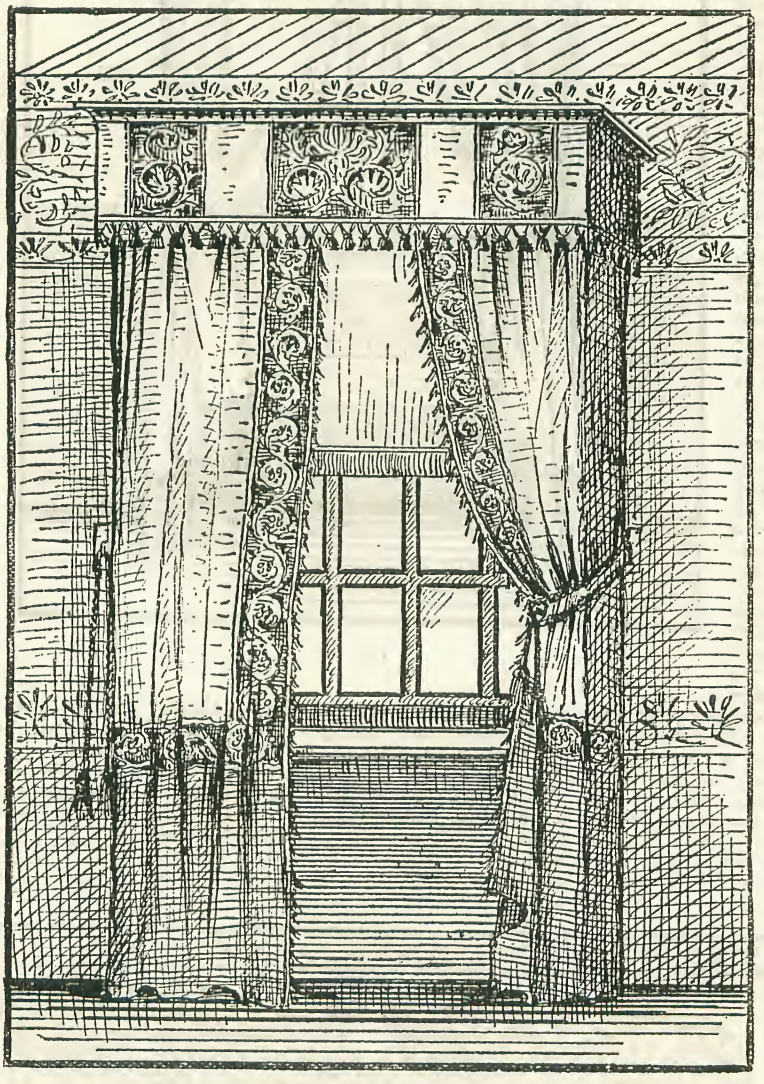


FIG. I.

No part of a room's furniture is more noticeable than the curtains, and consequently no kind of domestic work is seen to greater advantage than anything relating to window hangings. Any embroidery bestowed upon them is most effectively displayed. Why then not set to work and work some embroidery for the window curtains? Agreed, say you, but how shall we set about it? Nothing easier in the world, my dear readers, and if you will give me your patient attention for a brief space, I will do my best to assist you.

First, then, choice of material; and here we meet with our earliest difficulty, for there are so many stuffs, both as regards price and quality, and colour and make, that one is embarrassed with the profusion. Here the tastes, pockets, and needs of the intending purchaser come into play. Umritzur cashmere is one of the best moderately-priced materials I am acquainted with. It is to be had in every variety of tint, and, as all the colours are harmonious, you cannot make any very serious mistake, whatever tint you may select. In this matter you had better study the prevailing colour of the furniture and decoration in your room, and either choose a colour that will harmonise or agreeably contrast with the tone of your surroundings. A more expensive material is plush, of course very handsome, but at the same time too costly for a good many pockets. If you choose a figured stuff, such as tapestry, select some pattern that is not too pronounced, otherwise it will interfere with your embroidery.

The next consideration is whether you are going to embroider the curtains themselves, or work your patterns on some other material, and afterwards sew it on the curtains. There is something to be said for both methods, though I think the weight of argument is on the side of the latter plan, and for these reasons. It is, first of all, easier to embroider a narrow strip of stuff than big curtains. Secondly, you can choose not only a different colour, but, if needs be, a richer material for your borders. For instance, you might have a plush border to Umritzur curtains. And, thirdly, you can always transfer your work to other materials, should the first curtains your work is sewn on get worn out. But, after all, this is a question which must be decided by the exigencies of each case, though

I think where practicable, as in the case of borders to curtains, the embroidery should be worked on separate material, for the reasons above given. In the case of diapers and patterns going across the curtain, it is, of course, necessary to work on the material itself.

A good many people have taken to embroider figured materials, such as embossed velvet, or plush and cretonnes. There is something to be said in favour of this kind of work where good designs are not easily obtainable, or where it is desirable to enrich a figured material with a little handwork. Stamped plush or velvet looks very handsome when enriched in this way, and as there are many beautiful patterns in this material, your labour will not be thrown away. I have known some ladies produce most effective work by embroidering some of those elaborately designed cretonnes, containing birds, flowers, butterflies, and foliage, in more or less natural colours, and afterwards cutting out the more telling portions and appliquéing them on to some richer material. The colours of the cretonne are carried out as far as possible in the embroidery, some workers covering the whole of the pattern, others only enriching the edges and more brilliant portions with silk. In this kind of work great care and taste must be exercised in arranging the patterns when worked effectively on to the material to which the designs are to be appliquéd, and to attach them to the material the edges of the cretonne should be worked round with silk. The patterns on plush and velvet are generally of a more severe character than cretonnes, consisting as they generally do of running foliage, of more or less quaint design. The colours of your embroidery should be selected to harmonise or agreeably contrast with the velvet, and you should arrange in your mind's eye some complete scheme of colouring, from which you must not depart. Suppose your material is of a reddish hue, your embroidery should carry out this tone, and your wools or silks should blend one into another. Dark, rich olive greens can be enriched with golden yellows; yellow browns and the flowers might be worked with pale turquoise blues. Embroidered plushes and velvets should when finished have one general tone running through their entire mass, so that at a little distance from the eye all the colours seem to have an affinity for each other. If this result be not continually kept before one during the progress of the work, and a great many different colours be employed, the general effect when completed will lack that unity and oneness so necessary to harmony and completeness of effect. While your work is in progress, view it and criticise it at some distance from the eye, so that you can take in the whole effect at once, just as painters view their pictures during progress at some distance from the eye, as by this means they get the general effect, without being bothered by details.

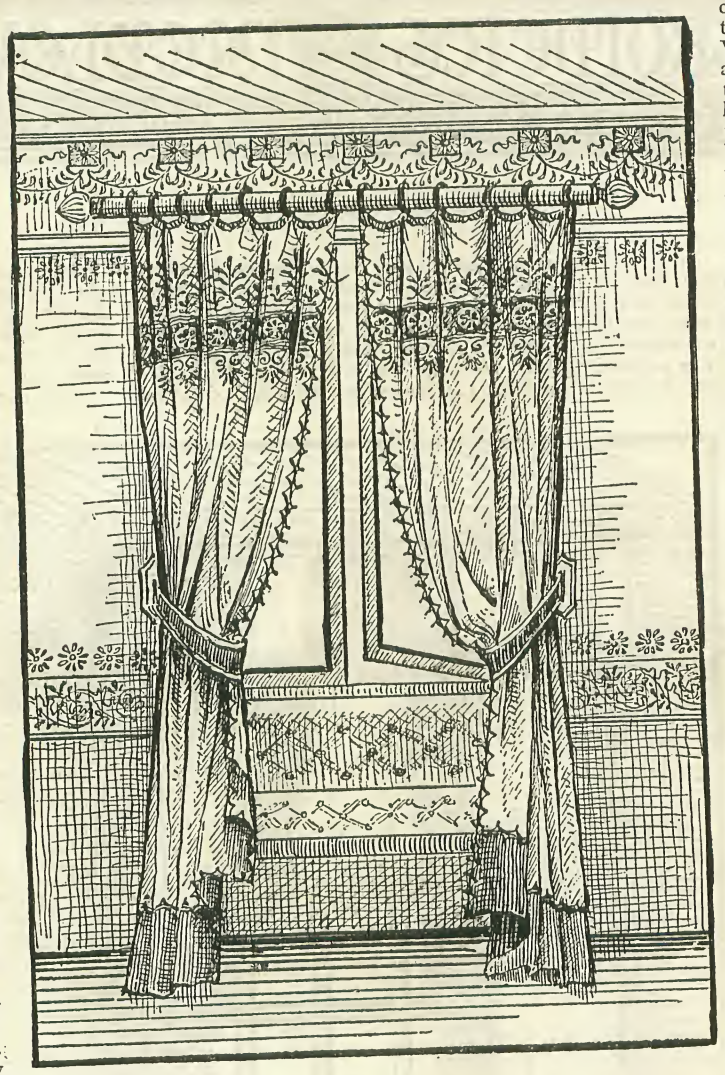


FIG. 2.

We will now return to the consideration of the illustrations accompanying this article. We give at figs. 1 and 2 two arrangements of window curtains. In fig. 1 the curtains hang from below a canopy, and the decoration consists of embroidered borders carried three parts down the edges of both curtains, and instead of being taken to the bottom, are carried off to the right and left, thus forming a frieze or border to the "dado" portion of the curtains; for it will be noticed that the lower portion of each curtain is supposed to be a darker material than the upper portion. The canopy is decorated with three panels of embroidery, and the material used for the "dado" portions of the curtains might be introduced into the canopy by making the panels of this stuff and the rest of the canopy the same material as the upper part of the curtains.

Fig. 3 might be used as the border. It is designed as a continuous pattern repeating itself alternately. The lines on either side, and the simple pattern made of crossed stitches, would be a nice finish to the running border.

Fig. 4 is intended for the centre panel of canopy, and fig. 5 for the two side panels. The same character is given to all three designs to preserve the unity of effect, for the decoration being of an ornamental character, a certain uniformity, "a unity in variety," should be observed in the several portions of the work.*

Fig. 2 shows another arrangement of window curtains. The ornamentation takes the form of rich bands of embroidery running across the upper portions of the curtains, and in place of a worked border the edges of the curtains are scolloped and worked round with broad stripes of wool and a simple border.

* These ornamental designs are in many respects more suitable to purposes like the present one, than more elaborate and naturalesque patterns, for where you have to repeat the same design many times as in borders, a decidedly ornamental character should be given to the patterns.



FIG. 3.

There is no dado in this design, but a broad band of darker material is indicated at bottom of curtains. The top of curtains where the rings are fastened should be worked over, and the same pattern as used at edges might be introduced here.

Fig. 6 is an enlarged view of the band of ornament running across curtains, and, as will be seen, is of the ornamental character employed in the other illustrations. The reason for selecting this class of design in preference to a more natural or realistic treatment is that the ornamentation on large works such as curtains is always seen more or less from a distance, and, consequently a bold, simple treatment is more effective than a more elaborate and naturalesque one. We have confined ourselves to ornamental designs in this article for another reason, and that is that we have on former occasions given designs of a more natural character, and we thought it would be an agreeable change to adopt a more severe treatment. Then again the designs accompanying this article are intended to be worked in few colours and with broad stitches, so as to get over the ground quickly, for work of this description would remain too long in hand if a very elaborate kind of design were employed, and would weary the patience of the worker. When you have enlarged your designs to their proper dimensions, and have transferred them to your material, the sooner you get the work out of hand the better. Don't attempt shading the leaves or even varying them much. Assuming that your tone of colour consists of browns and yellows and sage greens, work one group of leaves in one colour, and then the next group in a slightly different tone, and so on. In the distance this will have just as good an effect, ay, and better than if each leaf were carefully shaded. Breadth of effect is as necessary in embroidery as in painting. Another great advantage in keeping your work simple in colouring and design is that the elder members of the family can plan, supervise, and direct the work, while the younger members, who could not carry out so large a work unaided, can lend their assistance in embroidering the several portions of the work; and by pressing all the available talent into the work you can soon get it out of hand, instead of allowing it to drag on a weary length until all are sick of seeing the same piece of work about so long.



FIG. 4.

We can give very few hints as to the colours to be used, as this so entirely depends upon the colour of your materials and other considerations, which one must be acquainted with before one can pretend to advise. We can only direct attention to our previous remarks on this part of our subject. Whatever else your colouring may be, let it be above all things harmonious.

Crewels will be better than silk for this large kind of work, as they are not only much cheaper but cover the ground so much more quickly. Silk might be introduced here and there to give brilliancy and sparkle to the general effect.

Of course it does not follow that the designs or arrangements given in our illustrations are to be strictly adhered to.

The chief good of this article may be that we have directed the attentions of our readers into a new channel which they must follow up for themselves.



FIG. 5.



FIG. 6.

VARIETIES.

Too Eager.

Be not too eager in the arduous chase;
Who pants for triumph seldom wins the race. *Crabbe.*

Mother's Work.—The fate of the child is always the work of his mother. *Napoleon.*

Ill-disposed People.—It is not right either to stay or to go anywhere along with an evil-disposed person.

The Best Policy.—I am glad when I see anyone avoid the infamy of a vice; but to shun the vice itself were better.—*Ben Jonson.*

A Singer's Terms.

When Gabrielli, one of the famous singers of last century, visited Russia in 1768, Catherine II. wished to engage her services. The vocalist asked 5,000 ducats as salary. "Far too much," said the Empress, amazed. "Why that is more than I pay my field-marshal."

"Then," replied Gabrielli, "let your field-marshal sing for you."

A Severe Punishment.—"What is the extreme penalty of bigamy?" asked a man of an old judge. The old judge answered, "Two mothers-in-law."

The Best of Lives.—The happiest periods of history are not those of which we hear the most. In the same way as in the little world of man's soul the most saintly spirits are often existing in those who have never distinguished themselves as authors or left any memorial of themselves to be the theme of the world's talk, but who have led an interior angelic life, having borne their sweet blossoms unseen.

A Sailor's Will.—A sailor, hailing from Bristol, directed his executors to pay over one shilling to his widow that she might buy hazel-nuts therewith, as he well knew she took more pleasure in cracking nuts than in mending the holes in his stockings.

True Nobility.

Honour and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honour lies. *Pope.*

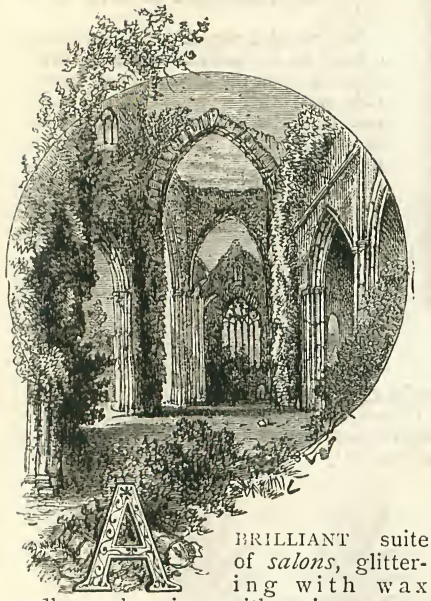
Pleasure and Freedom.—True pleasure and perfect freedom are nowhere to be found but in the practice of virtue—*Tillotson.*

IN THE DAYS OF MOZART.

THE STORY OF A YOUNG MUSICIAN.

By LILY WATSON.

CHAPTER XIII.



A BRILLIANT suite of *salons*, glittering with wax candles, gleaming with mirrors — a rustling throng of beautiful women, flowers, diamonds, and feathers in their hair, their dresses flashing with jewels, their white shoulders shining in the soft light, while men in full Court dress move among them, and a ripple of laughter and conversation flows easily along—such is the scene when the great Prince Wenceslaus Anton Kaunitz "receives." His diplomatic career has been a remarkable one. Minister, Ambassador, Chancellor of State, he has been Maria Theresa's right hand, and is still, at the age of fifty-eight, supreme in Viennese society.

He is a little man, daintily and delicately arrayed in rose colour and silver, curled, perfumed, with a well-preserved complexion, and a white hand flashing with rings.

Two of the guests present a curious contrast to the others. One is a tall, fair young girl, in a plain white gown, with neither flowers nor feathers in her abundant golden-brown hair; the other, a thin, large-eyed youth. Together these two stand in a corner, not far from the clavichord and two or three music-desks.

"What a tiny elegant figure Prince Kaunitz is! Just as though he had come out of a bandbox, or as though he should be kept under a glass case!" says Elsa, for it is she.

"Hush, hush, sister; he is one of the greatest diplomatists in Europe, and he is a thoroughly kind patron of art. Do you remember what Wolfgang says of him?"

"Yes, and I remember, too, that after Wolfgang had the small-pox in Vienna last year, Prince Kaunitz would not see him though the risk of infection was over long ago, because his face was marked. 'That is not my idea of a great statesman," replies Elsa, a little maliciously.

"I don't quite see what the fear of small-pox has to do with being a statesman."

"Except that one naturally looks for courage in a leader of nations."

"There is courage of different sorts," began Rudolf; but he saw his princely host approaching at this moment, and rightly guessed that he came with a summons to the young musician to divert the company by a solo on the violin.

Prince Kaunitz was a pleasant contrast to many of his contemporaries in the kindly respect he paid to artists, and it was his former interest in Ottilie von Eberstein, the music mistress and singer, that gained for Rudolf and Elsa the honour of an invitation to his gorgeous mansion.

But Rudolf's Straduarius had little power to thrill that gay and worldly throng. His dreamy tones, instinct with mysterious sweetness, needed quiet and sympathy to be appreciated. A few guests listened, from respect to their host; a professional musician, here and there, felt a twinge of jealousy, and resolved to be on his guard against the new *protégé*; only one or two connoisseurs were struck by the player's pure and noble style and the beauty of his composition. A scarcely repressed hum of conversation accompanied the plaintive strains, that seemed to plead in vain for a hearing in this arena of fashion.

Ich singe, wie der Vogel singt,
Der in den Zweigen wohnet;
Das Lied, das aus der Kehle dringt,
Ist Lohn, der reichlich lohnet.

"I sing, as sings the joyous bird,
High in the branches dwelling;
The song he trills, unpraised, unheard,
Reward is, all-excelling."

So sang Goethe's "Minstrel" some years later. And Rudolf was a musician to the very heart and core of him—no mere aspirant for notoriety or wealth. The strain itself was a rich reward, as he breathed out his soul on his beloved violin. And yet, for love of music, he would have had every heart love her too. When at length he ended, Elsa's cheeks were burning, and she looked round on the unheeding throng as though she would have spoken the rebuke that shone in her glorious blue eyes, dark with unshed tears.

One of the guests had attracted her especial attention. This was a man of about seventy years of age, wonderfully handsome for his years; his face was pleasing, lit by bright black eyes, and his expression was marked by benevolence, uprightness, and an air of goodness. Withal, there was a certain poetical refinement that made his countenance worthy of contemplation. He was richly dressed, and seemed to receive marked respect from the various guests.

He had silently listened to Rudolf's "Reverie," and now approaching Elsa, he addressed her with a gracious and charming air of courtsey, and a smile whose benignant kindliness had a soothing effect on her perturbed state of mind.

"My child, you will be proud of your brother. He is a musician. But do not wonder that the giddy throng heed him little. It is the lot of men of genius to be unappreciated and disregarded."

As he spoke the Abbé Metastasio (for it was he, the Court Poet, or Poet Laureate, of Vienna) heaved a sigh. One would have thought that he knew by experience the reverses of genius. This was not the case, for he had led a peculiarly smooth and peaceful life. He was the son of a common soldier, but when he was only ten years of age, a kind patron, recognising his talent, had taken him by the hand, educated him, and finally left him his whole fortune. Since 1729, he had been Poet Laureate, composing verses for every Court gala, furnishing the libretto for operas, and living in high favour with the rich and great—a favour merited by the charm, grace and melody of his poetry, and his decorously ordered life.

Without being aware what exalted personage was addressing her, Elsa felt that he was kind, and that he could appreciate Rudolf. The suavity of his manner and gentleness of his glance wooed her confidence, and she was soon pouring out all her history to the new-formed friend.

"Has your brother set words to music?" inquired the Abbé. "Let him come in a few days to the house of Nicolai Mantinez, Master of the Ceremonies to the Apostolic Nuncio, and he shall have a lyric by Metastasio. Let him compose a fitting melody, and I venture to say the publishers at Vienna will not refuse it."

With a gracious smile, and evident pleasure at accepting Elsa's trembling thanks, the Court Poet moved away. Her fair, piteous face, and the fact that Prince Kaunitz protected Rudolf, had co-operated with Metastasio's natural benevolence in procuring this sudden favour.

Meanwhile Rudolf was standing a little apart, and shortly a famous prima donna burst into a bravura performance. When she had finished her runs, trills, shakes, and flourishes, Elsa sought her brother's side, and told him of the Abbé's condescension.

The young musician's eyes lit up with the gladness of hope.

"My music wedded to the Poet Laureate's words!" he reflected. "Well, it is a union that shall not degrade the latter."

The rest of the evening was spent by the brother and sister in looking out from their corner upon the gay pageant that passed before them. More than one glance of admiration was cast upon the lovely face and graceful figure of Elsa; now and then a stranger condescendingly spoke to her, but she felt keenly that she had nothing in common with these perfumed, powdered, gaily-dressed men and women, with the artificiality that always strikes a country maid so strongly, expressing itself in every look and tone. Elsa had not the magic pass-word to admit her into this company, and more than once her thoughts reverted to the friendly face of Paul Engelhardt, his quiet earnestness of manner, and the protecting gentleness of his glance. How different was his mode of speech from the *banale* compliments that seemed to be the only form of expression these fine gentlemen knew how to use! Then the thought of the Empress's suggestion as to a "suitable husband" flashed with positive terror across the young girl's mind, and she contemplated the elegant courtiers before her with an impulse of dislike.

The guests of Prince Kaunitz would have been highly amazed and indignant had they known of this feeling on the part of the country maid whom they considered to be only too much honoured by one of their patronising speeches! But Elsa was glad when the evening was over, and, among the roll of carriages and flaring of links, she and Rudolf hurried back on foot to their distant lodging.

"Shall you begin to compose your melody for the Abbé Metastasio's words, dear Rudolf?" she inquired next morning, as they sat over their roll and chocolate.

Her brother laughed patronisingly. "My dear child, how can I, till I know what the words are? They may be sad, in which case a joyful melody would be absurd; or joyful, and a dolorous air would prove incongruous. No, I will wait a few days, and in the meantime I have plenty to do."

This was true, for the lad's whole nature was absorbed by his passion for music; and the change of circumstances which had thrown him upon his own resources, had furnished the necessary impulse to production. To have a genius for art is not necessarily to produce great works, either of music, painting, sculpture, or literature. There is such a thing as "artistic inaction," and the dreaming over vague magnificent conceptions that never find outward embodiment, is one of the strongest temptations that can beset men of genius. Sometimes this lack of production may be the result of cruel circumstance, as the poet suggests—

"Alas for those who never sing,
But die with all their music in them."

And the lot of such men is one of the most piteous the world can know. But more frequently there is a *dolce far niente* of meditating over what is one day to appear, and what, as the days go by, never does appear.

Happily, for most people in this world there is some outward stimulus to work, and to Rudolf the stimulus had come in real earnest. The beauty of Nature among which he had spent the last eight years of his life had moulded his genius, even as it moulded the genius of his greater friend, Mozart. In after years we read of the latter:—

"When he was travelling with his wife through beautiful scenery he used to gaze earnestly and in silence on the scene before him; his usually absent and thoughtful expression would brighten by degrees, and he would begin to sing, or rather to hum, finally breaking out with, 'If I could only put the subject down on paper!'"

So the external loveliness of the valley among the Salzburg Alps—the aspect of Nature in varying seasons, sunlight and storm, moonlight and noontide—had all struck deeply into the boy's heart. And now this early environment, combined with his musical training, was producing its effect, not merely in the inner activity that is inevitable for a musician, but in the definite outer activity that is not inevitable. Not only did Rudolf create, but he gave his creations outward form, and his little stock of manuscripts gradually increased. Elsa had learnt to copy music exquisitely, and sat patiently tracing out the scores from blotted and hasty originals for many a long hour. For the rest, her needle or her broom and brush were always busy, and the bare *appartement* was kept with exquisite cleanliness. It was not the work she preferred, for Paul Engelhardt's training had given her mental resources, and she loved to read and study at least a part of the day. Still she would have done it all cheerfully had it not been for one heavy load at her heart. Rudolf's cough did not cease, and his cheek was thin. He could not be called an invalid, and he disliked all obvious anxiety for his health, and yet—

"Oh, my darling! my darling!" were all the words Elsa's heart could frame when she thought of her mother's decline in consumption, and marked the ominous likeness growing each day more visible in Rudolf to the one who was gone. But she strove to put aside such terrible forebodings. The November days were chill and trying—a cough was no uncommon malady—and when Rudolf had Metastasio's words to advertise his music, success would come swiftly, and all would be well.

With a beating heart the young musician made his way, a fortnight after Prince Kaunitz's reception, to the house inhabited by the celebrated Imperial Poet, and after waiting awhile he was admitted to Metastasio's presence.

The luxury of every detail in the sumptuous apartment, and the prosperous appearance of the handsome Abbé himself could not fail to impress the young visitor. With infinite graciousness Metastasio motioned him to a seat, and began a conversation upon music.

It was an evident and palpable shock to the great man when Rudolf confessed he had never seen an opera. The dramas of Metastasio had been set to music, some of them as many as thirty or forty times, and by such composers as Hasse, Porpora, Handel, Glück, Galuppi, and Scarlatti, whose ranks Mozart was to join in time to come. Metastasio had originated a real improvement in the operatic world, inasmuch as the libretti he provided were of charming verse, sweet and melodious. "La Clemenza di Tito" contains many passages of pathos and beauty.

But Rudolf felt that the opera was a defective form of musical art. Music to him was the language of emotion, pure and simple; he could not imagine it as expressing action or incident, and the idea of a person at the point of death, for instance, singing a long and elaborated air seemed to him incongruous. The air by itself might be an excellent expression of the supreme emotion of the death-hour, but when accompanied by languishing dramatic action it became, in his opinion, a shock to the spectator's appreciation of the fitness of things. The spontaneousness of the action, the expressiveness of the melody were alike injured by an attempt to combine the two, to say nothing of any further objection.

Such was the view Rudolf had elaborated for himself, and he unwisely attempted to explain it to Metastasio, whose ordinarily serene brow gathered a shade of disapproval. The poor young musician, whose secluded life had kept him from being *au courant* with the fashionable musical world, saw that he had made a blunder, but was fortunate enough to hit on a sentence that retrieved it.

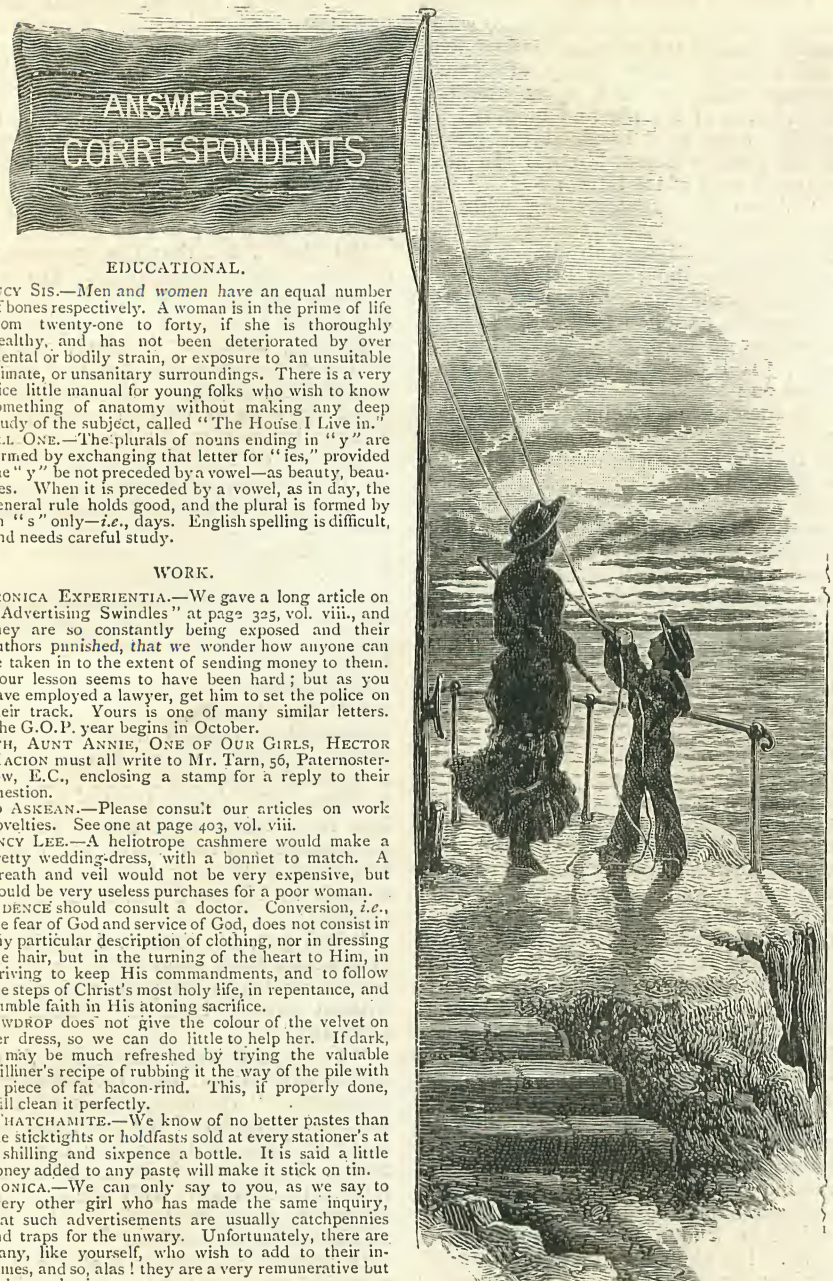
"And yet, M. l'Abbé, I think that your works have been played with applause as tragedies pure and simple, without music, both in France and Germany."

"You speak truly, young man," observed Metastasio, with recovered graciousness. "The composer is, after all, but the interpreter of the poet, and now, alas! we have to deplore the decline of music. Why is this? Because vocalists take so much liberty with the words entrusted to them, destroying alike truth and beauty of expression."

It became very clear that the Abbé regarded music as but the handmaid to poetry (if his *own* poetry, so much the better), and he proceeded to impress upon Rudolf that to win the public ear he must put aside his réveries for the violin and sonatas or capriccios for the clavier, and interpret words. He made known to his young visitor that he, Metastasio himself, had been accustomed to sing "like a seraph," as he smilingly expressed it, and he too could compose a little, so he knew all about what a song ought to be. With much advice and gracious patronage he continued to discourse, but finally, drawing from his desk a paper containing a few lines, he handed it to Rudolf, with directions to bring the composition as soon as it was ready.

The poem was entitled "Il Rossignole," and the grateful Rudolf withdrew with his treasure.

(*To be continued.*)



EDUCATIONAL.

SAUCY SIS.—Men and women have an equal number of bones respectively. A woman is in the prime of life from twenty-one to forty, if she is thoroughly healthy, and has not been deteriorated by over mental or bodily strain, or exposure to an unsuitable climate, or unsanitary surroundings. There is a very nice little manual for young folks who wish to know something of anatomy without making any deep study of the subject, called "The House I Live in."

DULL ONE.—The plurals of nouns ending in "y" are formed by exchanging that letter for "ies," provided the "y" be not preceded by a vowel—as beauty, beauties. When it is preceded by a vowel, as in day, the general rule holds good, and the plural is formed by an "s" only—*i.e.*, days. English spelling is difficult, and needs careful study.

WORK.

VERONICA EXPERIENTIA.—We gave a long article on "Advertising Swindles" at page 325, vol. viii., and they are so constantly being exposed and their authors punished, that we wonder how anyone can be taken in to the extent of sending money to them. Your lesson seems to have been hard; but as you have employed a lawyer, get him to set the police on their track. Yours is one of many similar letters. The G.O.P. year begins in October.

BETH, AUNT ANNIE, ONE OF OUR GIRLS, HECTOR MACION must all write to Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., enclosing a stamp for a reply to their question.

OLD ASKEAN.—Please consult our articles on work novelties. See one at page 403, vol. viii.

NANCY LEE.—A heliotrope cashmere would make a pretty wedding-dress, with a bonnet to match. A wreath and veil would not be very expensive, but would be very useless purchases for a poor woman.

PRUDENCE should consult a doctor. Conversion, *i.e.*, the fear of God and service of God, does not consist in any particular description of clothing, nor in dressing the hair, but in the turning of the heart to Him, in striving to keep His commandments, and to follow the steps of Christ's most holy life, in repentance, and humble faith in His atoning sacrifice.

SNOWDROP does not give the colour of the velvet on her dress, so we can do little to help her. If dark, it may be much refreshed by trying the valuable milliner's recipe of rubbing it the way of the pile with a piece of fat bacon-rind. This, if properly done, will clean it perfectly.

A THATCHAMITE.—We know of no better pastes than the sticktights or holdfasts sold at every stationer's at a shilling and sixpence a bottle. It is said a little honey added to any paste will make it stick on tin.

VERONICA.—We can only say to you, as we say to every other girl who has made the same inquiry, that such advertisements are usually catchpennies and traps for the unwary. Unfortunately, there are many, like yourself, who wish to add to their incomes, and so, alas! they are a very remunerative but dishonest business.

PEARL.—Probably the material of the two side-pieces of the jacket was not cut exactly in the same direction or lie of the weaving, the one as the other, or the lining was cut improperly, and more or less on the bias, so as to give more in one case than in the other. If so, you will have to change the side-pieces.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DUM SPIRO SPERO.—The history of Crosby Hall is nearly the history of England. It is now 32, Bishopsgate-street, E.C. It was built in 1466 by Sir John Crosby, and is considered one of the finest specimens of Gothic domestic architecture in England. Sir John Crosby died in 1475, and the next year Crosby House took its place in the history of England, by becoming the residence of Richard Duke of Gloucester, and it was here that the crown was offered to the future king. It was also the residence of the Lord Mayor of London and of Sir Thomas More. The great hall was used for nearly a hundred years after 1672 as a place of meeting for Nonconformists, and the East India Company also occupied it. In 1836 the hall was restored, and at present it is occupied by a great restaurant, so that everyone can now visit this most interesting relic of olden days. 2. We should think the situation would have been an excellent one. The terms for taking Indian children are various—about £60, inclusive of education and clothing, when they are about from four to five years old.

BETA.—Your complaints sound more like indigestion than consumption.

TWO KITTENS had better advise their sister to let her budding moustache alone. She will only do mischief. 2. You may certainly marry one of your brothers-in-law, but not more. Read the Table of Degrees of Affinity in your Prayer Book.

DESPOND AND DOUBT.—Try resolutely to exercise a little common sense and cultivate strength of mind, and do not waste your affections on a man who only likes you as a friend's daughter. As he resides at a distance, this is rendered the more easy. It is degrading to you to cherish such feelings as you express under existing circumstances. Occupy your mind and time with improving your education, and join one or more of the girls' societies provided for that purpose.

LOVER OF MUSIC.—We can only recommend the amateur girls' educational clubs, which will assist you at an almost nominal cost, and give prizes in money or otherwise.

SPITFIRE.—If your feet burn and ache, as you complain they do, ascertain whether it be not an indication of gout in the system. If so, it should be checked before becoming chronic.

FATIMA.—The waist of a fine, well-grown woman in good health should measure from twenty-five to twenty-eight inches. Of course a dressmakers' figure, angular, stiff, and stark with fish-bones, might measure as little as a skin-bag round a broomstick; but that would be neither natural nor artistic.

MISTLETOE.—We regret that we do not see our way at present to do as you ask.

PUZZLED.—We do not quite understand. If the first will was unsigned, it was valueless, of course; and if the person who made the second will be yet alive, it can be altered by them, whenever they like; but it all depends on the date of the marriage. The Married Woman's Property Act came into force on the 1st January, 1883; it does not extend to Scotland.

ANNIE VERITY should be careful not to destroy manuscripts which she does not understand, as of course the autographs are all valuable on them if they be such as she describes. She had better take the opinion of someone who knows her family, as to how far they are valuable to her, and why her deceased relation should have kept them, if not the possessor of a collection of autographs.

MARGARET D.—The best way to cure jealousy is to try to learn to love others better than yourself, then you will not be angry at anything that gives them pleasure, even if it gives you pain. We fear the person who so cruelly takes advantage of her position to make you jealous is not very worthy of the love you lavish on her.

DOVER.—The head of Sir Thomas More was buried beside the body of his daughter, Mary Roper, in the Roper vault, in the church of St. Dunstan, at Canterbury. In 1835 the vault was opened, and the head was seen and identified.

A CAMBRIDGE STUDENT.—Philadelphia is from two Greek words, meaning "loving" and "brother," whence that city is called in America the "city of brotherly love." "Philanthropy" means love of mankind, and is also from the Greek.

ERNEST ONE.—You say you only "began to pray" a year ago, and that you are a girl of eighteen, but just out of the schoolroom, and have three more years of home-training to go through (without which your education would be sadly incomplete) before you attain your majority. Then you have not "requited your parents" by "showing piety at home," and being helpful to them. You owe them everything; they should reap what they have sown. Make them the chief object of your daily care and service; and thus serve your Divine Master in the way most acceptable to Him. You have no experience, no influence, requisite for missionary work. Girls "in their teens" have much to learn themselves, before they presume to teach others. If your parents be pleased to let you go out, as you desire, when arrived at the age of twenty-five, we should wish you God speed. But even then, good health, good abilities, unwearying patience, sweet temper, and self-denying habits will be essential qualifications for such a vocation.

F. J. M. K.—We have already given the scientific reason for the phenomenon, and it would occupy too much space to do so again. You do not read our Answers.

DAY.—Eliza Cook (poet) was born in Southwark; she was the daughter of a respectable tradesman. She contributed to several magazines at an early age, and published a volume of poems in 1840. From 1849 to 1854 she edited a journal, but failing health obliged her to discontinue the publication. In 1864, a pension of £100 per annum was granted to her from the Civil List. Some half a dozen books, mostly poems, were published by her. She still lives.

UNEMPLOYED ONE.—If earning money be not an object to you, why not interest yourself in one of the numerous charitable societies, some of which have been specially inaugurated by and for girls? for example, the "Odd Minutes Society," which we have so often recommended. See "Directory of Girls' Clubs" (Griffith and Farran) for all educational, religious, otherwise useful girls' societies.

TOOTSIE had better refer to vol. vii., p. 592, for the sort of home-made frames she wishes to make.

HILDA ST. JUST.—Louis Antoine de Saint Just, French Conventionalist, was born August 25th, 1767, and guillotined July 28th, 1803. He was elected deputy to the Convention in September, 1792, and was the author of three or four works: "Organt," a poem; "Esprit de la Révolution et de la Constitution de la France," and "Fragments d'Institutions Républicaines," &c.) His poems were not of very pure morals, although his private character was "austerely so." But he was associated with Robespierre and Couthon, and with them formed the Sanguinary Triumvirate of the "Reign of Terror." It was he who established the guillotine in Alsace, and justly suffered execution by its means, who had used it to deluge his country with blood.

PHILLIPINE.—The great volcanic eruption in Java, which occurred a short time ago, and from which there swept a rose-coloured cloud of fine volcanic dust all round the globe, was not the first terrible visitation of the kind in that island. In 1772 a luminous cloud enveloped one of the largest of the volcanic mountains, and before long the whole mass disappeared beneath the surface of the ground, carrying with it 90 square miles of the surrounding country, 40 villages, and 2,967 of the inhabitants; the engulfment of the mountain and country round being accompanied by a tremendous noise. This occurred on the 11th of August.

SPRING.—We suppose the sitting-room is very light, and flies of course infest it if sunny. If you keep it darkened for a few days, and look out for the large flies and kill them, you will soon get rid of them. No food or sweet things should be kept in rooms.

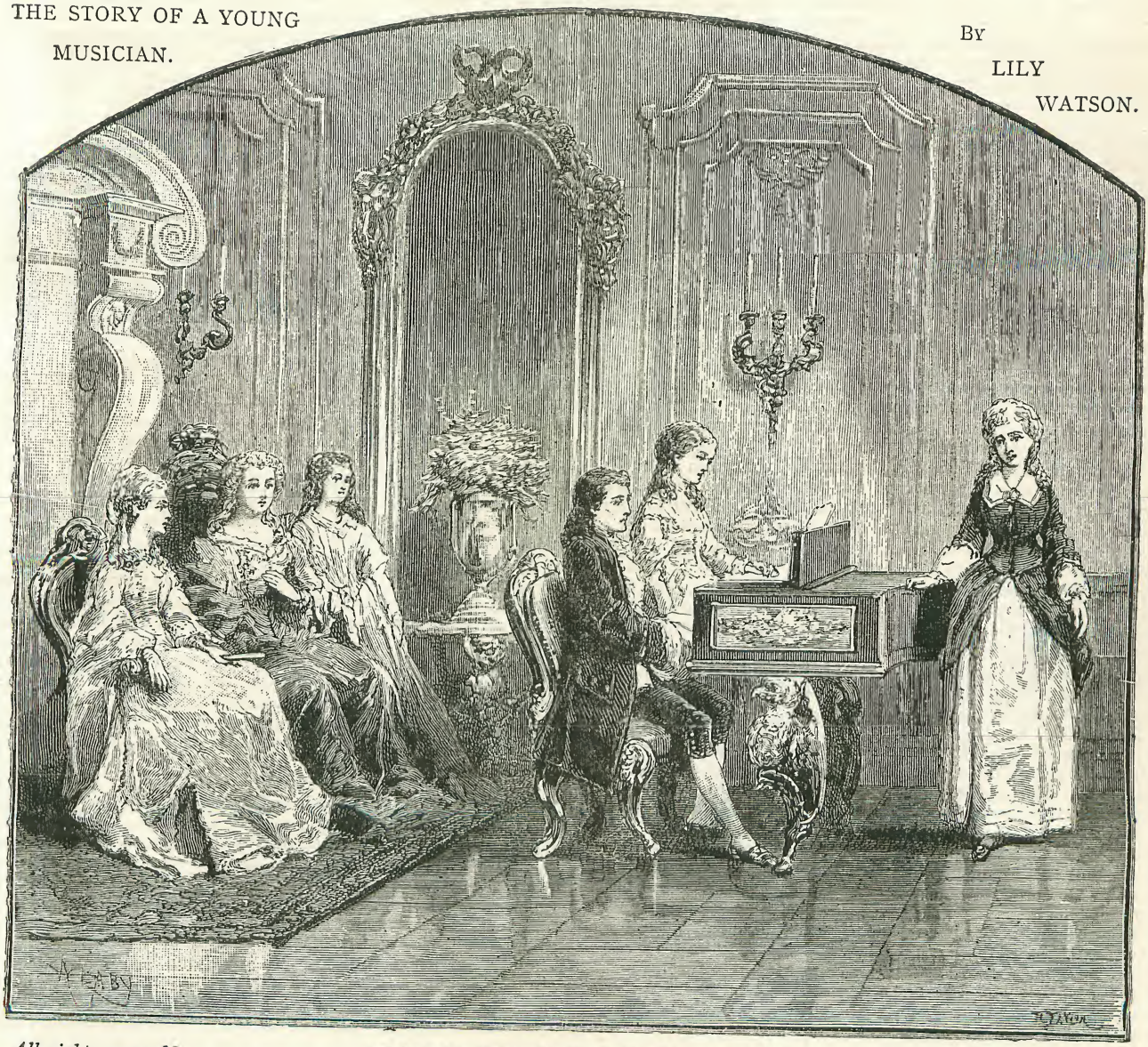


VOL. VIII.—NO. 395. JULY 23, 1887. PRICE ONE PENNY.

IN THE DAYS OF MOZART.

THE STORY OF A YOUNG MUSICIAN.

BY LILY WATSON.



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"HOW ELSA THRILLED WITH JOY AND PRIDE!"

CHAPTER XIV.



IT was a joyful day for Rudolf when he completed the alto solo for Metastasio's little poem. Truth to tell, the words were not remarkable for originality, but, such as they were, the Court Poet evidently regarded them as the better half of the wedlock. Like some noble lord stooping graciously to wed a humble village maiden—in such wise did the Abbé consider his lyric joined to the obscure Rudolf's music. He condescended, however, graciously to approve the union, and the young composer went gladly to the publisher, who up to that time had scorned his productions.

Metastasio's sanction did what it was expected to do; the song was accepted, and the happy musician went home, treading upon air.

And yet the gain from the transaction was slender indeed. The music trade of the day was widely different from what it is at the present time; compositions were more often copied than printed, and publishers were not ashamed to try to obtain copies of a composer's works without his knowledge and to advertise them for sale under his very eyes. The printing and publishing of a song was not a lucrative matter, and Rudolf's visions of fame and fortune were not appreciably nearer realisation.

The inexperienced Elsa was dismayed at the meagre sum thrown into her lap by Rudolf on his return; yet she would not damp his ardour by exclaiming at its smallness, nor could she bear to inquire how they were to live during the winter. Rather did she listen with sympathy once more to the rehearsal of the melody. It was no commonplace succession of trills in imitation of the nightingale, but rather an attempt to echo the plaintive sadness of the ancient legend, and the cry for "Itys."

Poor little song! Although Rudolf gained hardly anything by its composition, his publishers were by no means enriched. The appearance of a new composer at Vienna was the signal for a hue and cry of jealousy from all the existing artists. Metastasio's words were the recognised property of the Court composers, according to their own ideas.

Who was this unknown upstart, who had dared to infringe on their rights, and also to play in the *salons* of Prince Kaunitz? The song, if noticed at all, was decried, and not a singer of eminence would lend it her voice.

It is unnecessary to trace week by week the events of that winter in Vienna, so chequered by alternations of hope and dejection. Rudolf was busy all day with music; but when he took his next composition—a concerto for the violin—to the publishers, he was told flatly that it would not pay to print it.

"You had better copy it yourself and sell the copies at what you can get, to anyone who will buy," he was told by the good-natured head of the firm.

"Have many purchased my song—'Il Rossignole'?" faltered Rudolf, glancing to the back of the shop, where he thought he saw a dusty heap of copies of that treasured work.

"No, my good boy," said the other, not unkindly. "And now let me give you a word of advice. You have remarkable talent, but that won't suffice you alone; you must *push*. You should have gone from singer to singer till you found some one who would sing your 'lyric' in public, and thus introduce it. Flattery, bribes if need be—oh, you look scornful, but human nature is human nature, especially in Vienna. You can't live by publishing, even if we took all your works, which we can't do in justice to ourselves, but the singing of the song would have brought you into notice."

"Then what am I to live by?" asked Rudolf.

"By playing at great houses and by giving lessons. You have talent as an executant. But you must work yourself into public favour somehow; who wants to live by public approval must please the public. Can't you write an opera buffa, for instance? The Viennese like to be amused."

"I am sure I cannot."

"Then I commend to you what I have said; and good day to you."

"Poor lad," thought the man as he watched Rudolf's slow step withdrawing heavily. "He will not see many more winters, unless I am greatly mistaken."

While he was out, Elsa received a visit from Paul Engelhardt. It was the first time she had seen him alone since his offer of marriage to her, and a deep flush stained her cheek, to be succeeded by unusual paleness. But she quickly discerned that he was perturbed and troubled, and forgot her own confusion in sympathy for him, when she heard he was summoned to set forth at once for a town in Northern Germany, where his father lay dying. There had been a separation for many years between father and son, partly on account of Paul's literary pursuits, which the senior Engelhardt disdained. But now the old man had relented—the summons was urgent.

"I am the eldest son; there will be very much to arrange," said Paul hurriedly. "It may be many weeks, or even months, before I can return; the journey is long. I cannot bear to leave you. I have only a moment, but let me entreat you to accept this."

He had brought a little packet, containing all the money he could spare from his scanty store, and placed it as he spoke on the table. But Elsa felt instantly, "I must not take money from him unless I can consent to what he asks from me," and, in her most decided manner, although with thanks, refused the gift.

That interview was a thoroughly unsatisfactory one. Paul, divided between anxiety she should accept the sum, and fear of wounding her, grew almost angry at her determined refusal, while her foolish pride only waxed more and more obdurate as he insisted. The offer might have been more dexterously managed, but there was no time for stratagem or delicate tonings down; and at last Engelhardt perceived it would distress and offend her to press the gift further.

"If Rudolf had only been at home, I would have made him hear reason, and take it as a loan," he thought, but he only said sternly—

"Then, Elsa, I insist that you write to me if you and Rudolf are in trouble. Promise me, or I will not take this back."

"If you leave it, I shall send it after you," said Elsa, wilfully. "Rudolf is even now gone to sell his concerto to the publishers; we shall have enough and to spare."

"But you will write to me if you are in need?" The sorrow and the determination in Paul's face compelled a reluctant "Yes" from Elsa, and in a moment the last farewells were said, and he was gone. How wretched she felt! and what a sense of loneliness came over her to think he would no longer be at hand! She flew to the window, but he was out of sight.

There was the slightest possible veil of misunderstanding between these two. Elsa's resolve to cling to Rudolf while he needed her, and lack of comprehension of her own heart, made her seem much less favourably inclined towards Engelhardt than she was in reality. He on his part could scarcely appreciate her exclusive sisterly devotion and conscientious feeling that she was bound to devote herself wholly to her delicate brother. For there was in Elsa a strong spice of the nature of that grandmother, who had left home and country "for conscience' sake." The result was that Paul felt chilled and discouraged. "I am too old; she does not care for me," he thought, sadly, as he journeyed on his long and lonely way. Meanwhile Elsa reproached herself, and grieved over his sternness by turns, and was in no fit case to bear the depressing news Rudolf brought from the publishers. Yet she roused herself directly to cheer him.

"What, Engelhardt gone too! everything is against us," sighed the boy, wearily.

Christmas passed, and the winter weather grew severe. No further summons to play in Prince Kaunitz's assemblies came to Rudolf, and this was not surprising, for the good-natured little statesman had explained to his *protégé* that a musician, like a dainty dish, must not be served up often enough to weary the palate. But the poor fellow was realising the fact that the world forgets those who do not urge themselves upon its notice. He could only shut himself up and pour out his soul in melodies, true and sweet, that no one would regard. Meanwhile Elsa began to pinch and starve

herself, and to sell one after another of her little trinkets to provide the needed food and fuel for Rudolf. As it was, his cough did not cease, and his bright eyes and hectic flush distracted her. When the first breath of spring came in the air, she had nearly made up her mind to bend her pride and write to Paul Engelhardt for money in reply to his letters, that somehow chilled her by their studied reserve. Only a few florins were left, and what to do when they were exhausted she knew not; for any suggestion of an appeal to their grandfather was sufficient to fling Rudolf into a state of nervous irritation. He was not practical, and the care of the *ménage* weighed heavily on poor Elsa's shoulders. She had sought for work on her own account, but without success. In this distressing state of things, a temporary relief came suddenly, brought about by the inspiration that was always haunting Rudolf.

The radiant vision, that, since the visit to Schönbrunn, had dwelt in the boy's imagination, gradually wrought itself into a peculiarly beautiful soprano melody to which he fashioned words of his own. The poem and music alike expressed reverent boyish homage, and grief at her approaching departure, to one who, in the composer's estimation, was the queen of all beauty and grace.

They were conceived in the spirit of a more modern utterance:

"I can give not what men call love,
But wilt thou accept not
The homage the heart lifts above,
And the heavens reject not?
The desire of the moth for the star,
Of the night for the morrow,
The devotion to something afar
From the sphere of our sorrow."

When Rudolf had touched and retouched the composition, he called it "Adieu," and secretly sent it, trembling at his own audacity, to the Archduchess Marie Antoinette.

Many days passed without any reply, but at length there came a summons to brother and sister to repair to Court.

Elsa was dismayed, though she could not help hoping some good would result for Rudolf. When he told her what he had done, she trembled afresh; but the order was not to be disregarded, and the brother and sister set forth for Schönbrunn.

After long waiting they were ushered into a small *salon*, where the Empress herself, august yet gracious, was seated with her daughters. One glance was sufficient to dazzle Rudolf anew, for there sat the lovely Marie Antoinette, and she smiled upon him. Fain would he have knelt at her feet, but he was constrained to practise self-control, and to remember that he was an ordinary mortal, while she was the fairest princess in Europe.

"We have received your composition," Maria Theresa said in her stately manner; "and we find that the music is far above the average. Indeed, it is good and beautiful, and the words are respectful and not too openly eulogistic. You shall now accompany one of my daughters, who will sing your melody, that you may tell us whether we have read it aright."

The happy Rudolf sat down to the clavier, improvised, and then heard one of the Archduchesses sing the praises of her sister in a very fairly tuneful voice. In one or two little points he ventured to set her right. How Elsa, standing there by the clavier unnoticed, thrilled with joy and pride! At last—at last—Rudolf was appreciated; all the dreadful dreams of illness, starvation, return to their exultant grandfather, were but visions of the night, destined to vanish away in the dawn of Marie Antoinette's smile.

"That is well," said the Empress, at the close. "You have given us something far superior to the commonplace eulogies on my daughter, which I do not notice."

It was true. The song was the best Rudolf had ever written, and he knew it.

"August Sovereign, the inspiration is not commonplace," he managed to answer, with a bow.

Maria Theresa made a slight sign with her head, at which her daughters gracefully rose and left the *salon*.

"I had not forgotten you," she said imperially; and very likely she thought it was true, although neither brother nor sister had been present to her mind until the song arrived.

"You are succeeding?"

"Your Majesty, no," cried Elsa, though the Empress had not addressed the remark to her. "Rudolf is not appreciated; he cannot get his compositions known."

"And your resources?"

"They are nothing," faltered Elsa; for that very day she had seen that her stock of coins would not last out the week.

Maria Theresa pondered awhile with her fine forehead knitted in thought. These children of her favourite Ottilie and her gallant colonel must not be left to want.

"Cannot you return to your relatives?" she inquired.

"My grandfather insulted my mother's memory," said Rudolf, simply. "I would rather starve, your Majesty, than let him repeat the insults. And yet I cannot see Elsa starve."

The boy was not strong, and his lip quivered.

"Neither of you shall starve," said the Empress, brusquely.

She loved to enact a *Deus ex machinâ*, and since the song had recalled the two orphans to her mind, she had benevolently reverted to her idea of marrying Elsa. A certain official in her service, Hans Müller, one of the overseers of the Schönbrunn parks and gardens, was unmarried. He was of the age of thirty; a stolid, slow-witted, steady, and faithful servant, of good character, and, in her judgment, a very fitting husband for Elsa von Eberstein. He was devoted to his Empress, and, though he seemed to lack energy to procure a wife on his own account, he appeared willing to accept one from her hand—the more especially as he had seen and admired the gentle girl more than once. Lovely, well-educated, young, Elsa lacked nothing but money to make her a most desirable bride, and if the old Von Eberstein would not hear reason, the Empress thought benevolently, "a moderate dowry might possibly be found for the child." Hans Müller, on the other hand, was steady and trusty. For the one, Maria Theresa wished to provide a husband; for the other, a wife—what more fitting could be devised?

"You cannot earn your own living, child?" she said to Elsa.

The girl's mind reverted to her household work and constant care, yet she could only utter in reply a faltering "No, your Majesty."

"You must marry," said Maria Theresa, decisively. "Then your brother can perhaps be assisted. It is more easy to provide for one than for two, and I think I know some one who will prove a fitting husband for you.

"He is Herr Müller, a respectable person attached to my outdoor service here at Schönbrunn, but ten years older than yourself, of faultless antecedents. I will arrange that you shall meet, and doubtless all difficulties will be smoothed away."

An inexpressible repugnance struck home to poor Elsa's heart. The overwhelming presence of Majesty—this stately woman who was taking her fate in two hands and disposing of her as though she were a lifeless thing—seemed to stifle her, and yet she felt as though she must cry out in revolt and terror. Oh, why had she come to Court again! what would become of her?

The girl's aghast countenance, with the red driven from her cheeks, and her eyes wide in dismay, would have informed a less astute observer than the Empress of her horror at the proposal. In framing this scheme, Maria Theresa had no motive but innate kindness, mingled perhaps with a certain pleasure, inseparable from the long exercise of absolute power, in moving human puppets, *for their good*, at her will.

It was therefore not wonderful that she felt a movement of annoyance at seeing Elsa's consternation.

"You informed me, when you were in my presence before, that you had no other attachment," she observed, in icy tones. "If that is true—and I should grieve to suppose that a child of my favourite Ottilie would tell me a falsehood—you can have no objection at least to *see* the person of whom I speak. Should you have any reasonable ground for disliking him, the marriage should not be forced upon you. You cannot wish your poor brother to be longer charged with your maintenance, if a worthy marriage is proposed on your behalf."

This was a little hard, as Elsa's gift from Aunt Lucinda, and the sale of her trinkets had proved the staple of maintenance hitherto, and poor Rudolf's contributions to the domestic fund had—not from lack of will—been slight indeed, while for his sake his sister had given up home and friends.

"Your Majesty is very gracious," said the girl at length, controlling her trembling voice, "but I cannot marry."

The penetrating gaze of the Empress was fixed upon the girl.

"You are foolish not to confide in me," she observed. "If your affections are engaged, you should say so with frankness. If they are not, you cannot surely be so obstinate and selfish as to blindly oppose my plan for providing you with a suitable home, and a husband whom, not having seen, you cannot dislike."

Elsa was silent. The thought of Paul Engelhardt came to her like an angel of deliverance, and from that moment she knew that she could give him the answer he wished. But how confess this to the stately Empress in the presence of Rudolf? It was a horrible pause both for brother and sister, and at last Maria Theresa mercifully put an end to it.

"I will give you a fortnight for consideration, after which you shall again have audience and let me know if you are pliable to my wishes for your good. Then I may endeavour to help your brother."

The Empress rose and swept from the room, thinking as she went, "The boy is a genius; the pretty sister is a stubborn, silly spoilt child." Immediately on her departure a chamberlain came in and handed Rudolf, as payment for his effusion, a purse containing six ducats (not quite £3), which he would fain have refused had he been able; then the brother and sister found themselves escorted out of the palace.

It required all Rudolf's affection for Elsa to keep him from feeling irritated with her for having, so to speak, introduced a jarring note into this wonderful scene, when he had been face to face with the goddess of his dreams, and heard his music in her praise rehearsed before her. But the devoted sister had self-control enough to dwell exclusively on the delightful part of the interview; and, indeed, she rejoiced for Rudolf's sake that such success had waited on his song.

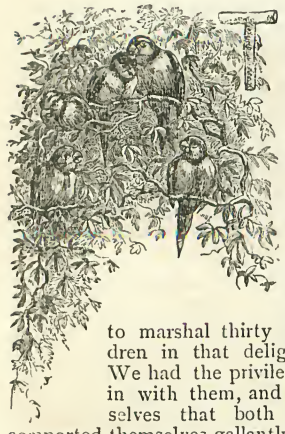
For herself, when she was quiet and alone, she would think what was best to be done; she would in some way endeavour not to affront the Empress, and yet to preserve her independence.

"Another summons to play at Prince Kaunitz's reception!" cried Rudolf, on re-entering their *appartement*. "Elsa, sister mine, success has come at last!"

(*To be continued.*)

WHAT WE SAW AT THE CHILDREN'S JUBILEE FÊTE.

By ANNE BEALE.



THE Duke of Wellington is reported to have said that there was no general who could marshal thirty thousand soldiers in Hyde Park; but our generals of the *Daily Telegraph* and School Board have managed to marshal thirty thousand children in that delightful enclosure. We had the privilege of marching in with them, and we flatter ourselves that both rank and file comported themselves gallantly.

As the end and object of this army of juveniles was to keep the Queen's jubilee and see Her Majesty, there was no fighting; indeed, such was the good conduct of the little men and women, that we heard neither quarrelling nor ill language; all was joy and harmony. So perfect were the arrangements that each detachment marched to its special tent without apparent impediment, and we found ourselves in the one appointed for our brigade, in front of the rations apportioned to the members thereof, without let or hindrance. As each of the ten tents was but a repetition of the others, the description of one may suffice for all.

A narrow table covered with red baize was placed from one end to the other, and laid with paper bags three abreast, on each of which was a jubilee medal. Behind the table were big barrels of lemonade, with long ladles, and "serving men" to ladle the beverage into the cups prepared for it. In front of the table were "noble lords and ladies gay," also servitors, ready to distribute bags, medals, and lemonade. Each bag contained a meat pie, a bun, a piece of cake, and an orange, and we were afterwards told that it took two or three days and nights to prepare the thirty thousand of each of these dainties for the recipients, and that the ingredients were of the best. Indeed, none of the officials had slept much that night.

Up streamed the children, accompanied by their teachers, school by school. There would be nearly three thousand to each tent, and as they passed before the long table in single file, each received a paper bag, and was decorated by a jubilee medal, in addition to the badge they already wore as the happy few chosen from their respective schools. This choice had been a terrible anxiety both to teachers and taught, since only seven out of every hundred children could be selected. Some teachers adopted the plan of drawing lots; others that of standards; others, again, regular attendance and good marks. We witnessed the results, and they were very satisfactory.

Of course we preached our little sermon when we could, and hoped "they would be good, and keep their medal, and serve their Queen," and very emphatic were the answering affirmatives.

"Take away your lemonade, and be sure to bring back the cups," was the order to each, strictly obeyed. And of lemonade there was no stint, for the children were imbibing it all the day. The weary teachers had also their bags, and when, at last, all were furnished with provisions, it was pleasant to follow them to the green sward, and watch them begin to consume them. It was only a beginning, for like wise bees, most of them hoarded a portion, and many ignored the cravings of hunger to carry a part home.

"We mustn't take any away," said one obedient girl to another, and when we assured them they could do what they liked with the food, they were quite content.

Amusements were legion, and the teachers said they ran from Punch and Judy to marionettes, Aunt Sallies, lucky bags, and other diversions, in anything but regular scholastic fashion. They saw no play "played out," and when some luckless, ill-informed wight uttered a cry of "Here's the Queen," off scampered the thousands to the boundary-cord, hustling one another to no purpose; for the Queen had not arrived. This happened often.

Meanwhile, the teachers sat about on the chairs provided for them; that is to say, ostensibly for them, but monopolised by the children. Low be it spoken, two special requests made to the visitors were totally disregarded; these were, to see that the chairs were reserved for the teachers, and the paper bags put into the pockets of the youngsters when emptied. The children usurped the seats; the wind, the bags. The Park was strewn with the latter, and we pity those who will have to gather them up. Perhaps the teachers had the worst of it that day, inasmuch as they had all the labour, and the sports were not for them. Some to whom we spoke looked solitary. They had come from a great distance—one from Deptford, who knew no one; another from her holiday in the country; others from every point of the compass. We are all, perhaps, most interested in the East-enders, just because we have heard so much about them; not really because they are poorer than North or South-enders; so we managed to have some talk with teachers from Bethnal Green, the Docks, and elsewhere. The dress of our thirty thousand must have astonished all beholders, and we tried to ascertain whether they were really so poor as represented. The white frocks and blue or pink sashes, the hats with flowers or feathers in abundance, the flounces, laces, and above all, the tidy boots and stockings, amazed us. There were comparatively few of the ragged, and even these were wonderfully smartened up to meet their Queen.

"My children are of the very poorest," said a kindly teacher, summoning some of them, and introducing them. "This little girl helps her father, who is a milkman, and yet never loses her school. She is in the sixth standard. All the parents have done their best to dress them neatly for to-day."

"I am afraid they spend more than they ought, and think of nothing but fine clothes," said another, and we wondered if they did not follow the example of their so-called betters.

There was a group of conspicuous-looking girls in blue Tam o' Shanter caps with tassels, and their teacher explained that they were thus easily recognised and assembled; while the boys of the same school had blue badges round their caps, with the motto in gold of "God save the Queen." All testified to the maternal desire to make the best of their offspring—and who shall blame them?—and all, or most, spoke of their poverty. One, however, thought that many respectable tradesmen sent their children to the Board school who had no right to take advantage of it.

Still pondering over this anomaly, we had it solved by a gentleman, who said he had worked over twenty years among the poorest inhabitants of Bethnal Green. "To dress the children for to-day," he remarked, "many of the mothers have pawned, perhaps, their last possession. Call it vanity if you will; but

this is a day to be remembered as long as they live." Then he praised the School Board with all his heart. It had humanised the children; it had given them self-respect; it had turned dens of juvenile thieves into honest homes; it had helped to improve London. He was of opinion that the world was mending daily, and that education was the artificer. "I know children who go off in vans and on all sorts of expeditions with their friends in the summer, and come back again willingly to school in the winter. They would all learn, if they could be fed; but their parents can't feed them."

Four o'clock, and a summons to receive the memorial cups. We were obliged to defer our speculations, and return to the tent to assist in the distribution. This was less systematically performed than that of the medals, for the ladies and gentlemen had wandered off on their various devices, and only officials remained. We stuck to our colours, however, and had the gratification of handing the cups as fast as we could. They were white, with two medallions in brown of our Queen: one as she appeared in her girlhood, the other as she appears now, after her fifty years of unblemished reign.

"Are the teachers to have one?" was the oft-repeated question.

"Certainly. Who can deserve it better?" was the reply.

Assuredly, none appreciated more the memorial gift. Some of the children expressed regret that the mugs were handleless.

"They are like jam-pots," said one, with more truth than politeness.

"They are fashionable," we suggested.

"I'd rather have a handle than the fashion," was the unsympathetic answer.

While these thirty thousand mugs were being presented in the ten tents, constant cries of "Here's the Queen! Here she is!" distracted the juvenile mind. False alarms again; for Her Majesty did not arrive until between five and six, and her part in this presentation ceremonial did not take place simultaneously with ours. In token, however, that the Queen put all the cups into the hands of the children—that would have been a gigantic undertaking—she actually gave a representative one to Florence Dunn, a girl of twelve, selected from St. Mary's Western School, Marylebone, for regular attendance. She had been at the school since 1880, and had not missed once.

"Why did the Queen give it to her?" inquired a group of girls who surrounded us, and when we explained, "Oh, there's a many like that," said one, somewhat aggrieved.

Close at hand was a quiet little septett in grave costume, who looked much as if they might have been of the number. They were surrounding a gentleman in shovel hat, and the youngest was seated on his knee. The girls were dressed in brown, with sailor hats, trimmed with a blue ribbon, on which was engraven in gold letters a single name. "Beltana" attracted us, and we asked the meaning of the word of its wearer.

"We are from St. Paul's Schools, Dock-street. This is our vicar," was the answer.

It was an unconventional introduction; but their kind friend and pastor told us "they were the orphans of sailors; that they attended his day-school, were called 'clothed scholars,' and were trained for domestic service. The motto on the hat had something to do with shipping and the friends who clothed them. They all came from the London Docks." The rest was cut short by a general rush, for it was a quarter to five.

A mile of children, with their teachers behind them massed on either side of the drive, was a sight never to be forgotten. There were five or six ranks of them, while such as were fortunate enough to secure chairs mounted behind. The front row was seated on the greensward, their mugs at their side, and the crimson boundary-line nowhere. Still they were wonderfully tractable, and their teachers had good command over them.

"We can manage to keep them quiet for a quarter of an hour, but scarcely an hour," said one of the latter, as time wore on, and the Sovereign did not appear.

The sensation of a balloon was too overpowering, and some broke bounds, as if to follow it skyward, others crossed the drive, and by some hidden impulse many rushed off with their memorial mugs, and returned with them brimming over with lemonade. This was a seasonable diversion. So was a good-natured policeman with a wand, whose magic touch caused legs to be drawn in and prostrate bodies placed erect.

"Better not go to bed yet. "Don't 'ee want to see the Queen?" he said. And everybody laughed.

We beguiled the time by conversation. Many of our neighbours had been fortunate in getting toys from the lucky-dip barrels; some had won fans, dolls, monkeys, Queen's portraits, and what not, by running races. We had before heard the sound of the "flageolet, pipe, and tramcar whistle" similarly obtained, and we had found that, as usual, it was "first come, first served," for some had the lion's share, while others had nothing.

"What a pretty canary! That will be lovely on your mantelshelf," we remarked to a near neighbour.

"It is for the baby; I won it in a race. Oh! the baby is five year old! I won this too," she returned, displaying a jubilee brooch, in which the Queen figured, certainly not "to her advantage."

"That will do for your sister," put in a teacher.

To win something or save something for those at home, was as much the object of the children, as to "dress them becomingly" had been that of the parents. And certainly coloured ribbons and fine feathers were seen to advantage in the juvenile ranks, as were flowing locks and much bedizened head-gear.

There were symptoms of royalty at last, and our enthusiasm began at sight of a mounted soldier. Cheers rose with the words "She's coming!" and when more soldiers came to clear the way, and mounted policemen trotted past, we were all aroused. Even the "bobbies," those natural foes of uproar, received an ovation. But at sight of the Guards we became vociferous.

"Ain't she well guarded!" whispered a little girl named Lilian, mounted on a chair at our back.

"Is that the Queen's luggage?" asked another, as an omnibus rolled past, well surmounted with imperials.

"*Siv-vous-plait,*" broke in a polite lad, scrambling upon a seat. "*Hurrah! here she comes,*" and forthwith he waved a flag.

Off went the hats, out waved the handkerchiefs, up rose the cheers, as Her Majesty actually appeared.

Never had Queen more heartfelt homage from loyaller hearts. These men and women of the future became her lieges then and there.

"Don't she look pleasant! Isn't she nice!" broke forth amidst the cheers.

For truly this dearly-beloved Queen did "look pleasant," as she passed through those thirty thousand juvenile subjects. After fifty years of beneficent reign, during which she had worked and wept, rejoiced and grieved like the rest of us, she had still smiles and tears to bestow upon the excited crowds assembled to keep her jubilee. They only thought of her. The Queen! the Queen! was in every heart that day. And the spectacle was unique. Flags, banners, venetian masts, tents, camping ground, all prepared to give an army of children a sight of one whom they had learnt to revere and on whose jubilee the King of kings showered His blessings down. From Him came the glorious weather and the unbroken peace and harmony of a day that will never be forgotten so long as those now joyous hearts continue to beat. It was but a passing glance, still each child was sure that the glance was personal and individual, and that he or she played a special part in the manifestation. Each endorsed the words of the motto that first greeted Her Majesty when she came amongst them, "God bless our Queen; not Queen alone, but Mother, Queen, and Friend in One."

Our enthusiasm gradually subsided, though we still had cheers to bestow on Royal Princes and Princesses, picturesque Indian cavalry officers, archbishops, and bishops, who accompanied the Queen to her loyal borough of Windsor. But the light of the procession, if not of the day, went out with our Queen. No sooner was she outside of the Park than all scampered back to their tents, to secure the last bounty provided by the munificent promoters of the entertainment. We wondered if the Prince and Princess of Wales, who had mingled with the children during the day, were present at the final scrimmage for buns. We were nearly annihilated during the distribution, but managed to survive to watch the cohorts reform and to listen to the plaintive appeals of teachers concerning the how, when, and where of their special contingent; for there were two armies, one going south and one north. They had been so well drilled, however, that they fell in with marvellous precision, and the policemen had more trouble with the crowds of spectators than with them. "Stand aside, and let the children pass," was the cry of these loyal public servants, and we marched out of Grosvenor Gate, fifteen thousand strong, captains and general officers not told.

"God save the Queen!" was the cry as we entered in the morning, and "God save the Queen!" re-echoed as we departed.



VARIETIES.

A Tale of a Cruel Woman.

In days of old, the daughter of a lord of Kienast Castle, in Prussia, named Cunigunda, who was as cold and hard-hearted as she was beautiful, made a vow to accept no one as a lover who should not previously ride round the castle on the top of the outer wall. Now, Kienast is perched on a rock detached from the main body of the mountains, and its walls rise from the brink of almost perpendicular precipices, so that it is accessible only on one side by a drawbridge.

Cunigunda had many suitors, but on this announcement being made, the greater number retired, a few made the attempt and were dashed to pieces in the terrible abyss. The lady showed no signs of pity; she desired to remain single and was glad to be relieved from the importunities of so many lovers, all of whom were equally indifferent to her.

At last a knight presented himself to try the perilous adventure, whose manly beauty and engaging manners interested her so much that she repented of her vow, and with fear and trembling beheld him mount the wall upon his steed. To her great joy he performed the exploit in safety; but to her surprise when she advanced to throw herself into his arms as her destined bridegroom, instead of a kiss he gave her a box on the ear and a smart reproof, and then, leaping on his steed, left her in shame and amazement.

It was the Landgrave, Albert of Thuringia, a married man, who, in order to punish Cunigunda for her cruelty, had previously practised his steed in this dangerous exercise.

A Definition of Man.—The question has often been asked what man is principally made of. Some say a bucket of water and a few pinches of phosphorus, but other observers hold that in nine cases out of ten he is principally made of brass.

Woman in Fiction.—Mrs. Hannah More's dull novel of "Cœlebs in Search of a Wife," issued in 1808, contained, perhaps, the first argument in fiction that a ninny is not necessarily an ideal wife, or a knowledge of the Latin grammar incompatible with a turn for housekeeping.

Well-deserved Praise.

Of all the boasted conquests man has made
By flood or field, the gentlest and the best
Is in the dog, the generous dog, displayed,
For ah! what virtues glow within his breast.
Through life the same, through sunshine and in storm,
At once his lord's protector and his guide;
Shaped to his wishes, to his wants conform;
His slave, his friend, his pastime, and his pride!

Easily-forgotten Crimes.—We easily forget crimes that are known only to ourselves. —*Rochefoucauld.*

THE HISTORY OF HOME;

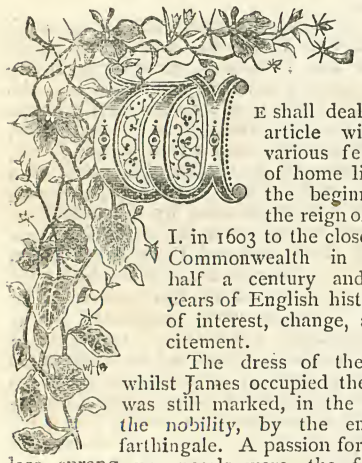
OR,

DOMESTIC WAYS SINCE THE TIMES OF HENRY VIII.

By NANETTE MASON.

PART III.

JAMES I., CHARLES I., AND THE COMMONWEALTH.



We shall deal in this article with the various features of home life from the beginning of the reign of James I. in 1603 to the close of the Commonwealth in 1660—half a century and seven years of English history full of interest, change, and excitement.

The dress of the ladies whilst James occupied the throne was still marked, in the case of the nobility, by the enormous farthingale. A passion for foreign lace sprang up, pearls were the favourite jewels, and the ruff maintained its sway.

The prevailing freaks of woman's taste are glanced at in a sermon preached before the King at Whitehall in 1607 as "her French, her Spanish, and her foolish fashions; her plumes, her fans, and a silken vizard, with a ruff like a sail, yea, a ruff like a rainbow, with a feather in her cap like a flag in her top, to tell which way the wind will blow."

Such pulpit criticism, however, had no effect. Anne of Denmark, James's queen, was Elizabeth over again, with the farthingale, if anything, intensified. When Lady Wych had an interview with the Sultaness—Sir Peter Wych at the time being ambassador at Constantinople—she and her waiting-woman went in all the glory of Court dress. The Sultaness looked at the huge farthingale, and seriously inquired if that was the natural shape of Englishwomen, and Lady Wych was forced to explain the whole mystery of the dress, in order to convince her Highness that she and her companions were not really so deformed as they looked.

Less fashionable ladies between 1615 and 1625 left off wearing the tight and pointed stomacher and farthingale, and wore over an easy jerkin and ample petticoat a loose gown open in front, and made high to meet the ruff. It had long, hanging sleeves, through which the tight sleeves of the jerkin were shown.

In the reign of James's successor a gradual change was seen. Gowns with close bodies and tight sleeves were worn, but the farthingale and the French hood were still in fashion. The hair was worn in small curls, and hoods of all colours were fastened under the chin with curious effect. From the hoods descended long veils, often of such ample proportions that they looked like mantles. Earrings, necklaces, and bracelets were the ornaments of all who could afford them, except among the Puritan party. The Puritans forbade their wives and daughters to wear lace, jewels, or even braided hair.

Before the close of the reign of Charles I. the farthingale had disappeared, and with it the yellow starched ruffs and bands. The wearing of yellow starched ruffs had declined from the time that Mrs. Turner, a physician's widow, who had taken an active part in the poisoning of Sir Thomas Overbury, was executed. She went to the gallows with a yellow ruff round her neck (she claimed, by the way, to have been the means of introducing yellow starch into England from France), and association with the hangman soon made this article of dress unfashionable.

During the Commonwealth the ladies of the Roundhead section of the community were chiefly distinguished by the plainness of their attire and their adherence to some of the more sober articles of the old dress, such as the hood and the high-crowned hat.

Patches, with a view to heightening the brilliancy of the complexion, made their appearance in England in the reign of Charles I., and notwithstanding "their intrinsic absurdity and their strange faculty for disfigurement," continued in fashion throughout the century. The fops of Elizabethan England had occasionally decorated their faces with black stars, crescents, and lozenges; but the earliest mention of the adoption of the practice by ladies occurs in Bulwer's "Artificial Changeling," published in 1653:—"Our ladies," he complains, "have lately entertained a vain custom of spotting their faces, out of an affectation of a mole, to set off their beauty, such as Venus had; and it is well if one black patch will serve to make their faces remarkable, for some fill their visages full of them, varied in all manner of shapes."

A favourite patch was one in the shape of a coach and horses; but the cheeks and forehead of a fashionable beauty often formed quite an exhibition of ingenious devices. In "Wit Restored," a poem printed in 1658, we have a lady thus described:—

"Her patches are of every cut
For pimples and for scars;
Here's all the wandering planets' signs,
And some of the fixed stars,
Already gummed to make them stick;
They need no other sky."

Painting the face—a practice of much greater antiquity—was also fashionable in the time of Charles I. Bulwer, in his "Artificial Changeling," besides telling us of the ladies' patches, says, "Sometimes they think they have too much colour; then they use art to make them pale and fair. Now they have too little colour; then Spanish paper, red leather, or other cosmetical rubrics must be had." Overbury describes a lady of the period, not satisfied with "a woman's face, by Nature's own hand painted," reading her countenance in the glass every morning, while her maid stands by, ready to write "red" here and blot out "pale" there, till art had done its best or worst. Court ladies continued to wear artificial white and red till the Court itself was for a time banished from England. Whilst the Commonwealth lasted, however, no respectable woman dared to paint her cheeks.

The close of the Commonwealth period

was signalised by an event that has had a wonderful influence on our fireside happiness. This was the introduction of "the cups that cheer, but not inebriate." The exact date when tea was first brought into England from China is involved in some obscurity. The earliest advertisement in which it is mentioned is the following, which appeared in the *Mercurius Politicus* on the 30th of September, 1658:—"That excellent, and by all physicians approved, China drink, called by the Chineans *Tcha*, by other nations *Tay, alias Tee*, is sold at the Sultaness Head Coffee House, in Sweeting's Rents, by the Royal Exchange, London." Previous to this date it had been supplied to the nobility at £6, and sometimes at £10, a pound. Such was the high-priced beginning of that delightful beverage, at the mention of which we may well exclaim with the lady in the play, "Thou soft, thou sober, sage and venerable liquid! thou female-tongue-running, soul-smiling, heart-opening, wink-tipping cordial, to whose glorious insipidity we owe the happiest moments of our lives!"

It is a curious fact that coffee was introduced into England about the same time as tea. It, however, came to us from quite a different district of the world. It was first sold in London in 1652, in which year a coffee-house was opened in London by a Greek, Pasqua Rossie.

Rossie had come from Smyrna with a Mr. Edwards, a Turkey merchant, and in the capacity of servant he prepared coffee daily for his master and his master's visitors. So popular did the new drink become with Mr. Edwards's friends, that their frequent visits uninvited caused him great inconvenience, to obviate which he set up Rossie in a public coffee-house. The original establishment was in St. Michael's-alley, Cornhill, over the door of which Rossie erected a sign, with his portrait, subsequently announcing himself to be "the first who made and publicly sold coffee drink in England."

Before the introduction of tea and coffee into this country, our forefathers were in the custom of using different kinds of infusions, which were drunk warm, just as we do with these two popular beverages. Sage was at one time extensively employed as a drink in England, and its leaves were actually taken by the Dutch to China as an exchange for tea.

The best cookery book of the period we are now speaking about was written by Theodore Turquet de Mayerne, a Frenchman by birth, but long resident in England, where he practised as a fashionable physician. Mayerne's cookery book bears the high-sounding title of "Archimagirus Anglo-Gallicus," and the following specimen of its contents is given by Dr. Robert Chambers, to show that it well merits its appellation of "Archimagirus," or the Master Cook:—"The jolly physician," says Dr. Chambers, "often participated in the hospitalities of my Lord Mayor and the great commercial guilds and companies; so as a fitting token of his gratitude he named his *chef d'œuvre*, the first and principal recipe in his book—

"'*A City of London Pie.*—Take eight marrow bones, eighteen sparrows, one pound of potatoes, a quarter of a pound of eringoes, two ounces of lettuce stalks, forty chestnuts, half a pound of dates, a peck of oysters, a quarter of a pound of preserved citron, three artichokes, twelve eggs, two sliced lemons, a handful of pickled barberries, a quarter of an ounce of whole pepper, half an ounce of sliced nutmeg, half an ounce of whole cinnamon, a quarter of an ounce of whole cloves, half an ounce of mace, and a quarter of a pound of currants. Liquor when it is baked with white wine, butter, and sugar.'"

Dr. Robert Chambers mentions that he had a pie made from this recipe, with slight alterations—adopted, after deep consultation, to suit the palates of the present day—and it gave complete satisfaction to a party of connoisseurs in culinary matters.

An interesting book for housekeepers, which first appeared in 1631, and went through many editions, was Markham's "English Housewife." The full title of this work is "The English Housewife, containing the inward and outward Virtues which ought to be in a complete Woman, as her skill in Physic, Surgery, Cookery, Extraction of Oils, Banqueting Stuff, Ordering of great Feasts, preserving of all sorts of Wines, conceited Secrets, Distillations, Perfumes, ordering of Wool, Hemp, Flax, making Cloth, and Dyeing, the knowledge of Dairies, Office of Malting, of Oats, their excellent uses in a family, of Brewing, Baking, and all other things belonging to a household."

The reference here to oats and their "excellent uses in a family" suggests the remark that at that time oatmeal was a regular article of diet in England, just as it is at the present day in Scotland. Markham gives a whole chapter to the subject, and, after furnishing many useful particulars and practical directions, winds up with an outburst of enthusiasm. Oatmeal, he says, "is the very crown of the housewife's garland, and doth more grace her table and her knowledge than all grains whatsoever; neither can any family or household be well and thriftily maintained where this is either scant or lacking."

The most original example of the cooking of Charles I.'s reign was a cold pie which was served up at a banquet given to the King and Queen by the Duchess of Buckingham. Out of this pie stepped Jeffery Hudson, the first English dwarf of whom we have any authentic history. He was a youth then of only eighteen inches high; but he afterwards grew to the stature of three feet nine inches, though never beyond that. Such shrunken specimens of humanity being at that time regular institutions at Courts abroad, if not in England, Hudson was presented by the Duchess to Queen Henrietta.

Tobacco had been introduced into England in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and its use had spread with wonderful rapidity. The commencement of the seventeenth century may, indeed, be called the golden age of tobacco. It was in favour with everybody, and many virtues were imputed to it which it never possessed. Even the ladies sometimes took to smoking. Mr. Fairholt, in his "Tobacco: its History and Associations," gives a copy of a curious portrait, painted about 1650, representing a lady who has a tobacco-box in her hand and is indulging in the solace of a pipe. She is shown wielding the pipe in a very graceful and ladylike manner.

Prynne, the well-known Puritan writer against stage plays, tells us that in his time ladies at the theatre were sometimes "offered the tobacco-pipe" as a refreshment, instead of apples, which appear to have been the staple commodity.

Music continued to flourish during the reigns of James I. and Charles I. "The most distinguishing feature of chamber music in the reign of James I., compared with what was in fashion during the reign of his predecessors," says Mr. Chappell, "was the rapidly increasing cultivation of instrumental music, especially of such as could be played in concert, and, coevally, the incipient decline of the more learned but less melodious descriptions of vocal music, such as madrigals and motets." During the greater part of the reign of Elizabeth vocal music had held an almost undivided sway, and the practice of instrumental music in private life had been generally confined to solo performances and to accompaniments for the voice.

Amongst the musical instruments in common use at this time were the lute, viol, gamba, cithern, pandore, theorbo, gittern, kit, cornet, fife, hautboy, sackbut, recorder, flute, shawm, cornamute, bagpipe, tabor, and pipe.

Many of the eminent composers of Elizabeth's time lived to embellish the reign of James. Amongst them were Ford, Ward, Weelkes and Orlando Gibbons. The first three were noted for madrigal writing, Weelkes excelled in ballads, and Gibbons' genius shone both in madrigals and cathedral music.

The popular music of the time of Charles I. very much resembled that of James. The King himself helped to keep the art in fashion. He was not only fond of it, but played with considerable skill on the viol da gamba. Unfortunately, he encouraged foreign musicians rather than English, and with his reign native talent ceased to have the fair play necessary for its development.

A more serious blow to music in England was the rise of the Commonwealth. Puritanism had no sympathy for the art; indeed, by many Puritans it was denounced as profane. Not only were organs banished from churches, but every effort was made to discourage the most innocent musical relaxation in private houses. At a convocation in Bridgewater in 1655 the question was proposed "whether a believing man or woman, being head of a family, in this day of the Gospell, may keepe in his or her house an instrument of musicke, playing on them or admitting others to play thereon?" The answer was, "It is the duty of the saintes to abstaine from all appearance of evil, and not to make provision for the flesh to fulfil the lusts thereof."

In these unfortunate days, however, not a few remained faithful to music, and found solace and enjoyment in its cultivation. Oliver Cromwell was a great lover of the art, and "entertained the most skilful in that science in his pay and family." An old writer of the Royalist party compares him in his love for music to "wicked Saul, who, when the evil spirit was upon him, thought to lay and still him with those harmonious charms." Cromwell engaged John Hingston, one of the best musicians of the time, and who had been in the service of King Charles, to instruct his daughters in music, and gave him a pension of a hundred pounds a year.

We get a pleasant glimpse of music as practised in an English home about this time in the life of Milton, the poet. Aubrey tells us that the author of "Paradise Lost" had "a delicate, tuneable voice, and good skill in music." After dinner it was his habit to "play on the organ, and either he or his wife sang. He made his nephews songsters, teaching them to sing from the time they were with him; and although towards his latter end he was visited with the gout, he would be cheerful even in his gout fits, and sing."

"Milton," says Mr. Chappell, "imbibed his love of music, in all probability, from his father, who made it the relaxation of his leisure hours, and was an excellent amateur composer. In his time the habit of singing part songs after meals was general, especially after supper, the hour of which corresponded with that of our present dinner." This, Mr. Chappell adds, and we quite agree with him, is a practice that might be revived with great advantage; for, while assisting digestion, there is no time at which music is more thoroughly enjoyable to those who can take a part.

The popular outdoor diversion of falconry, in which ladies often took part, began to decline about the middle of the seventeenth century. Up to that time it had been followed in this country with an ardour that perhaps no other sport has called forth. For King James, for instance, falconry had a fas-

cination that "seems to have thrown every other pleasure in life into the shade." The sport revived somewhat after the Restoration, but it never quite recovered its former favour. There were a number of reasons for this, such as the enclosure of waste lands, agricultural improvements, and the growing employment of firearms in pursuit of game.

A great advance was made in the first half of the seventeenth century in the decoration of house interiors. The hangings of beds and windows increased wonderfully in splendour. There was a profusion of rich velvets and silks, embroidered with gold and silver, and all of the most gorgeous hues. The walls were covered with paper and leather hangings, richly stamped and gilt, instead of with the ancient tapestry. The ceilings of the houses of the nobility were painted with historical and mythological scenes, and on the walls were hung the masterpieces of Flemish and Italian art. Superb ornaments of ivory and china were now imported from the East, and formed the choice treasures of many great houses. Furniture, however, it is to be observed, lost in the seventeenth century something of the elegance of form and perfection of detail which had distinguished it in the sixteenth. The framework became bulky and heavy, and the details coarse.

When James I. came to the throne the social life of London was confined to the City. It had not then shifted to the West End and the suburbs. The term "suburbs" had at that time an uninviting sound, as all the disreputable people who could not find shelter in the City itself settled in the outlying districts. The line of the Strand was at that time almost the only outskirt of real respectability.

Moorfields, now drained and laid out in walks, was much frequented by beggars, and travellers from the village of Hoxton, who crossed it in order to reach London, did so with as much expedition as possible. The showplace of London was Fleet-street, where were exhibited a constant succession of puppets, naked Indians, and strange fishes.

"The great meeting-place of Londoners in the daytime," we are told by Mr. H. B. Wheatley, "was the nave of Old St. Paul's. Crowds of merchants with their hats on transacted business in the aisles, and used the font as a counter upon which to make their payments; lawyers received clients at their several pillars; and masterless servingmen waited to be engaged upon their own particular bench. Besides those who came on business there were gallants dressed in fashionable finery; so that it was worth the tailor's while to stand behind a pillar, and fill his table-book with notes."

Under James I. the theatre not only kept the firm hold on the public taste which it had acquired in the latter days of Queen Bess, but considerably increased its influence. To the entertainments given at the many playhouses may be added the masques, which were now produced regardless of expense at Whitehall and at the various inns of court. In 1613 the "Masque of Flowers" was a spectacle given by the members of Gray's Inn in the Old Banqueting House in honour of the marriage of Carr, Earl of Somerset. The entertainment was prepared by Sir Francis Bacon at a cost of £2,000.

During the reign of Charles I. the first great exodus was made of the wealthy and fashionable from the City to the West End.

The growth of London necessitated the introduction of hackney coaches, which first began to ply in 1625. Writing from London in 1634 to Lord Strafford, Mr. Garrard says:—"Here is one Captain Bailey: he hath been a sea-captain, but now lives on the land, about this city, where he tries experiments. He hath erected, according to his ability, some four hackney coaches, put his men in a livery, and appointed them to stand at the May-pole in the Strand, giving them instructions at what rate to carry men into several parts of the town, where all day they may be had. Other hackney men, seeing this way, they flocked to the same place, and perform the journeys at the same rate, so that sometimes there is twenty of them together."

In 1637 there were in London and Westminster no fewer than fifty such coaches; in 1652 they had increased to two hundred, and in 1654 to three hundred, employing six hundred horses.

A few years after hackney coaches were started sedan chairs became common objects in the streets of the metropolis. Sir Sanders Duncomb introduced the sedan chair from Naples into England in 1634, and, obtaining a patent for it from the King, prepared forty or fifty examples for public use. The first nobleman to employ this very handy and pleasant means of getting about either to a public or private entertainment greatly excited the disgust of the people, who exclaimed that he was employing his fellow-creatures to do the work of brute beasts.

Amongst the gloomy features of the social life of the period is the relentless persecution of old women, under the belief that they were witches. It is to James I. that the disgraceful persecution of the pretended witches in England must be mainly attributed. He had, before becoming King of England, taken an active part in Scotland in several witch trials, and he brought with him to the South a keen sense of the duty of finding out and punishing all sorts of diablery.

The subject was brought before his very first Parliament, and in 1604 a great Act against witchcraft was passed. By this statute it was enacted that "any one who shall use, practise, or exercise any invocation of any evil or wicked spirit, or consult or covenant with, entertain or employ, feed or reward, any evil or wicked spirit *to or for* ANY *purpose*; or take up any dead man, etc., etc., etc., such offenders, duly and lawfully convicted and attainted, shall suffer death." We have here witchcraft first distinctly made of itself a capital crime.

The Puritans having got legal sanction for their zeal, urged forward their accusations against witches with great vigour during the reigns of James and his son. The Episcopal party seem to have held aloof from the prosecutions. As examples of the intemperate zeal with which their superstitious work was carried on, the following cases have been given by one who has investigated the subject. Leaving out of sight single executions, we have in 1612 twelve persons condemned at once at Lancaster, and many more in 1613, when the whole kingdom rang with the fame of the "Lancashire witches"; in 1622, six at York; in 1634, seventeen in Lancashire; in 1644, sixteen at Yarmouth; in 1645, fifteen at Chelmsford; and in 1645 and 1646 sixty persons perished in Suffolk, and nearly an equal number at the same time in Huntingdon. Under the Long Parliament, from 1640 to 1653, the mania blazed with such fierce intensity, that, according to Dr. Zachary Grey, three thousand witches were executed during these thirteen years.

The poor creatures who thus fell victims to the prejudice and superstition of the times were sometimes young and fair; but the sufferer usually, says an able observer, was "an old woman with a wrinkled face, a furrowed brow, a hairy lip, a gobber tooth, a squint eye, a squeaking voice, or a scolding tongue, having a ragged coat on her back, a spindle in her hand, and a dog by her side—a wretched, infirm, and impotent creature, pelted and persecuted by all the neighbourhood, because the farmer's cart had stuck in the gateway, or some idle boy had pretended to spit needles and pins for the sake of a holiday from school or work."

(To be continued.)

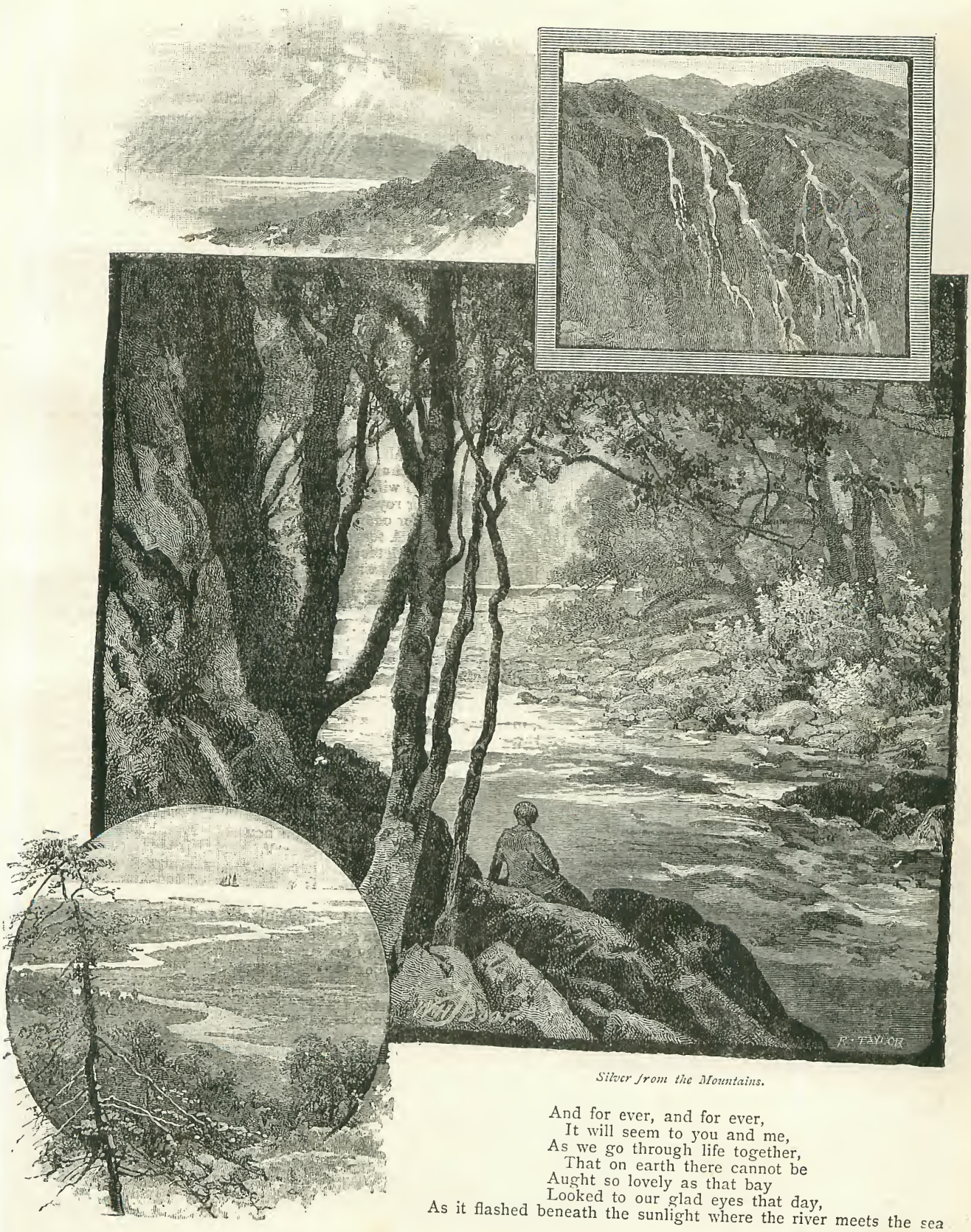
WHERE THE RIVER MEETS THE SEA.

By HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

Is the morning sun yet shining
As it shone for you and me?
Is the woodbine yet entwining
Dewy girdles round the lea?
Do the little boats yet go
Sailing, sailing, to and fro,
Past the fairy golden islets where the river meets the sea?

Aye, the tiny waves are kissing
With soft lips the shining shore;
Not one lovely touch is missing
From the well-known scene of yore.
But, oh never, to our eyes,
Could the earth, and sea, and skies
Wear again the self-same aspect which on that glad day they wore!

Oh, the sunny sloping highlands,
Crowned with sheaves of golden corn!
Oh, the beauty of the islands,
In the soft, clear light of morn!
When we twain, who spoke no word,
That could tell our hearts were stirred,
In each other's eyes read surely that young love was newly born.



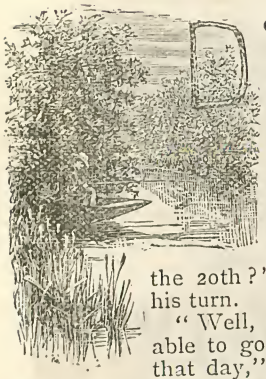
Silver from the Mountains.

And for ever, and for ever,
It will seem to you and me,
As we go through life together,
That on earth there cannot be
Aught so lovely as that bay
Looked to our glad eyes that day,
As it flashed beneath the sunlight where the river meets the sea

TRANSFORMED.

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

CHAPTER I.



"Do you think I shall be well by the 20th, doctor?"

"What do you mean by 'well,' eh?" said the old gentleman. "And why particularly by the 20th?" he asked in his turn.

"Well, I want to be able to go downstairs on that day," said I, feeling my way cautiously to the request I was about to make, and which I felt in my heart of hearts would be denied me. "The fact is," I stammered, "the children's party——"

"No, no, *my dear*; put all thoughts of that out of your head," said the doctor decisively. "You must make yourself happy in some other way. Put all thoughts of the party out of your head," he repeated; "not to be thought of, remember. Your foot must not touch the ground until some time after the 20th. Now, don't make yourself unhappy," continued the good old man; "you must learn to bear your disappointment like—like"—scratching his head for a simile—"like a man," taking up his hat and putting out his hand to wish me good-bye.

"But, doctor, dear, I'm not a man, and it is so very hard. If you put on extra bandages now, and stronger lotions, would that not make it go quicker?"

"Foolish little goose!" he said, patting my hand. "Put it out of your head, I say. I must be off to my other patients."

I pouted. The door closed upon the doctor, and I turned my face round, buried it in my pillow, and shed some bitter tears. If I had only not gone on that horrid pond, or if I had only taken care to fasten my skates more securely; if my hands had not been so cold; if and if so many ifs had not taken place, I should not have sprained my ankle, and—oh, ecstasy!—I should have been able to be at the party on the 20th.

It was not that I cared so much for the children, though I liked them well enough, but several older people were coming with them, and these children's parties of aunt's were unanimously voted to be the most enjoyable evenings, both for children and elders.

You may laugh, dear reader. I was a young thing, with nothing to fill my giddy head with but such things as these. I had long settled that my dress was to be white, with cherry-coloured bows. It was three years since I became much attached to this colour, and had worn it upon every possible occasion. I would have no flowers save a posy of white geraniums, white satin shoes with cherry-coloured bows, swansdown fan, with——

But what use in thinking of it? I should have to spend that lovely time up here on this detestable sofa. Oh, it was too bad!

I roused myself up, and began punching my pillow with all the energy wherewith I would have belaboured Fate if she had stood there in bodily shape.

"If you please, miss, Mr. Stanley wishes to know if he may come up and pay his respects to you this morning."

I laughed an inward laugh at Charley paying "respect" to anybody, least of all to me; but I managed to keep calm, nay, even to look severe, as I said—

"Certainly, Jane; show Mr. Stanley up."

Mr. Stanley had evidently been waiting outside, for he entered closely upon the exit of Jane, while I was giving vent to my amusement in a chuckle from ear to ear.

"And how is the interesting invalid?" said Charley, as he drew up a chair to my sofa, and pulled up the blind with a professional air. "Progressing royally I should say, by the aspect of her countenance. Hallo! what's this? A tear, I declare," said that nasty boy, detecting and pointing to one which was coursing its way down my face. "There must be a rainbow somewhere," he said, looking out of the window.

"You're a wretch, Charley!" I said, as I hastily removed the tell-tale. "Tell me something interesting, and I promise you shall see no more of them."

"Something's the matter, little woman," he said, dropping his airy manner. "What is it? Out with it, now."

When Charley meant to have his own way he generally got it, so it was of no use trying to put him off. Besides, I was not sorry to give vent to my chagrin.

"Only Dr. Grey says I must not come down with the children on the 20th," I said, as my lip quivered again at the thought of all I was going to be deprived of.

"Whew! I should think not, indeed, unless you wish to have inflammation set up in your ankle, with the possibility of mortification supervening, to be followed by amputation."

"Oh, Charley!"

"It is 'Oh, Charley!' I am as serious as possible," said he, with quite a grave face. "A case which was brought into hospital last week is fresh in my mind now. Therefore I say it is not to be thought of, unless you wish to run the risk of passing through the remainder of your life minus one foot."

I thought he seemed a little disappointed, too, for he said nothing for fully two minutes, and then all at once a smile went over his face as he turned round towards me and thumped his knee.

"I have it, Cis. You may not play with the children, to be sure; but why should you not come down and see the fun? there will be lots going. Wait a minute. Do not interrupt me. I will coax aunt to let us have a nice sofa in the corner of the room, where you will be out of harm's way, and can see everything. I'll carry you down, and Warren and I will devote ourselves to you the whole evening. He is to join us that night, you know."

Did I not know it!

My heart fairly danced. Oh, my cherry-coloured bows! my shoes! my swansdown fan! In an instant the thermometer of my spirits went from below freezing to blood heat. This would be better even than everything else put together. Ah, that lucky fall! I felt it due to my dignity, however, not to acquiesce too readily, so I said—

"It sounds very nice. But do you think aunt will allow it?" (I knew, dear, sweet thing, that she would); "and Mr. Warren will hardly thank you for proposing to tie him up to me on the first evening of his return."

"Oh, he'll like it, I know. Besides, we can take turn and turn about, you know. It's all the same, so as you don't feel deserted, you see."

I did see, and thought it delicious.

"Very well, then, on that understanding, that each of you has a fair amount of fun, I will consent to come."

My eyes must have expressed more than my lips; for as Charley, who taking him all in all was no bad fellow, took leave of me, he said—

"Ah, no fear of showers now, I think. The weather has cleared wonderfully; and what is more, I believe it will last."

I was left quiet for some time, and gave myself up to a delightful reverie. At eighteen one's reveries are generally bright. Somehow or other the silver lining of the clouds soon makes itself apparent, and it is mostly upon the lining that one dwells. One has known little sorrow, and that has not been acutely felt. Having known little oneself, one's sympathies are not so keen for the sufferings of others. Youth is a paradox of selfishness and generosity, enthusiasm and indifference, hopefulness and despair, all following each other rapidly, like the scenes in a tragedy.

I fell to thinking how Mr. Warren would look. He had been away for three years, had seen much, been in many lands, and had observed keenly. That we knew by his letters to Charley, who confided as much of their contents to us as he thought edifying. He was to be an artist, perhaps I ought to say was an artist now; but he always filled his letters with descriptions of the great masterpieces he had seen, and with expressions of despair at ever hoping to emulate them. He spoke very freely of everything and everybody that interested him, and when questioned as to whether he had begun on any picture, he would invariably reply, "On nothing that any human being but himself should set eyes on yet."

I in the meantime had spent my life during these three years in what is called "finishing my education" with my cousins and their governess, my parents and two elder sisters having left for India, in consequence of a lucrative appointment which had been accepted there by my father.

It was a dear old house in which I found myself. My aunt, a cheery, wise, and sweet-tempered woman; my cousins, frank, open, merry girls, loving, kind, and generous to a degree. Me they treated like a sister, and to that added the courtesy which the most exacting guest could desire, always giving me cheerful precedence, and, in fact, doing their best to spoil me in every way. Long afterwards, as I thought of this time and the genial sunshine which seemed to pervade every nook and corner of that happy home, and as I tried to find some reason for the contrast which it presented to other households which had come under my observation since, I could trace it to no other source than the peculiarly refining influence exerted by my aunt. It was as if everything that was lovely and lovable found an echo in her heart, and reflected itself on all around. She loved to make people happy. Hence it was, I suppose, that it seemed quite natural for any stray members of the family to gravitate towards her. Charley, the young student, found virtually, if not actually, a home in her house; and Frank Warren, the orphaned cousin several times removed, who only claimed a distant connection with my aunt, thought it the most matter-of-course thing in the world that much of his spare time should be spent at The Elms.

Let me remember my dear aunt gratefully and affectionately; for to her I owe the greatest joy of my life.

(*To be continued.*)

HOW TWO GIRLS ATTEMPTED THE BREITHORN.

By ONE OF THEM.



It was the month of August, and glorious weather in the Visp-thal.

I was one of a dozen girls from a pretty "pensionnat" by Lake Leman, and we were spending our summer holiday at Zermatt. Myself and my sister were the only English; the rest were Germans—most of them fair, plump, and jolly. All of us were under the delightful chaperonage of Madame's eldest daughter, our merry clever Annette. With us also was Annette's younger sister, Natalie, a vivacious young lady with two enthusiasms. One was art, and the other was mountains. Her *beau idéal* of existence was to spend half the summer in painting the Alps, and the other half in climbing them.

Her ambition was as high as the Matterhorn, and her ecstatic vision of death to pass away upon the Görnergrat, where her last lingering gaze might be filled with the wondrous whiteness of the Monte Rosa dazzling against the summer sky,

We had a splendid time. Every other day we organised climbing expeditions, and scrambled and rambled all over the place, while our complexions grew ruddier and our health ruder, at an amazing pace. We had thus spent a fortnight, when Natalie, yearning for the snow-peaks, announced her intention of visiting either the Cima di Jazzi or the Breithorn, since parental solicitude barred the Matterhorn, and invited me to go with her. I felt equal to anything in my mountaineering excitement, and accepted gleefully, somewhat to my sister's dismay, for she had a vague horror of the mountain-tops, and at any rate did not think I was to be trusted up there.

Josef Taugwalder, a jolly blue-eyed guide who had conducted Natalie and others up the Monte Rosa two years previously, was consulted, the Breithorn chosen, and a day fixed. So we made us ready, and were very merry over it.

And this is the record which I cherish in my holiday journal of our experiences on that memorable day:—

August 3rd.—My longest day: 21 hours. I was roused from a very complicated dream by a thump at the door, and a gruff remark from the porter to the effect that it was "drei viertel auf ein" (12.45 a.m.) I thereupon jumped up, and rousing my sister, washed and dressed. I woke Annette according to promise, gathered up my wraps, and went down with Annette and Grace to Natalie's room. We found her in rather an excited state of mind, since various portions of her marching outfit, notably her hat and gaiters, didn't go right.

At 1.50 we went over to breakfast at the hotel "Monte Rosa," where mountaineers did chiefly dwell, and unearthly hours were the rule. Various others in mountain costumes were doing likewise. Much to our amusement, we heard one gentleman, nicknamed by us girls as the "Cheshire Cat," proclaiming that it was "the most absurd thing he ever heard in his life; there were actually six or seven parties all going up the Breithorn."

Josef and Gabriel Taugwalder, nephews of the elder Taugwalder who escaped with Whymper in the Matterhorn catastrophe of 1865, were waiting with our provisions, and armed with ropes and ice-axes, a rig-out so formidable that Annette grew quite alarmed as to the dangers we might encounter. At 2.10 we bade her and Grace a fond farewell, and leaving them shivering on the verandah, went gaily forth in the bright moonlight over fields, hedges, stones, and streamlets. The Visp glimmered white, roaring below; the pine forests cast their great black shadows on the slopes; every giant snow-peak, visible as far as the Bernese Oberland, shone silver-bright against the deep indigo of the sky; above us the full moon looked calmly down from the cloudless depth, and lighted up the north-east side of the grim Matterhorn with pale cold radiance. Very awesome did that giant look, towering over us in the night.

The air was clear, cold, and delicious, though it numbed the hands that grasped the alpenstocks. We went steadily on, Josef leading, in single file, for about an hour and a half—seldom speaking, for the charm of the Alpine night held us, and we shrank from hearing the weird re-echoing of our voices in the valley. Then, having reached the forest, we sat down by the path to rest, refresh ourselves, and admire the view. Every feature of the valley was as clear as the day, and wonderful and never-to-be-forgotten in the witching moonlight. Then we had a very stiff pull up a narrow and devious track to the edge of the moraine—the hardest work of the whole way, Josef said. After that a regular scramble over the moraine, whose jumble of stones, big and little, was most delectably iced over. Anything like dignified progression was impossible. We struck out boldly and gave ourselves up to it, trusting to our alpenstocks and to an occasional hand up over the very big stones from the men. We did some rough skating in style, had many unexpected slides, and marvelled that we did not break our ankles.

Meanwhile the sun was beginning to rise. Far away behind the Jungfrau the gold and red were spreading up into the sky. Before us in the clear pale dawn lay the Monte Rosa chain, the vast glacier of St. Théodule, the Matterhorn, and the Dent Blanche, with their great glaciers—a wide white world waiting for the sunlight. Again and again we halted on our rocky perches to look round on it all.

Suddenly the eastern face of the Matterhorn turned to gold, with an outline of vivid red along every rocky edge, while the dark granite showed in masses of rich warm purple among the gilded snows. The Lyskamon was the first of the Monte Rosa chain to catch the glow and light up rose-red among the whiteness; but one by one each grand peak was glorified; and when we saw the rosy crown upon the bluff brow of the Breithorn, we greeted him with acclamation.

A few minutes of this loveliest of transformation scenes and the sun was well above the horizon and lighting the world after a more commonplace style.

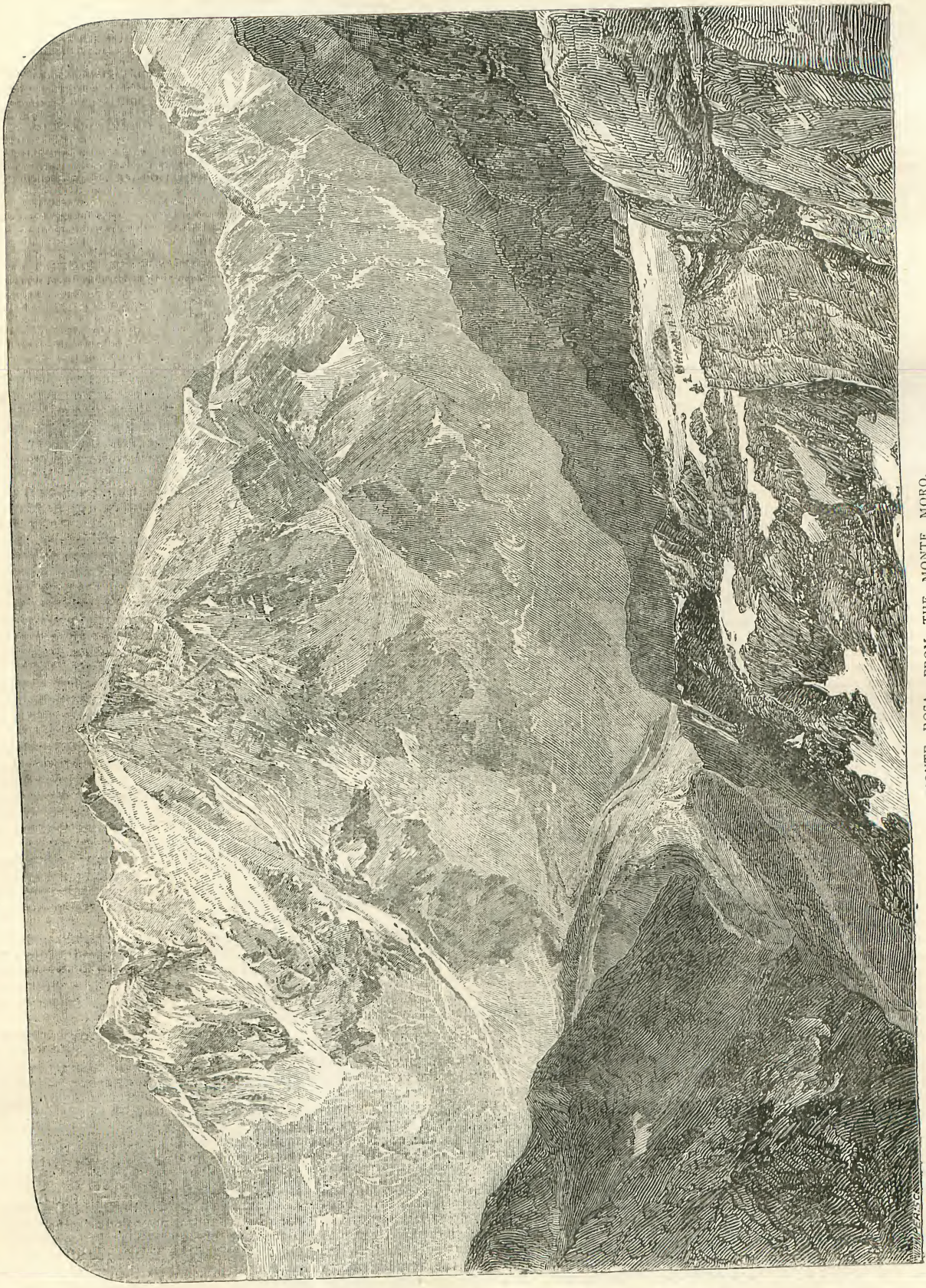
All at once Josef remarked, "See there, the Mont Blanc!" His Alpine Majesty looked fairly microscopic by comparison from up there. We could not say that we recognised him exactly from our then point of view, but we felt satisfaction in the fact that we were looking at Mont Blanc!

The Matterhorn was now obtruding so largely upon our view, filling up as he did most of the sky to our right, that we felt it our duty to stop and make a field-glass inspection of him.

Josef showed us the "Tyndall-grade," the redoubtable staircase whereby Professor Tyndall had scaled the peak in a solitary excursion he made to the top. It is a sort of shelf running up the side of the mountain at a break-neck angle.

Tyndall seems to have a casual habit of going up mountains all by himself. On one occasion he was grubbing about the Görner glacier in the interests of science, when finding himself at the foot of Monte Rosa, a sudden impulse led him to walk up to the top. And he had some difficulty in getting safely down again. For to add to the disadvantage of there being only one of him, he lost his ice-axe, the sole weapon he carried, soon after starting the descent.

About five o'clock we reached the edge of the glacier, and arranged ourselves on various convenient big stones for breakfast No. 2. Our guides put our wraps round us, and unpacking the provisions proceeded to serve us with them, cutting the bread and buttering it, and doing everything for us most attentively, to our great amusement. We owe an everlasting grudge to the persons who put up



MONTE ROSA, FROM THE MONTE MORO.

those provisions! In spite of our detailed orders, and our having given a written list of what we required, they had forgotten salt for the hard-boiled eggs, and made my champagne bottle of cold tea without either sugar or milk!

Nevertheless, if any one wishes thoroughly to enjoy breakfast, we recommend it at the hour mentioned, at the edge of a glacier, on a fragment of Alp, after a three-hours' climb!

Breakfast over, we prepared for the glacier. We were buttoned up in cloth gaiters to protect our feet and ankles, and our big woollen gloves, or bags rather, had to be donned. Thus equipped, we set forth on the ice.

The glacier was apparently boundless in the direction of the horizon before us. To the right were the St. Théodule Pass and the Matterhorn, to the left the Breithorn, with its glacier, and the little Matterhorn. We had to cross the Théodule glacier and get round to the other side of the Breithorn as seen from the Görner, to make the ascent. The appearance of the ice was that of a rippling sea, and walking upon it, stepping from crest to crest of the hard snow waves, very easy work.

After about twenty minutes we stopped to put on our veils and snow-spectacles and to be roped. Josef tied himself on first, then Natalie, Gabriel, and myself, at intervals of about twenty feet. They hung me on at the end in case I should get tired, in which event they kindly proposed tugging me. We had a merry laugh at the comic appearance we presented as we set off again. I hardly approved having Natalie in front of me, for she would walk too fast in her eagerness to get there, in spite of Josef continually pulling her up. Here we had our last glimpse of the "Cheshire Cat" and his party, who had come up just as we finished our breakfast, and were now coming on to the ice. An hour later the weather got too much for them, and they all went back. A young fellow from our hotel, with his guide, "old Biner," were just on before us. Pretty soon, as we mounted the slope, we came in view of the other half-dozen parties who had chosen this same day for ascending the Breithorn; and our various guides yelled and whooped encouragingly to each other across a mile or so of snow. At about seven o'clock we found ourselves upon the fresh snow, when the slope became rapidly steeper. Now and again we rose very quickly, and then we would have an easy stretch, but this latter variety of walking soon disappeared.

We met the "boys from the Mont Cervin Hotel" coming down like a tempest. They had started their expedition the day before at noon, had slept at the Théodule hut, and reached the top at sunrise.

Meanwhile, clouds were gathering ominously, and the wind blew fresh and strong. We were very soon in a regular storm of snow, hail and wind, and found it hard work to get along, especially as the pull was much stiffer. At eight o'clock we seated ourselves on the soft snow to have breakfast No. 3, in the middle of it all. This required some arranging. We sat on the knapsacks to keep them from blowing away, turned our backs to the wind, and dug our heels well in. Then it was a case of eating bread and snow and butter, the last in lumps, for it had frozen hard. Hail and snow blew cheerfully down our necks and into our ears, and we had to keep up a treadmill performance for fear our toes should freeze; while as fast as we drank out of one side of the cup, the liquid blew out of the other. At one point Natalie persuaded herself that her toes were freezing, and grew quite excited over it. Josef's hat skimmed away with a sudden gust, and flying straight for the Matterhorn, was out of sight in an instant. The storm waxed angrier decidedly, but we battled on. At 8.30 we met a party who had started just as we went into the Monte Rosa to breakfast, coming down in a hurry, and rather wished we were coming down too.

Just before we arrived at the top, which we should have reached in twenty minutes at the very latest, fortunately for us I lost my breath entirely, and therefore sat down and flatly declined to go any further. So round we turned and trotted down again, consoling ourselves with the reflection that after all we could have seen nothing if we had gone on, but would equally have been baulked of our chief desire, namely, seeing the Italian lakes. It was horrid, clumping knee-deep through the snow on such a steep slope! Gabriel went first, with his arm through mine to ballast me, and Josef brought Natalie down behind in similar style—the two acting as a sort of brake on us, while we mutually jerked one another by the rope, with fairly amusing results.

Each plunge shook us to the very crowns of our hats, and after half an hour of the exercise we began to feel more jelly than human. The drifting snow had so nearly filled the tracks of those who had descended before us that we were rather afraid of wandering out of the path, and Josef called from time to time to Gabriel to stop to take our bearings. They were rather uneasy at not seeing "old Biner" and his gentleman coming down; so we stopped to halloa and peer into the fog for them. At last they loomed through the mist, but not before our guides had grown somewhat alarmed and begun to consider what to do. Our minds being reassured, we jolted on as before, and presently, finding ourselves upon a convenient slope, took a long glissade.

At first we could not imagine what Josef was after. He stopped us, looked up the hill and down the hill, and conferred in mysterious tones with Gabriel, while Natalie and I stood wondering by. Light dawned, however, when we were placed, sitting tandem, Josef first, Gabriel last, and each holding on tight to the toes of the one behind. The men shoved off with their alpenstocks. With a shout, away we went, down, down, faster, faster! It was grand! In default of reaching the very top, or of having the coveted glimpse into Italy, the mad slide down the misty snow-slope with the wind whistling past us was guerdon of our toils and troubles.

A little further on, as it was now between ten and eleven, we thought breakfast No. 4 would be apropos. Accordingly we again dropped down on the snow. This time circumstances were more propitious. We were sheltered from the wind; it no longer snowed; and the storm generally was clearing off.

While we sat munching our eggs and bread and butter, Biner and his *protégé* came up. The old guide stopped to give us an excited account of their experience on the summit. With graphic gestures he described how they had encountered the full blast of the storm, and how the wind had bowled them both over like ninepins. Distinctly, he thought we might congratulate ourselves that we had turned back, otherwise the chances were that we might have been, as Mark Twain puts it, "landed in a part of Switzerland where they were not just then expecting us." This completed our consolation. They continued their way, and we, after a five minutes' stretch, reposing flat on our backs on the snow, continued. We would fain have rested longer, but Josef was inexorable, with his "Auf!"

Crossing the glacier was not the same cheerful performance it had been in the early morning. We were ankle-deep in slush, and soon got among some crevasses, which did not to our mind improve the beauty of scenes. Our order of march was changed again; Josef went first, then Natalie, then I, and Gabriel last on the rope. In this order we proceeded one after the other to drop into holes, a truly comic "follow my leader" ensuing. First we saw Josef subside, with an "Ach, bewahr!" Then Natalie reached the weak spot and gently sank, with a shrill "Ah, gracious me!" Next I had to go, and as far as I can remember my remark was "Ow!" And lastly Gabriel went in with a grunt that was, I believe, German, but otherwise untranslatable.

Feeling the snow go under my feet, and flopping in up to my waist, was the oddest sensation I ever experienced. We had some gay gymnastics in getting in and out of the holes. Scrambling was impossible, for there was nothing reliable near enough to give a foothold, and the snow held our legs in helpless positions. We had to kick and fling until, with the help of sundry tugs at the rope from those before and behind, we could get on to firmer ground.

After nearly half an hour of this sort of fun, during an interval of which Natalie and I took to all fours, so as to have a shorter distance to drop, we arrived at a point where we could start to walk, *i.e.*, follow in Josef's footsteps, he peremptorily forbidding us to put our feet an inch to right or left of him. These said steps were knee-deep, and we felt like prancing steeds in a stately progress, as we strode along, heaving one leg after the other into the holes vacated by our pioneer. We wanted to go to a distance and look at ourselves, for the view must have been very funny.

This did not last long, happily for our knee-joints, and then followed a weary tramp over interminable snow. We could not believe that we had ever come across so much glacier as we had to return over. It was the difference between hard-frozen and a foot deep of slush.

We jogged along in single file in the trough made by those who had descended before us, but such was its narrowness and the difficulty of walking foot over foot that we had to give up keeping our equilibrium as hopeless, and resign ourselves to frequently sitting down in a sudden sort of way that made us feel very foolish. Every time Natalie subsided to the right the reaction on the rope constrained me to sit down left, and *vice versâ*. Meanwhile Josef and Gabriel smiled. At one point it became too much for our gravity, and we were obliged to laugh, with the natural result that we sat down at every step. The track finished in a slope of ice, with melting snow and snow-water spilling all over it. The guides each seized one of us by the arm, and rushed us sliding and plunging down the ice, à la avalanche, and so at one o'clock prompt we tumbled on to the moraine, feeling more like jelly than ever. Then they divested us of our gaiters and wraps, and wrung the water out of them and our dripping skirts, and we spread ourselves out to dry, so to speak, on the rocks in the blazing sun, which was scorching down as though it had not seen a snowstorm for months.

The next thing was luncheon, which we enjoyed nearly as much as our five a.m. breakfast on the same spot. When we had basked there for a short half hour, we took matters easily over moraine and down into the valley. Upon reaching the restful shades of the pines we laid our lazy lengths upon the grassy slope, and for nearly an hour revelled in the afternoon sunshine and the view, while the Taugwalders slept.

We reached Zermatt at a little before five. On the steep pastures we walked, or rather descended with a run and a jump, arm in arm with our guides, who did all they could to lessen the fatigues of the way for us. We were filing along the high path above the ravine when a jödel, and the distant moving of alpenstocks, showed us Annette and Grace and several of the girls waiting to conduct us in triumphal procession for the rest of the way.

So, joking and laughing merrily, we came down into the village again, and the inspiring tones of the dinner-bell sped our weary way as we toiled upstairs to dress for table d'hôte.

ELCIE.

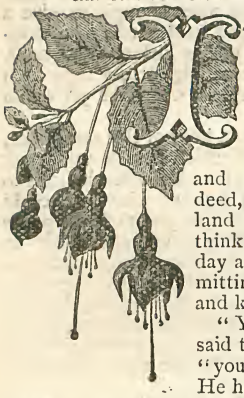
GREYTOWN GRANGE:

A TALE OF LAND AND SEA.

By GORDON STABLES, C.M., M.D., R.N.

CHAPTER IV.

CAN THE SEA GIVE UP ITS DEAD?



It was four long weeks before Aunt Ethel resumed the story of her last terrible experience of the sea. To me they were very long and anxious weeks indeed, and to Dr. Morland but little less so, I think. He was with us day after day, and unremitting in his attention and kindness.

"You look pale," he said to me one forenoon, "you look pale, child." He had ceased calling me baby. "Jump into my dogcart, and have a run round. Nay, never hesitate; your aunt can spare you. It will do her good to be alone a bit."

The trees were just becoming green, the hedges were already so.

Dr. Morland took me quite a long drive, and we came at last to a kind of pine forest, with positively heather growing among the trees. It reminded me so much of home that I was delighted—enchanted.

"There," he said, as he set me down at the gate on our return, while the sun was sinking red in a grey bank of cloud; "there, I've brought the roses to your cheeks again, anyhow."

"Oh," I said, as I thanked him, "I have enjoyed the drive so much."

He laughed in his careless, happy manner, flicking green leaves off the limes, as he said—

"And so, Miss Idabel, you've got to confess at last that we have some scenery in England worth looking at. But you haven't seen the half of it yet. I'll take you out again another day. Nay, I'm not going to ask your leave about it. I don't want you laid up next. Besides, it is a real pleasure to have such a child as you beside me, and to watch your looks of astonished delight. Gee up, Jean, old girl."

Jean did gee up; she went away with a bound, and both the doctor and his mare were out of sight before I had time to say good-night.

It was this same evening that auntie told me of the sufferings she underwent in the open boat.

"You cannot realise it," she said; "no one can; not even old sailors themselves, unless they have come through the same dreadful ordeal. You said, dear Ida, I looked sad. Yes, I know I do. I have lost both father and future husband, but did they both stand there now, those three days and four nights spent in that boat were enough to cloud my life for ever.

"The boat had been provisioned, Ida, but in the squall everything was washed away; we had nothing to sustain life, and hope itself died away at last. How many were we? The second mate and myself and six sailors.

"Hunger gained the ascendency first, but it was soon unseated by thirst, which is far more terrible. The first day passed wearily, so wearily away. I sat high up in the stern sheets watching the sea, every time the vessel rose on the top of a billow; the water was smooth, with a strange oily glaze on it, that seemed to absorb the sun's rays, rather than reflect them.

"The second mate, who sat near me with the tiller in his hand, did all he could to cheer me. I hardly think I even replied to him, so anxious was I.

"Sometimes a little dark spot was visible here or there on the horizon, in the sunny haze; then I could hear my heart throbbing.

"'No, miss,' the mate would say; 'that is not a boat—it is but a shark's fin; and though it looks far away, it is close aboard of us.'

"Still, I hoped against hope, all that first long day; and when the sun sank down behind the waves at last, I laid me down at the mate's bidding, and he covered me with the rugs as carefully as if I had been a child.

"'There's an ugly dew falls in these latitudes of a night,' he said, excusing himself for the care he took of me; 'an ugly dew, Miss Ethel, and fever and ague and all sorts of things come with it.'

"I fell asleep, though my mouth was parched and dry, my head throbbing with pain, and my eyeballs burning.

"The sun was high in the heavens when I again awoke. My dreams had been confused—O, far from pleasant; but, O, gladly would I have sunk back into dreamland, rather than face the terrible reality of the life that now was ours.

"That day I suffered all the fever and agony of thirst—an agony which it is impossible to describe. But that which I remember most now is something I was ashamed of even in my suffering—a fretful, almost angry, peevishness. I was cross with everything around me. O, dear Ida, I could hardly pray! I was cross with everything, and cross with myself for being so. The men were silent; they pulled feebly but steadily on, the two off duty frequently relieving two of their companions.

"Yes, they sat silent at the oars, and their faces were terrible to look at, blanched as death; drawn, wrinkled and pinched, with bloodshot, watery eyes.

"Our boat was headed for the islands, but not, I fear, heading; owing to the current, we could have made but little progress.

"I had given up all hopes of my father's boat now, and if I still scanned the sea it was for a ship's sails, or the smoke of some outward or homeward bound steamer.

"The poor mate put his hand on my shoulder once, and in a kind though husky voice said, 'Keep up your spirits, miss; we'll get ashore, never fear.'

"I answered him crossly, angrily even, and I think the tears sprang in his eyes. I felt a wretch, and next moment had buried my head in a rug, and was sobbing as if my heart would break.

"I must have been delirious during the greater part of next night. All kinds of impossible beings seemed to crowd into the boat, and kept on talking to me; I never failing to answer them.

"I aroused myself at daybreak, and tried to rise, but found it impossible. I was weak, almost paralysed; yet my mind was free now, and my first thoughts were to say something kind to the poor, good-intentioned mate, something that might banish from his mind the effects of my cruel words of the day before.

"*He was gone.*

"One of the sailors had the tiller.

"I beckoned to him, and he bent down towards me while I whispered—'Where is he?'

"He only shook his head, and I knew my friend was dead.

"I will no longer harrow your feelings, Ida, though to speak to some one about those terrible days relieves my mind.

"Towards the middle of the day the men ceased to row. They feebly drew in their oars, and sat or lay in the boat, helplessly and hopelessly.

"Another sun went down. Another sun rose. There was no more thought of rowing. Every man in the boat appeared as if he had already entered the dark portals of death.

"I do not know, I cannot recollect how the time now went. Thirst had almost left me, the power of speech had left me too, my tongue clave to the roof of my mouth, my face was skinned with the burning sun, my lips dry and bleeding. My very hands seemed like the hands of someone very old.

"Another day broke suddenly, and almost without a vestige of twilight up rose the sun.

"We were not half a mile from a great black steamer, who was blowing off steam and lowering a boat. So utterly broken-hearted was I, that I believe at that moment I would have preferred death.

"In another half-hour we were on board the Panama, and homeward bound, for she was an English vessel, *en voyage* to Southampton.

"Long before I reached there I was well and hopeful again. But, dear Idabel, I hope no more, now."

"Is it really not possible, aunt," I said, "that the boat in which your father was may have been saved, picked up, or gained the shore?"

"Say no more, child. Can the sea give up its dead?" replied my sailor auntie, solemnly. "Their boat must have gone down in the terrible squall. Say no more, then. Those I loved so well and dearly I will meet, but never again in this world."

Auntie grew as anxious now about my health as I had been about hers. She frequently took me out in her own little phaeton, only the pony was a pet and self-willed; so our drives were devoid of exhilaration. But it was different when sent off with Dr. Morland. His dogcart used to fly over the ground, and my spirits rose high in consequence.

The summer at Greytown Grange sped pleasantly enough away.

One day, while driving through the pine wood, Dr. Morland managed to get his horse to walk. He seemed buried in thought, and sat silent for fully five minutes, which was quite a long time for him.

Once he looked at me, but I hardly think he saw me; then he took out his light whip from the holder, and began to tease his favourite Jean in the way men do tease their horses at times, without meaning any harm, gently flicking her mane, but not letting her have her head, till Jean jumped and capered like a mad thing. Then he turned round and asked a question that took me by surprise.

"Ida, child," he said, "how old are you?"

"Just seventeen," I replied, looking wonderingly at him.

"Humph!" he muttered, almost crossly, as if I could help my age, back or fore. "You're very young. I'm three and twenty."

He flicked the whip in the air, over the mare's head. "Gee up, Jean," he cried.

Jean needed no other encouragement, and for miles her pace was something almost alarming.

I thought of that drive many a day afterwards.

* * * * *

It was a lovely morning in early winter, the sun shining brightly down on hard crisp ground, that appeared determined not to yield up the frost that bound it.

Dr. Morland came rushing in, as we sat at breakfast. He seemed strangely excited.

"I want you, Idabel," he said, "to ride over to Bishop's Holt with me. It is a glorious morning for a drive, and I have a wondrous tale to tell you."

"May not I hear it?" said auntie, smiling.

Dr. Morland shook his head. "It very nearly concerns you, Miss Ethel," he said, "and you shall hear it, but not yet, and not all at once."

Bishop's Holt was a roadside hotel about six miles away, and thither we drove.

"Ida," he said, when we were about halfway, "can the sea give up its dead?"

In one moment the truth flashed across my mind.

"Dr. Morland," I cried, "auntie's father has come, and Jack too, and they are at Bishop's Holt, and you feared to break the news to auntie. Oh, is it not so?"

I saw by his beaming face that I was right.

I loved the manly sailor—auntie's father—from the first moment I saw him.

And I loved frank, free and easy Uncle Jack also. I have now the right to call him Uncle Jack, and everyone knows what that means.

Now, it was a very wonderful thing that the sea had restored to us those for whom we had long mourned as dead. They had a strange story to tell of how they had tossed about for days on the wide ocean, just as auntie's boat had done, and been picked up at last by an American whaler barque, bound for Antarctic circles; how they had been shipwrecked there, and passed nearly a year on a lonely island, till another whaler picked them up and landed them at New York.

Only twelve in all were saved from the Linda, poor Kheeva—auntie's ayah—being among the lost.

Well, there we sat for two whole hours in the pretty little sanded parlour of Bishop's Holt. We were arranging a pretty plan for breaking the joyful news to Auntie Ethel, when something else very wonderful happened, which only proves that womankind carry about with them a little mental birdie that tells them things no "men-folks" could imagine.

The wonderful something else was this: when we had arranged our pretty conspiracy quite to our liking, and the doctor and I were about to drive home to put it into execution, lo, and behold! a cab drove up to the door, and out jumped auntie herself.

I leave you to imagine the scene that followed.

It was just a year after this, and I had been home again for a whole week among my native Highland hills.

I found both my father and mother very much altered indeed.

For the worse? No, for the better.

Here is how it happened. About three months before this, the grouse season being then newly commenced, there came to reside at a shooting-box in our glen a certain Sir M—— P——. There was very little society in our parish, and as one cannot be always in the company of keepers and gillies Sir M—— visited my father's manse, and *sans cérémonie* invited himself to dine there. They soon got very friendly indeed, and twice a week my father dined at the lodge, and twice a week Sir M—— spent the evening at the manse.

I'm sure my father would never have told the story of the lost book of sermons; but mamma did.

And Sir M—— listened with wrapt attention. He said nothing just then, however, but early in September my father received a big letter, that made his honest, kindly heart bound with joy when he read it.

It was an appointment to a church in a beautiful town on the borders of the Moray Frith, with three times the stipend he had in our Highland glen.

My mother read the letter over and over again as well as she could, for the tears almost blinded her.

"Oh! John," she said at last, "see what Providence has done for us and our children."

My story is ended, or nearly.

My dear father and mother are still alive and well, but very white in hair. White hair does not make people unhappy, however, and my parents often remind me of the fine old song—so great a favourite with Jenny Lind:—

"John Anderson my Joe, John,
When we were first acquaint',
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent.
But now you're growin' auld, John,
Your locks are like the snow.
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my Joe."

What about Dr. Morland, did you ask me? The doctor is very well indeed, thank you, and I am Mrs. Morland.

[THE END.]

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

More Words concerning the Students' Branch of the Christian Women's Education Union.

Hundreds of applications from all parts have reached me since the appearance of an article in this paper on March 12, 1887, describing the scheme I organised in connection with the Christian Women's Education Union to help girls whose schoolroom days are over.

Wishing to disappoint as few of my correspondents as possible, I laid aside many pressing engagements in order to deal with their letters, of which more than a thousand reached me in one month.

After entering between three and four hundred new members, on whose behalf I have had to appeal to the kindness of my friends for much fresh help, I was obliged to close the lists on May 19.

Henceforth it will be necessary to limit the number of new students admitted for each term to one hundred, viz., the first hundred who apply.

It is, as I said in my former article, a real pleasure to us to use our own acquirements in helping others; but what we can do must in this world often be less than what we should like to do.

There are many other claims, social, domestic and literary, upon my time; nor is it possible, even in a large acquaintance, to find an indefinite number of ladies who are both able and willing to aid such a work as ours by teaching "all for love, and nothing for reward."

May I add that tuition by correspondence cannot be satisfactory either to teacher or pupil in the case of those whose schooling has been quite elementary. There is no girl, I believe, in any position who will not be the better for cultivating her mind and learning to prefer a good book to a twopenny novel. But little is gained by those who struggle after a smattering of French, etc., in order that they may leave honest household work to become inefficient, underpaid, unhappy governesses.

For such aspirants as these the Students' Branch is not intended.

I shall (D.V.) spend the autumn visiting friends and relatives in Scotland, leaving my letters to accumulate at home. On my return they will all be attended to, but they may not receive immediate answers.

MARY L. G. PETRIE, B.A.

Hanover Lodge, Kensington Park,
London, W.

EDUCATIONAL.

GLADYS THE REAPER.—From your acquirements you could not expect a large salary, and the difficulty in getting governesses' situations increases every year, so probably your clergyman's advice is good, and you would do better as a hospital nurse. You should pass some examination if you wish to succeed in teaching.

JUBILEE.—Your letter seems lacking in patience and kindly feeling, and you share in the modern idea of throwing off the responsibility of training children and young people on anyone who can be found to relieve you of it. Your immediate duty seems to be to try and become better acquainted with this poor young orphaned cousin of yours, and win her love. When you have done that there will be no question of unruliness, for she will obey you because you love her. Avoid crossness and ill-tempered faultfinding, and ask God to give you of His ever patient, everlasting love.

DOUNDY (Belgrade).—We regret we cannot assist you; there are no such institutions in England. There is a public vaccinator for each district, who is appointed by the guardians. Every child must be vaccinated within three months of its birth by some medical practitioner, or be taken to the public vaccinator. A fine of 40s. is inflicted for neglecting this order.

WORK.

F. G. F.—We do not think, after many personal trials, that glove cleaning at home is ever a very paying art, especially when applied to tan gloves. The price of glove-cleaning is only threepence per pair, and if the gloves are worth anything they are worth that. Light coloured kids can be satisfactorily cleaned by the method we have several times recommended—*i.e.*, white soap, and a piece of clean flannel, rubbing the glove lightly toward the fingers, and taking care to avoid wetting it too much. With a little experience gloves can be beautifully cleaned, and look as good as new.

EXCELSIOR.—The duties of a mother's help seem to be much the same as those of a nurse.

QUEENIE should wear mourning for an uncle or aunt for six months.

MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKEN.—An incubator is expensive, we believe, and costs about three pounds altogether. You can see the advertisements in the papers.

ART.

A SCOTCH LASSIE.—The Go-Ahead Sketching Club (Mrs. Phillips, Elm Cottage, Knight's Hill, West Norwood, London, S.E.) admits copies as well as original drawings. The Amateur Drawing Society—sec., Hon. Mrs. Best, the Rowdens, Torquay, Devon—admits only original or from nature subs—to both 2s. 6d. a year.

CISSY.—Many thanks for the pretty card, which is very nicely done.

GERTRUDE.—We regret you have had to wait for your answer. The small landscape shows decided natural taste, but the head is hard. Why not go again to the school of art, and learn properly? There are female evening classes at South Kensington, £1 per session, for three evenings in the week. You had better persevere where you are.

JONATHAN will find the article on Crystoleum painting in "Silver Sails"—a summer number.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SWEETBRIAR.—The first thing for those ladies to do who wish to be presented to Her Majesty, is to find a friend who has already been presented, and is going, and who will consent to present her. Then she must write her own name, and that of the lady presenting her, on a large blank card; thus "Mrs. John Jones, presented by Lady Smith"; or "Miss Mary Grey, by her mother, Mrs. Grey," &c. This must be left at the Lord Chamberlain's office in St. James's Palace, some days before the Drawing Room (two days being the least time allowed). The card must also be accompanied by a letter from the lady presenting her, stating her intention of going to the Drawing Room for the purpose. Two or three days later, at the same office, the lady can procure two presentation or pink cards, on which she must write the same formula as on the first card which she sent in. These two cards are taken to the Palace; one is left with the page-in-waiting on the grand staircase, the other is taken at the door of the "Presence Chamber," and passed on to the Lord Chamberlain, who reads the names to Her Majesty. A lady who has already been presented need not communicate her intention of being present at the Lord Chamberlain's office; she merely goes and takes her two cards with her, with her name written on them.



SUMMER DAYS.

ARIEL thus writes:—"A Lawyer's Clerk is awfully in love with me . . . . . a girl of fifteen . . . . . when he is at home we go out for long walks together . . . Of course my parents would not like it if they knew . . . . . He says he is quite 'fascinated' with me. I suppose I have let him go too far. . . . . I know him very well indeed, though my parents do not know that I do; and we keep up a secret correspondence. Do you think I ought to tell them?" What a confession! Duplicity, lack of self-respect, and dutiful feeling on your part; and dishonourable conduct on his! How shameful to take advantage of your weakness and inexperience, as well as cowardly, not to ask your parent's permission. Confess all to your mother, and beg for her forgiveness.

ELDER SISTER.—The last article of the series, called "The Fairy of the Family," is entitled "Spots and Stains"; vol. iv., p. 807. You will obtain all the instruction you desire in reading it.

OVER-WORKED.—There is a Country Home of Rest at King's Standing, Burton-on-Trent; admission on payment of ten shillings per week. It is open from April till November. Apply to Miss Richardson.

HIGH SCHOOL GIRL.—As a general rule Englishmen offer the right arm to a lady, in taking to dinner or supper, and foreigners the left. To clean a white straw hat we do not recommend home recipes. Send it to a professional cleaner.

SIBIL G. MAIT.—You will find quite enough to do in ruling your own spirit, checking evil thoughts and passions, and doing your duty in the state of life in which God has placed you. At first, as a young untried Christian, you had better attend to this. Our ardour in the Christian life is too often displayed in worrying and teasing others to do their duties, instead of first doing and becoming by practice quite perfect in the performance of our own.

UNEINE.—Have you a father? As you write from a vicarage, we suppose you have. Confide all to him, and ask him to regard you as one of his flock, seeking counsel. He may be able to point out some little indiscretions of your own, which may provoke those words and conduct towards you of which you complain; and he may also check what is unkind (thoughtlessly so, perhaps) in others. But in confiding in your father, be discreet; and make the occasion one for asking advice, rather than to have any errors on your own part pointed out to you, which may provoke ill-feeling more than bitter complaint of the unkindness of others.

GREEN HAT.—Mrs. Marshall, the authoress of "Mrs. Mainwaring's Journal," "Life's Aftermath," and many other tales, was born at Cromer, in Norfolk, and is the youngest daughter of Samuel Martin, Esq., who was for many years partner in the old firm of Gurney's, at Norwich. Her family are of Quaker origin on both sides. She married Mr. Hugh G. Marshall in 1854.

BULLY BULLFINCH.—The editor of the *Exchange and Mart* appears to insert bird stories, and may like yours.

MARIE STUART.—You may take comfort from our Lord's words (see St. John vi. 44 and 65). "No man can come to Me, except the Father which hath sent Me draw him." Thus if you have the faintest desire to go to Christ, to approach Him in prayer, to cast yourself with all your sins, and hopes, and fears upon Him, and to accept His rule and His salvation, then the Father is drawing you, and the Holy Ghost is awakening you to life, and is striving in your heart. Thank God for His mercy.

AGGIE LLOYDS.—We sympathise much with you and your friend; but we do not see any promise of her eventually becoming a poet.

A NETTLE FROM THE STEPPES writes to say that the wood "Ukraine" is not derived from the German, but from the Polish word "Kraj," meaning "edge," and also "country." And as the Ukraine was n the frontier or edge of the Polish kingdom, hence the word "Ukraina." The "Nettle from the Steppes" writes us an interesting, well-expressed English letter, which we have read with much approval, and for which we return many thanks.

DALKEITH LASSIE.—A servant should never knock at any but a bedroom door. If there be no manservant—indoor or outdoor—to open and close a carriage door, the parlourmaid (who has to undertake the duties of butler, footman, or valet) must do so. We are very glad that you and your fellow servants enjoy our paper. Your letter does you credit. Of course, all general rules must give way to the private wishes of a master or mistress, and they will tell you whether they wish an exception to be made to the general usage in reference to the boudoir or billiard room.

PINE APPLE.—There are certain exceptions, mercifully made by God, to the usual course of His dealings with His people. No general rule can be established upon these, nor can they be regarded as establishing a precedent. One or two other examples of exceptional character may be found recorded in Holy Scripture; but unless—as in these cases—a direct message were vouchsafed by God, or made through one of His inspired prophets, you could not dare to expect similar indulgence towards an action condemned by God under ordinary circumstances. For instance, Abraham's intended sacrifice of his son, and Rahab's falsehood, were justified, and both were signally rewarded; Abraham was called "the friend of God," and Rahab "blessed above women." The destruction of Sisera is also a case in point. The circumstances were extraordinary, and thus met with an exceptional judgment by the Divine Law-maker.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. VIII.—No. 396.] JULY 30, 1887. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

DRESS: IN SEASON AND IN REASON.

By THE LADY DRESSMAKER.



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A WEDDING IN THE COUNTRY.

It is not very difficult to discover what is the most popular of cool gowns this year, by a glance into the shop windows, where Swiss embroidered nainsook, lawn, and cambric are so largely represented. This year will certainly be one much liked by laundresses, for the revival in the use of washing dresses, which the generality of people had nearly relinquished during the past cold and dreary summer. The use of white is quite remarkable, and one very good old style has been brought back which will certainly be joyfully hailed by everyone; that is, white bonnets and hats for wearing with any coloured costume; a thoroughly convenient revival, especially to those whose means are limited, and who have not much money to spend on the item of dress, and who, in consequence of the edict enjoining that a bonnet or hat should match the gown, were generally compelled to wear black, any other arrangement being impossible. Red hats and bonnets, and red sunshades, are also worn with many black, white, and neutral-tinted dresses, and form a very pretty enlivenment amongst the green trees of the park. Nor do they look out of place or *outré* in the street, for a quiet, lady-like girl can wear them without looking remarkable, and when her modest purse compels her to wear black as her ordinary garb, she hails with joy anything to brighten it up.

As to hats and bonnets, they are worn by all young people indiscriminately; and it is impossible to say which are in the ascendant. The bonnets made of tulle and without strings, in every colour, are seen on numbers of girls, and they are very easily made by the adventurous home milliner, and look cool and girlish. But now we are beginning to think more of what is becoming to the wearer, irrespective of her age, than what is the fashion. This is seen especially in the young Princess Louise of Wales, who always wears a bonnet with strings, which is far more becoming to her than a hat, as it does not hide her pretty forehead and the clear blue of her eyes. The Princess of Wales herself has always shown admirably correct taste in choosing her bonnets of the shape that suited her, with but a few very slight concessions to the vagaries of passing fashions. With this she has never looked old-fashioned, but has always kept up her character of being one of the best dressed of Englishwomen, though she is very simple and pure in her taste in dress.



LILAC COTTON GOWN.

Hats do not seem much affected at present by married women, nor by anyone who has passed forty, however "fat or fair." Probably one reason is that all the hat shapes are peculiarly youthful-looking this year, and extreme in style.

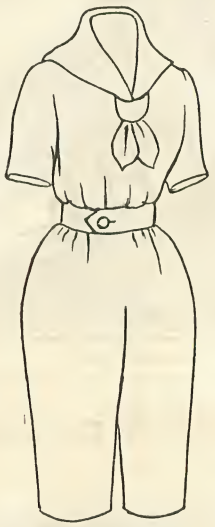
Undoubtedly the favourite colour is grey, but still it must be emphatically called a year of lilac or heliotrope, for that colour seems to have as many votaries. But as the heliotrope exists in many shades of very light and very dark hues, the prevalence of the colour is not so much shown as the grey. Most of the greys worn are nearly of one shade, in whatever material they may be. For evening wear I have been much struck lately with the extraordinary fancy for yellow and the deepest and richest gold colour, generally mixed, if mixed at all, with white in some shape. It is wonderful how this colour suits very varied complexions; it renders fair people more fair, and dark ones more sparkling and lively. White is also much worn; not cream, but pure white. Cotton dresses of all kinds are generally accompanied by a sunshade of the same material, some trimmed with lace and some untrimmed. Lilac prints are very much liked, and all the sateens worn have small white patterns on coloured grounds. I saw several piqués in the Row one morning—an old friend reproduced, with fine lines, and apparently much thinner.

By our illustrations it will be seen that long lines and simple drapery are the present idea of beauty in dress. In fact, judging from what I see, I think all fulness is gradually disappearing from the fronts of dresses, and the dress improver will go out, and the natural fulness of the material alone, in its pleats and puffings, will be the only "bustle." These new skirts are very graceful in effect, and will look even better in thick materials; but stout people must beware of giving way to any extremes of tightness in them, which would prove very ugly.

The popular bodices seem to be of the Norfolk blouse or Garibaldi style, and waistbelts are very generally used. Blouse-polonaises are likely to be much worn later on, the new one having a yoke of tiny tucks, and the sleeves being tucked also halfway to the elbow, thus making a puff, which ends in a plain long cuff. Round basques are also very much worn in every material, especially by young people, but the pointed bodices still hold their own, as is quite natural, amongst those inclined to *embonpoint*. The Norfolk blouse, with three box-pleats back and front, seems the specially fashionable bodice for washing dresses. The Garibaldi blouse is very well suited for growing girls, as it is full in front and proves becoming to their generally very thin figures.

Our large illustration shows a bride and four of her attendant bridesmaids. The bride's dress is of satin or corded silk, the train cut square, with lace *revers* at the sides, a lace front, and a simple tulle veil. The dresses of the bridesmaids may be of the pretty embroidered Swiss lawns or nainsooks. Our illustrations show three ways of making them. At a recent simple wedding in the country the bridesmaids all wore these dresses in pink, with pink hats to match of drawn tulle, and they carried baskets of pink flowers.

The sketch of "Tennis at Home" shows two gowns of flannel, or the new cotton flannels that have proved so acceptable for tennis in the summer. Both dresses could be made without difficulty at home. The single figures wear, respectively, a black silk gown, which might be used for other materials, and a lilac sateen summer frock with a gathered side to it—a very pretty style for cottons, and now much used. The gatherings are honeycombed stitch, the silk used for the honeycomb stitch being generally white, if the dress is a coloured one. The young girl in the background of the tennis-ground picture has a band of honeycombing on the chest of her cotton frock, a style much in favour for children of all ages.



BATHING DRESS.

Scarf mantelettes are more in esteem than any other kinds, save those with fitted flouncing to the sleeves and a tight-fitting front and back. Then there are some long tulle lace or figured net scarves, made double, and finished at the ends with a tassel of lace or a bow, which are used without a mantle. Some of them have a high Marie Stuart collar, or a ruff, at the neck. They are sometimes white or cream, but more generally black. White tissue has been used for them also, and the name they are called by is, I am told, "boulevard."

Parasols and *en-tout-cas* have very thick and knobby handles; otherwise they do not differ from those of last year, except that I see some jointed handles, such as were in favour many years ago. All kinds of materials, thin and thick, are used, though net and lace seem weak protections against the sun's rays. White ribbon has quite taken the place of ruches at the neck and wrists, and some ladies wear a piece of picot-edged ribbon tied round the neck, with a little bow in front or under the left ear. Then at the wrists the same is doubled, so as to allow both edges of the picots to show, and a little bow is sewn on the top of the sleeve. The ribbon should be an inch wide, and white is most liked, though if there be any bright touch about the dress, the colour of the ribbon may match it. I do not think the colour so becoming as the pure white.

Kid gloves are worn by day, and Swede gloves are more liked at night. Tan remains the favourite colour for both, but many people prefer to match the dress in the hue of their gloves. Boots are not so much worn as shoes, and amongst shoes those with the flap in front are in great favour. Square toes and low heels are decidedly gaining ground—much to everyone's comfort in walking, of course.

And now I must say a few words on colours. Brown seems a favourite one for silk gowns, after black, which seems to have fully reco-



TENNIS AT HOME.

vered its former popularity. I only hope the present silks will wear. Dark heliotrope is used in cloth, and also in velvet, but heliotrope cashmeres are light in tone and more lilac, one shade being called asparagus, as it is like the hue of that early vegetable at the point. Then there is asparagus green, which is of a greyish cast. Other greens are lizard, Baltic, and tea. The new browns are called tortoiseshell, coffee, and Vandyck. Blue is called Niagara, Turkestan, and ocean; but it was remarked at the Jubilee how very little blue was to be seen, and yet at the coronation of Her Majesty blue was the favourite hue of the day. Royal blues are, however, too trying for our modern nerves. So one of the newest reds are nearly of purple shading, and are very naturally termed fuchsia; and there is a pink terra-cotta called Charles the Tenth—why, I cannot imagine, for as a rule we have lately wisely departed from the practice of twenty years ago in naming new colours and shades after battles and people, and we call them after the colours they most resemble, be it birds, beasts, fishes, trees, or plants.

The paper pattern for the month is a bathing dress of such a simple kind that it is easily made at home by the most inexperienced dressmaker. The material should be thin serge or woollen of some kind, unless intended for use in a hot climate, when a cotton flannel or Galatea stripe would be prettier and thinner. Those who prefer it may make a short skirt to this pattern by gathering a plain straight piece of material into the band; but it is not really needed for ordinary bathing, when the less one carries the better, I think. This dress is in seven pieces, and will take about three and a half yards to make it, providing the material is twenty-seven inches wide, and the cutting-out is performed carefully. The collar may be of plain material, while the bathing dress may be made of a striped one, and any ornamentation may be used on it, such as braiding or embroidery; but for myself I prefer all such things very plain indeed, as after all they are more for use than beauty, and do not look well to be *voyant* or extravagant in style. A bathing dress is a very useful property, and may be easily carried about, as it takes up very little room, and its possession will often enable an unexpected bath to be taken when we are travelling or sojourning by either lake or seashore.

All paper patterns are of medium size, viz., 36 inches round the chest, with no turnings, and only one size is prepared for sale. They may be had of The Lady Dressmaker, care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate-hill, E.C., price 1s. each. If tacked in place, 6d. extra. The addresses should be clearly given, with the county, and stamps should not be sent, as so many losses have occurred. Postal notes should not be filled up with any name. *Patterns already issued may always be obtained*, as The Lady Dressmaker only selects those likely to remain in constant use for the home dressmaker, and always gives all the newest hygienic patterns for children as well as adults, so that the readers of the G.O.P. may know all the best methods of dressing themselves. The following in hygienic underclothing have already been given:—Combination (drawers and chemise), princess petticoat (under-bodice and petticoat), divided skirt, under-bodice instead of stays, pyjama, or nightdress combination. Also housemaid's or plain skirt, polonaise with waterfall back, Bernhardt mantle, with and without pleated front, dressing-jacket, Princess of Wales jacket and waistcoat (for tailor-made gown), mantle with stole ends, Norfolk blouse with pleats, ditto with yoke, blouse polonaise, princess dress or dressing-gown, Louis XI. bodice with long fronts, plain basque bodice, for either cotton or woollen materials, the new tea-jacket or *après midi* for indoor wear, bathing dress.



GOWN OF BLACK SILK AND JET EMBROIDERY.

THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE PRIZE COMPETITION.



THE subject of this competition dealt with the "Notable Women of the Reign of Queen Victoria." The rules and conditions were published in the February number of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, and, as the home candidates were given until April 25th, and the foreign and colonial candidates until June 25th for sending in their papers, plenty of time was allowed for careful and painstaking work.

A new departure in the rules of the competition was this extension of time allowed to foreign and colonial competitors, and also the award of a special prize.

The subject selected, even apart from its significance *in view of* the Jubilee of Her Majesty, is one of great interest. Biography is a most important part of history, and the biography of women naturally has a special value and attraction for girls. And what a wonderful array of distinguished women have flourished during the reign! No other period in our annals—nay, probably in the annals of any other country—has seen so many women famous in every branch of life.

Talent and work of a secondary order one naturally expects from women. But this age has shown that they can possess intellect of the highest order, while in the active and glorious spheres of heroism and philanthropy they have shed a lustre round the reign, and will have commanded gratitude and admiration from all future generations.

In all branches of literature women have come well to the front, more especially as novel writers. From the time of Miss Burney down to the present day there has been a continual succession of lady novelists, many of them, such as Maria Edgeworth, the Brontës, and, above all, George Eliot, being of the first rank. In other branches of prose writing women have also distinguished themselves, as the names of Lucy Aiken, Mary Russel Mitford, Anne Jameson, Harriet Martineau, and a host of others can testify. Mrs. Barrett Browning, the greatest English poetess, has well upheld the honour of women in this direction, and we were glad to find that only some half-a-dozen girls omitted her name from their lists. There have been many other poetesses who have achieved considerable reputation, but none have approached the first rank.

The list of lady artists and musical composers is, we are bound to admit, disappointing. Women but rarely rise to the highest flights in painting or sculpture, while the history of the world does not afford a single example of a great woman composer. Good work has doubtless been done in the reign, and we possess amongst us now one or two excellent artists, notably the battle painter, Lady Butler (Elizabeth Thompson). The comparative failure of women in sculpture is easy to understand, as there is more manual labour connected with it than with painting. The enormous expense of carrying out works in marble or bronze (indispensable materials for great public monuments) would preclude women, unless they were very wealthy, from executing such works of art.

Perhaps the best lady composer of the reign is the late Mrs. Meadows White (Alice Mary Smith). But here again we have amongst us many good workers, especially in the field of song-writing. Executive musicians have flourished in great abundance, while Britain—at all events "Greater Britain"—has almost approached Italy in the number and excellence of her vocalists.

The age has been rich, perhaps beyond all others, in women who have given up their lives to charitable work. Philanthropists there have been of all kinds who have never tired of alleviating the miseries of the poor and afflicted, visiting the prisons, attending the wounded on the field of battle, founding charitable institutions, and other loving works.

Women have also distinguished themselves as travellers and explorers, such as Miss Bird, Lady Baker, Lady Anne Blunt, Miss Gordon-Cumming, and others; and every list of famous women of the Victorian era ought to include the eminent astronomers, Caroline Herschel and Mary Somerville.

One fact must have been at once apparent when the rules were published, viz., the difficulty of the competition. Information concerning people still living or lately dead is always troublesome to acquire. One must collect newspaper cuttings on the subject, and exercise some little judgment as to the merits of living characters. It is true that a few books have lately been published on the subject; but these are expensive, and probably unattainable in country villages.

With regard to the advantages, from an educational point of view, of entering such a competition, it is almost needless to add to what has been said in previous reports. We will only say that knowledge on this subject is especially useful, and has hitherto scarcely received the attention it deserves.

It was foreseen that the examination of the competition would not by any means be an easy matter, and this opinion was strengthened when the papers arrived. So many of the manuscripts were of almost equal merit. Then one girl would give a splendid selection of characters, but would be faulty in dates; while another would be almost perfect in accuracy, but would give a very unrepresentative list of names. Also some of the most exquisite-looking papers did not turn out to be the best; and some little difficulty was caused by the work of those girls who have a decided hobby which led them into the error of selecting only those women who have distinguished themselves in that branch of life for which the competitor has a special favour.

To meet these difficulties it was decided to establish a right basis for examination, and the following was adopted:—The papers were sorted according to age. A certain number of marks was given for selection of names, a certain number for accuracy, for tidiness, for description, and for quantity. Every paper was examined under each of these headings, and the marks totalled up. The prizes and certificates were then awarded according to the marks obtained, the breaks in the number of marks indicating where the certificates of the higher value ceased and the lower commenced. When there was no decided break, two or three of the worst papers of the higher division and two or three of the best lower division ones were re-read, so that the classification should be as accurate as possible.

We have omitted one thing, viz.: that the papers were examined under each of the headings together, so as to get at the exact relative value of the work. To make all this more plain, we will suppose that the papers of the girls of eighteen are being examined. The first thing is to put on one side the ridiculous MSS., the next to take one of the headings, say the selection of names, and to examine the whole age on this subject; then the second heading, probably accuracy, is taken, and the papers looked through again, and so on through all the headings, the marks in each case being written on the MS. The marks are then added together and the prize given, while, as before stated, a break in the number of marks probably gives some indication as to the award of certificates; but if this is not the case, some of the MSS. are re-read and again compared. A formidable task, truly, but it will be at once admitted that injustice, humanly speaking, has been impossible.

Altogether 920 papers were sent in—808 by home, and 112 by colonial and foreign competitors—a goodly number considering the difficulty of the competition.

The work, taken as a whole, has been remarkably well done, one or two of the papers being in nearly every particular perfect. The colonial and foreign candidates sent good MSS., but they did not succeed in getting any of the prizes, except, of course, the special one gained by a girl twenty-two years of age.

An immense amount of labour and loving care has been bestowed upon the work, and as in former competitions many of the papers have been "garnished" with water colour sketches, drawings, inscriptions, quotations, portraits—with everything, in fact, that could increase the interest and add to the prettiness of the MS. Scores of the papers were done up with silk or velvet ribbons, while so neatly has the whole thing been done, that piled up in three huge groups, the 920 MSS. made, strange to say, quite a pretty sight.

Broadly speaking, the principal error has been inaccuracy of dates. Of course, dates connected with women are sometimes difficult to acquire, still, many of the errors of this kind in some otherwise good MSS. were unpardonable. A great many girls have evidently guessed at the dates of birth of noted women, sometimes with rather strange results.

The selection of notable women has been, on the whole, excellent. But one or two names have been absent from a number of MSS. Mary Lamb and Jane Carlyle, for instance, have not had nearly the recognition they deserve. Now this is singular, for both these women were interesting as characters, even apart from their literary ability. Poor Mary Lamb, with her life of early poverty and the terrible insanity which occasionally befell her, has painful interest for us, while the reputation of Jane Carlyle is of so recent a kind, that it is strange her name should have been so often missed.

A few girls commenced their list with names that are not in the Victorian era, and it was evidently too great a temptation to many to insert the name of that delightful poetess Mrs. Hemans, who died only two years before the accession of Queen Victoria.

Some of the more industrious girls put in names that are thoroughly unworthy, and others finished their papers with a list of all the women they probably have ever heard of. This unnecessary work of course swells up the bulk of the MS., but adds very little to its worth.

The "notices" of the notable women have been admirably done; one or two of the best MSS. reaching the highest of excellence in this section.

The manuscripts, of course, greatly varied in length, but we may safely say that, as a whole, they attested to the great industry and perseverance of the girls.

The youngest age represented was twelve years, and this fact again proves the difficulty of the work, for in the last competition one or two girls of eight years sent in papers. The ages from thirteen to twenty-three, inclusive, were all well represented. There were two MSS. only for each age from twenty-four to twenty-six, inclusive; a skip was then made to the age of thirty-three, which was represented by one manuscript.

It can be said safely that the general excellence of the work increased steadily from age thirteen to twenty-two, inclusive. It is with great pleasure we record the fact, and it is an exception from the general rule in these competitions. Both in neatness and in bulk, the MSS. went off slightly after the age of nineteen, but they increased in accuracy and suitability of information.

The age of twelve was represented by eight papers, two of which were very praiseworthy; thirteen sent in six times that number, the bulk of which were well done. The papers sent by fifteen, sixteen, seventeen and eighteen increased greatly both in number and excellence, and nineteen showed a still further improvement. Seventeen, eighteen and nineteen sent the neatest papers, but the MSS. by the girls of twenty-one and twenty-two were undoubtedly the best in matter and the most accurate.

We said that the bulkiness of a great number of the MSS. attested to the great industry of the girls; there were, however, some remarkable exceptions to this rule. One or two girls of the age of twenty-one and twenty-two sent a single sheet of notepaper containing a solitary name. Did these girls misunderstand the nature of the competition? Because, if not, they are guilty either of impertinence or egregious folly.

But very few girls broke through the rules of the competition; two, however, sent private letters with their MSS., explaining the difficulties of their position and the disadvantages under which they had worked. Of course we are very sorry for such as these, but what can we do? We need hardly say that the letters were at once torn up, and it was only after considerable hesitation that the MSS. were examined. The prizes take the form of a handsome Gold Medal or Brooch of the value of £5 each. The winners of prizes on finding their names below will kindly write at once to inform us which style they prefer—the medal form, for fastening on the breast or watch-chain, or the same medal with a pin fastening at back for use as a brooch.

AGE TWELVE.

First Class Certificates.

Oppenheim, Lalla, Lancashire.
Cook, Annie Jane, Lancashire.

Second Class Certificate.

Carpmael, Ida, Dulwich.

AGE THIRTEEN.

Prize—Gold Medal Brooch.

Shaw, Florence, Lancashire.

First Class Certificates.

Lyon, Janet, Lancashire.
Trotman, Lucy, Wimborne Minster.

Second Class Certificates.

Rake, Louisa Beatrice, Strand, W.C.
Arundell, Edith, Derby.
Tofield, Gertrude Annie, St. John's, Brockley.

Third Class Certificates.

Grover, Mary, Eastbourne.
Cotton, Annie Louisa, Swinton.
Yeoman, Ellen Mary, Wanstrow, Frome.
Garrington, Gertrude, Southsea.
Dalton, Agnes, Chelsea.
Marshallsay, Adelaide Jessie, Wareham.
Newbigging, Annie Louisa Ellen, Toronto, Canada.
Sale, Marion, Yokohama, Japan.

AGE FOURTEEN.

Prize.

Fraser, Augusta Clara Jane, Inverness.

First Class Certificates.

Laily, Blanche May Vaughan, Cheltenham.
Bateman, Christiana Stapleton, Banbury.
Cadbury, Edith, Moseley.
Webster, Annie Margaret Royston, Lancashire.
Hall, Alice Maud, Hamilton-on-Forth, Tasmania.
Clarke, Ellen Florence, Hobart, Tasmania.

Second Class Certificates.

Stockings, Elsie Young, Stony Stratford.
Butcher, Florence Emma, Peckham.
Oppenheim, Susie, Lancashire.
Ashmead, Edith, Brixton, S.W.
Bigglestone, Sarah Hannah Jane, Leamington Spa.

Third Class Certificates.

Packman, Lily Mary, Croydon.
Grimaldi, Maria Margherita, Adelaide Road, N.W.
Woolcott, Emily Kate, Clapham.
Yeoman, Kate Emily, Wanstrow, Frome.
Songton, Annie May, Lancashire.
Simm, Alice, Lancashire.
Broome, Emily Rose, Wellington, New Zealand.
Bladen, Helen, Antigua, B.W.I.

AGE FIFTEEN.

Prize.

Phillips, Annie Beatrice, Ormskirk.

First Class Certificates.

Paton, Edith Agnes, Upper Norwood.
Purcell, Marina Florence, Blackheath, S.E.
Cotton, Margaret Houghton, Lancashire.
Wharton, Rosa Lily, Norfolk.
Embrey, Minnie Eliza, Tuffleigh.
Picken, Bertha Cecilia, East Dulwich.
Keogh, Mabel Hart Picton, Victoria, Australia.
Smith, Lucy E., Otago, New Zealand.

Second Class Certificates.

Fletcher, Mabel, Brigham Hill.
Martin, Francis Eleanor, Clapham, S.W.
Harrison, Elizabeth Mary, Lancashire.
Hart, Ada, Hampstead, N.W.
Ravaison, Amy Chrissie, Maida Hill.
Norris, Hilda Frederica, Halifax.
Blunt, Florence, Clapham, S.W.
Ayton, Beatrice Isabel, Hobart, Tasmania.

Third Class Certificates.

Tofield, Edith Alice, St. John's, S.E.
Crawford, Ella Evelyn, Notting Hill Gate, W.
Botterill, Ethel, Scarborough.
Appleton, Frances Mary, Stroud Green, N.
Fenwick, Ada Isabel, Saltash.
German, Lelia Catherine, Atherstone.
Sadler, Edith Maud, Wells.
Lund, Jenny Louise, St. Anne's-on-the-Sea.
Moncrieff, Bessie, South Shields.
Dennis, Maud Winifrid, Tufnell Park, N.
Gwillam, Beatrice Mary, Great Malvern.
Harrison, Justina A., Toronto, Canada.
Darling, Ellen Jane, Kew, Victoria.
Harvey, Winifred Elizabeth, East Adelaide, South Australia.
Pemberton, Anna Maynard, Dominica, B.W.I.

AGE SIXTEEN.

Prize.

Hatch, Agnes Mary, Wandsworth Common.

First Class Certificates.

Woods, Frances H. H., Clapham.
Masterman, Gertrude, Wakefield.
Smith, Alice Elizabeth, Winchester.
Derrington, Gertie, Birmingham.
Glidden, Matilda A., Guernsey.
Sadler, Hélène Mary, Wells.
Kimber, Alice Maria, Cheltenham.
Musker, Agnes, Holloway, N.
Finlay, Annie M. A., Neuilly-sur-Seine, France.

Second Class Certificates.

Odgers, Lilian Rawling, Camborne.
Ellam, Florence Harriet, Maidenhead.
Davenport, Grace, Bromsgrove.
Fletcher, Annie Maud, Brigham Hill.
Webb, Clare Annie, Clapham.
Abell, Sarah, Selby, Yorkshire.
Garrod, Maud Mary Seward, Scarborough.

Third Class Certificates.

Golledge, Martie Fanny, Bruton.
Phelps, Edith Anne, Blackrock.
Seldon, Ethel, Lower Norwood, S.E.
Merrall, Mary Jane, Birmingham.
Weatherhead, Margaret, Silsden.
Cooper, Lilian Jenny, Camberwell, S.E.
Marchant, Rosa, Wellingboro.
Searle, Edith M., South Norwood.
Raghib, May, New Wandsworth, S.W.
Hildage, Clara, Altrincham.
Perkins, Eleanor, Astwood Bank.
Todd, Eleanor Jane, Cornhill-on-Tweed.
Beenham, Jessie, Willesden, N.W.
Hirst, Kate, Stonewall, Manitoba.
Eborall, Maude, Oregon, U.S.A.

AGE SEVENTEEN.

Prize.

Mulboom, Antoinette Henriette, Clapham.

First Class Certificates.

Fawke, Mary Florence, Bromsgrove.
Pattison, Florence Amelia, Leamington Spa.

Hatch, Hilda Margaret, Wandsworth Common, S.W.
Sephson, Emily, South Croydon.
Hitchins, Isabella Slade, St. Austell.
Pearce, Ada M. E., Redhill.
Tipper, Jane Emma, Birmingham.
Leith, Annie Ogilvie, Lancashire.
Dover, Grace, Calcutta, India.

SECOND CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Jackson, Sarah Helena, Lancashire.
McNalty, Katherine F. M., Chatham.
Rice, Rosa Ann, Stow Bedon.
Murray, Susan Elizabeth, Ilminster.
Weatherhead, Edith Mary, Woolwich.
Hill, Charlotte, Strand, W.C.
Savage, Eva Annie, Runcorn.
Lippiat, Margaret, Temple Cloud.
Wells, Harriet E., Hammersmith.
Clarke, Kate, Leigh.

THIRD CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Eliot, Nora Gertrude ffolliott, Weymouth.
Hunt, Helen Josephine, Brentford.
Cluff, Kate, Tottenham.
Oldham, Emily Ada, Leyton.
McNull, Ina Lockhead, Belfast.
Riley, Maude Lilian, Stoke Newington, N.
Nethersole, Susie C., Wingham.
Dean, Margaret Jane, Isle of Man.
Walkinshaw, Edith, Leamington Spa.
Edwards, Louisa, Kentish Town, N.W.
Kidney, Margaret H., Manchester.
Paton, Rose Evelyn, Upper Norwood.
Clubnall, Ella Margaret, Kempston.
Frankenstein, Adelia, Kimberley, South Africa.

AGE EIGHTEEN.

PRIZE.

Black, Gertrude, Wandsworth Common.

FIRST CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Straker, Ida M., South Croydon.
Hatch, Edith, Wandsworth Common, S.W.
Lewis, Catherine, Poplar, E.
Greenwell, Laura, Sunderland.
Bates, Sarah Elizabeth Jane, Edgbaston.
Cousland, Minnie Lizzie, Edinburgh.
Jowett, Edith B., Idle, near Bradford.
Caine, Sophia Mary, Walmer.
Alwin, Winifred A., Farnham.
Ryde, Ada Margaret, Notting-hill.
Wells, Ethel M., Swaffham.

SECOND CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Ashwin, Elsie Beatrice, Dedham.
Jones, Lucy Helen, Bilston.
Cotton, Sarah Houghton, Lancashire.
Trench, Helen B., Colchester.
Odgers, Beatrice H., Camborne.
Morgan, Nellie, Brecon.
Brown, Ethel A. H., Upper Norwood, S.E.
Mainwaring, Cecilia E., Droitwich.

THIRD CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Rogers, Ellen Emily, Ipswich.
Whalley, Mary Helena, Blackburn.
Macpherson, Isabella S., Penzance.
Yewdall, Sarah Frances, Boston Spa.
Scott, Mary Ellen, Rotherham.
Fenwick, Edith Mary, Saltash.
Marsh, Mary Joseline, Winterbourne.
Kendon, Ada Wickham, Goudhurst.
Blagbrough, Florence, Bradford.
Furney, Sara, Wexford.
Thistle, Edith Annie, Minehead.
Wallis, Lena, Lincoln.
Albert, Alice Sarah, Port Elizabeth, South Africa.

AGE NINETEEN.

PRIZE.

Hecly, Eliza Mary, Moseley.

FIRST CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Howell, Mary Louisa, Ashbourne.
Preece, Carrie Constance, Birkenhead.
Hamper, Edith Mary, Bath.
Brown, Marian Sophia, Worcester.
Kellett, Alice M., Bradford.
Bayley, Edith Annie, Ipswich.
Brindley, Mabel, Highbury, N.
Stamp, Isabella, Sunderland.
Griffiths, Mildred Helen, Bromsgrove.
Tupholm, Edith L., Redcliffe-square, S.W.
Brittan, Millicent, Darley Abbey.
Maygrove, Lily, East Sheen.
Wassell, Edith, Queensland.
Raven, Marion Ayre, Valetta, Malta.

SECOND CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Douglas, Harriette Mary, Clones, Ireland.
Williams, Pollie, Lancashire.
Beckett, Edith, Manchester.
Smith, Maria Louisa, Layer-Breton.
Rice, Elinor Marian, Stow Bedon.
Price, Louisa Frances, West Norwood.
Brooker, Agnes Mary, Southsea.
Ottway, Mary E., Rotherham.
Brockwell, Helen Maud, Upper Norwood.

THIRD CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Fereday, Mary, Wednesbury.
Deverell, Bertha Mary, Reading.
Webb, Lilian Augusta Brooke, Sevenoaks.
Swiney, Ada Catherine, Bury St. Edmunds.
McNalty, Ethel E., Old Brompton, Chatham.
Wallis, Julia Kate, Lincoln.
Petchler, Elise, Levenshulme.
Davidson, Ella Fowlie, Sandown.
Eaton, Edith Elizabeth Kennington-road, S.E.
Marsh, Minnie Julia, Baldock.
Churchman, Louisa J., Horsham.
Latimer, Florence Eva, Dublin.
Cluff, Eliza, Tottenham.
Wells, Florence M., Swaffham.
Mackay, Minnie, Battleford, Canada.
Glass, Mary, Madhupur, India.
Ross, Susie, Cape Town, South Africa.

AGE TWENTY.

PRIZE.

Dauncey, Lucy Emily, Southsea.

FIRST CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Jowett, Martha E., Idle.
Hargrove, Ethel C., Shanklin.
Sutton, Ella, Lee.
Smith, Marion E., Wolverley.
Jarrett, Lily, Croydon.
Porter, Mary H., Westbourne Park, W.

SECOND CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Cairne, Emily G., Walmer.
Smith, Ellen L., Cheltenham.
Goffin, Florence M., Stamford Hill, N.
Morgan, Mary, Victoria Park, E.
Vinall, Ada F., Gibson-square, N.
Nunn, Eliza A., Leek.
Chamberlain, Elizabeth, Fareham.
Allison, Helen B., Hull.

THIRD CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Gratton, Annie E., Ongar.
Brockwell, Ada M., Gipsy Hill, S.E.
Horsfall, Allegonda S., Holbrook.
Illingworth, Clara, Thornton.
Savage, Maud M., Manchester.
Malin, Kate, Thame.
Jones, Clara, Stroud Green, N.
Tweddell, Sarah E. O., Bishopwearmouth.
Simms, Annie L., Wandsworth.
Way, Kate M., Shanklin.
Serenebar, Miss, Fort, Bombay.
Metcherkamp, Susie, Cape Colony.
Martin, Henrietta Harper, Jamaica.
Mackenzie, Maria Moore, Auckland, New Zealand.

AGE TWENTY-ONE.

PRIZE.

Porter, Georgina M. C. A., Westbourne Park, W.

FIRST CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Matthewson, Charlotte, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Dean, Marian Sarah Jane, Burnley.
Prior, Laura A., Hackney.
Whittager, Constance E., Greasboro.
Richard, Gertrude E., West Norwood.
Thynne, Mary G., Surbiton Hill.
Manger, Rosa J., Guernsey.
Muir, Jemima T., Clapham Park.
Snowball, Catherina, Melbourne, Australia.

SECOND CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Ingram, Elizabeth G., Bath.
Hay, Louisa, Stamford.
Wilson, Alice Maud, Chesterfield.
Weaver, Annie E., Forest-hill
Preece, Maud E., Victoria Park, E.
Mackay, Helen, Canada, N.W. America.
Forsberg, Hilda, Stockholm.

THIRD CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Moore, Eliza, Rotherhithe, S.E.
Lord, Annie E., Northeam.
Hawkins, Elizabeth M., Kilburn, N.W.
Woodhatch, Violet, Minories, S.E.
Beere, Edith M., Devonport.

AGE TWENTY-TWO.

SPECIAL PRIZE FOR FOREIGN AND COLONIAL COMPETITORS.

Cotes, Cassie, Victoria, Australia.

PRIZE.

Watson, Emily R., South Norwood.

FIRST CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Manger, Alice B., Guernsey.
Jarrett, Jane L., Croydon.
Muir, Agnes, Clapham Park, S.W.
Whitelan, Margaret, Auckland, New Zealand.
Bailey, Mary Elizabeth, Fort, Bombay.

SECOND CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Bellamy, Edith M., Hull.
Dixon, Jeannie, Worcester.

THIRD CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Brush, Constance O. R., Clifton.
Thistleton, Louisa A., Weymouth.
Ashmead, Marianne, Brixton.
Arundel, Catherine C., Pontefract.

AGE TWENTY-THREE.

PRIZE.

James, Alice, Faringdon.

FIRST CLASS CERTIFICATE.

Allison, Alice M., Hull.

SECOND CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Jones, Florence, Bath.
Hopping, Mary E., Parkhurst.

THIRD CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Dickson, Mary L., Edinburgh.
Beamen, Helena, Croydon.

AGE TWENTY-FOUR.

SECOND CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Myers, Annie N., Glasgow.
Miles, Elma G. Putney.
Mowbray, Ann Anderson, Cape Colony.

AGE TWENTY-FIVE.

THIRD CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Leslie, Emma M., Brighton.
Knight, Mary L., Nantwich.

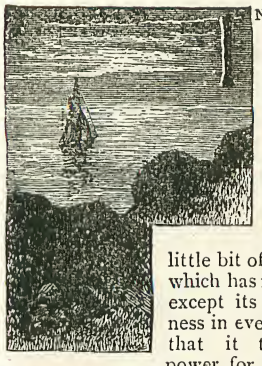
AGE TWENTY-SIX.

FIRST CLASS CERTIFICATE.

Hall, Margaret S., Worcestershire.

A LEAF FROM A LIFE.

By FAIRLEIGH OWEN.



N these days one hears so much said as to the impossibility of testing in every-day routine the highest doctrines of Christian teaching, that I am tempted to make public a little bit of real experience, which has no especial merit except its entire truthfulness in every detail. Also that it testifies to the power for good which is clearly granted even to the most insignificant, honestly seeking to put in practice those maxims which are too often restricted to theory.

The sketch deals with the experience of a young girl leaving home some forty-six years ago to enter as governess the family of a poor Scotch baronet, whom she was to instruct in the ordinary routine of English literature, with French, music, drawing, and the initiatory steps of Latin, for the modest sum of £25 per annum.

She writes:—"It was my first experience of even a single night passed from beneath the family roof. My dear father had almost wept over my quitting home to become the inmate of another, though the position I was to fill was one sufficiently honourable, and one which circumstances had to some extent made necessary.

"In those days girls of the middle class were not accustomed, as now, to face the world on their own account. Examinations, certificates, degrees, were not in requisition; the daughter of a professional man, gently reared and home-taught, was, not unnaturally, considered duly qualified to impart her own acquirements to younger pupils, and to train them in habits and manners befitting their station."

She was to be only a few miles from her own home. Any members of her family were free to visit her. She was devotedly attached to children, in virtue of the tribe at home, of whom she was the eldest. Yet her heart seems to have yearned towards those she had quitted with a softness that will, I fear, provoke a smile from the reader in these times of strong-minded and self-reliant damsels errant.

As she says:—"At the sound of the retreating wheels of the fly which was bearing away my dear mother, leaving me a stranger in a stranger's house, my young spirits sank—I could fain have cried aloud to recall it—to say that I could not stay! That I bathed my pillow with tears, and in the silent watches of the night asked God to forgive me for my desertion of all my dear ones, must be taken less as evidence of my extreme youth, or feebleness of character, than of the influence of home-training—perhaps too prolonged—by which the ties of kindred had become twined so inextricably that to separate them was like dividing the living stem itself. The first agony spent, there came the reminder of a stern necessity which had impelled me to the step, and upon this the healing Spirit, suggesting firmer resolves. Often was the struggle renewed, to be vanquished in the same way—the one only way which dear young untried souls, going out to meet new duties for the first time, will find efficient."

Her duties seem to have been sufficiently arduous. In the schoolroom she had charge of four children, two boys and two girls, aged from four to ten years. An older boy, who attended daily school, she assisted with his Latin.

"There were two younger, one a baby in arms. On washing days, when the Scotch nurse assisted, the elder of the babies, aged two, was added to my charge.

"I was expected to mend and generally superintend the wardrobes of all, to wash and dress, to walk out with them, to instruct, amuse, and finally to undress at night and see them to their beds. Even then my evenings were not hours of relaxation, since I could not conscientiously have left them to the chance of being heard by Scotch Janet, who preferred the society of the other servants below stairs, and the bairns were apt to be wakeful.

"The household was a peculiar one. With a considerable amount of affectionate warmth, there existed a degree of simplicity, not to say roughness, which amounted almost to savagery. The younger children fought, the elder wrangled, the servants almost entirely ruled.

"Lady H. was a fine specimen of a big Scotchwoman, who, doubtless, when 'the Sir' married her for love, had been a bonnie girl on his father's estate. She stood nearly six feet high, her Scotch nurse an inch or so taller, the English cook and housemaid only a little less."

What a band of Amazons, and how they must have towered, in body at any rate, over the quiet, unassuming little governess!

She had the misfortune, it seems, to succeed one who had made herself obnoxious to children and servants by her undue interference, especially with the latter. A general resolve had been made to resist the new-comer, and to render her position as unpleasant as possible.

The relation of their conduct would seem incredible, but that I can vouch for its integrity to the utmost. Again I quote:—

"I was to be boycotted, I suppose. The schoolroom bell was muffled; ring as I might, no one answered. In the morning I had to descend to a bath-room to fill the ewer in my bedchamber. My boots were left uncleaned, my laces and handkerchiefs lost or torn in the wash. My letters were left lying in the hall, or perhaps half-way up the stairs, till chance discovered them to me.

"We took our meals in the large kitchen, at a side-table, the Scotch nurse with the babies at another, these latter half-dressed and wrapped in a blanket—to no sense very pleasing, unfortunately.

"Huge bowls of porridge and milk formed the meal. By a stretch of favour I got tea and bread-and-butter, the latter often replaced by dripping."

The hours of study were liable to be deranged on the most trifling pretext.

"Not unfrequently Lady H. would whirl into the schoolroom with 'Pit awa yer buiks now; the day is too fine to stay ben. Miss D., ye'll tak' them all out for a long walk, an' don't let me see yer faces till teatime'; or, 'I ha' work for Janet the hail afternoon. Wud ye tak' them all in the square, and wee Charlie can play under your eye, the whiles Chattie and Jeannie knit.'

"It was good for us, no doubt, these long walks, sometimes blackberrying on the common, sometimes with hoops and kites, away, away to fields long since covered in brick and mortar, to return in the twilight, tired and hungry, to the big kitchen, where tea awaited us, and master Tom, with glowing face, sat upon the fender, making toast-and-dripping for the whole party, and ready with a petition for me to tell them a tale after tea."

Good for the bodily health, but totally subversive of discipline were such interruptions. The young teacher had qualms of conscience, and once gave her employers notice, on the plea that she really felt she was not fulfilling the terms of her engagement, since her pupils resisted her authority, and would not learn. She shrank from receiving payment for work unaccomplished. A hearty laugh greeted this attempt at righting matters, and she was told it was time for her to be troubled when the employer found fault. All the same, her ladyship made a sudden onslaught upon the rebels, Chattie and Jeannie feeling the weight of the maternal hand. But chastisement only seemed to have the effect of making bad worse. Nurse was informed how the new governess had "told tales," and fresh petty annoyances, slights, and slurs were the result.

She resolved then to make no more appeals to headquarters, but simply to endure, and *trust*.

"To 'overcome evil with good' was the motto I, in imagination, took for my small standard. When my pupils rebelled, tossed the books aside, and defied me to 'make them learn,' I ceased to argue or appeal to their better feelings, rather acquiesced in their preference for ignorance, till the new aspect thus presented of *quiet resignation* and abandonment of them to their own devices seemed at last to have done that which harsher measures had failed to do.

"'Dinna plague her any more,' young Chattie said one day; and thenceforth a new page was turned.

"Master Tom, or 'Tam,' the heir of the house, a red-headed, vastly-freckled, ugly, but good-natured boy, was among the first to be won over. He at once took in hand the younger boys, unruly urchins, and subdued them, thus earning my gratitude. He, too, when we became better 'acquaint,' confided to me the fact that the servants had expressed their intention of 'putting something' in my cup if I 'gave myself airs.'

Poor child! As I now look back upon the small, earnest woman, so far from taking "airs," so intent upon the pitiful routine of her varied duties, she seems like a figure in another life, toiling along a stony path, and I compassionate her.

Truly the patience of the young governess, whose health, by the way, was not very strong, must have been severely tried. In the porridge-making she partook of the duties of cook; those of nurse were to be added. Before long the cradle of the sleeping infant was introduced into the schoolroom, what time Scotch Janet helped beat carpets or ironed her lady's laces. The babe might wake and cry, but no nurse made her appearance, and he had to be soothed. It was found he was always pacified by the governess, and thus it became an ordinary event that six youngsters formed her schoolroom charge.

At the modest little parties given by her ladyship the young governess had many parts to play besides the dances for the young people at the piano. She superintended the

arrangement of the supper-table, improvised the graceful épergne out of glass dishes, finger-bowl, tumbler, and wineglass; filled it with fragrant flowers; cut the wafer-like tongue and ham and the dainty sandwich; devised new garnishing for scantily-filled dishes, with thrifty experience covering up blemishes and eking out narrow margins of supply, meanwhile not unfrequently with her foot keeping in motion the cradle of the slumbering infant, transported for the occasion to the stillroom, while the ubiquitous Janet gave a helping hand in some other quarter.

With an unmurmuring spirit the girl kept on, deeming no task too heavy, too trivial, or too ungenial.

Even when, as she sat on a Saturday evening darning the little socks, putting a button on a small shoe, or letting out a tuck in tiny skirts, there would quietly be added to her task a pair of Lady H.'s own silk stockings to be finedrawn, or when, her taste in her own small matters of millinery having been observed, the lady did not disdain to request her assistance in the trimming of a bonnet or the re-making of a cap—even later on the turning and remodelling of a dress.

Laughingly she tells a friend that at this time she was "filling the place of governess, nurse, milliner, dressmaker, and assistant cook."

A poor spirit! want of self-respect! I think I hear some among my young readers exclaim. Yet we are told something about "doing good to those who despitefully use us," and I fancy the "heaping coals of fire upon the heads of our enemies" could scarcely be, in a small way, better exemplified than when the lonely little queen of the schoolroom proffered her services to help the gaunt Scotch nurse with her own mending one Saturday night, when the children were sleeping, her tasks all finished, and Janet, who filled the office of lady's maid to her titled countrywoman, was bemoaning her lack of time to do her own mending.

It must have been a triumph worth winning when the woman came to thank her with tears in her eyes as she bore off the humble garments, perfectly patched and darned. She went straight to report matters to the grenadier-like cook—"Eh, but yon's a gude lassie, and I think shame o' ourselves."

Guinelda, by the way, was the name of this cook, who came in her turn to make the *amende honorable*, to ask pardon for certain sins of omission and commission, of which the young lady had been happily ignorant, and, not to be behind Nurse Janet in instituting friendly relations, confided to the governess her earnest wish that she would write a letter for her to her father, who lived at the Mumbles, which request, we may be sure, was acceded to.

So the victory was won all along the line. Henceforth children, servants, visitors, all united to make much of the little governess, on whom so much ill-feeling had formerly been expended. From Lady H. herself there had never been anything but evidence of goodwill. She was a lavish, kindly-hearted, irresponsible sort of body, who was only too glad when things went pleasantly, but totally lacking energy or tact to rectify an opposite course.

One evidence of her irrational, not to say harmful, good nature may be set forth in the fact that with her own hands she was accustomed every night to mix a glass of hot whiskey toddy for each one of her female dependants, not excepting the young instructress of her children, who, of course, declined the dose, which was, however, shared by the nurse and housemaid. The cook, even in those early days, was an abstainer.

Another peculiarity in this original household was the fashion of paying wages, most frequently, by an order upon tradesmen supplying the family, which, of course, often resulted in buying articles of dress unsuited to the position of the purchaser.

Against all vexations and trials, however, the subject of our little sketch held her course steadfastly, and most effectually proved the efficacy of her adopted motto.

By-and-by, when the head of the household went away to the gold-fields of California with an enthusiastic party, some of whom came signally to grief, the young governess became a valuable adjunct of the somewhat distraught family in which she had been erst held so cheaply.

She was amanuensis, assistant, and companion to Lady H., she helped nurse the children through a fever, and was comforter, adviser, and tonic-general in times which were, now and again, weary enough to all concerned.

Finally, on her quitting them at her own desire—homesick, if the truth must be told, and pining for liberty—her loss was viewed as a calamity, and bewailed by the very women who had rendered her coming a misery. Two of these, indeed, soon after quitted the house, which, said they, "was not the same now." The children wept for sorrow, and truly if the young lady had cared to consult personal interest only, she might have put a premium upon her services.

I have her own word for the fact that, amid all the roughness of this first experience, she was rarely discouraged or unhappy. The single-heartedness with which she devoted herself to this small combat, the certainty which grew upon her that "good must overcome," filled her being so entirely, that we may well believe her when she says in one of her letters home to that dear mother who was ever enshrined in her heart of hearts:—

"It seems sometimes almost as if an angel had helped me in my work, so marvellously do the many tasks imposed melt away, and get themselves done, as it were, by a miracle."

TRANSFORMED.

A NEW SERIAL STORY.



CHAPTER II.

"TAKE care, Charley. Not so fast, you wild boy! You will have me over; and oh, take care of my frock!"

This as I found myself on the night of the party being carried downstairs in the strong arms of Charley, like a child of three years old.

"All right, Cis; I'll land you safely, never fear; and the frock will shake out beautifully if it's pulled a bit."

What notions of dress those boys have!

Fortunately, aunt, in her wisdom, had suggested that white cashmere should take the place of the muslin I had fondly hoped to have, as being more suitable to wear in a recumbent position, and also warmer, as I was to lie still.

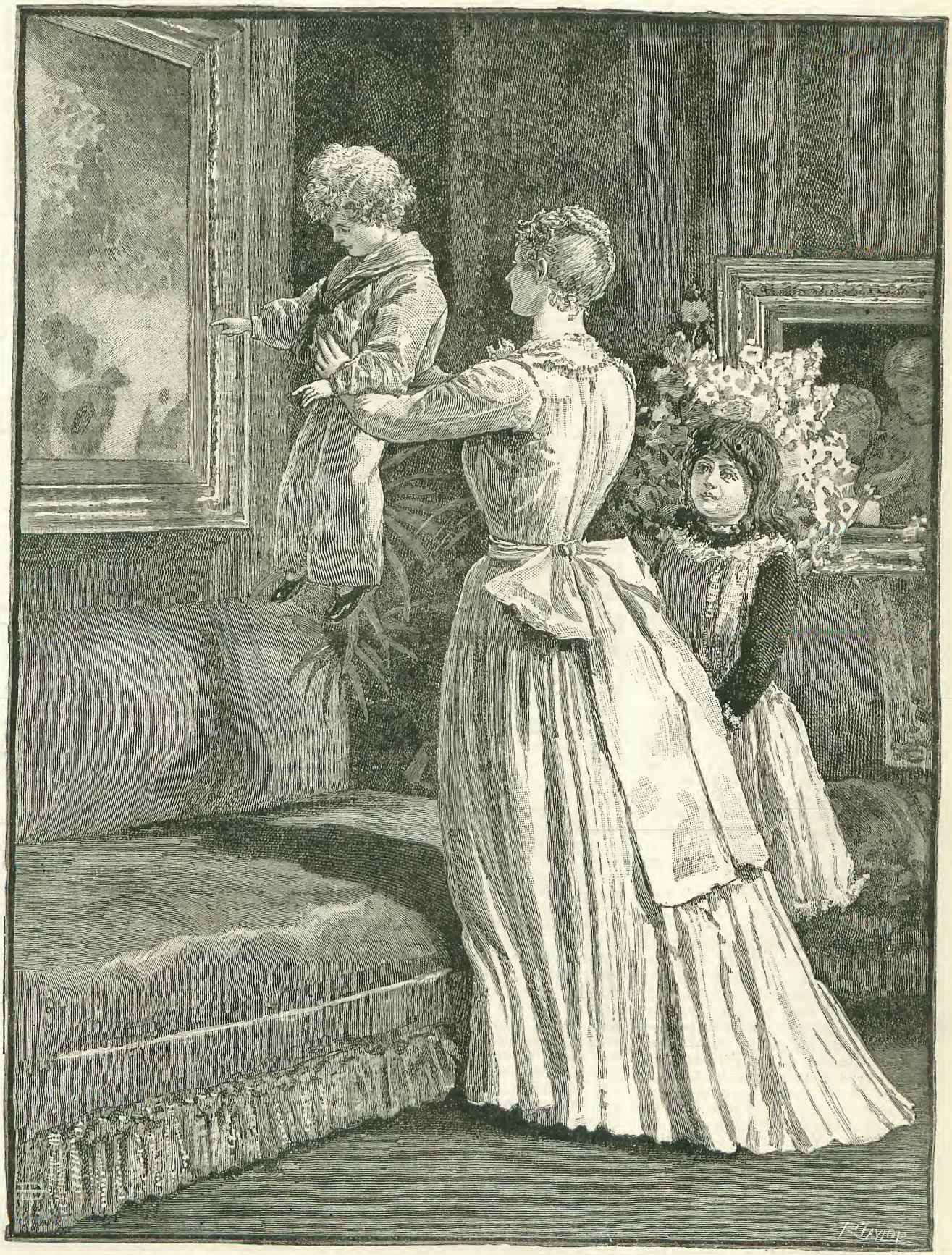
The room was tastefully decorated. All the furniture had been stowed, goodness only knows where, and the walls of the drawing-room lined with settees and chairs. Palms, ferns, and flowers were gracefully disposed in every available space, and exhaled that mingled perfume which is so suggestive of all sorts of delightful things.

Nobody had yet arrived. Indeed, I had taken care that I should be first. A comfortable sofa had been arranged for me in the thickly-curtained bow window, and a glass screen, partially covered with grasses and ferns, yet well out of the way, stood in front, so that I could see everything and be seen by few, excepting those who chose to come into my corner of retreat. I was in full view of the door, and could see the arrivals as they entered the room.

I must say Charley was very careful. He disposed me very gently upon the sofa, arranged my dress gracefully, drew my swansdown-trimmed cloak round my shoulders, handed me my fan, and busied himself with my foot, from which I am thankful to say now the bandages had been removed, upon the express understanding that I did not put it to the ground, so that my cherry-coloured shoes were in full force.

I was very happy. I felt I was looking well, flushed, probably, with excitement and anticipation. I had looked forward to this evening for three years, and now at last my hopes were to be realised. I felt so full of joy that it seemed as though something must come to disturb it all, now it was so near at hand.

These children's parties were an especial feature of aunt's entertainments, and were unique in their way. She disapproved of late hours, and she particularly loved to see children, and have them about her. She liked, too, to bring old and young, children and "grown-ups"—persons of my own age—together. She said we grew up too soon, and a sensible romp with the children kept us natural and lighthearted. Yet while she loved children, she disliked having spoilt ones about her. She liked a child with high spirits, but she would



"'WITH WHAT GRACE SHE RAISES THE DUMPLING FROM THE GROUND.'"

have it obedient. Therefore she only invited those who knew how to behave.

The children came at six, and had games and then tea. One of my cousins and three of her friends superintended this part of the business, and then at half-past seven the other guests came, played with the children till nine, and then spent the rest of the evening in talking, music, or in reciting.

I had, of course, not gone to the children's tea, and was now awaiting the arrival of the elders.

Presently my aunt came in, looking so sweet with her dear smooth white hair and her kind grey eyes. She had just time to come over and give me a pat and a smile, when someone whose name I could not catch was announced. From behind my screen I saw a tall, well-knit man, with a fair, flowing moustache, so altered, so different from what he was three years ago! Yet my instinct, or whatever that marvellous gift is called which we women possess, told me whom this must be. In another minute Charley is bringing Frank Warren up to me, and I recollect nothing more than a confused shaking of hands, sympathies for the sprained foot, and a bounding heart, as though it must rend the bodice of my dress.

"Now, Frank, I am going to leave you for a little while with Miss Leslie, while I go and do duty," said he.

"You are looking very well, Miss Leslie," said Mr. Warren, by way of saying something.

"Oh, yes," I replied, "I am very well. It's only my ankle which prevents me from getting about. You have only just returned, have you not?"

"Only landed this morning."

"Are you glad to be back?"

"Well," he answered, "yes and no. I am glad to be back in England again, of course. Who would not be? But I am sorry, too, that the old life is over. It is a life that one could not lead always, and yet while it lasts it is very pleasant—pleasant, perhaps, from the very fact of a consciousness which is ever present that it is only to be for a certain limited time."

"And now you have come back, and are going to be a great artist."

"Ah, that is another matter," said he, with rather a serious face. "The fact is, that though I have spent three years in wandering about amongst the greatest masterpieces of art, have frequented the studios of the first living artists, have had instruction from many of them—have had, in fact, what are called 'the greatest advantages'—I find myself on my return more hopelessly enamoured of Art than before I went away, and even less able to interpret her. I ask myself sometimes whether the result of all this is to be a life hopelessly wasted in striving after the unattainable. Yet, I think rather than live so I would go and put my bodily strength to use in hewing stones or sawing wood!"

He looked so serious that I think there must have been a reflection of his mood in my face. I had evidently touched a chord which had been strung up to a very sensitive pitch.

"But this is nice selfish talk for a fellow to entertain you with! Miss Leslie, pray forgive me."

Before I could answer, Charley came in.

"Aunt has not told anybody you are here yet," said he, "but by-and-by you will have to be trotted out, my boy, and introduced to the guests. I advise you to take a survey of them through this screen before the ordeal takes place."

By this time the children had come into the drawing-room, and several of the "grown-ups" (as I must call them for want of a better word, for I hate "adult") also.

"That I will," said Mr. Warren; "and you shall tell me their names, Charley, so that I may remember them better. But, Charley, my dear fellow, are these ladies uncommon specimens of the fair sex, or am I unusually fastidious?"

"I think it is the latter, sir," said Charley. "They are no worse and no better than they have always been. You are, of course, alluding to their figures. To one girl with a good figure you see twenty with a bad one. Look at that Miss Sennit, now. Let us diagnose her. Contraction of the pectoral muscles, abnormal extension of the rhomboideus and longissimous dorsi, atrophy of the erector spinæ. There's another, too—she of the flowing skirts of silvery sheen, with a rather pretty face. Observe how she gives her hand to her partner, as though she were a Dutch doll. See with what a dromedary-like motion of the head each step is taken. And, oh dear me! regard the fair lady in blue with the square plastron of white lace! Compare the length of her back with that from chin to waist, and note the difference. Note the damosel in cherry-coloured silk and of fair proportions. I must say she deserves to be more pleasing to the eye, in consideration of the agonies she must be enduring in that corset."

Mr. Warren was observing without saying much. I think if he had been a nearer relation of my aunt's, or, perhaps, if I had not been present, he would have expressed himself more freely. Charley never minced his words or his opinions.

"I suppose," said Mr. Warren, "that I have become very fastidious, having spent so much of my time amongst the most perfect statuary, and amongst people who have the very highest ideals; but I always ask myself again and again, why we should so seldom see an embodiment of our ideals in actual life? If we dared in art to depict anything that was not a true interpretation of Nature, it would cease to be real art, only we naturally seek to depict Nature in her most perfect form. And yet I turn my gaze towards the men and women who actually surround one, and never—not once—has it been my good fortune to find anything approaching the delineations of the great painters. I ask myself if they are false in their work, or if we are all so second-rate that it is almost hopeless to find an approach to our ideal."

"Yes," said Charley the matter-of-fact. "If there is anything I do like to see in a girl it is a good figure. I like to see her carry herself well, and be able to move gracefully. I know nothing about art, but I think I know a little about health" (Charley had written many articles on hygiere, and we thought him rather crazed on the subject); "and over and above that, I like to see a girl look nice, you know. But really, the way the dear creatures spoil their health and mar their appearance in their efforts to make themselves attractive would be amusing, if one did not see the other side of the question too."

"But surely something might be done," said Mr. Warren.

"I do not know what," said Charley.

"Why," said Mr. Warren, "for one thing I think we all want educating as to what is really beautiful. We have the oddest notions upon these matters. Unless there is some fundamental rule to go upon, and to which we adhere in spite of the customs that surround us, we shall always relapse into a tolerance of the hideous tyranny which fashion, that rambling despot, chooses to exercise at the time being, and from which nothing but our laziness or want of artistic education prevents us from shaking ourselves free. I declare," he continued, "art and the love of the artistic ought to be taught in every school. Our eye ought to be trained to love that which is æsthetic; it would then become part of our nature; every spontaneous action would be full of grace and beauty. It would be the first step towards the higher culture of the mind; for from beautiful surroundings arise beautiful thoughts, and beautiful thoughts naturally seek their ideal in the good and true; and if it is the right kind of good and truth, it will not rest satisfied with passive contemplation, but will pass on from that to an active embodiment of the qualities which have awakened enthusiasm or kindled admiration. In that way art might be instrumental in serving the highest and noblest purposes."

"But," said Charley, who seemed rather taken aback by this outburst of eloquence, "we were talking of good and bad figures, and you have landed us I do not know where. One can see you have been meandering about on the Continent, my dear Frank; for there mind and body are ever apart with such men as you. One is ever roaming in the realms of speculation, and the other making such shift for itself as its airier brother will let it."

Mr. Warren smiled.

"You are right, Stanley," he said. "Now I have returned to England you shall teach me how to be practical, and in revenge shall show me how to make my body complete master over my mind."

"No fear of that, my dear fellow," said Charley. "Once let the mind roam—once let it feel the power of its wings—no fetters are strong enough to bind it down for long together; it will burst through everything, and be all the stronger for the struggle it has passed

through. But to return to the matter we were speaking of."

"Ah!" said Mr. Warren, suddenly looking into the room at something or somebody who seemed but at that moment to have attracted his attention. "Look, Charley, here is at last a magnificent creature! What grace, what dignity, what stateliness without stiffness, what a contour! Why, my dear fellow, she is perfect—perfect! Look at her!"

Full of curiosity to see who it could be that roused Mr. Warren's enthusiasm to such a pitch, I peered through the screen, and saw that it was nobody of more importance than Miss Matilda Blake, one of the ugliest girls in the neighbourhood. She was a Canadian, and had settled in our vicinity about two years ago with her father, an old "retired" gentleman. What he had retired from was not generally known. He saw little society, and Matilda was his constant companion and friend. They lived in a quiet, unostentatious way, never seeking to thrust themselves where they would not be welcome, yet not repulsing those who seemed to wish to make their acquaintance. We girls thought her rather haughty and cold, and whenever she was present we felt rather ashamed of our small talk, though Matilda never attempted to stilt her conversation. There was something altogether indescribable about her, which on looking back I cannot describe better than by saying that she seemed always balancing on the extremities of two opposite qualities. Thus, she was both proud and modest, generous and over-thrifty (we saw the latter, and heard tales of the former), scorning to ask a favour, and yet grateful for the smallest kindness spontaneously shown.

Yes, as Mr. Warren said, her figure was good; but her face!—that was what we girls looked at, and unanimously pronounced to be hideous. And yet it was not that exactly; but girls always deal in the superlative. Her complexion was pale and rather ashen, the face short and broad, the features irregular and badly formed. The two redeeming points about her were her hair, and especially her eyes. There was a sadness in them that spoke of sorrow, a seriousness that told of thought. Her countenance was rarely lighted by a smile, and when it was, the underlying sadness seemed more evident than ever. Altogether it was the face as of one who stood rather apart from her fellows—not exactly voluntarily so, but as one who accepted a fact which was tacitly admitted on all sides.

And, indeed, this was the case. We looked upon her as one outside ourselves—as one to be pitied, and as one who could never hope to aspire to the same ambitions, indulge in the same dreams, or have the same "chances" as ourselves. My aunt had taken a fancy to the girl, and her sweetness and kindness had called forth in her a degree of gratitude and affection which I believe she entertained for no one else except her father.

I suppose it was at my aunt's earnest request that she showed herself at the party this evening. She certainly was looking well dressed. A simple muslin, carelessly tied with a soft silk sash, not tightly, but sufficiently to show the outline of the slender waist and well-shaped bust. She had no elaborately-arranged bouquet, but a single geranium pinned at the side of the neck.

Warren inquired who she was, and Charley told him all he knew about her.

"Charley," said Mr. Warren, "that woman may have a singularly plain face—I cannot with truth deny that; but I tell you she has my ideal of a figure. Look how full of spontaneous grace every motion is! What a magnificent turn of the head! What a carriage! There is pride, and yet there is not pride, in it. Can you not see it, man? I tell you there is character in every gesture. I tell you this woman—and I use the word in its most dignified sense—must have a beautiful mind, if she has not a beautiful face. Look at her now, as she is lifting that golden-haired child in her arms, and holds him up to look at that picture on the wall. With what grace she raises the dumpling from the ground! What firmness in the pose! What lightness and elegance in the balance of the body! You must introduce me, Charley. Here is a study far too interesting to be neglected. Hist! Let us watch her a little."

So engrossed was he that he forgot everything else in the absorbing interest with which he followed the actions of Miss Matilda Blake. Charley and I, interested too, in spite of ourselves, bent our gaze in the same direction as Mr. Warren.

Certainly he was right. Matilda was graceful. But was she only graceful to-night, or had we been blind to her good points all along, because we had been so sensible of her weak ones? Alas! I fear it was the latter; for the more I see of life, the more I have reason to regret this partial blindness with which the most of us are afflicted. What a lovely, loveable place the world would be if we only opened our eyes! How many beautiful traits of character, how many little hidden acts of kindness, how many noble thoughts would be revealed to us, if we would only open our eyes, and be impressionable to what is going on around us! Life would not then be so dull and so ugly as it is to many. The world would be a wonderful place, and the most wonderful study in this wonderful place would be found in our fellow-creatures.

No doubt Mr. Warren had this gift of seeing to some extent. But in him the gift was first awakened—put, as it were, into motion—by the loveliness of form, colour, or system. He never would have troubled what sort of a mind Miss Blake might have had, had he not wished to find, if possible, some confirmation of his theory that a person's figure and spontaneous movements were an index to their character.

I had seen persons with a good figure often; but they were not like Matilda—their uprightness was so evident. They seemed to say, "Look at me; I am constantly remembering to be upright." As you looked at them you longed to see them relax that inflexible straightness. Their heads, too, were always held so rigidly, and they stuck their elbows out. It always made me uncomfortable to see a person so evidently conscious of her carriage.

There was none of this, I was obliged to confess, about Matilda. She held herself with the most perfect ease, and only where there is perfect ease can there be perfect grace.

"What we have to take means to bring about," said Mr. Warren long afterwards to me, "is to accomplish that point, viz., that our perfect ease should be perfect grace."

Meanwhile I lay on my sofa with a strange feeling of sorrow at my heart. What would I not have given at that moment to be plain Miss Blake, and to be the object of so much attention? Another thought pursued me, too, and rose up in a hideous shape before me. I knew that my own figure was execrably bad; I knew that I was round-shouldered, narrow-chested, that I stooped, and that I walked in a listless, ambling sort of fashion—as a being, I was sure he would say, entirely without character. I am afraid he would have been right. I had not much then to speak of.

But that mighty propelling power through which even greater deeds are done, and have been done, than ever were or shall be effected by steam, or electric, or any other power, was to come and mould my character into shape, and show me of what I was capable and what I could dare.

Mr. Warren had, after some little time, turned round to me, as if half ashamed of his enthusiasm, and had endeavoured to talk of commonplace, everyday matters.

But I was too strangely perturbed to give much heed to what he was saying. I had not learnt the art of disguising my feelings, as so many persons seem to find it necessary to do; my face was always but too plainly the index of my mind. Presently one of my cousins came and told Mr. Warren that my aunt could spare him no longer, and that she wished to introduce him to some of the guests.

As I expected, he soon found his way to Miss Blake, who had a whole troop of children round her. She had procured some bonbons, and was playing andy-bandy—on an improved method, I should think, judging by the shouts of laughter which proceeded from her corner. The game seemed to interest Mr. Warren too.

Then I saw Mr. Warren gravely put his two fists one upon the other, and Miss Blake, after a glance at him, choose one—the wrong one, of course—and the forfeit went to one of the children, who were profiting at the expense of her remarkable dulness.

When they came together again the children had departed. Someone was singing, and Matilda and Mr. Warren sat in a corner, and seemed to be having a very animated conversation. One could see they had not heard a note of the song that was being sung, although they did not, of course, talk during the music.

I soon returned to my room. I was chilled and disappointed. With what dif-

ferent thoughts I had left this very room but a few hours ago! How trivial all my little vanities and how small all my ideas seemed! What a small pivot they revolved upon! I had confidently expected to find Mr. Warren as little changed as I was myself. I found instead a transformed being—a man with a course of life marked out for him, but as yet dimly, and, oblivious of all else, he is straining his vision to try and discern whither it leads. How it could be shaped into practicable, useful, and glorious ends! Mr. Warren was no dreamer in its strictest sense. If he dreamed, it was but that, like Simon Tappertit advised, his dreams should be put into a realisable shape when he had shaken himself free of their fairy gossamer.

I could not at that time have put all this into words. Like a dumb animal that looks at you and cannot express itself, I was conscious of all this in some mysterious way, and the only form it took was a vague but intense longing—a longing to share in these wonderful ideas of his, to be admitted into his confidence, to try and help him to make clear much that remained obscure to him. Instead of this, so evident had been my pettiness and ignorance, that he had had to descend forcibly to the level of my intelligence.

I divested myself of my cherry-coloured bows. How could I have thought so much about them? How had I allowed my mind to become stunted by dwelling only upon little things? I looked inwardly at myself. My stock of knowledge was pitiably small. I had been "finished," it is true; but I began to realise that it is when one is "finished." that one's education really begins.

I was in this heavy-hearted mood when I seemed to remember something which till then had been forgotten. How often forgotten, how often remembered in the trials and perplexities of life!

I knelt down and buried my head in my hands for some time, and a feeling of calm quiet and trust gradually began to steal over me, so that it was not a very tearful face which lay on my pillow shortly afterwards.

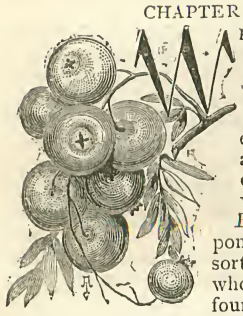
And soon a restful sleep sought my weary lids, and shut out all troubles and trials for the time being.

(*To be continued.*)

THE BROOK AND ITS BANKS.

By the Rev. J. G. WOOD, M.A., Author of "The Handy Natural History."

CHAPTER IX.



HAT Brook is complete without its WAGTAILS, those graceful, lively, and prettily coloured little birds which are to be seen wherever a few inches of water exist? *Brook*, river, lake, or pond are all the resorts of the Wagtails, whose food is mostly found at the edge of the water. Five species are known to inhabit England. The commonest of them is the PIED WAGTAIL, sometimes known as the DISHWASHER (*Motacilla Yarrélli*). In France the Wagtails go by the popular name of "Lavandieres," or Washerwomen, in allusion to the Continental custom of washing linen at the bank of a stream. In general shape, though not in colour, the Wagtail looks very much like a magpie seen through the wrong end of an opera glass, its long tail being very conspicuous.

The bird seems absolutely incapable of keeping its tail quiet, and immediately on alighting from the wing, or when tripping over the ground in pursuit of insects, flirts its long tail up and down with a peculiar jerking movement that can be recognised at a considerable distance. Why this bird should wag its tail up and down, while the duck wags its tail sideways, no one can conjecture.

Its flight is as peculiar as its walk, the wings being so short that at every stroke it sinks down towards the ground, so as to describe a series of deep curves as it flies.

It seems to be a most restless little bird, running here and there, picking right and left, and flitting about with ceaseless activity. Roads that happen to run near water are favourite resorts of the Wagtail, as there the bird can find plenty of the little insects on which it lives. Now and then it seems to borrow some of the habits of the flycatcher, perching on a stone and leaping into the air after the insects as they fly past it.

If you look closely among the banks of the brook, you will probably come upon the nest of the Wagtail. It is carefully hidden, and you may have some trouble in finding it. The bird is not very particular as to the exact locality in which it places the nest, sometimes making it among the long grass, sometimes putting it among stones, and often placing it in a hole of an old wall. It is made of withered grass, fibrous roots and leaves, and is lined with various kinds of hair. Altogether it is a careless sort of nest, and displays none of the trim neatness which distinguishes that of the dipper. Indeed, it is hardly superior to that of the campagnol.

In one respect, however, it is more interesting than the dipper's nest. The eggs of the Wagtail are greyish white, speckled with brown. But among them may sometimes be seen an egg of much the same size, but of a dark grey, thickly mottled with reddish brown. This is the egg of the CUCKOO (*Cuculus canórus*), that very remarkable bird which, instead of building her own nest and rearing her own young, lays her eggs here and there in the nests of other birds, leaving to them the task of rearing them.

The oddest point in the life-history of the Cuckoo is the great discrepancy between the size of the Cuckoo and that of its egg. The Cuckoo is about as large as the kestrel, and, indeed, has often been mistaken for a hawk; yet its egg is no larger than that of a sparrow, the object of the very small size being to enable the Cuckoo to place its eggs in the nests of the various little birds which are chosen for this purpose. Birds seem to have but little sense of colour; for one of the birds whose nest is most frequently chosen by the Cuckoo is the hedge sparrow, whose eggs are blue and quite unlike those of the Cuckoo.

How the Cuckoo contrives to place her eggs in so small a nest was not known until lately. Now it has been ascertained that the Cuckoo first lays her egg on the ground, and then takes it in her mouth and lays it gently in the nest of the foster-parent.

The egg being so small, the young Cuckoo when first hatched is no larger than the young wagtail, redbreast, or hedge-sparrow; but, like the crocodile, which grows to a length of sixteen feet or so, and is hatched from an egg scarcely larger than that of a Muscovy duck, the Cuckoo grows with wonderful rapidity, so that there is not room in the nest for itself and the rest of the young.

Finding itself crowded, the Cuckoo deliberately pushes its foster-brethren out of the nest, and soon grows so large that there is scarcely room enough in the nest even for itself. That it should be able to perform such a feat at so tender an age seems so unlikely that for a long time no one would believe it to be possible. However, it has often been watched, and the fact has repeatedly been proved. In the *Field* newspaper of July 28, 1883, the following communication appeared:—

"A Water-wagtail has lately built her nest in a flower-box at my window. She began to build about June 17, and on the 25th I saw a Cuckoo fly in and lay an egg in the newly-finished nest. On each of the four following mornings the Water-wagtail laid an egg, and two I took out of the nest. She began at once to sit on the three remaining eggs, and on the 11th and 12th of July they were all hatched.

"When two days old the Cuckoo turned one of the Water-wagtails out of the nest, and on our replacing it he turned them both out. The Water-wagtail continued to feed the young Cuckoo with great care, and one day she brought him a yellow butterfly. She chopped it up with her beak, but the Cuckoo would not swallow it until he had the whole of the butterfly in his mouth.—F. H., Haffield Ledbury."

It is a remarkable fact that this habit of laying eggs in the nests of other birds belongs only to the Cuckoos of the Old World, those of America making their own nests and looking after their own eggs as respectable birds might be expected to do.

Mr. H. Bowdler Sharpe, the well-known ornithologist, explains our Cuckoo's habits in a very simple and interesting manner. Some little time before these lines were written he delivered a lecture at the Midland Institute, Birmingham. He stated that "from his own experience he believed that there were at least five males to every female Cuckoo that visited this country. The audience would therefore see that there were four unfortunate male Cuckoos who could not find a wife, and the consequence was that the female bird was continually chased by every one of the males, each requesting her to marry him and build a nest.

"In America there were not so many male birds in excess of the female, and the consequence was that the Cuckoos in that country built their own nests. The American Cuckoos did not lay their eggs and hatch them all at



once, as most English birds did, but would lay them at intervals, leaving the young birds first hatched to hatch the remainder."

Cuckoos' eggs, although they are rather prized by collectors, are much more common than is generally supposed, as may be imagined from the fact that they have been found in the nests of at least ninety species of birds. My eldest son once took two Cuckoos' eggs out of the nest of the same hedge-sparrow, the second having been laid two days after the first. I have also heard of two Cuckoos' eggs having been placed simultaneously in one nest. These were probably laid by two separate birds. I believe that many of the Cuckoos' eggs which are found are mistaken for those of the sparrow, and are, therefore, destroyed.

Again, I have noticed that in some years these eggs are tolerably plentiful, while in others scarcely an egg is to be found.

Watching the proceedings of the young Cuckoo and its foster-parents is a most interesting task, but one which is very difficult of accomplishment. The nest must, as has already been mentioned with regard to the kingfisher, be in your own domains, where mischievous boys will not be allowed to meddle with it. Even when we are fortunate enough to possess a spot where the birds can be protected and where a Cuckoo has laid its egg, there is still another enemy which is nearly as formidable as a boy, and that is the cat. Pussy is a charming animal, and I am very fond of her; but she is a determined bird-hunter, and nothing delights her more than getting hold of a nest of young birds.

Whenever the egg of the Cuckoo is found, it should be carefully protected, as the bird does inestimable service to agriculture.

Coming to this country in the spring, when the leaves are green and tender, it feeds almost wholly on caterpillars, especially the great hairy larvæ of the tiger-moth, which are so familiar under the title of "woolly bears." It also eats the larvæ of the vapourer-moth, which does such damage to fruit-trees, and whose clothing of stiff, bristly hairs, arranged in bundles, is an effectual protection against any bird except the Cuckoo. So if you should be fortunate enough to have a brook running through your own grounds and to find the nest of a Wagtail, or, indeed, of any small bird, you should keep a careful watch, in hopes that a Cuckoo may deposit an egg in the nest.

The mention of watching the nest brings me to another point. Ever observe Captain Cuttle's golden rule—

"WHEN FOUND, MAKE A NOTE ON."

Never be without your note-book and pencil, and never omit to note down even the most trivial incident. The day is tolerably sure to come when that little incident will prove to be of inestimable value, and may, perhaps, be the means of settling some disputed point in Natural History.

The value of your note-book will be doubled if you can draw, however rudely, the object which you are describing. You may probably be ignorant of its name, so that the incident will have no scientific value; but the sketch, together with the description, will enable an expert to identify the object, and so to make your notes a valuable contribution to science.

The habit of invariably sketching everything which you notice will be of the greatest personal service to you. It is comparatively easy to make a sketch of a tree or a flower, about which you can take as much time as you like; but when you have to sketch a living creature, and especially when you wish to represent it in action, you must acquire the art of seizing the salient points and transferring them at once to paper, leaving details to be filled in afterwards.

If you happen to have seen the rough sketches which were taken by the artists of the illustrated journals upon the field of battle, you will understand the value of this art, which can only be acquired by constant practice.

SHOULD the brook be one of those which are favourable to the sedge and reed, there is another bird whose nest may mostly be found, and who is often obliged to play the part of foster-parent to the Cuckoo. This is the pretty though soberly-coloured bird known by the name of SEDGE WARBLER (*Sylvia phragmitis*). It is quite a little bird, only measuring five inches in total length. Its colour is simply brown of one or two shades above, buff on the breast and abdomen, and white on the throat. These sombre colours, together with its retiring and shy habits, render it invisible to the casual passenger, while those who are familiar with its ways have no difficulty in observing it.

While I was at Oxford, and in the habit of spending much of my "Long Vacation" on or in the river, I became quite familiar with the Sedge Warbler. In many places the reeds and sedges grew so luxuriantly that I often used to drive the boat among them until it was nearly hidden by the dense foliage, and there, myself hidden, was able to watch many a denizen of the water and the bank.

Among this herbage the Sedge Warbler was usually to be found, though less seen than heard. It mostly kept itself within shelter of

the reeds, seldom even showing itself above their tips. When there was a blank space, the Sedge Warbler would occasionally flit across it for a moment in its peculiarly restless manner, and immediately disappear among the sedge-blades. It is very liberal of its little twittering, guttural song, especially towards evening.

Although the Cuckoo manages to find the nest of this bird, human eyes have some difficulty in detecting it, as it is always well sheltered, and often placed in situations where it can only be approached by wading. A favourite position for this nest is a spot on the bank where it is overshadowed by a bush above and sheltered by reeds or sedges below. The eggs are pale brownish-yellow, mottled with dark brown, and are sufficiently like those of the Cuckoo to excuse the bird for failing to detect them.

ANOTHER most interesting bird may be found in similar localities. This is the REED WARBLER (*Salicária arundinácea*), sometimes called the Reed Wren. In colour this bird somewhat resembles the sedge warbler, but may be distinguished by the redder hue of its back and the white streak over the eye.

Like the preceding bird, the Reed Warbler is by no means uncommon, though seldom seen except by those who know where and how to look for it. Following the same tactics as the coot, it makes its nest at some distance from the land, and places it in the thickest clusters of reeds, where it can with difficulty be seen, and where, even when detected, it can scarcely be approached, even in a boat.

The bird gathers together three or four of the strongest and tallest reeds, and weaves its beautiful nest upon them, always placing it at a considerable height above the water. Now the reed is proverbially flexible, and bows unharmed before the storm which tears the branches off the elm and uproots the oak. What then is to become of the eggs and young of the Reed Warbler?

If you walk by the brookside on a stormy day, you may see the reeds all bending before the wind until their tips nearly touch the surface of the water. Among them will probably be several nests of the Reed Warbler, and yet not an egg or a young bird will be flung into the water. This object is attained by the peculiar structure of the nest, which, instead of being cup-shaped, as is the case with most of the warblers' nests, is exceedingly deep in proportion to its width, so that even in the severest gale, when the reeds are flung about like so many whips by the force of the tempest, the contents of the nest are retained within it.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

WINNING WAYS.—Nothing is ever lost by being pleasant and agreeable. You ask for two pounds of steak—no more no less. One butcher growls that he can't cut off just two pounds, and you leave him thoroughly vexed. At the next stall the man of meat hears your request with unruffled visage, cuts off a pound and a half, throws it into the scale and out again in double quick time, rolls it up neatly and says, with a sweet smile, "Just two pounds, ma'am."

PLEASURE OR DUTY.

No, Jane, *I cannot* come to-day;
The mother needs me here at home.
Go with our schoolmates out to play,
And tell them, dear, I cannot come.

The household labour all day long,
Too much for her, belongs to me;
For mother is not now so strong
As, years ago, she used to be.

You're going up St. Dunstan's Hill,
The path we have so often tried—
Past the old weather-beaten mill,
And through the coppice by its side?

Among the bracken, while you're there,
Such lovely wild flowers you will see;
You'll find enough for all, so spare
One handful to bring back for me.

The sunshine's glorious and bright!
You'll all enjoy it while you roam;
'Twill give me just as much delight
In shining on my work at home.

—*Ximena.*

A CHEAP SEWING MACHINE.

A needle, if one consults a dictionary, is described as a small instrument for sewing. It may also, to suit a particular purpose, be termed a sewing machine, and an unprincipled American who adopted the latter description of it had undoubtedly a purpose of his own to serve. He was in want of money, and appears to have been fully aware that there are plenty of foolish people in the world who only require a trap to be set to fall readily into it.

His plan was an extremely simple one. He put an advertisement in one or two largely circulating American papers, stating that any person desirous of possessing an excellently-conditioned sewing machine would have the same forwarded for the sum of one shilling, sent to the advertiser in postage stamps.

The success of this ingenious little scheme for raising money was greater than the inventor of it had any right to anticipate, for one gathers from the American papers that "XXX" received numbers of answers to his advertisement with the required shilling. In return for this sum he conscientiously sent to each address what, from his point of view, was a well-conditioned sewing machine—to wit, a drill-eyed needle of superior quality.

A "B" AND A BULL'S FOOT.—Not to know a "B" from a bull's foot is a phrase implying that a person is very illiterate or very ignorant. The term "bull's foot" seems to have been chosen merely for the alliteration, as broomstick and battledore in the similar phrases, she does not know a B from a broomstick or from a battledore.

LOVE.

Love is like a lamb, and Love is like a lion;
Fly from Love, he fights; fight, then does he fly on;
Love is all on fire, and yet is ever freezing;
Love is much in winning, yet is more in leesing;
Love is ever sick, and yet is never dying;
Love is ever true, and yet is ever lying;
Love does doat in liking, and is mad in loathing;
Love, indeed, is everything; yet, indeed, is nothing. *Thomas Middleton.*

A CURIOUS EPITAPH.

The following curious epitaph is from St. Benet's Churchyard, Paul's Wharf, London:

"Here lies one More, and no more than he,
One More and no more! how can that be?
Why, one More and no more may well lie here alone;
But here lies one More, and that's more than one."

IN PRAISE OF MUSIC.—A divine origin has been attributed to music on account of its originality, its universally beneficial tendency, and its innocence, even when cultivated to excess. No other art or science has so cheered the spirits of man, and so relieved a wearied mind as music. As to beneficial operation it leaves all other arts at a distance. Justly did a Greek author say, "Music is a great and a lasting pleasure to all who have learnt it and know anything about it."

Chappell.

EVENSONG.

THROUGH glowing curtains of the west
The sun sinks in the sea;
The gloaming dims the mountain's breast,
And deepens on the lea;
Slow hushing breezes sing of rest
In sweet, low songs to me.

The heavens are bright with stars that rise
And fleck the stainless blue,
Unmeasured miles of radiant skies
Their lights roll into view;
Kind angels look with watchful eyes
Their sweet, kind looks on me.

God is around me and above,
His infinite peace my rest;
Light as the wings of brooding dove
Sleep folds me on his breast,
With dreams that whisper words of love
In sweet, low tones to me.

I close my eyes on toil and care,
My heart from sorrow free,
For rest is here and heaven is there,
Maybe awaiting me;
Love weaves a song of praise from prayer,
And sings her song to me. J. HUIE.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

M B. Symonds.—We thank you for the circular report of the admirable plan and working of the Church of England Zenana Missionary Society (in co-operation with the Church Missionary Society). We are glad to tell our readers that they may help this work (according to the prospectus and report) in sixteen different ways; amongst which working parties, and a painting union for sending illuminated texts to India, are included. The society has forty stations in India, and one each in China and Japan; it has 700 associations, and 543 working parties in support of the mission. It has 350 Bible-women and native teachers, 90 missionaries in home connection, and 48 assistants in local connection; in all a staff of 488, not including accepted candidates now in training. Miss Mulvany, 9, Salisbury-square, Fleet-street, E.C., is secretary of the central association. The society is much in need of more ladies for the medical department.

Æquo Animo.—The 19th of September, 1872, was a Thursday. Your writing needs much careful reform; or rather we should say, it is quite unformed as yet. No good hand is formed out of any but a round hand

WORK.

A Wild Irish Girl.—Black lace dresses are inexpensive and pretty. The best way to learn to walk gracefully is to make a small bag, partly fill it with dried peas, and carry it on your head as you walk about the house; or, while you learn your lessons, walking up and down the room.

White Violet.—Brown will dye black, brown, claret, and a dark green. Strong green tea will revive black lace, and so will sal volatile or ammonia and water. To stiffen it, dip in a very thin solution of starch, and iron it between a fold of muslin.

Isodore.—What a dreadful thing to be a fault-finder and carping critic at your early age! Better take in a fashion magazine. We do not pretend to do more than help our quiet girls to clothe themselves in the wisest way possible. The sketches given all represent dresses as at present worn by persons of good taste; but they are pictures as well, not merely fashion-plates.

Trouve.—The piece of work by Mary Queen of Scots was illustrated in vol. ii.

Oceana.—You would leave off your mourning in June for your sister. A little cheap satin merveilleux would be a good trimming for your black grenadine. The trimming of the black cashmere would depend on its condition. We do not see anything better than a cheap silk or velveteen.

Emma.—There is no book on the draping of skirts that we know of, and we think your only way of learning how to do them is by obtaining a dress stand and draping on that, as the dressmakers do. There are many firms advertising them. Go and see all of them, and select the one most likely to be useful to you.

Droagh.—To purl in knitting, means to put the cotton in front of the right needle, *i.e.*, to the side nearest the knitter, then put the right needle into the loop, turn the cotton round the point, as before, from right to left, and bring it through the loop on the left needle, which is let go.

Gladys.—If the lace be really valuable, you should send it to a good cleaner. There is, however, an excellent recipe to clean lace in vol. iv., p. 255; also in vol. vii., p. 7.

Ugly.—If a good woollen jersey, without braid, you may safely wash it in a solution of ammonia and water—about a dessertspoonful of the former in a basinful of water. Rinse in slightly-blued water. We refer you to our indexes.

MUSIC.

Madeleine.—The invention of the violin seems of doubtful origin, being claimed by various nations. Perhaps the Hindoos may have a prior claim to the honour than any others; for they have a stringed instrument played with a bow, the names for it occurring in Sanscrit, which language ceased to be a spoken one three hundred years before Christ. The Chinese have a two-stringed instrument of great antiquity, also played with a bow, but it has no finger-board. The Scandinavian guddock, the rehabkermangeli, the Welsh crwth, rebec, and old English fithele (or fiddle) are varieties of the more fully-perfected instrument called the violin. In the British Museum there is a drawing of the fithele of the eleventh century having four strings, but no apparent bridge, and in the sixteenth century the violin seems to have been developed from the viol. One dated 1578, given by Queen Elizabeth to the Earl of Leicester, is essentially like the violin as now used. Gasparo di Salo was the first great Italian maker. Andreas Amati founded the Cremona school, who was succeeded by his two sons, excelled by his grandson and even the latter was eclipsed by Gasparo's pupil, Stradivarius. Jacob Stainer, a Tyrolese, was a celebrated maker, and violins produced by these are sometimes sold for £500. The Villaume manufactory at Paris is the most celebrated amongst modern violin factories.

Bertha.—We doubt your ability to learn to play the violin without a few lessons to commence with. You will acquire bad methods, not easily corrected, and there is no more difficult instrument to select.

Elephanta (Cape Colony).—Your sister's voice was probably over-strained. Masters who ought to judge better of the compass and power of a pupil's voice are frequently to blame for their subsequent loss of voice. They strain it up to a pitch too high, and they make the periods for practising too long. The pupil should not begin lessons under sixteen years of age, and then only allow a quarter of an hour to exercises, well chosen to suit the voice of the individual, increasing the time to half an hour, and so on to an hour daily. The best time is after breakfast, or after luncheon—never when tired.

Fading Marguerite.—You were much to blame for beginning a correspondence with the man you name, and he, as a clergyman, was still more reprehensible. Communicate with your parents on the subject, and request him to do the same, and, awaiting their reply, cease to hold any private intercourse with him.

ART.

Gwendoline.—For "Painting on silk or satin" see page 66, vol. iv.

A Seeker.—The origin of the vase or urn on a tomb dates back to the days when cremation was the rule, and the ashes of the dead were gathered together and placed in an urn more or less ornate according to the circumstances of the family. Some on the most beautiful of the antique vases we have were used for this purpose, and owe their orgin to the love and respect of antiquity for the dead.

HOUSEKEEPING.

Margery.—Yes, some people recommend lighting a fire from the top, that the falling sparks may assist the work. Others—and we think wisely—advise you to lay a few cinders as a foundation on the bottom of the grate, and then to place a piece of crumpled paper in the centre, laying a row of sticks up against it all round, each stick pointing upwards, not across horizontally (as maids usually do). Then to lay all the principal pieces of coal round the sticks, likewise pointing upwards. The grain of the coal runs one way, like slates; and if placed, as far as possible, end upwards, it will burn without fail. Little pieces may be dropped in anywhere, but all should be lightly put in, leaving a good draught from below. There should be no close packing, and a poker should never be used; it is destructive of a good fire. Coals should be readjusted with the tongs. This is scientific fire-making. To make up a fire for the night, a thick layer of damp ashes and powdered coal should be laid on the top of a good coal and coke fire, with a hole down through the top to let the smoke escape.

Tidy.—Mix together equal parts of copal varnish and spirit of turpentine, with as much olive oil as will give a degree of greasiness. Rub the polished ironwork with this, to preserve it from rust. Cast ironwork should be simply rubbed with black-lead. But supposing that the rust has already appeared on grates or fireirons, a thoroughly well-blended mixture of Tripoli with half the amount of sulphur must be laid on with a piece of soft leather. Emery and oil might also be applied with satisfactory results, laid on (if possible) with a spongy piece of a figtree, fully saturated with the mixture, which will first clean off the rust, and then polish the irons effectually.

Chess.—For mending the cracks in your cast-iron stove, try a mixture of wood ashes (passed through a sieve), a little common salt, and some finely powdered clay, worked up into a thick paste with a little water. It should be applied to the cracks when the stove is cold. When the latter is heated again it is said that the cement will harden, and prove thoroughly satisfactory. We have not tried it ourselves.

Subscriber (Salisbury-square).—We have often heard that "an opening should be left in the top of beef-steak pies," and that unless it was left the pie might be poisonous; but we think it may be regarded as an exploded superstition, for this reason—that when meat is tinned a hole is left at the top of the tin for the escape of the air, so that every little cell containing air and water is broken up and life-germs destroyed, and the steam and air escape through the little hole at the top. When this steam issuing from the top is condensed, it is found to be nothing but water, with a slight flavour of the meat. This flavour is called osmazome, from two Greek words, meaning odour (to smell) and broth. It is a substance obtained from muscular fibre, which gives the characteristic odour and taste of soup. Boiling separates this from the meat, which shows why tinned meats are less tasty, while the jelly around them is well-flavoured. None of the nutritive or flesh-forming properties of the meat are lost or in any way changed. If you have Buckmaster's "Cookery," you will find that in his eighth lecture he proposes that science shall assist cookery by helping to restore this flavouring essence, just as the perfumes of flowers can be produced from other substances without any flowers being used. Thus, as the paste of the beefsteak pie would be analogous to the tinning process, we may judge that the escaping steam would be the same. We should rather attribute the three deaths you mention to some other cause—bad meat, perhaps—which a chemist would have found out by analysis of the pie and its contents. Perhaps, however, the place where the deaths occurred in New Zealand was too far removed from civilisation for an analytical chemist to be found.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Anna.—When a failure of memory occurs in a person who has not passed middle life, it is indicative of some physical disturbance—probably in the cerebro-spinal structure. The over-taxing of the mental powers, too common among students in these days of competive exams., is a fruitful cause of such failure. But to fever, external violence, such as accidental bodily shocks, intemperance, congestion, and brain disease, such a deplorable failure may naturally be traced.

Little Dorrit.—We believe that the heaviest lump of gold yet found was procured in Victoria, at Dunolly, and weighed 2,280 oz. It was called "The Welcome Stranger." The next largest was likewise found at Ballarat, Victoria, and weighed 2,217 oz. 17 dwts. The word "nugget" is a miner's term. "Ingot," derived from the Latin *Lingotus*, is an Old English word, in early times applied to the mould in which gold and silver were cast; now also applied to a mass of unwrought metal.

Telegraphist.—The use of tannin lozenges may benefit you, and gargling the throat with a weak solution of alum and water, if relaxed.

Lover of G.O.P.—We regret that your attempt at verse-making is a failure. Try to write in good correct prose, improve your writing, and learn to spell. You have our best wishes, and we hope you will take our advice in good part.

Home-bird.—We are glad to hear that you have so scrupulous a conscience; but in making complaints and accusations against others you should be prepared to give your name and address, that in warning our competitors of any dishonest methods of gaining information, they, or we, at least, should know who gave the information. Anonymous letters are not reliable sources of information. Amongst Harriet Martineau's principal works are "Egypt, Present, Past, and Future," "Traditions of Palestine," "History of England During the Thirty Years' Peace," "Health, Husbandry, and Handicraft," "Illustrations of Political Economy," etc. Handwriting good, were "t's" crossed.

Muriel.—If you eat buttered bread or hot buttered cakes, we advise you to remove one glove, unless you have a new pair in your pocket, or one duplicate glove ready for use when your afternoon tea is finished. We have many times replied to your second question, and refer you to our indexes.

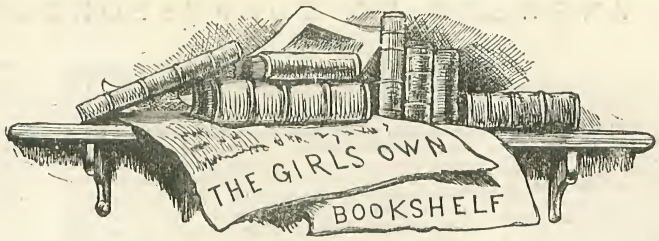
Vanity.—See out answer to "Scotch Governess." We again inform our readers—to whom it may prove a boon—that a small Home has been opened at Tunbridge Wells for destitute (or partially destitute) children of the upper classes, where they are kept until able to earn a livelihood. Also change of air is offered in this Home to those who may require it among the children of the clergy, naval and military men, and professional men, as also to their orphans, on a small payment being made, according to their means. Applications should be made to the hon sec., Mrs. Ladds, Ellington Cottage, Tunbridge Wells, Kent. One or two ladies assist in the children's education.

Scotch Governess.—We thank you for your kind letter, and congratulate your pupils on the pretty, small, and well-formed handwriting which you give them the opportunity of copying. Men are at liberty to grow or to shave the hair on their faces as may best become their individual style of features or to please their eccentric fancies. Why should you not enjoy a similar privilege? Good blunt tweezers can be had at any steel instrument shop. But the good looks of many a handsome dark woman are sometimes rather enhanced than deteriorated (in the estimation of some people) by a slight amount of down on the upper lip; so do not feel troubled about it

Zoe (Belgium).—Field glasses are more generally useful, and we should recommend a pair to you in preference to a telescope. The use of both eyes is preferable to that of one only. Telescopes are more suitable for sailors and astronomers. Though not a very pretty handwriting, yours is very legible.

S. L.—Pastry should be eaten with a small fork, held in the right hand, as you should not use a knife for it.

Ada.—In reply to your sickening question (*apropos* of your "Skinning a Mole!"), we think that your specimen may have been a mole-rat (*Spalax*), and has small and only rudimentary eyes. This animal's average length is ten inches; and the skin is of a light brown, inclining to red. The tail is short, and may be absent, and the outer ears are very small. Your writing is good.



The following volumes of Stories and Miscellaneous Articles, taken from the pages of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, *are now ready, and may be obtained of the usual booksellers :—*

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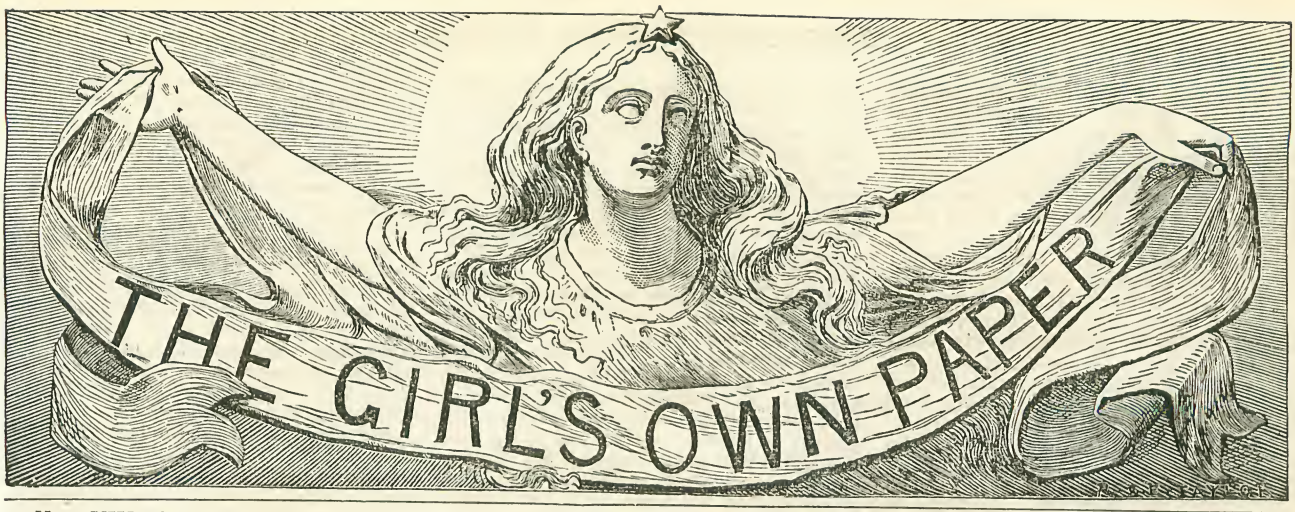
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"UPON A KINDLY MISSION BENT."

See "In Summer-time," p. 742.



VOL. VIII.—No. 397. AUGUST 6, 1887. PRICE ONE PENNY.

PRINCESS WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA.

BY THE REV. JOHN KELLY, Translator of GERMAN "HYMNS OF THE PRESENT CENTURY."

PART I.

THE lot of Princess William of Prussia was cast in troubious times for Germany. She lived through the period of deepest humiliation for her Fatherland, and witnessed her rise from the ashes, and the final overthrow of the oppressor.

Among the many women who played a memorable part during the period of the wars of liberation she was the foremost. According to the testimony of Schleiermacher, the great theologian and patriot, she was one of the first and noblest of German women.

She was born at Homburg on the 13th of December, 1785, and was the thirteenth out of the fifteen children of the Landgrave Frederic V. and his wife, Caroline, daughter of Louis IX., Landgrave of Hesse-Darmstadt, and "the great Landgravine," the friend of Frederic the Great. Her childhood fell in the time of the first war between Germany and the French Revolution. Among the earliest of her reminiscences was the shaking of the bed in which she slept, caused by the cannonade at the siege of Mayence. Her first companion was the daughter of a French emigrant family. Her first instruction in music was received from a French lady, who, however, appreciated German music. Her governess was a German lady, Fräulein von Donop, who had been one of the ladies at the Court of the Princess of Kurland. She also received instruction from a German master. The groundwork of her education was thus German.

Her mother was fond of pomp and splendour, and reconciled herself with difficulty to the straitness of her home in Homburg. Even the requisitions and devastations of the French did not deliver her from the glamour of Napoleon's name. With her, Princess Marianne, as the subject of our sketch was usually called—her full name was Marie Anna Amalie—was accustomed to speak French.

Her father was a thorough German, one of the noblest princes in a time of awakening intellectual life. He was simple and economical in his habits, a lover of nature and literature. Klopstock, Jung Stilling, and Lavater were among his friends, and he was the patron of the unhappy poet, Hölderlin. His religious character and sentiments appear in the expositions of Scripture and the meditations which he wrote for his children. To preparation for the Communion he always attached great impoitance. With her father the Princess Marianne always conversed and corresponded in German.

Two of her earliest friends, towards whom she always cherished the most cordial feelings, were Sophie and Henrietta Schulze. They belonged to a family of townspeople, and settled in Bremen after they were married. The Princess sought to feed her enthusiasm and find expression for her friendship in poetry. She was in the habit of writing favourite passages of poetry in a book. A great number of such books were found among her remains. To the poetical quotations are appended sayings of divines and historians. Her love of nature was also great.

In thinking of the Homburg of her childhood, the reader of to-day must banish from her mind the modern town, with its luxurious Kurhaus (Cure-house) with its extensive grounds, and the great hotels, and call up before the eye of the mind Homburg of the Height (Homburg von der Höhe)—a little country town, with modest streets leading to the old castle. Even this castle was, in the days of the Princess's youth, less stately and more antiquated than it is now. From the windows and balcony the wooded range of the Taunus is to be seen. At the foot of the height paths shaded by tall old trees lead partly through beautiful woods. In the immediate



PRINCESS WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA.

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neighbourhood of the castle are terraced gardens, a large pond, fresh meadows, and groups of trees. Pruned yews and similar French garden ornaments are to be found near the castle; otherwise the growth of rare foreign and favourite German trees is not impeded. Between two thick arbours there is still to be seen the "Marianne Cabinet," a garden-house of trellis-work—a witness to the pleasure which the garden gave to the Princess.

The neighbourhood of Homburg was rich in historical associations, and history was a favourite study with the Princess. Her occasional visits to Frankfort-on-the-Main at the time of the fair afforded her great delight. One of her most marked characteristics all her life was a passionate love of Homburg.

At seventeen she is described by those who knew her at that age as having been ideally beautiful, and withal of a quiet manner. The apparently imperturbable calm was, however, the result of the exercise of self-control. She was sometimes deeply moved; she fainted away when her friend, Henrietta Schulze, took leave of her.

In her eighteenth year she first met her future husband at Wilhelmsbad, whither the Dowager Queen of Prussia had come, accompanied by her two sons, Henry and William, to pay a visit to her daughter, the Electress of Hesse-Cassel. Prince William at this time was twenty years old. A second meeting between the young people took place at a ball given in Frankfort in honour of the Queen. From Potsdam Prince William sought the hand of the Princess Marianne from her parents. Their consent was gladly given, and the offer was accepted by the young Princess.

Their feelings to each other during their brief courtship are expressed in two letters exchanged between them at this time.

Prince William wrote:—

"Potsdam, 6 Nov., 1803.

"Dear Princess,—I am very happy that my presents have given you pleasure. The manner in which you thank me for them is so hearty and kind that it touches me deeply. I went to Berlin yesterday to see the rooms in the castle which we shall occupy. They are not ready yet; but in spite of that, they seemed like Elysium to me; and I saw in imagination my bride* set foot in them for the first time. Yet not as bride, but as wife, you will first see them. I often think of the moment when I shall first hand you out of the carriage here, and how we shall recall to mind the ball at Frankfort. Did you at that time believe that we should enter into any closer relationship? I did, though not certainly, of course; but I cherished the hope, and hope has not deceived me. People here are very curious to see you, naturally, and everyone wishes me to ask you for your portrait—a request which, as you may easily suppose, I very gladly make, and which I should have made before this had not your image so floated before my eyes that I have made several attempts to draw it out of my head. The people were pacified to some extent, but not quite—inasmuch as I always found something to find fault with in them. Have the goodness, therefore, to send it to me, and do not scold me that I am so destitute of modesty as to ask you, but rather cherish a favourable disposition towards me, and be assured that I am

"Your ever faithful
"WILLIAM."

In reply to this letter, the Princess wrote:—

"Homburg, 24 November, 1803.

"Your letter gave me infinite pleasure, dear Prince. The way in which you speak of the rooms we shall occupy is very flattering to me. Oh, that it may always be in my power to be such that you may ever be able to enter them with the same thought! That is my chief, my dearest wish! Certainly it never entered my mind at that ball that I would enter into so close a relationship with you. I danced the first dance with you, and shall never forget it. With respect to my portrait, I am very sorry that your wish cannot be fulfilled, as there is no good painter in our neighbourhood, and the time is too short to bring one from a distance. Mamma, however, has one of me, done by a very good painter (who can no longer be got at), and she was gracious enough to promise to send it to you, on the condition that you will return the picture as soon as you possess the original, because the portrait is so dear to her. She charges me to send her kind regards to you. Say to every one that the portrait is flattered; otherwise people will be too much astonished when I arrive. I anticipate with pleasure the prospect of admiring the talent for drawing which you appear to possess.

"Farewell, dear Prince.

"MARIANNE."

On the 27th of December she set out under her mother's protection to Berlin. The long journey was agreeably broken by visits to her maternal aunt, the Duchess of Weimar, and her sisters in Rudolstadt and Dessau. In Rudolstadt she met the poet Schiller's wife, who thus recorded her impressions of the Princess:—

"She has one of the most beautiful faces I have seen. Her bearing is so easy and natural that one is at home with her at once. The expression of goodness and benevolence enhances the beauty of her face."

The Princess thus describes her arrival in Potsdam in her diary:—

"So I arrived in Potsdam, where for the first time my destiny came again before my soul. The solemnity of the entry—it was evening and dark—the ringing of the bells, the cannons, the first acclamations of the people, of which I was the object, the addresses that were delivered to me, and which in my mood at the time I answered without embarrassment. At last, as I saw that I was coming nearer and nearer to him whose I was to be for the remainder of my life, then my heart beat high. It was a feeling that became a true presentiment to me. I found myself in his arms without having observed in the excitement that the carriage had stopped. It was an affecting moment, and I was deeply agitated. Now he conducted me quickly through a crowd of people. The King, who came forward, embraced me, seemed to be delighted, and met me in a very friendly manner."

Her public entry into Berlin took place on the following day. On the 12th of January, 1804, the marriage took place.

The Prince was in his twenty-first and the Princess was in her nineteenth year when they began their married life. From the very beginning they endeavoured to enter into real fellowship. The hours that the Prince was free from his military duties, or were not occupied by intercourse with the Royal family or other relatives, they passed together in the same room. The Prince read a great deal of the best literature of the time aloud. He began with Schiller's "Bride of Messina." With the Royal circle they were on the most cordial terms. Her heart was naturally much in her old home. The depth and fervour of her affection to her own family appears in her letters. To her father she was devotedly attached; but she did not forget what her duty was in her new position. In a letter to her father she wrote:—

"My efforts have all become concentrated on one point—to be wholly wife. It is no small matter. Do not laugh at it. Much is comprehended in it—much that is high; and that I am far from possessing as yet. One thing I have learnt. I never meddle with what is not in my own department, and I find this course suits me well. The King has already held me up as an example to his wife. . . . . In short, I am content, and God will teach me good ways, and lead me gently on through life."

At times she wrote as if her contentment were not perfect. She gives a picture of a day at Potsdam in a letter to her mother, and the life described must have been monotonous and irksome. When there, however, the circumstances did not admit of her enjoying much of her husband's society. His military duties and the habits of the Court forbade their being often alone.

Her correspondence with her mother became rather a difficult and delicate matter in the course of this year (1804). It was the year in which Napoleon was made Emperor, and began his triumphal progress on the Rhine, compelling the German princes in the Rhine countries to decide for or against him.

On the 15th of September all the princes of the neighbourhood went to Mayence to pay homage to the Emperor. On prudential grounds Prince Frederic of Hesse-Homburg went to the meeting, and was presented to the Emperor. The Princess Frederic was received by the Empress Josephine.

The feelings of Princess Marianne against Napoleon became more decided. With her father she was in full sympathy, but in correspondence with her mother, who was an enthusiastic admirer of Napoleon, she had to repress her feelings. She had to make a practical distinction between the personal and the political, the social and the national; while she expressed admiration of Napoleon's greatness, to withhold any opinion of his policy, and while she expressed admiration of the social qualities of the French, to say nothing of them as a nation. Her view of affairs, nationally and politically, she wrote in her diary:—

"The coronation of Napoleon closed this year 1804. Alas! German princes humbled themselves so much as to testify their devotion to him on the occasion."

In the following year her husband lost his mother, the Queen Dowager of Prussia, the maternal aunt of Princess Marianne. In a letter to her mother at this period we get a glimpse of the religious feelings of Princess Marianne. On the 13th of April she wrote:—

"The day before yesterday I received your letter, dear mamma. I had taken the Communion along with the Queen (Louisa). The princes observed their devotions yesterday, and happily I found a great difference between here and Berlin" (she was writing from Potsdam), "where this transaction loses much of its solemnity on account of the noise and endless bustle that are made in the church, and where they do nothing but look closely at us in the face, which is very disagreeable. Here, on the contrary, everything is very solemn, as it ought to be. I rejoiced greatly in the difference. I wish, dear mamma, you had heard the sermon that was delivered yesterday by Pischon. I have never heard one like it, even from Ancillon or Palmier, and the preacher had the countenance and tone of an apostle.

"What particularly touched me also was the singing of the melody of 'O, bleeding Head and wounded!'* as nearly as possible as in Homburg."

In this letter she gives a more favourable idea of the life at Potsdam.

On the 4th of July this year the Royal pair were gladdened by the birth of a daughter,

* Bride in German signifies a betrothed woman.

* "O, Haupt voll Blut und Wunden."—PAUL GERHARDT.

who was called Amalie—one of the mother's names.

Simultaneously with these events in the domestic history of the family, great public events were happening. Napoleon gave offence to Prussia by violating the neutrality of Anspach. The battles of Ulm and Austerlitz were fought, the Peace of Pressburg was concluded, the memorable visit of the Emperor of Russia to Berlin took place; Prussia entered into the alliance with Russia and Austria, and sent troops into France; Prince William went with this expedition, but returned without striking a blow.

In the course of the year 1806 the Princess paid a visit to Homburg. While she was there the Act constituting the Confederation of the Rhine was signed (July 12). On her journey the announcement was made that the French Emperor no longer recognised a German Empire. The German Emperor was transformed into an Austrian one. The Landgrave of Hesse-Darmstadt gave up his name, and Louis X. became Grand Duke Louis I. His brother-in-law of Hesse-Homburg was mediatised, and became subject to the sovereignty of Darmstadt.

"Everything is decided in Homburg," wrote the Princess Marianne on the 11th of August to her mother. "It is cruel. The Prince, Leopold, and I are very sad about it. Do you not remember, dear mamma, that I was always afraid at our afternoon conversations you had too good an opinion of what would happen to us? And, alas! I see from your letter that I was not quite wrong. If only the health of my father bears this frightful blow!"

It grieved the Princess much to hear that Darmstadt united with France in asserting its new power in Homburg.

The clouds were gathering over Prussia as well as over Homburg.

On the 19th of September, 1806, the Princess wrote to her mother:—

"Would God that this war may bring to my father and you, my much-loved mother, your old rights and rest—the only true good in the world. It will soon begin. The courier from Paris has returned, and the King leaves on Sunday. I bade him good-bye after dining at Charlottenburg yesterday. All the officers of the Queen's Regiment, without exception, also dined there. It was in the great gallery, where the antique statues are. The Queen drank the health of the regiment, and then the officers drank her health in return."

Her husband had gone to the army. The Queen followed the King.

On the 14th of October the disastrous defeat of the Prussians at Jena and Auerstadt took place. On the 17th the Queen returned to Berlin, and, in view of the probable occupation of the capital by the French, who entered Berlin on the 27th, the Court left immediately. On the 19th the Princess wrote from Schwedt:—

"The Oder lies before me. All is calm. No anguish of a lost battle disturbs the peaceful course of the beautiful moon that shines upon me, and silvers the softly flowing stream. Yesterday, before leaving, I received a letter from William from Harzgerode. Before our departure I was present at the baptism of Augusta's child. The preacher, Sack, gave a beautiful address in harmony with the sorrowful day. In this mood, with the deepest emotion, I passed through the people, who stood all round on the castle steps, commiserating me and muttering their good wishes for me. Thus weeping, I took my departure from among them."

On the 3rd of November she was confined at Dantzig. The child was a daughter, who lived only twelve days. At the time this infant died her sister Amalie showed symptoms of illness. In spite of the utmost care that could be taken of her in the circumstances of the journey, she died in Pillau, and was buried in Dantzig beside her infant sister. Prince William was sent for when Princess Amalie took ill, and was with his wife when the child died.

Her feelings under this bereavement we learn from a letter which she wrote to her father on the 28th of November from Königsberg:—

"The day Amalie was born I wished to die, because I thought I had attained the highest that earth could give. It was cowardice of me; for it seemed to me that I would then, after that moment, fall into the abyss; for why any heaven, if happiness may be found on earth? But it was the will of the Almighty to place me where the resolution would become settled in me to bear everything that should befall me henceforward quietly and without murmuring.

"Ah, dear father, my joys lie under the ground! Yet I am happy. I have you all and William still!"

(*To be concluded.*)

DESIGNING FOR EMBROIDERY.

By FRED MILLER.

IN my former article I confined my remarks mainly to giving some practical hints in connection with embroidery for curtains, and it is my purpose now to study the subject of embroidery from another point of view, viz., the principles of design as applied to work wrought with the needle. Designing for embroidery is as important to the worker as knowing all about the stitches and wools and silks, for good needlework is the result of practice; but designing, unless understood theoretically and studied as a distinct subject, is not to be so acquired. The need of good designs is a much more frequent want than a knowledge of how to do the work, as I constantly hear it said by skilled workers in wool and silk that their chief difficulty is how and where to get suitable designs. My answer to this need is, emphatically, make them for yourself. "But I can't." Then learn to do so, for, believe me, your work will never be as interesting, nor even as good, until you are your own designer. The few hints I am about to give, and which have aided me in designing for needlework, may be not unwelcome to my readers. They are the result of my own experience, extending over some few years, and are of value in proportion as they are the embodiment of my own practical acquaintance with the subject under consideration.

It is as well in all art crafts to see what has been done before our own time, and by various peoples in the special craft we are engaged in, in order that we may note their successes—and failures for that matter, as it must not be supposed that because a work is old or foreign it is necessarily good—and learn by them what to strive for and what to avoid. And in this craft of needlework we happen to have countless fine examples, which are very easily approached, produced in a country which has never been excelled for its embroidery; and that country is Japan. Japanese work has become too common for us duly to appreciate the marvellous skill of workmanship and knowledge of the principles of decorative art, which are to be seen even in the humblest production of that artistic country. And we shall note in Japanese work that they never seem to make any mistake about what they ought to do, and never falter or hesitate in carrying out what their unerring artistic instinct dictates. It is now acknowledged by designers that the Japanese, and in a lesser degree the Chinese, are the best masters of decorative design, as applied to textiles, pottery, painting,

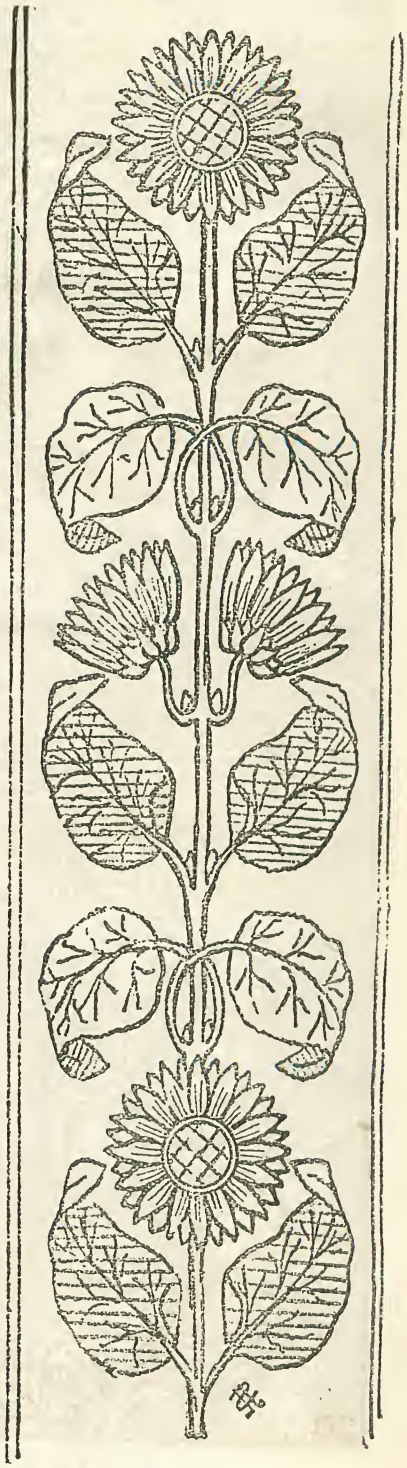


FIG. I.

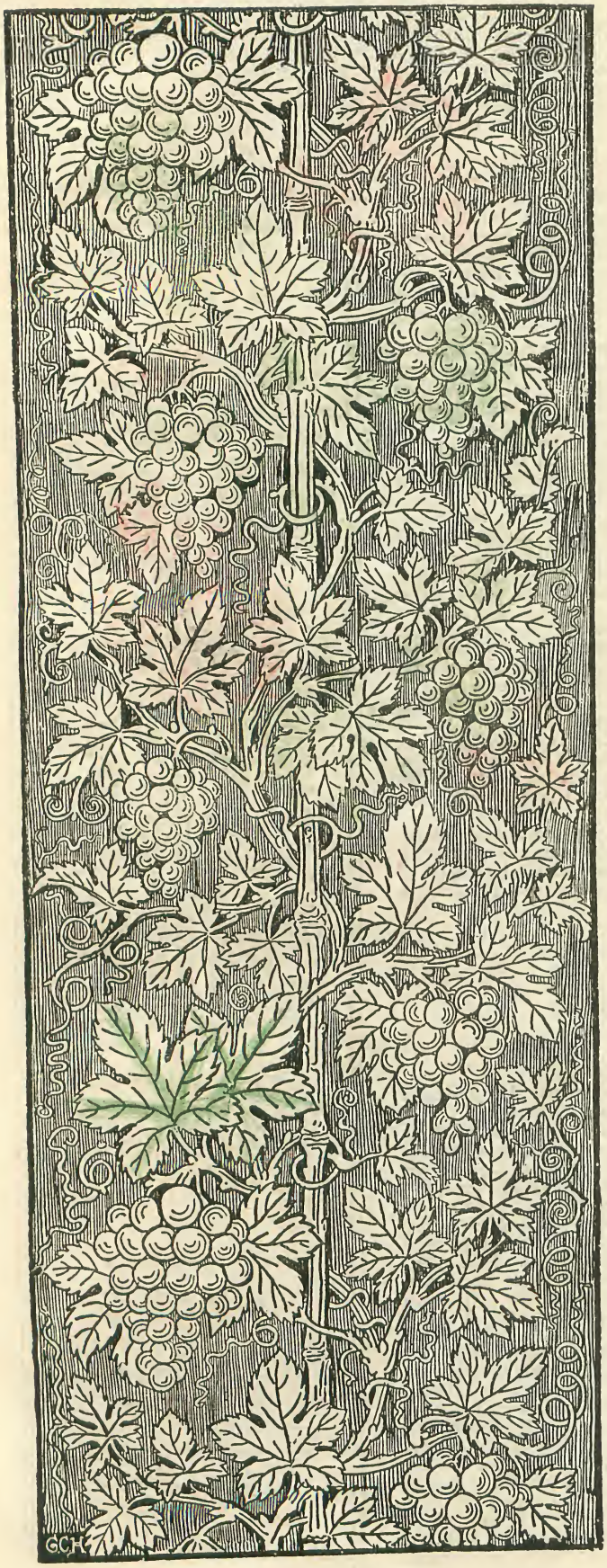


FIG. 2.



FIG. 4.

embroidery, and other kindred crafts. And the secret of this success is that they know all about the material for which they design, what can best be done, and what should never be attempted. And this knowledge of your material is at the root of all good designing. All the arts have their limitation, particularly the decorative arts; and to realise this limitation is the first step to success in decorative design. There are certain effects which can be wrought with the needle, which cannot as well be produced by any other means, and if we are to do the best with our material, we must direct our efforts to bringing out its particular and individual qualities, and not be continually striving to do what cannot well be done, such as trying to produce the effect of painting by the needle. More failure has resulted by this attempt to imitate one art by the means of another than any other cause, therefore let us be sure in our own work we are not striving after a vain shadow, a will-o'-the-wisp that leads nowhither. Whether it be pottery painting, glass painting, embroidery, wood-carving, or whatsoever craft we work in, be sure that you are doing the best for your craft, by bringing into as strong relief as possible the special qualities possessed by it, and what is more, not possessed in anything like the same degree by any other.

The effects which are suitable in a picture cannot be reproduced by the needle, though many have endeavoured to copy the effect of an oil painting in wools and silks. And the reason for this is pretty obvious. Colours are much more readily blended and spread over a surface than wools or silks, which have to be applied stitch by stitch with a needle; and, therefore, what is by no means difficult to obtain in colour, a great diversity of tint and subtle gradation is next to impossible in embroidery, be the worker never so skilful. Bearing

this in mind, therefore, the effects obtainable in colour are n to be thought of in needlework, and yet in all probability if a painter, who had never studied the craft, were asked to design for embroidery, he would draw something that would be spoilt in its translation by the needle, as he would think too much about his own art, and not realise the great difference between painting and needlework. His idea might be a good one, but it would have to be translated into the language of the art it is to be reproduced by, and to translate this requires a knowledge of the grammar and vocabulary of the language of the craft; each craft having its own special language.

I will even incur the charge of being prolix rather than not make myself understood in this matter, therefore I will just take an illustration. Many of my readers have doubtless visited the Royal School of Art Needlework at South Kensington. There are to be seen panels designed by Selwyn Pinage, representing figures from classic story, such as Juno and the peacock, executed in outline embroidery in just one colour Now, the artist has drawn these figures expressly to be repro duced by the needle, and consequently they are a great success; but suppose he had painted figures such as he would put into a picture, and the needlewomen had endeavoured to reproduce the pictorial effect, I am thinking the result would have been anything but successful.

The *motifs* most frequently seen in embroidery are derived directly or indirectly from plant forms, and as the majority of my readers adopt a more or less floral style of design, I shall direct my concluding remarks mainly to this branch of the craft. First comes the question of the plant you select as your *motif*, and your decision should to a certain extent depend upon the nature of your work. If you were going to design a running border, you should try to choose a plant whose growth seems to suggest a prolongation of form. For this reason the honeysuckle would be more suitable than the daisy, as without even departing from nature you would have no difficulty in adapting the former flower to your purpose, whereas the latter would be at best disjointed and broken.

Or, again, if you wanted to fill the panels of a screen, it would seem better to employ such plants as the lily, iris, crysanthemum, foxglove and sunflower, than plants suggestive of an all-over treatment, such as the blackberry, jasmine, or rose; though I am aware that the Japanese often choose a plant like the rose, and make it run through all the panels of a screen; but then they are always careful to suggest this kind of growth, and frequently emphasise it by putting a few small plants at the bottom, or indications of water and water plants.

Having selected your plant, make, if possible, a few drawings of it in various positions, for nothing makes one understand a plant so thoroughly as drawing it. One often does not grasp the characteristics until one has drawn the plant again and again, and one cannot employ it to the best advantage until the plant's characteristics are thoroughly learnt and felt. I prefer to design from drawings made from nature, than even from nature itself, and for this reason—that one is apt to be bothered by the peculiarities and accidentals of the specimen before you, instead of being occupied only with the characteristics of the growth generally. In a blackberry, for instance, there is such infinite variety of small differences, that the main features are apt to be lost sight of; whereas by drawing various distinct pieces of bramble from different plants, you gain in time a knowledge of the principles of its growth; and in conventionalising it for the purposes of embroidery, we may say that you give a general rendering of the blackberry, suggestive of its natural growth in all main particulars, and yet made so simple that one at once sees and lays hold of its salient points.

Let your design fill out, or seem to fit, the space it occupies. In borders, don't clip off the leaves and flowers because they seem to come in the way, as if you exercise a little skill and ingenuity you ought to be able to make each part of the plant fit in *as though it were made for that space, and that alone.* The notion that the design is too large for the space, or the wrong shape, mars any work. You must adopt one of two methods in designing for almost any kind of work—either to entirely fill or cover the space with the design, or else to occupy the surface decorated without in any way filling it. The Japanese are very skilful in this latter style of design, often apparently filling a space with just a branch thrown across the panel. Great skill is required to produce this effect, as the work having to occupy a comparatively large surface, must be put on exactly in the right place; and it will be generally found in the best Japanese work that you cannot take away a single form or add any further detail without damaging the whole design. Their embroidery is almost always designed on this plan, as they are enabled to make a little work go a very long way, a great consideration at all times, and especially the case in needlework. As an example of the filled or covered work,



FIG. 3.



FIG. 5.

may be mentioned a good deal of India and Persian silk embroidery. Great richness is produced by this covered work, but the enormous time necessary to cover a large surface with needlework is in these days the chief obstacle to this class of design. The effect of an all-over pattern is much more pleasing in such articles as chair-covers, coverlids, hangings, and other textiles which are intended to hang in folds, and where part of the pattern is consequently frequently hidden. Here you must exercise your skill, and endeavour to produce the effect of a covered design, without really covering the surface. You will find that outline embroidery can be introduced with good results among filled-in work. For instance, where one leaf comes at the back of another, you can get much more relief by just outlining the back leaf and wholly covering the front leaf, than filling both in with stitches.

In designing from plant forms it will be necessary to materially simplify the plant for the purposes of the needle. The plant naturally has perhaps a confused growth of leaves all in one place, and may be bare in another. This is probably the result of accident, the pressure of some other plant, loss of light or sun, or other cause; but whether caused by accident or not, you must adapt the natural form to the exigencies of your work; for if you attempted to produce the exact effect of the natural plant you would simply achieve a meaningless jumble. It is not departing from nature to simplify her—indeed, it shows much more appreciation and love of nature to evince in your work that you have mastered the peculiarities of growth and characteristics of the plant you choose for your *motif*, than to attempt to copy some isolated bit of plant form thrown on without thought, and reproduced without discrimination. What you ought to carefully avoid is introducing wrong growths into your work—putting, say, five petals to a lily when you ought to know that it always has six; or notching the edges of the leaves when they ought to be smooth. There is nothing gained by such departures from nature; they only show carelessness or indifference.

The further you simplify nature the more ornamental your work becomes, and some of the cleverest designs are those which suggest nature without reproducing any particular plant form. The Greek acanthus and honeysuckle patterns are instances of where nature has been shorn of all its individualities, and only its most rudimentary points emphasised. The ornamental treatment of plants might almost be said to be the rendering of the most simple structural divisions—the skeleton, so to speak; and even the source from whence the design is drawn may be hidden, and only the two simplest facts about flowering plants—its flower and its leaf—insisted upon. The more you eliminate the distinguishing characteristics of plants, the nearer you approach pure ornament, until at last you merely have left the geometric basis upon which they are built.

In Fig. 1 the two barest facts relating to the sunflower only are insisted upon—the flower and growth of leaf. Such a design would naturally suggest either outline embroidery or appliqué, for to fill in the whole of the leaves and flowers with stitches would be a work of immense labour, and would not improve the effect of the pattern.

In Fig. 2 we have a much fuller rendering of nature, many more of the characteristics of the plant being introduced, and yet a certain formality of growth and regular disposition of masses gives the design a certain special character, makes one feel, in fact, that it is a design, and not merely a sprig of vine thrown on anyhow. Further, it fills its space exactly, showing that it was drawn to cover the place it is meant to occupy, and would not do as well for any other purpose.

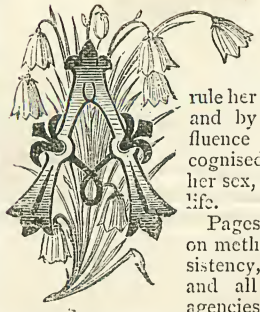
Fig. 3 is a much more elaborate rendering of nature, a great deal of detail being insisted upon. The poppy is a most decorative plant, its leaves being especially beautiful, and hence a great deal of attention has been bestowed on them. The design is intended as a repeating border, and the artist has not thought fit to form it on a geometric plan, so has just put each flower on separately. Many might object to this want of continuity, and would prefer to see a much more ornamental rendering of the plant than this, only insisting on the peculiarities of the flower and leaf, but making the growth arbitrary; that is, follow some set plan, such as a wavy line or scroll. Here, again, the design would be more effective in outline embroidery, or even in appliqué than in filled-in work.

Fig. 4 is perhaps too literally a transcript from nature to be termed a design, the only departure taken being to arrange the flowers in twos, and slight modifications of this kind. My readers might practise themselves in eliminating the accidents of growth, such as the excessive twisting of the petals, and making the whole thing simpler. Those who wish to exercise their skill with their needle might reproduce Fig. 4, much as it is, for many things are tolerable as a *tour de force* which would not be legitimate in any other way.

In Fig. 5 we have a combination of ornament with a more natural growth. The basis is ornamental, the more naturalesque portion of the design being supported, as it were, by a scroll, which was appliquéd while the rest was worked. A large number of designs are wrought on this plan by having an arbitrary foundation, upon or around which is worked the more natural forms. Much of the Renaissance work has a geometric or ornamental basis, and in a very large number of designs the skeleton of the work is of an ornamental character. Indeed, it is absolutely necessary to start with some structural lines where the design has to be repeated a number of times, as in borders; repeating designs requiring to be of an ornamental rather than of a natural character. It is no mere figure of speech to speak of the structural lines as being the skeleton, for just as in the human form the muscles and flesh are built up on the bones, so the details of the design are added to and built up around these main lines. As an instance, the structural lines in Fig. 2 are —1st, the main stem in centre; and 2nd, the stem which twines around the main stem—all the rest of the work built upon this skeleton.

LEISURE HOURS.

By the Hon. Mrs. ROBERT BUTLER.



WOMAN'S province is her home, and to rule her home with justice, and by that gentle influence which is the recognised prerogative of her sex, is her mission in life.

Pages might be written on method, industry, consistency, unselfishness, and all the different agencies that help in the fulfilment of this mission; but I am now going to give my readers a few words of advice on one special help only, which a girl can best acquire the power of accomplishing during the priceless years that follow her emancipation from the regular routine of the schoolroom, and precede her embarkation upon the duties and responsibilities of a home of her own.

Goethe says—"We are apt to suffer the mean things of life to overgrow the finer nature within us, therefore it is expedient that at least once a day we read a little poetry, or sing a song, or look at a picture." And this saying of Goethe's is more applicable to the mistress of a household than to any other of the fellow-creatures for whose benefit he wrote it.

A girl naturally looks forward to a home of her own in the "viewless-fated future," for its possession is the destiny of most women; but in looking forward to it, little does she realise the duties and responsibilities that appertain to it. The home may be smoothed with the luxury of wealth, and hallowed with the presence of love. She may enter it a young wife, full of that light-heartedness and joyousness which belong only to those whose nature and circumstances have sheltered them from the blasts of life; or, on the other hand, she may enter it as an elderly spinster, experienced in trouble, sorrow, need, sickness, and other adversities; but, in either case, if that home is to be well directed, if woman's mission is to be faithfully fulfilled there, she must perform special duties, to which she has hitherto been a stranger. She will have to look into every little petty detail of life, and in most duties she will find a corresponding snare that will demand all her vigilance and self-control not to fall into.

She will have to restrain wastefulness in her servants, without becoming mean herself; she will have to correct the faults of her children, without indulging in the temptation of spoiling them; she will have to curb negligence and bad humour when she sees it, without losing her own patience, and in spite of black looks, sometimes, and disrespectful words from those who owe her most; she will have to keep up her own dignity, without giving way to pride. In short, she will have to be the busy brain, and active body, as well as the patient, loving heart of her home, without ever sinking into the household drudge. And to accomplish this end, it is necessary that her body, mind, and spirit should all be exercised, so that her whole being may live in healthy harmony.

Now, in the fulfilment of household duties, both the body and mind are called upon to work, in having to look after and to plan for others. But this work appertains principally to material things, and, if viewed in the abstract, apart from duty, tends to materialise the character. And it must be done; it is not optional. A woman, entering into a home of her own, is as much pledged to look after it and its inmates, as a man who accepts a responsible appointment is pledged to fulfil the duties of that appointment. Thus, the exercise of her body and mind is a duty which is imposed upon her by others. But the exercise of the spiritual part of her mind, that most important portion of her threefold essence—her soul—is a duty which must be imposed upon her by herself.

In the busiest life there are spare moments, and it is those precious moments which tend either to elevate or deteriorate the character of the mistress of a house.

My young readers, now is the time for you to learn how to occupy those unemployed intervals of your future life. Now, that you are comparatively free from definite duties, and that you can, to a great extent, plan out your own hours, you can use your newly-gotten privilege by acquiring knowledge and interest in one special pursuit, which hereafter will soothe your temper and calm your mind, amidst the petty cares and worries which may be your lot. Try and satisfy yourself for which of the arts and sciences you have been taught, you have most taste, and then start upon its further cultivation with earnest systematic application, and make it part of your life. The motive for your education hitherto has been to train your mind, as young creepers are trained, so that they may be prepared and fit to receive the sun and dews from heaven, and to shoot out their own strength in different directions.

Now comes the test of what your education has done for you. Shoot out one of its branches by yourself, and just as surely as the seed sown on the good ground bears fruit, and brings forth, some a hundredfold, some sixty, and some thirty, so you will surely rejoice in the fruits of your labour, and feel the truth of that line of Boileau's:

"C'est avoir profité, que de savoir s'y plaire."

Only don't distrust yourself. Application, which is in the power of each one of us to improve or acquire, leads to far grander results than talent. The latter has never produced a great man or woman without the former, and the former has often created the latter to grand and useful ends. I believe that regular study by oneself makes more impression upon a mind in which the seeds of instruction have been judiciously sown, than study under the direction of another. Books, the result of the greatest brains of all climes and all ages, can then be the instructors.

You should make the choice of the study with great care and forethought. It would be well to consult your former teachers before deciding upon it. Remember, your heart will have to be in your work, and you will cultivate that special study for the education of the spiritual part of your being. Yes; God has given us arts and sciences to lift up our souls, as well as our minds, to Him. His creation is beautiful, and He allows us to represent it in music, poetry, and painting, so that our minds should contemplate His mind; and, more than this, so that our souls should be lifted up in adoration of Himself, the Author of all Beauty.

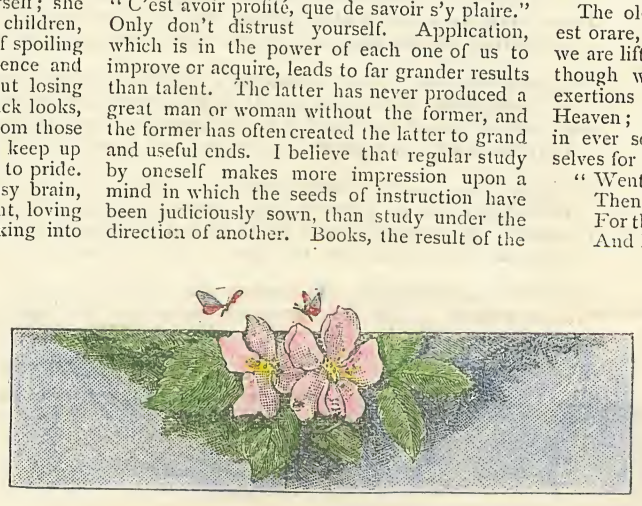
His creation is wonderful! and He allows us to contemplate it in sciences, so that we should feel our own nothingness, and His power, and immensity, and infinity. And thus you will fit yourselves for the practical, active duties of life, by having an elevating occupation, in which you can always become happily absorbed. *It will be to you a recreation amidst the frets and scorns of time;* it will be a destroyer of that most sure destroyer of domestic happiness, *ennui;* and it will be a safeguard against seeking for pleasure in the hollowness of society.

Bulwer Lytton says, "To woman the unhappiest home should be happier than all the excitement abroad," and may heaven help us, if England's wives and mothers find their chief pleasure in the poisonous atmosphere, both to mind and body, of crowded rooms. If they are stupid and unattractive women, their aim in life becomes idle gossip and senseless talk; and if they are clever and attractive, their more dangerous aim becomes flirting and admiration.

My young readers, work now with your mind and heart in your leisure hours at some one pursuit, and nobler results than all the admiration of the world await you. You will be moulding and sanctifying your character in your girl home, and diffusing that happiness about you which is the sure privilege of well-spent hours to shed; and you will, at the same time, be fitting yourself for the future home, which it is your mission to guide and direct. And if you do not attain proficiency enough in your work to make it appreciated beyond your own circle, it matters not. All earnest work is holy, for it is God's command.

The old monks had a proverb, "Laborare est orare," and I love to think that in working we are lifting up our hearts in prayer, and that though we may not see the fruits of our exertions on earth, we shall see them in Heaven; and that by working earnestly here, in ever so feeble a way, we are fitting ourselves for higher work there.

"Went ye not forth in prayer?
Then ye went not forth in vain,
For the Sower, the Son of Man, was there,
And His was that precious grain."

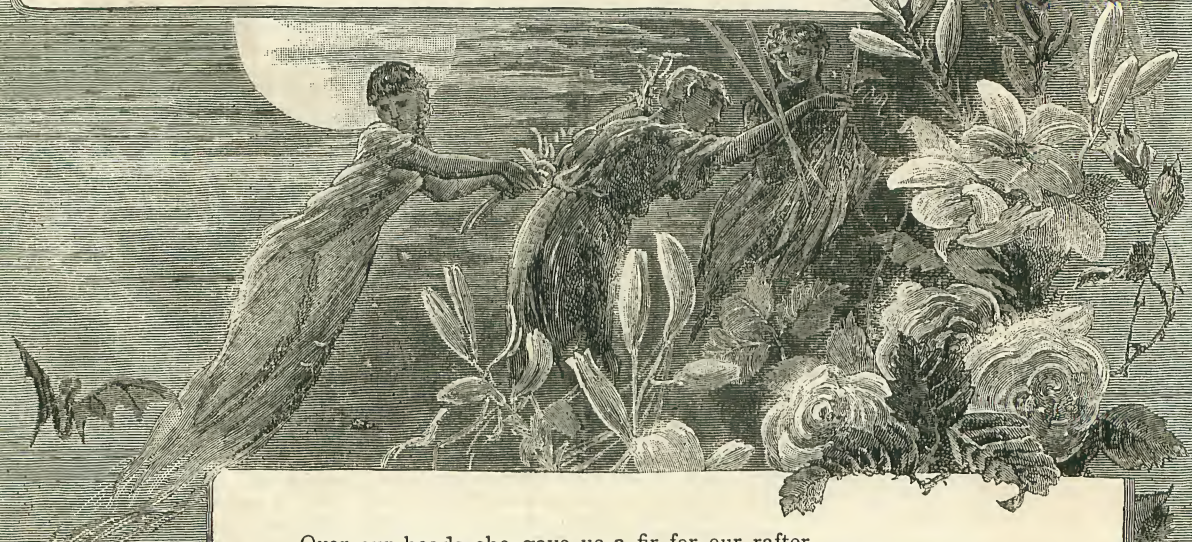


A FANTASY ON SWEET PEAS

HEAVY with odour of lilies, who queened it in regalest splendour,
The summer wind whispered in passing that life was all beauty.
Crimson lips of the roses uttered in symphonies tender,
Joy is the theme of earth's chorus, Joy is the utmost of duty.

Utter bliss and contentment reigned in the garden of roses.
Slumbrous the air, and drowsy with dreams all unuttered;
Winged hopes and endeavours, snared where ambition reposes,
Slept on their couch of rose-petals, caught in the toils as they fluttered.

"Peace!" sang the lily, as I kissed her fair sceptre extended.
"Peace!" was earth's lullaby, after the storm and the riot;
Softly she cradled us, and mother-wise tenderly blended
Manifold songs into one, thus hushing the spirit to quiet.

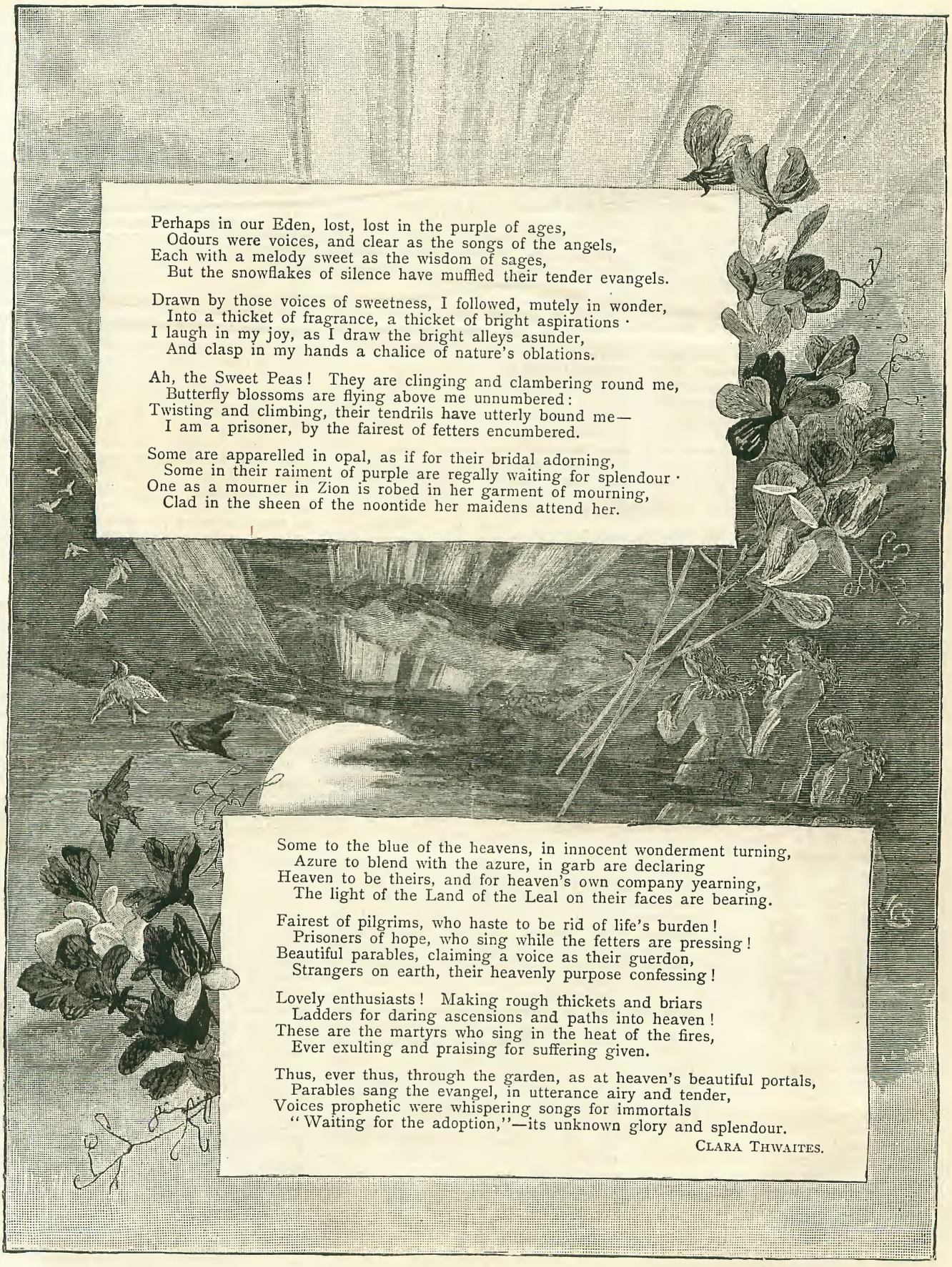


Over our heads she gave us a fir for our rafter,
The beams of our house were of cedar, heavy and sombre;
Here were we resting and turning ambition to laughter,
Scattering hither and thither our aims without number.

Whence was that odour, unearthly, uplifting, appealing
To something that cries in the heart, some hunger of spirit?
Now will I follow the wind for the breath of her healing—
Wander away and away, her balm and her joy to inherit.

Are there not odours which baffle yet waken our wonder,
Which beckon us onward and onward, like phantoms of sweetness?
Whispers of fragrance, and hints and suggestions that yonder,
Beyond and beyond us, our lives shall rejoice in completeness?

The rose, all abashed, will scatter her petals in terror,
If in pursuit of her fragrance we press her too boldly;
Language with her is a breath, and we lose by our error
All that she offers, and her secret she covers up coldly.



Perhaps in our Eden, lost, lost in the purple of ages,
Odours were voices, and clear as the songs of the angels,
Each with a melody sweet as the wisdom of sages,
But the snowflakes of silence have muffled their tender evangels.

Drawn by those voices of sweetness, I followed, mutely in wonder,
Into a thicket of fragrance, a thicket of bright aspirations ·
I laugh in my joy, as I draw the bright alleys asunder,
And clasp in my hands a chalice of nature's oblations.

Ah, the Sweet Peas! They are clinging and clambering round me,
Butterfly blossoms are flying above me unnumbered:
Twisting and climbing, their tendrils have utterly bound me—
I am a prisoner, by the fairest of fetters encumbered.

Some are apparelled in opal, as if for their bridal adorning,
Some in their raiment of purple are regally waiting for splendour ·
One as a mourner in Zion is robed in her garment of mourning,
Clad in the sheen of the noontide her maidens attend her.

Some to the blue of the heavens, in innocent wonderment turning,
Azure to blend with the azure, in garb are declaring
Heaven to be theirs, and for heaven's own company yearning,
The light of the Land of the Leal on their faces are bearing.

Fairest of pilgrims, who haste to be rid of life's burden!
Prisoners of hope, who sing while the fetters are pressing!
Beautiful parables, claiming a voice as their guerdon,
Strangers on earth, their heavenly purpose confessing!

Lovely enthusiasts! Making rough thickets and briars
Ladders for daring ascensions and paths into heaven!
These are the martyrs who sing in the heat of the fires,
Ever exulting and praising for suffering given.

Thus, ever thus, through the garden, as at heaven's beautiful portals,
Parables sang the evangel, in utterance airy and tender,
Voices prophetic were whispering songs for immortals
"Waiting for the adoption,"—its unknown glory and splendour.

CLARA THWAITES.

TRANSFORMED.

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

CHAPTER III.

MR. WARREN called next day, and was invited by my aunt to remain to dinner. Charley was there too. Soon the conversation of the previous evening was renewed. How thankful I was for my sprained foot! He should never see me off the sofa. I would never sit up to be made either the subject of mental condemnation, or of silent pitying comments. Nor could I tolerate the thought of his being so indifferent to me as not to notice how far beneath his ideal I was.

"I have been giving this matter a little thought too," said Charley—who, by the bye, seemed as unlike our Charley as possible when he was speaking so seriously; another proof of his having thought that we girls were fit for only the lightest kind of conversation—" and I think that the fault begins almost in our infancy. As soon as we can understand anything we are made to learn the difficult lesson of sitting still; which, though doubtlessly good discipline for our spirit, is not altogether the most useful for the physical part of the genus."

"No, Charley," said my aunt, "please do not let us have you advocating that it is a mistake to teach children to sit still. I do not wonder at you saying that," she added with a smile, "for I remember your dear mother never could keep you still a minute."

"I am not going to advocate anything of the kind, auntie, but I should have said, had I been allowed to take a breath"—with a reproachful glance—"that this sitting still forms too much the basis of our education. First, it is sitting still pure and simple. Then it is poring over books, preparing lessons, the encouragement of quiet sedentary games, and so on. You must say, dear aunt, that I am speaking the truth, and that the education of girls is particularly directed in this manner. How often have I not seen your own governess hold up her hands in virtuous horror when your girls ever attempted to run or skip, or in fact put themselves into any spontaneous bodily activity, that was not exemplified by a stately dull walk."

"Ah, yes," put in rosy-faced Jessie, "but we had it out in the holidays, did we not, mother dear? What glorious times we did have! You know that, Charley, now, don't you? and I am sure Mr. Warren remembers the romps we used to have."

A half blush rose to Mr. Warren's face.

"That was when we were all children, Miss Jessie," he said.

"And besides, Miss Wiseacre," said Charley, "it was only your mother's good sense, upon which I should expatiate at an inordinate length if she were not sitting there," with an affectionate look at aunt, "which permitted you such latitude. How if you had had a holiday governess, who had held in the reins just as tightly as she had received them from the learned Miss Brown? It does not lessen the force of what I say, and am convinced of, if here and there we find a few intelligent exceptions; and I think that one of the chief causes of the great want of grace amongst our women which strikes Warren so painfully, is due to the great amount of bodily restriction to which girls are subjected."

"Yes," said Mr. Warren, "I begin to think so too. You are helping me wonderfully Charley. That must be the reason why so few women or girls are able to move their limbs independently of one another. How few women are able even to turn their heads gracefully, or to raise their arms independently of their shoulders—even to shake hands with you, without conveying the impression either that they are working a stiff pump handle, or of going to the opposite extreme and of placing a limp hand in yours, without animation or heartiness of any sort? And I am sorry to say I seem to see this defect more in women than in men, though goodness knows we are ungainly and uncouth enough as a rule."

"That just bears out what I say," said Charley, triumphantly. "Boys do have a little more freedom, but it is of course absolute freedom; and if their tastes lie in the direction of bodily games and so on, they stand a better chance; but I have in spite of this seen many of the finest runners and jumpers in the athletic clubs with the most pitiably round backs and narrow chests—fellows which would certainly not satisfy you, Warren."

"Well, now," said saucy Jessie, "you are knocking your own theory on the head."

"The reason of that is," said Charley, not condescending to answer, or perhaps not having heard Jessie, "that there has been no settled plan of muscular training. In fact, there has been no training at all. And these men or boys, left to their own devices, have taken up one particular form of gymnastics, have over-developed one part of their organism and have neglected another; they have, as I say, rambled on without plan. Perhaps hard-reading men who have been for hours bending over their books, will relax themselves by stooping over a cricket bat, or playing leap-frog. What I complain of is, that their physical activity is not pursued with intelligence, and as a means to counteract the ill-effects produced by the exigencies of ordinary life."

"Well, but," said Mr. Warren, "what would you propose?"

"I should propose," said Charley, "that physical exercise were pursued more as a science, with a distinct aim, and not in a general cut and dried fashion, but in a way that would admit of its intelligent adaptability to each individual's requirements."

"And what would you consider this aim to be, or what rules would you go by?" said Mr. Warren, who seemed as if he knew what Charley was going to say, but wished to have the pleasure of hearing him to the end.

"The aim should be the uniform development of all the muscular forces. Where there was a deficiency in this uniformity, exercise should be used until the balance of harmony is complete. For instance, it will not be of much use for a man with a contracted chest and a round back to climb a rope by way of exercise, for that particular form of it will only tend to accentuate his deficiency; yet if he resorts to bodily exercise merely for the sake of the exercise, and with no intelligent motive, this will probably be just the sort of exercise he would practise, because he could best show his strength and his cleverness in them. I think that exercise should be pursued with a twofold aim—one for you artists, Warren, to make us poor creatures the most presentable objects; and the other to raise the tone of health, as a mental stimulus and a moral control. If we used exercise as a means to these ends, as the ancient Greeks did, there would be much more chance for you, Warren. Depend upon it, they knew the exact value of bodily exercise as a means of securing this harmonious development of the physical powers, and knowing this they sought to make it subservient to their aims by practising it with a nicety and calculation that produced results as near perfection as possible."

"I suppose our lives are too hurried, and our thoughts too preoccupied in this nineteenth century, to hope that a return of this condition of things might be anticipated," said Mr. Warren.

"Our lives are not too hurried, but we certainly do not think calmly of these things," said Charley, "or else if we did I venture to say that before a year was over there would be not one, but several centres in England where we could get the training we wish. It would probably not be carried on on precisely the lines which the Greeks used, but would be adapted to our times and customs."

"But how are we to get people to understand this?" said Mr. Warren; "and how is one to procure for them the necessary instruction when they are willing to be improved? It seems to me that what you require for the exposition of your idea, are teachers who possess a good deal of medical knowledge, if they are to determine for each person where they are deficient, and advise for them the proper measures to so adjust the balance of matters that that uniformity of which you speak may be secured."

"You are quite right, Warren, it would require just that," said Charley; "but that is not nearly so impossible a

thing as you imagine. Curiously enough—and it is curious how many little stray scraps of information seem wafted to one, to help one, when one is interested in a thing—curiously enough, there came to our hospital the other day a young fellow with his foot smashed. The hind wheel of a heavy dray had just passed over it. I happened to be standing in the ward some days afterwards, waiting for something which I had sent for from a distant part of the building, and I entered into conversation with him. He had been a lieutenant in the Swedish army, and I noticed that he was magnificently developed, and moved himself with an alertness and 'spring' which attracted my attention, although the lameness in his foot was still very great. He then told me of a training school which exists in Sweden, where physical exercise was carried on in all its branches, and for every individual requirement. He had been through one branch of this scientific training, that, namely, which was especially directed to and fitted for military requirements; but he said that there were many distinct branches of physical training, and persons were advised as to the course they should adopt. He said the institution had been founded by a man named Ling, for whom he seemed to have great reverence, and who must have been a clever man, according to what he said. It is a curious thing, and I blush to own that I had never heard anything whatever of this before, nor have I heard anything since, for when next I found myself in the ward (it was not one I had to visit in a general way) he had been discharged. But I mean to find out more about the matter as soon as I have time."

Jessie yawned audibly and turned to the window.

"Oh, here is Miss Blake coming up the path, mother!" she cried; "she is late, if she has come to call."

"I am almost ashamed to come in so late," said Miss Blake, after having shaken hands all round, "but I have been detained, and did want to thank you for the pleasant evening I had last night."

"I am glad you enjoyed yourself, my dear," said aunt. "How is Mr. Blake to-day?"

"He is not very well, thank you. I was terribly afraid he was going to have another attack of his heart complaint, but I am thankful to say that has passed over, and now he is easy again. Let me hold that for you, Mrs. Leslie! I should like to," said Matilda, seeing aunt begin to loosen a skein of wool which she was preparing to wind.

"So you shall, dear," said my aunt. "At any rate you will not want to run off in a hurry while you have that on your hands."

The conversation became general; I noticed that Mr. Warren placed his chair a little behind Matilda, and seemed to enjoy the gentle wave of the arms which was entailed by releasing the thread of wool as it passed from the skein into the ball.

Matilda sat upright without any apparent effort. She turned her head from side to side, speaking first to one then the other of us who were seated round about, and my eyes having been wonderfully sharpened, I saw that every motion of the head was accomplished quite independently of the shoulders, and must I think have given rise to the idea that she was haughty. I do not think it was more than this. And few people would believe how a person's carriage and bearing is improved if they can do so simple a thing as turn the head freely without twisting or turning the shoulders too.

Much to Mr. Warren's evident chagrin, Matilda declined my aunt's invitation to stay to dinner, on the ground that her father was alone.

The evening passed over without incident. Mr. Warren was chatty and agreeable. He conversed freely on all he had seen during his travels, and he had evidently not had blinkers over his eyes. As for me, I spoke but little. I was dejected, and no effort to appear cheerful or animated succeeded. I was suffering from the reaction of the intense anticipation and eagerness with which I had looked forward to the last two days—a reaction brought on by a violent dissipation of all my dreams, my hopes, and my cherished fancies. I lay on my couch and went on with my knitting, whilst aunt and the others played a round game. Presently some one proposed a little music.

"Do you still sing, Frank?" said Charley.

"Not what you may with truth call singing. Students' choruses are all I have been practising," said Mr. Warren.

"Oh, let us have a student's song," said Jessie; "I should like to hear one."

"I do not think I can remember one to-night," said Mr. Warren, with a scarcely perceptible twinkle in his eyes; "but if you will allow me I will sing one of Schubert's songs."

"Ah, yes, do. Dear old Schubert!" said Jessie; "I love all his songs. Which shall it be?" said Jessie, as she sat down as a matter of course to the piano. "Ah, we will try you with the 'Erl König,' Mr. Warren. Charley never can manage the three different voices to my satisfaction."

"Then I think I had better not attempt it," said Mr. Warren. "If Charley can give no satisfaction, I am sure I cannot."

"No, no; we will have no excuses, will we, mother dear? Say he is to do it, at once."

My aunt smiled, and Mr. Warren, without more ado, sang that incomparable song which, by its exquisite loveliness, seems to make every nerve in one's body vibrate and thrill. That was followed by another song of Schubert's, which is a great favourite of mine, "Muth."

Courage. Yes—that was what so many of us wanted. And had not he wanted it when he composed that song? Did he not compose it to give himself courage? Else how could it so exactly express itself? How like it is to the sudden resolve which comes to one on an instant, after long depression and faintness of heart; which bids one turn one's face to the light, and summon up one's determination, override all difficulties, and bravely fight one's way onwards! Mr. Warren sang it, too, as though it were a favourite of his; and as he turned rapidly at the end of the song our eyes met, and I was aware that I had been intently watching him. To my annoyance my cheeks crimsoned; I felt they did; and for the rest of the evening I had to keep my eyes carefully averted for fear of a similar experience.

When I was safe in my room that night I thought I would see how far I could manage to turn my head. I stood before the glass, but my round shoulders and poking chin seemed more evident than ever. I saw that before I could move my head as Matilda Blake did, I must first be upright; in fact, a general transformation must be wrought in me altogether. I tried to lift my arms above my head, and there!—it was exactly as he said! I could not straighten my elbows, and my shoulders went up to my ears. And—do not laugh, dear reader, for I was dreadfully in earnest—I tied a towel round the bed-post, and shook hands with it, observing myself in the cheval glass the while; and though I could not accuse myself of not shaking my towel heartily, I saw to my dismay that I shook it with my whole shoulder in true pump-handle fashion. I limped back to the friendly embrace of my easy chair, and began my cogitations of the evening before.

I smile now when I think how desperately serious all this was to me—what a matter of vital importance my figure had suddenly become. And the worst of it was that both my aunt and Charley had so often taken me to task for my careless way of holding myself, for my round shoulders and narrow chest. But their words had fallen on deaf ears. If they had told me I was spoiling my complexion or my hair was losing its gloss, I should have been alarmed; but what mattered one's figure, so long as one had fairly good looks? and my waist would compare, as regarded inches, favourably with that of either of my cousins.

Aunt came into my room before she went to her own.

"Are you asleep, dear?" she said.

"No, auntie."

"I thought not. You are quite well, child?" she said, rather anxiously. "I was not satisfied with your looks this evening. I am afraid you have been kept too long indoors. We must give you more carriage exercise. Now go to sleep, dear; it is not good to lie awake. Good night, my love."

She stooped over my bed to kiss me. I flung my arms round her neck, and for a few minutes we remained thus without speaking a word. I never till then fully realised the eloquence of silence. No wonder my aunt was beloved; for she had the rare gift of knowing when and how to be silent. After awhile she gently put me back on my pillow, and imprinting another kiss on my lips, she left me, gliding like a sweet angel out of the room.

(To be continued.)

"SHE COULDN'T BOIL A POTATO;"

OR,

THE IGNORANT HOUSEKEEPER, AND HOW SHE ACQUIRED KNOWLEDGE.

By DORA HOPE.

MRS. WILSON rapidly regained her strength after her return from the seaside; in fact, she felt the benefit of the change much more after she was settled down at home again, than she had done during the visit. They had a warm bright September that year, and Mrs. Wilson often let Ella drive her out in the little pony-carriage. They explored distant lanes, and paid visits to *protégées* in outlying villages, and came home laden with varied treasures; sometimes a particularly thriving plant in a pot, a present from a grateful friend, sometimes bright berries and brilliantly tinted leaves from the hedgerows.

Ella made beautiful bouquets of some of the leaves, and pressed others for use in the winter. She bought some sheets of paper specially prepared for drying botanical specimens, and used this for the choicest leaves, though she found, as Mrs. Wilson told her she would, that ordinary white blotting-paper answered the purpose almost equally well; while for the larger kinds of ferns and bracken no plan succeeded so well as the very inexpensive one of laying them between sheets of ordinary newspapers, and putting them under the loose seat of an old-fashioned sofa. Whatever kind of paper was used, however, it was necessary to change the sheets every day for the first week. Ella found that whenever she neglected this rather troublesome precaution, the leaves lost their colour, and often became absolutely mildewed from the moisture absorbed into the paper.

The berries they collected were preserved in large jars of strong salt and water. The majority of them were kept very successfully, although some varieties, hawthorn berries especially, lost their colour in the brine, and were useless; barberries and mountain ash berries answered particularly well. Ella found that the latter kept fairly well by simply tying them in bunches, and hanging them up, with the berries downwards. The berries shrivel a little, but if soaked in water for a day before they are wanted, they look almost as well as ever again. The first attempt Ella made at preserving berries in salt and water was not very successful; they soon became mouldy on the top, but she found this was caused partly by the brine not being strong enough, and partly by her carelessness in not filling the jars up again as the water evaporated, so that some of the berries were left projecting above the water; but the failure of the one jarful taught her wisdom, and she was more careful for the future.

The beautiful branches of bryony berries, with which the hedges were festooned a little later in the year, did not need any preserving, but could just be hung up, or arranged in ornamental baskets, and left without further trouble to brighten the rooms for the whole of the winter.

The wild clematis, too, needed no preparation, except to pick off its leaves and hang it up in a dry place till it was wanted; and the same simple treatment proved sufficient for the seed-pods of garden poppies, if gathered before they were quite ripe; and Ella was very much struck by the effect of the handsome bright green pods in a winter bouquet.

Finding her aunt was so much better, Ella, by her father's express desire, went home for a few days, to keep his birthday and join in the picnic by which it was always celebrated. Aunt Mary sent her contribution to the feast in the shape of ducks and chickens of her own rearing, and pears and apples from her own orchard, while Ella provided jellies of her own making, to be kept in their moulds, and only turned out when wanted for use.

The only thing which disturbed Ella's enjoyment of this picnic was the presence of a young man, a friend of several years' standing, who made no secret of the fact that he had a great admiration for her sister Kate. It was not that Ella had any real cause for disliking him; indeed, under any other circumstances she would have been quite as ready as the rest of the family to welcome him as a friend. The only objection was that he was not good enough for Kate; indeed, Ella had such an exalted opinion of her sister's excellences, that it would have been difficult to find anyone whom she would think good enough, and what made it the more annoying was that Kate did not appear to see things in the same light, but actually seemed to prefer his company to that of anyone else. Ella looked upon the whole matter in such a tragic way that she took for granted that no one else could have noticed what was going on, or they must surely have felt as unhappy at the idea as she did; so, being anxious not to spoil the general hilarity, she kept her anxiety to herself, till she got safely back to Hapsleigh, when she confided her fears to her aunt. Mrs. Wilson, however, only laughed at her, and said that in the first place it was probably all imagination, and if not, she had often heard of Mr. Sharleigh as a very nice young fellow, and the best thing Kate could do would be to marry him if he asked her. This matter-of-fact way of looking at the subject, though not exactly reassuring, made Ella think that perhaps after all there was no particular cause for her low spirits, and she soon resumed her usual cheerfulness.

Mrs. Wilson's apple orchard was a celebrated one in the neighbourhood, and Ella largely increased her knowledge of the different kinds of apples in the course of this autumn. When a few years younger, she and her brothers had often rejoiced when a hamper of apples arrived from Hapsleigh, containing, in addition to the ordinary sized fruit, a specially large apple for each of them, but now her interest was increased by learning the name of each tree, and the character of its fruit.

There was the Emperor Alexander, bearing huge rosy apples, equally good for eating or cooking, but which would not keep long; and the Blenheim orange, longer in ripening, and rounder in shape, but delicious for eating and safe to keep till the spring came again; and the russet, hardly ripe until the turn of the year, when the other apples were almost done; and the pearmain, and by no means least important the Ribstone pippin, which lasted out all the rest.

The Siberian crab ripened its tiny, cherry-like apples early, and they were made into clear red jelly before most of the others were ripe. Ella confiscated as many of these as she could persuade Mrs. Moore to spare from the jelly, and varnished them for winter decorations.

The red juncating and golden pippin were ripe almost first of all, and as soon as they appeared Ella remembered the pony's taste for apples, and, in consequence, old Billy and she became greater friends than ever. She hardly ever went out without an apple or two in her pocket or basket, and it was not long before all the little folks in the village as well as the pony became aware of the fact. Ella herself enjoyed the plentiful crop very much, in spite of Burroughs' opinion that "women are poor apple eaters," and she not only shared them with all her friends, both two-legged and four-legged, but found them very useful as models for sketching also. A few pear trees added to the wealth of the orchard, and in one corner a medlar kept its leaves, glowing with dark crimson, after the early frosts had stripped the neighbouring trees of all their foliage.

Mrs. Wilson always declared that she would never give in to the "new fangled" ways of keeping apples, and when Ella read accounts of apples stored in barrels in a cellar, and of how well they kept in that way, her aunt merely advised her to burn the paper, that it might not lead anyone astray by its false doctrines. Mrs. Mobberly, however, told Ella that she had often known them keep very well in barrels, and that in some countries it was the real old-fashioned way of storing them. Ella, to her amusement, found that this was a standing cause of argument between the two ladies, neither of whom would ever allow that the other was right on this subject, though ready enough to give way on most points. Mrs. Wilson, of course, always kept to her own way with her own apples.

When the fruit was gathered, Mrs. Wilson had a quantity of dry hay laid on the floor of the long rambling garret, and Mrs. Moore, with occasional help from Ella, placed the apples in long lines in the hay, packing them as closely as possible, but so as just not to touch each other. The pears were packed in the same way, and paths were left in every direction for convenience in examining the fruit frequently, for it was found that if one apple or pear went bad, the infection soon spread to all those round it, so that it was necessary to remove each one directly it showed any sign of being tainted. Ella found that when the pears began to ripen she was obliged to visit them every day to pick out those that were ready to be used.

Great numbers of apples were given away, and still more made into jelly, or preserved, sometimes with blackberries or other fruit. When the pots were arranged in the deep old-fashioned store-room, they made such an imposing array that Ella wondered how her aunt could ever use so much; but she found that a large proportion was to be given away. Several hampers full went to poor friends, to whom it would be impossible to offer help in money. A jar of each kind of jam went to Mr. Dudley, with a note from Mrs. Wilson saying that she had some doubts about the quality of this year's fruit, and would be much obliged if he would give her his opinion. The excuse for several other hampers full was that the jam or jelly was Ella's own making, and that she was anxious to know what her friends thought of her first attempt.

Mrs. Wilson was always on the look out for opportunities to send a few delicacies to a poor curate in the town, who had a very large family and very slender means, and who, being very sensitive withal, would have been offended at many little presents which a richer man would not have hesitated to accept. This summer she had what she considered a brilliant idea; she wrote quite a pathetic note to the curate's wife, describing the orchard full of fruit, waiting for some one to eat it, and the hedges full of blackberries dropping from the branches for want of some one to gather them, and her lonely niece Ella, who would be only too glad both to gather and to eat the fruit, if but she had a companion, and therefore would some of the children take pity upon her and come and stay for a few days; of course they would not be able to eat all the fruit, but they might all amuse themselves together by making jam of it. Of course they came, and went back with the little pony-carriage so full of fruit of their own gathering, and jam and jelly, which they flattered themselves was their own making, that there was hardly room to squeeze themselves into the carriage at all.

Before her illness Mrs. Wilson had been a well-known visitor at the hospital in the town, so Ella was not surprised when she one day asked her to drive there with a few jars of jelly. "For the sick people, poor things——" Ella began, but her aunt interrupted her before she could finish her sentence.

"Oh dear no, it is not any of it for the patients; they get fed and petted up quite enough without my sending them anything. No; this is for the nurses. They all know me. Tell them I will send some apples for the patients, and I will come and see them as soon as I can, but this is for themselves, and they are not to give any of it away. And take a nice bouquet for the nurses' sitting-room; not loose flowers that will take them all their little spare time to arrange, but a made up bouquet that they can put straight into water without any trouble."

This was a new idea to Ella. All her interest in hospitals hitherto had been confined to helping occasionally in preparing presents for the patients, but this visit exclusively to the nurses showed her how much they appreciate little attentions, and how very few they receive. Ella, like many other girls who know nothing practically of the inside of a hospital, had always thought of a nurse's life as a delightful, poetical sort of existence, with no particular duties beyond sitting in a spotless cap and apron and looking as picturesque as possible, by the bedside of a grateful patient, who did not require any attention beyond occasionally having his pillow smoothed. It was rather a shock to her feelings therefore to discover that "smoothing the pillow" was an occupation existing chiefly in the imagination, and that the real life of a nurse was a constant round of real hard work; a good deal harder, and till one became accustomed to it, infinitely more trying, than the work of an average general servant, while the patient, though very often grateful and uncomplaining, was just as often very ungrateful and given to systematically grumbling at everything done for him. It was no wonder, therefore, that when worn out with a day's hard work, the nurses should be gratified to find some bright flowers in their sitting-room, especially if ready arranged, and some little delicacies for their table.

The young people whom Mrs. Wilson had invited, enjoyed their visit so much, and were such pleasant company, that they prolonged their stay for some time, and amused themselves by doing a good deal of old-fashioned cookery.

As soon as the corn harvest was in, they begged some new wheat from a neighbouring farm and made a dish of firmity. They put a pint of the wheat into a basin, poured hot water on to it, and left it for a whole day and night to swell. The next morning it was put into a saucepan, with plenty of water to cover it, and boiled gently for another whole day, water being added as required. As soon as it was thoroughly soft, a pint and a half of milk was added, with three tablespoonfuls of brown sugar, and three good handfuls of sultanas, and all was stewed together for two or three hours, when it was served hot, cream being handed with it for those who liked to add it.

They tried too, according to the old custom, making decoctions of different parts of the blackberry bush; but as they were all in excellent health at the time, they could hardly judge of the medicinal qualities ascribed to them. Mrs. Moore assured them that in her young days the water in which the buds, leaves, and young green twigs had been stewed was considered an infallible cure for quinsy, us well as very healing for ulcers, or sore places of any kind; while a decoction of the berries and flowers would heal the bite of the most venemous serpent. The flowers, fruit, leaves, and twigs all stewed together also would certainly cure weak eyes, if used regularly; and finally, if any of the young ladies were not pleased with the colour of their hair (this was told them mysteriously, as a great secret) they could quite safely turn it black by washing it with blackberry leaves boiled in lye. But they were all quite satisfied with themselves, or at any rate did not think that black hair would look well with their fair complexions, so contented themselves with copying the directions from Mrs. Moore's old recipe book, and declined trying the effect upon themselves.

(*To be continued.*)

IN THE DAYS OF MOZART.

THE STORY OF A YOUNG MUSICIAN.

By LILY WATSON.

CHAPTER XV.



"Do you see that gentleman watching you?" inquired Elsa of her brother, as the two stood in a corner of Prince Kaunitz's brilliant *salon*. "He did not lose a note of your violin solo."

The personage described was a tall and haughty-looking man of middle age, handsomely dressed, who, as Elsa said, had listened attentively to the notes of Rudolf's Straduarius. When he had contemplated the young man a few moments longer, he moved away, apparently to seek his host, for in a little while the august Prince Kaunitz himself was seen approaching. The tiny, dapper statesman, in his dainty trappings, formed a curious contrast to the tall, sombre man by his side, with whom he was conversing in an animated manner.

"My friend, Count Rosenkrantz, wishes to speak to you," said the patron of music to his young *protégé*. "He approves the style of your playing."

"Count Rosenkrantz! Where have I heard that name?" Elsa asked herself. Then it flashed into her mind; it was to the estate of a Count Rosenkrantz that Heinrich Stern had gone as woodranger. Meanwhile the stranger, in a sharp, businesslike tone, was catechising Rudolf. Was the theme he had played his own composition? Did he compose much? Here Rudolf was able modestly to quote his song for Metastasio's words, and the "Adieu," accepted by Marie Antoinette. Was he engaged in any definite work? and so-forth. At the close of the conversation a colloquy between Prince Kaunitz and his guest again took place. Then the Count, turning to Rudolf, said abruptly—

"I am fond of music, and compose a little myself. I want a violinist and composer in my household. Can you play first violin and chamber music, play the clavier at times, compose a little, put my ideas into shape for me, and, in short, act as domestic musician? If so, you can enter my service, and I will give you two hundred florins salary. I live the greater part of the year at my country seat at Perlensee, near Vienna, whither I go at the end of the week. If you accept my offer, you can travel with me."

Rudolf was startled, gratified, bewildered, all at once. He recognised the Count's name and his connection with the Stern family, and his first impulse was to accept on the spot. Then the thought of Elsa flashed on his mind. What should he do with her—or without her?

"What is the difficulty?" said the Count's incisive voice.

"Your Excellency's offer is very kind," hesitated Rudolf; "but I would ask that I may have a little time for consideration."

"Till to-morrow evening, then," replied the nobleman; "but no longer. There are many musicians in Vienna, young sir, and I wish to make a suitable choice before I leave the city."

Yes, there were "many musicians in Vienna," as the poor lad had been informed once before, and as he knew by bitter experience. Time was when Rudolf would have scorned the thought of

a household post, as fettering to his genius; but now he knew that a home and a definite income were not to be thoughtlessly rejected.

The Count gave Rudolf his card, containing an address in a fashionable part of Vienna, with strict injunctions to send his answer by the time appointed, unless he wished to find the situation gone. Then the two august personages moved away, and left the brother and sister to discuss the change in the order of affairs as best they might.

There was no doubt at all in Elsa's mind about the matter, and when they had reached home the two sat hand in hand, while the sister explained her views.

"If you would like to take it, dear Rudolf, you must."

"Well," replied her brother, "as to liking it, I should prefer, of course, to be my own master; but, though I know nothing of the services of a domestic musician, I shall, I suppose, have a position of dignity, freedom to compose, and money, which I cannot earn here in sufficient quantity to buy me anything beside fitting dress to appear in at these rare assemblies where I play perhaps once in three months. But then, my Elsa, I cannot leave thee alone."

"And do you think I will be a burden on you, my darling? No, let the Empress say what she will, I will never be that. Rather would I return at once to my grandfather, at Castle Höhenfels, and that would be within my power at any time. But I have another plan. I will go too."

"Nay, Elsa; the Count does not need any maidens in his service——"

"I do not mean to go to his castle," laughed Elsa. "Listen, and I will tell my scheme. Oh, it is a clever plan! At Perlensee lives the deserter, Heinrich Stern, now wood-ranger to Count Rosenkrantz, with his wife and family. In their cottage they will find me a corner, for their elder children are now grown up and away from home. You know the gratitude they bear us for our care of Heinrich—or rather," she added, with a slight tremor in her voice, "the care shown him by our tutor. There I shall be close at hand, able to see thee often, to remind thee to take care of thy health, and away from this hateful city, with its benevolent, terrible Empress, who wants to marry me to her gardener."

"Not a gardener, Elsa," remonstrated Rudolf, in surprise; for his sister had leapt to her feet, and was pacing the room with a glow of excitement burning on her cheek. "Herr Müller is a very respectable person—though not all one would like for a brother-in-law. And you do not do her Majesty justice. It was pure kindness; it is no advantage to her; and how wonderful it is that a woman who has had the destinies of nations in her grasp should stoop to consider the future of a country maiden!"

"I know, Rudolf," said Elsa, dropping on her knee beside her brother. "I do not mean to be ungrateful. She is kind; she is benevolent; but she is a tyrant still; and when she looks at me with that imperial gaze, in spite of the benignity, there is a coldness in her eye that makes me shiver. If I do not act as she wishes, she will be displeased, and care nothing more about you or me. Oh, I could not stay in Vienna, and see her again! Let us go away, and be free!"

There was such ardour in Elsa's entreaty, and such apparent fitness in her plan, that Rudolf could not help agreeing to it. Although he was more sensible than his sister of the condescension shown by the great Maria Theresa, and the kindness of her motive, he was perfectly aware that to thwart her plans without good reason given would put an end to all royal protection for both of them. To accept the Count's offer would solve a serious difficulty. The more he thought of it, the more he became convinced it was the only way to pursue his musical career, and yet to avoid starvation; and, accordingly, the next day he carried a humble assent to the nobleman's mansion.

Prince Kaunitz consented to explain this turn of events to Her Majesty, who at once dismissed Ottilie's children from her much-engrossed mind, with a parting impression that they had not shown themselves quite worthy of her gracious interest. But Marie Antoinette, whenever she glanced at the exquisitely-copied "Adieu," felt a touch of compassion for the frail, dark-eyed musician who had laid this offering at her feet.

She little knew that he was haunting the ways, in order to obtain a distant glimpse of her just once again before he left the city where his experience had been so strange a medley of pleasure and of pain.

Meanwhile Elsa was busily occupied in the farewell arrangements. It was now March, and five months had been spent in Vienna—months, save that for one event, she could not bear to review in memory.

She longed to leave the city, and tried to cheer her brother to the utmost by depicting the future before them in brilliant colours. Their little treasury had just been replenished by the fee from Maria Theresa and that from Prince Kaunitz for Rudolf's last performance; so it was easy to pay for Elsa's journey to the village of Perlensee in a conveyance with others who were journeying in that direction.

The last days flew by, and the brother and sister had soon bidden adieu to the scenes of their first introduction to the great world. With what brilliant hopes had Rudolf entered the capital! and how utterly they had been disappointed, in spite of a transient measure of success! Nothing, as Elsa thought, could be very much worse.

On the journey she beguiled herself by the leisurely perusal of a long letter to Rudolf from Wolfgang Mozart, who with his father had gone to Italy in the previous December, and who had so far enjoyed a brilliant series of successes in that land of song.

Italy had hitherto been the land of music *par excellence;* but for the last thirty years the palm of instrumental music had been departing to Germany, and the young composer who was now making a pilgrimage to Rome was destined to rise as high as any Italian in the special department in which Italy still stood supreme—the opera.

It is difficult for us now to realise, with our reverential recollection of such names as Glück, Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schübert, Spohr, Mendelssohn, and Wagner, that it was only within the last century Germany became the fatherland of music. Till then Italy had been to musicians what she now is to sculptors and painters—the goal whither their pilgrim steps were bent, the land where they must needs study, if they would succeed.

Young Mozart wrote bright and amusing letters, and detailed to his friend, without a particle of vanity, how at Roveredo and Verona a way had to be gradually forced for him by strong men to the organ, that he might play to the crowds that filled the church. "Because I am so small, they all want to see me," wrote the boy of fourteen. As clavier player, organist, violinist, vocalist, but most of all as a composer, his success was brilliant and complete; and when he wrote from Milan, he was, under the patronage of Count Firmian, entering with families of rank into all the amusements of the carnival.

"We have to follow the fashion and wear dominoes and hoods. Papa thinks I look well in them, but does not like them for himself. But he is comforted by the thought that they can be used for linings afterwards."

Elsa laughed to herself at the thought of the grave and formal Herr Mozart masquerading against his will; then went on to read with extreme interest the account of a brilliant *soirée* at Count Firmian's palace, for which the young Mozart had been commissioned to prepare three songs to Metastasio's words, and which proved a grand success for the young musician. A snuff box, twenty *gigliati* (a Florentine coin equal to a ducat, and therefore about nine shillings and four-pence of English money), and a copy of Metastasio's works were his reward, together with a commission to write the new opera for production at Milan at Christmas.

With generous pleasure Elsa thought of their friend's success, and was grateful to him for his closing words:

"How are you progressing, *amico mio?* Have you prospered in Vienna? I did not, and papa dislikes the place. But courage and success!"

The humble conveyance in which Elsa journeyed travelled more slowly than the horses of Count Rosenkrantz, and when towards evening she reached the village of Perlensee, she had the comforting knowledge that Rudolf was there before her, in the castle whose towers she saw proudly crowning a hill overlooking a small lake. The tranquil expanse of water reflected the sunset sky, and the hills and woods at its further extremity allured her by the thought of many a wild ramble in days to come.

She had written to announce her arrival to the wife of Heinrich Stern, and the poor woman, with her face worn by the bitter grief of long ago, was

standing at the cottage door to receive her.

"Enter, enter, dear lady! You come to a poor home, but such as it is, we rejoice that it should shelter you."

It was in truth a very humble retreat, and the room Elsa had assigned to her was little better than a loft. But it was spotlessly clean, and she lay down that night upon her straw mattress with a thankful heart, after a fervent prayer that her beloved brother might at length find rest and peace.

Only two little girls of the Stern children were at home, and Elsa resolved she would devote a short time every day to teaching them. The poor sister had formed her plans as she best could with regard to earning money. Rudolf had declared that he could not possibly spend half his salary upon himself, as board and lodging would be provided, therefore the greater part of it should go for Elsa's support. But she determined that, when the summer came and families of rank visited their country houses in the lovely neighbourhood, she would try to earn a little money by teaching their children, and by needlework.

Crude and impractical schemes these may have been; but none the less, they were originated by one who in her way was a little heroine, willing to endure privation, to work day and night, if only she might from afar keep a watch over the comfort of a brother whom she loved better than she loved herself.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BLACKEYED NELL.—See vol. vi., p. 631, G.O.P., for "Practical Hints about the Hair."

MILKMAID.—See vol. vi., pp. 224 and 304, with reference to cleaning piano keys.

CURIOUS FAN.—The science called "Nosology" has no reference whatever to the nasal organ or prominent facial feature. The term is derived from the Greek *nosos*, disease; and *logia*, a discourse. It is a department of medical science subdivided into three subjects, *i.e.*, the definition of various species of diseases, their nomenclature, and their classification. For the study of physiognomy you should procure Lavater.

HIBBERTIGIBBET.—Present the gentleman to the lady, and say, "Allow me to introduce Mr. So and So—Mrs. So and So." Remember H.M. the Queen is not presented to the guests received at Court; but they are presented to her. Thus, the person to whom special respect is to be shown is to have presentations made to them; they are not presented, although their name is mentioned afterwards. Perfect rest is needed for writers' cramp; and when, with a doctor's permission, writing is gradually and cautiously resumed, a thick cork penholder should be used. Meantime, learn to write with the left hand.

ALICE BREWER.—Buy a bottle of liquid gold, for frame-gilding, and a flat brush.

MAY CAT.—Write to the secretary of the "Girl's Friendly Society," Miss Wright, central office, 3, Victoria Mansions, Victoria-street, Westminster, W.C. Your writing is good; but you should not confound the nominative and accusative cases, as you have done more than once, in saying, "Me have sent an Easter card . . . . . Me can join the Girl's Friendly Association."

ANXIOUS TO LIVE ARIGHT.—The sins of those who "die in the Lord" have been "blotted out" and shall "come no more into remembrance." They will "appear before the judgment seat of Christ," only to be placed at His right hand, and received with the welcome words—"Come, ye blessed of my Father!" For an account of that judgment, see St. Matt. xxv. For those who die unrepenting, there will have been no "blotting out" of their sins, and thus they will have to give an account of them.

TOPSY TURVY.—There are many societies that distribute clothing, both old and new, connected with the Church of England; as, the "Poor Clergy Relief Corporation," incorporated by Royal Charter, 1867, 36, Southampton-street, Strand, W.C. There is also the "Odd Minutes Society," which sends clothing made by its members, to be distributed amongst the poor by a considerable number of the clergy. The "Directory of Girls' Societies" &c. (Griffith and Farran) gives an account of the work of this excellent society. Later on we shall name other such societies.

BEATTIE.—"Laborare est orare" is a Latin motto, and means "Labour is prayer." We do not see the sense of this statement. It reminds us of a railway porter's very paradoxical monologue, as he contemplated a box containing a tortoise with dubious mien: viz., "Cats is dogs, and so is rabbits, and monkeys in cages is parrots; but tortoises is insects, and pays nothing." Thereupon he "chucked" the box into the van free of charge. These statements were capable of explanation; but that all "Labour is prayer" we fail to understand. The work of the monks referred to by the Hon. Mrs. Robert Butler in her essay in this number was probably religious work, and that would make all the difference.

ALLE TRAUTS.—Perhaps you might to a certain degree restore your leather chairs by the use of bookbinders' varnish.

DISAPPOINTED ONE.—Your digestion appears to be out of order, and therefore may be the cause of this redness of the face. Your writing and spelling need much attention. Of course you are welcome to write to us; and, sooner or later, will be answered.

SPANKS.—It is no longer the custom to take arms in walking, unless at night, and in a crowded place, where a lady might be rudely pushed; and then a man would naturally offer his arm for protection.

F. H.—A composition is sold at indiarubber shops; inquire there for what you want, and ask how to apply it.

M. K.—Much depends on the circumstances of the case. A hostess must receive, and take leave of her guests, standing. As a guest only, your age, and your respective and relative positions in society, as well as sex, must also influence your actions. It would occupy too much space to give examples in explanation. Read our long series of articles on "Good Breeding," and the "Habits of Polite Society."

LADY DOVEY.—We cannot prescribe for a further development of your stature; but we may respecting your waist, which appears to be miserably slight. Such delicate and valuable machinery as our internal organism needs a good room box to hold it; and if cut nearly in two in the middle—or even shaped like a fiddle case—grave mischief must be done to those delicate works. Wear looser stays, and your figure will likewise become more symmetrical. Write to our publisher (Mr. Tarn) for the "Girl's Own Cookery Book."

AMY appears to be sadly deficient in the habit of self-control. If she cannot rule herself, how can she take the control of children? They will look to her for an example. She had better join an "Early Rising Society." Many are indicated in the "Directory of Girls' Clubs" (Griffith and Farran, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C.) Your writing is very bad for a governess.

LONG JOHN.—Dead game is called "still life," and any inanimate objects are called "genre," in the parlance of artists.

FLOWERS.—Accepting a few flowers, and wearing them, are two distinct things; and to adopt the latter course is to take the responsibility of a rather significant action, which might mislead the giver. If prepared to accept still further attentions, of course the case assumes a different aspect.

M. E. L. R.—Enquire at a railway office, or get an "A. B. C. Railway Guide." Believe, and steadfastly endeavour to please God, and amend your errors, and pray for the aid of the Holy Spirit.

MERRYLASS.—Provided that your mother approve of your breaking your father's colts, we have no fault to find with your so doing. But we are very sure that she would be grievously pained and shocked if she knew that you had no self-respect, and permitted any man to be so familiar with you. What can he think of you? You ought to be ashamed of yourself.

KATE is requested to write again and give us her address in connection with her numbers of the G.O.P. of which she speaks; and she shall then hear from us in reply.

SEA-FOAM.—Enclose a penny in chamois-leather, and sew it inside a broadish black ribbon; and laying the coin exactly on the lump in your wrist, bind the latter as firmly as you can upon it, yet not so as to stop the circulation. Should the penny be apt to slip off the lump towards your arm, you will have to add a loop of narrow black ribbon to the bandage at that part, just of the right length to keep it in place, by passing it round the middle finger.

STILL PERPLEXED.—It is not required of us to love what is unlovely, nor to respect what is evil; but we are to endeavour to "overcome evil with good," to forbear towards the aggravating; "not rendering railing for railing;" but to pray for them that despitefully use you, and persecute you; and for an increase of patience in yourself. If, by God's grace, your friend be endeavouring so to act thus (however feebly, and even with occasional failures), she should by no means absent herself from the holy table of her divine Master. When possible, it is advisable that girls should walk out, and pay visits, accompanied by a friend, not alone, unless calling on a near relative, and at a short distance from home. A poem commencing with:

"Oh may I join the choir invisible,"

was written by "George Eliot" (Mrs. Cross). Old gold suits a dark complexion.

FROHSDORF.—Humiliation before God, prayer that Divine grace may aid your firm resolve, and personal effort to subdue your hasty temper, and an apology after every exhibition of it to those specially concerned. We know of no other "cure;" and it is incumbent on you to adopt these means. The fine castle and village of Frohsdorf is in Lower Austria, at the foot of the great Kaiserwald. It belonged to the Crottendorf family in the 13th century, and after passing through other hands, it became the residence of the Duchess d'Angoulême in 1844. It became the refuge of the elder Bourbons; and the Comte de Chambord, in his occupation of it, made great improvements in it. There is a small place of the same name in Switzerland.

SAUCY SIS.—Men and women have a similar number of ribs and other bones. What is called the "prime of life" varies in different individuals. Some appear never to enjoy any such condition; while others do for a very protracted period, and show no bodily deterioration at an age when others have grown old. The time may extend between twenty-one and forty-five years of age.

MARY S. L. GREY.—The silver has been too much affected by the action of the sea air for anyone but a silversmith to restore it. Your letter does you the greatest credit; you write a very good hand. We wish you much happiness in your proposed marriage, and are glad that you find our articles are useful to you in your household work.

RICHARDO.—There will be no advantage to you as a competitor, to send in any article as a specimen of your work, which is not that appointed for the competition. You write very well.
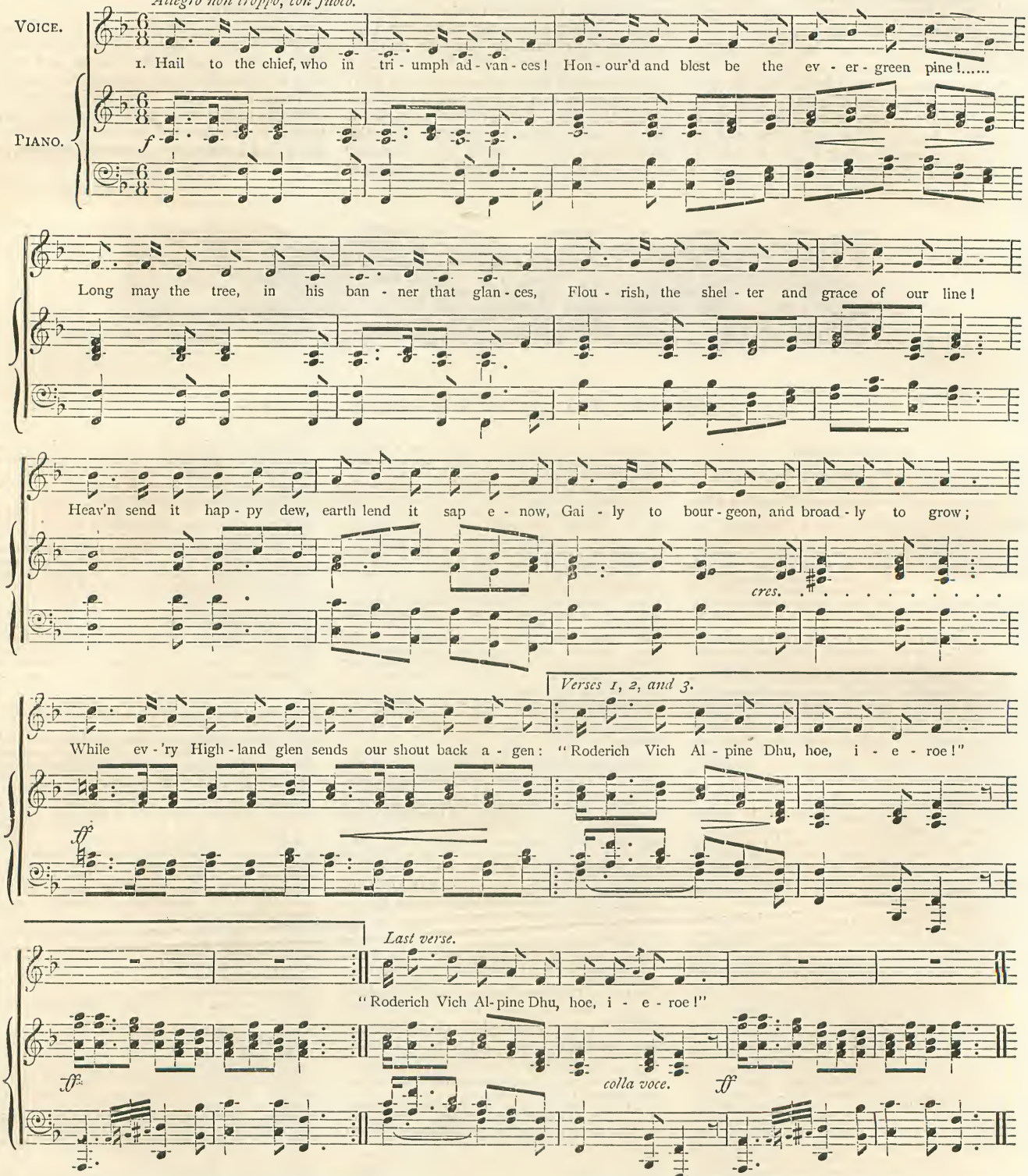
DIANA.—We do not quite understand what you mean by "throwing over a man whom you thought you loved, but found yourself mistaken." If merely a thought, no further step need be taken; but if you have encouraged his attentions and hopes you have acted dishonourably, and had better consult your mother, tell her all, and act on her advice. If you have accepted him as a suitor clandestinely, you have been sinning against your parents, who should have been consulted, and in heartlessly "throwing him over" you are acting as a "jilt."

SILVIA.—Your verses are fairly correct, though the emphasis is sometimes wrongly placed, and the composition is not poetry. We thank you sincerely for your kind letter.

HAIL TO THE CHIEF!

Words from SIR WALTER SCOTT. BOAT-SONG. *Music by* MRS. TOM TAYLOR.

Allegro non troppo, con fuoco.



2. Ours is no sapling chance-sown by the fountain,
Blooming at beltane, in winter to fade;—
When the whirlwind has swept every leaf off the mountain,
The more shall Clan Alpine exult in his shade.
Moored in the rifted rock, proof to the tempest's shock,
Firmer he roots him the ruder it blow,—
Menteith and Breadalbane, then echo his praise agen:
"Roderich Vich Alpine Dhu, hoe, ieroe!"

Proudly our pibroch has thrilled in Glen Fruin,
And Bannochar's groans to our slogan replied;
Glen Luss and Ross Dhu they are smoking in ruin,
And the best of Loch Lomond lie dead on her side.
Widow and Saxon maid long shall lament the raid—
Think of Clan Alpine with fear and with woe:
Lennox and Leven Glen shake when they hear agen:
"Roderich Vich Alpine Dhu, hoe, ieroe!"

4. Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the Highlands!
Stretch to your oars for the evergreen pine!
Oh, that the rosebud that graces yon islands
Were wreathed in a garland around him to twine!
Oh, that some seedling gem, worthy such noble stem,
Honoured and blest in their shadow might grow!
Loud should Clan Alpine then ring from her deepest glen:
"Roderich Vich Alpine Dhu, hoe, ieroe!"

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. VIII.—NO. 398.] AUGUST 13, 1887. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

IN THE DAYS OF MOZART.

THE STORY OF A YOUNG MUSICIAN.

BY LILY WATSON.



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"'BRAVO, MY YOUNG FIRST VIOLIN!'"

CHAPTER XVI.



ELSA soon learnt from the wood-ranger and his wife all that they could tell her of Count Rosenkrantz, Rudolf's employer and their own. He was a widower, without children, and was, according to surmise, not unlikely to marry again; for after a year or two of seclusion he was entering largely into society, visiting much when at Vienna, and entertaining a constant succession of guests at his country seat. The latter fact was apparent to Elsa, for carriages were frequently rolling past the cottage, bearing visitors to and from the castle; and as Rudolf did not come to see her at once, she guessed he must be thoroughly occupied.

Like most of the nobility of the day, Count Rosenkrantz kept a staff of domestic musicians. He was not rich enough to maintain a whole orchestra like Prince Esterhazy, but he had a small band, in which Rudolf was to take the place of first violin. The stir of a great man's country house was bewildering to one who had always lived simply, and his life contained a succession of surprises, as may be understood from the first conversation between sister and brother after their temporary separation.

Elsa dared not venture up to the castle to call on Rudolf, and yet was nearly beside herself with anxiety to know how he was adapting himself to his novel position. After a week had passed she was roaming rather disconsolately by the margin of the lake, when she caught sight of his beloved figure coming down the steep path to greet her. She flew to meet him with an expression of delight.

"And how does the cottage life agree with my little sister?" he inquired, affectionately, looking at her fair face under her simple, drooping hat.

"Wonderfully well," replied Elsa. "The Stern husband and wife are kindness itself; the children are good and docile. I teach them part of the day, then I sit and read or work in my own room as much as I wish, or walk out of doors and enjoy the prospect of the hills. But now, Rudolf, I long to hear of you. Tell me all. How do you like the castle?"

"It is very beautiful," replied Rudolf, evasively, "and I have all I want."

"But that is not enough. Describe your life to me."

Rudolf did not appear very ready to comply with this injunction, till Elsa urged him.

"I shall have no peace till I know all that concerns thee," she pleaded. "It is useless to try to deceive me; already I see there is some disappointment. Say everything frankly, Rudolf, or I shall break my heart."

"Well, then, Elsa, you must not be surprised that it is different from what we pictured to ourselves," said Rudolf, with an attempt at cheerfulness. "I am in the suite of a great man, and must grow accustomed to the fact."

"In his suite, yes! But you are not a servant!"

"Indeed I am, and it is that that troubles me. You have divined that I am not satisfied. Well, I do not want to be a discontented, roving fellow, but I can't bear that one who is identified with music should be considered below a valet."

"Below a valet, Rudolf!"

"Indeed, yes. My post in the household is below them. I dine at twelve with the upper servants and three Italians, who are my musical colleagues, second-rate musicians, and fearfully jealous of the 'Salzburger,' as they call me. The 'second violin,' one Bertini, who hoped to have my position, bears a bitter grudge against me; I can see it in his eye. The two valets sit at the head of the table. I sit next to the cook, whose conversation is not particularly congenial. The servants talk loudly and drink freely; I am obliged, as I cannot join in their style of conversation, to sit silent all dinner-time, which does not improve my position with these gentlemen."

"What a shameful thing!" cried Elsa, indignantly. "Perhaps the Count does not know it."

"Know it! Yes he does. He treats me himself with the most superb insolence, though I honestly believe he has no idea of it. 'You fellow!' is a favourite expression. He thinks he understands music, and the others humour him. 'Play in time, you fellow there!' he shouted to me last night at dinner, when the others were hurrying an adagio."

"What are your duties in this horrible place?"

"He likes me to hang about in the ante-chamber all the morning, while he is dressing or breakfasting, ready to be summoned if he has what he calls 'a musical idea,' that I may give it voice on violin or clavier. If, as usually happens, it is no idea at all, I am bullied and called slow of comprehension. The Italians flatter him, and laugh in their sleeve. Indeed, a great deal of the talk at meal-times is coarse scoffing and jesting at this master, whom they extol as a genius to his face. 'Invent something yourself, Salzburger, and let him think it is his own theme,' said one of them to me yesterday; 'that is what we do.'"

"What did you reply?"

"I said I would not stoop to falsehood for any man, Count or not, at which they sneered, and told me I was above my place."

"What else?" demanded Elsa.

"At meals I play in quartetts, of which the Count is fond, or sometimes in a trio or a duet. He likes Haydn's quartetts—that is one thing in his favour; and I hear we are soon going to pay Prince Esterhazy a visit, where that great musician is, like myself, eating the bread of dependence."

"Oh, I am glad!" cried Elsa; "it will be better than this."

"We shall leave the cook behind, that is one good thing," said Rudolf, grimly. "In the evening there is a concert to amuse the guests, of whom we have already several at the castle, or I am had in to play the clavichord, or accompany a song. But I never speak to anyone; am condescendingly told by a valet when to enter, and hide myself in a corner, or slip out by a side entrance when I have done."

"Have you any time for composition?"

"No definite time. I have to be always waiting about. Still, I do compose, and write down what I have thought of at night in my little den; for I have a room to myself, high up and small, but still a sanctuary."

"The life you describe is shameful," cried Elsa, indignantly. "Oh, Rudolf, you cannot bear it!"

"What angers me," said Rudolf, clenching his fist, "is the slight given through me to music. If it were only that I were deemed a poor musician, the case would be different. But it is not so. You heard what Prince Kaunitz said of the Count's opinion. I am regarded as a promising musician; even 'genius' was the word he used. And yet this gives me no better a position than a second valet. It is putting one of the greatest of the arts as a qualification for a household servant, like hairdressing or cookery. That is what infuriates me."

Poor boy! He could not foresee that, six years later, his greater friend Mozart would be placed in a similar position; nay, even be spurned by the foot of an insolent master. Such was the rank given to the professors of the art divine as recently as the latter part of the eighteenth century. Music was steadily winning for itself larger appreciation, but people were unaccountably slow in seeing that the men whose inner ear heard, whose hand transcribed the exquisite harmonies that delighted them, deserved to be regarded and treated on a higher level than lacqueys, or than the juggler who went through ball-throwing and rope-dancing for their pleasure.

The truth that the artist deserves to be honoured for the art that is in him was recognised better two thousand years ago, when it was said that the God spoke through his means.

"Not by art does the poet sing, but by power divine," quoth Plato. Not by art alone does the musician discourse, but by a greater power — the source of all that is lovely and great and inspiring in the world.

But the evening mist was rising from the lake, and the anxious little sister urged her brother to return.

"I am loth to leave you, Elsa, for I know not when I shall see you again. I could not be out now, only the Count is dining away from home."

"Let us think what to do, while we are separated. You will not be able to bear this long."

"No, Elsa, I fear I cannot," said Rudolf, mournfully. "I cannot forget that my father died honourably in the service of the Empress, that I am of unsullied descent, and have something within me that must one day win a hearing. I can't stoop to be a lacquey for very long, or to give my own inspirations to the master who wants to adopt them as his own. Yet what are we to do?"

"God, who gave you your talent, will surely help us," said Elsa, solemnly. "Let us pray to Him."

The brother and sister parted, with an additional weight of care on poor Elsa's mind that made her feel years older. She had indulged in visions of Rudolf occupying a distinguished position in the house of this patron of art, appreciated, living in comfort, associating with his equals in the nightly assemblies, with all his work in the direction he loved best. And this was the reality — an upper servant, relegated to the servants' hall, disdained as a menial beneath the notice of the Count or his guests. It made it all the worse that the Count did appreciate Rudolf's talent. On this fact Elsa had dwelt with joy; now it gave an added hopelessness to the case, for it showed the mean estimate in which genius itself was held.

Must a musician choose between honourable starvation and dishonourable food and servitude? The poor girl's heart cried out in revolt against such an unjust condition of things. "The world is out of joint!" she would have said, had she been familiar with Hamlet.

"If Rudolf had flattered and cringed and pushed himself right and left, he might have been successful at Vienna," she reflected, "but was it worth the cost?"

When she had leisure from her own sorrowful thoughts, she had abundant food for reflection on other things amiss in the condition of society. Stern had never fully recovered from the danger and sufferings of that terrible journey years ago, when he fled with the Prussian recruiters on his track. His wife told Elsa that for months after he was safely restored to her, he would start and cry out in his sleep, and exclaim that he was lost. Nor could he shake off the nervous agitation that haunted him by day, long after he knew all chance of recapture was over. Of her own agony during that separation the poor wife could hardly speak, but it had left its traces on her prematurely aged face and trembling hands.

By what right was this man forcibly taken to serve in a war that was nothing to him, dressed up in detested uniform, set to try to kill people against whom he had no grudge, put in danger of losing his own life for a cause he hated, subjected to cruel and degrading punishments, while his wife was struggling, broken-hearted, at home? Oh, the cruel, senseless barbarity of the whole system! And this home was only the type of thousands of others, laid waste by these monarchs and their quarrels! Elsa's mind was fast shaping itself into the mood of ardent revolt common to the youth of the latter end of the eighteenth century. One point in the painful story that always thrilled her with pleasure was the reverent affection of both Stern and his wife for Paul Engelhardt, the "Good Samaritan," as they called him. Elsa was never weary of hearing his praise.

She did not see Rudolf again for several weeks. The invitation to Prince Esterhazy came sooner than was expected, and the poor "domestic musician" was kept too busily occupied to come out and bid his sister farewell in the brief interval between the summons and departure. But the change, and the prospect of seeing the great Joseph Haydn, were very welcome to the lad.

Far away—as it were, out of the world—he journeyed in the travelling equipages of the Count. The three Italians and two or three personal servants also accompanied the great man to Esterház, the palace of Prince Nicolaus Esterhazy.

Was it fairyland or reality? From out a vast flat expanse at the end of the Neusiedler-See, an expanse formerly a marsh, but now drained by canals and intersected by dykes, rose a palace as magnificent as that of Versailles. Behind the castle a dense wood had been converted into an enchanting pleasaunce, where every turn revealed some new delight. Hothouses, flower-gardens, summer-houses, grottoes, hermitages, temples, all fitted up in the most elaborate manner, vied with each other in exciting the interest and admiration of the spectator; while part of the forest had been converted into a park, where the deer ranged at will. An elegant theatre stood near the castle, where operas, dramas, and comedies were performed, and a second theatre was devoted to marionettes There was, of course, a chapel attached to the castle, and an immense band of singers and musicians, of whom Joseph Haydn was Kapellmeister, formed the orchestra available for both services and operas. These were frequently reinforced by travelling companies of singers or of actors, and at a *café*, well served and devoted to their use, singers, actors, and musicians met in familiar intercourse, like one large family. Within the castle itself the rarest works of art were contained, and the interior appointments were of a luxury and splendour suited to the constant succession of royal or distinguished visitors.

Our simple hero was fairly dazzled by all this magnificence, and by the gay and numerous company, into which he found himself turned loose, of the musical caterers for the amusement of the guests.

He was not, however, condemned to the society of cooks and valets, and began to take great interest in observing and recognising singers and performers, male and female, whose names had long been familiar to him. The Prince gave high salaries, and had artists of the first rank in his service. Among these was pre-eminent Joseph Haydn, the Kapellmeister, and the "father of the symphony and the quartett."

With reverential interest Rudolf watched the great man from a distance. "Great" he was artistically, but not physically, since he was below middle height and substantially built. He was at this time thirty-seven years of age, of regular features, with aquiline nose, broad forehead, and kind dark-grey eyes. His face had an expression of benevolence that was not belied even by his prominent under lip and heavy jaw. He wore a wig with side-curls and a pigtail, that gave him a precise appearance. Altogether he looked dignified, earnest, and benevolent, though no one could call him handsome. Rudolf quickly discovered that the Kapellmeister was very popular with his "chapel," as the band of artists under his sway was entitled. "Papa Haydn" was a favourite name for him. They loved him, and sought to please him in every respect.

"Who is that thin, dark-eyed fellow sitting by himself and drinking no wine?" inquired the Kapellmeister, as dinner was in progress.

"Rudolf von Eberstein, *Papa Haydn*, violinist and clavier player in the suite of Count Rosenkrantz."

"He is of rather a different build from most of his confrères, and looks as though he could play, or at least compose. See how far away he is from the present scene! I like the lad's face; bring him to me when dinner is over."

The Kapellmeister's word was law, and Rudolf was surprised at being informed that the great composer wished to speak to him. Haydn's kind grey eyes had a benevolent look that touched the young musician as he bade him welcome to Esterház.

"So you can play the violin?"

"After a manner," Rudolf replied.

"I should like to hear you. Are those three Italians with you also?"

"Yes, we perform quartetts for Count Rosenkrantz."

"Whose?"

"Your own, Kapellmeister!"

"*Basta!*" exclaimed Haydn. "Let me hear you. Bid the others fetch their instruments, and let us have the music out-of-doors in the balcony."

Rudolf was nothing loth, and he and his colleagues were soon in the midst of one of those exquisite compositions which, for delicate allotment of parts to each instrument, tenderness, playfulness, cheerfulness, and freshness, are unique. At times they melt into pathos; at times they sparkle with delicious merriment. A circle of musicians, members of the band, with here and there an eminent vocalist, looked good-humouredly on.

The composer listened with a varying

expression, not always of satisfaction, beating time vigorously. When it was over, he jumped to his feet, and seized Rudolf's hand.

"Bravo, my young first violin!" he exclaimed. "But you will pardon me, gentlemen," turning to the luckless second violin, tenor, and violoncello, "if I say you have much to learn. Why don't you follow your leader? Sometimes you run away from him; sometimes you lag behind. And as for delicacy of expression—pfui! Copy his example."

A dangerous flash shot from the dark eyes of the "second violin," Bertini, and the "violoncello" muttered, "We always played it in that time till the Salzburger came."

"Then you always played it wrong," said Papa Haydn, good-humouredly. "I, the father, should know best about my own child. But now it is time to prepare for rehearsal."

The company broke up, and Rudolf carried his beloved Straduarius back to its case, glad and happy at the praise he had received from one who was the author of such enchanting melody.

(*To be continued.*)

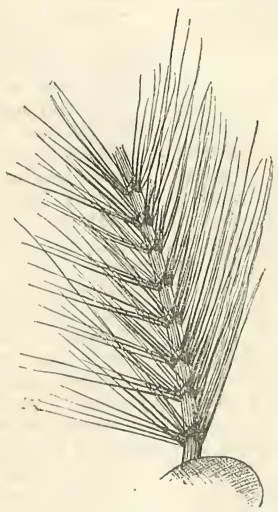
GNATS AND MOSQUITOES.

By W. H. HARRIS, B.A., B.Sc.

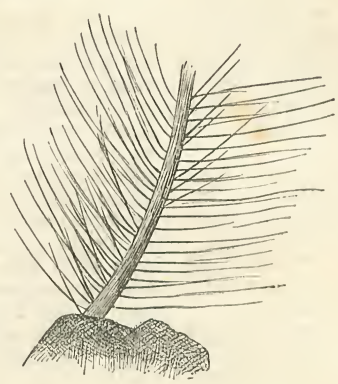
"THE silver streak" which lies between us and the continent of Europe confers upon us other benefits than that of comparative security from invasion by human foes. The general freedom we enjoy from excessive heat in summer and extreme cold in winter is a gift of the sea which surrounds us; and it is coupled with another benefit in hot weather, viz., a great immunity from hosts of creatures destructive to our crops, and injurious and tormenting to ourselves. Even winged insects find, not only the temperature, but the long flight across the water, sufficient reason for staying away from our shores. In illustration of this we see how little, in proportion to many other countries, we suffer from gnats and mosquitoes. It is true we are occasionally annoyed by their shrill piping in the night, and by punctures on hand or face, but our discomfort from them is nothing compared with what people have to endure in South Europe and in still hotter regions. Nay, it may surprise our readers to learn that even in Lapland gnats are an almost unspeakable pest. That country we are wont to associate with ideas of snow and ice, with which we never connect, in thought, the blood-sucking mosquito; but we forget that in that northern clime the sun does not set for two months in summer time. Then the heat, particularly in valleys and low levels of country, is very oppressive. The coolness of evening is not felt, and the early morning, if one can so speak, is almost sultry. Under such conditions insect life develops immense activity, and, if its duration is short, it seems, to the creatures themselves, merry enough, no doubt. At all events, they swarm in myriads countless as the flakes of the most thickly falling snow. The natives can hardly breathe without their mouths and nostrils being filled by them. To keep the insects out of the huts, and to take their food in something like peace, and without swallowing multitudes of gnats, smoke is allowed to fill the apartments, till seeing and respiring become painful processes. To protect their bodies from punctures, the persecuted people smear the unclothed parts of their skin with a mixture of tar, fish-oil, and other grease, till they are disgusting objects to English eyes and noses; but, even with such violent remedies, they are scarcely safe from their winged tormentors. But we must proceed to give a general description of these insects.

They belong, like the house flies and blow-flies, to the *diptera* or two-winged order, and many of the elementary facts we mentioned in describing the structure of flies will apply also to gnats. There are, however, differences worth noticing, especially in the organs of the head. To begin with, the antennæ, instead of being three-jointed, and comparatively simple in appearance, have not only many articulations, but, in the males, from the base of each of these joints there springs a tuft of long hairs, so that each "feeler" very closely resembles the plant called *mare's-tail* (*equisetum*). In the females the joints are much less distinct, and are simply hairy instead of being tufted.

In the obscurity of our present knowledge as to the actual functions of these organs, we cannot say with certainty what purposes are served by such modifications as we have just described; but we may reasonably conclude that their sensitiveness to whatever impressions they receive is greatly increased by the delicate prolongations they possess. If the sense of smell resides in the antennæ, it is possible that these feathery and hairy extensions enable the insects to perceive from great distances the direction in which their food lies.



ANTENNA OF MALE GNAT.



ANTENNA OF FEMALE GNAT.

The eyes are compound, like those of most insects, but they are less prominent in appearance than those of flies. The separate facets are very minute, and require a high power of the microscope to render them visible with clearness.

The mouth is a somewhat complex organ, consisting of lancets for piercing flesh, jointed palpi, probably acting as tasters, and a tube for sucking up blood. As the wounds inflicted by some species cause much inflammation and swelling, it is believed that a poisonous sort of saliva is injected into the puncture, which renders the blood more liquid, and so more easily imbibed. Even our English gnats often produce great inconvenience, but those of southern latitudes are much more troublesome. With considerable discrimination they prefer the softer skins of ladies to those of men, and when they attack the face make most provoking disfigurement. As a protection by night it is thought necessary to have "mosquito curtains" of fine net; but some travellers assert that material with meshes comparatively large will entirely keep off the insects, who seem afraid to venture through. We have read that ordinary fishing nets hung over the bed afford good security against the bites of these creatures. Even their entrance into rooms can be prevented, it is said, by quite coarse curtains, provided the windows are on one side only of the walls.

We need not wonder at the ill-repute in which these little pests are held, were it merely that they cause such annoyance of a comparatively trivial kind, but they deserve more than all that has been said against them, if the accurate Réaumur is to be believed; for he informs us he saw in France people whose arms and legs had become quite monstrous from wounds through the bites of gnats; and, in some cases there was such a state of inflammation and mischief as to render it doubtful whether amputation would not be necessary. In the Crimea, we are told, the Russian soldiers, in certain swampy districts, are obliged to sleep in sacks to protect themselves from the mosquitoes, and even this precaution is not wholly effectual as a remedy, for Dr. Clarke has written that men have been known to die of mortification produced by the bite of the insects. We should incline to believe that, in such cases, poisonous matter from some putrid source must have been conveyed by the gnats into the blood. This same traveller says his body and those of his companions, through mosquito bites, "in spite of gloves, clothes and handkerchiefs, were rendered one entire wound, and the consequent excessive irritation and swelling excited a considerable degree of fever."

The wings of these insects differ in shape from those of flies, being longer in proportion to their breadth. The nervures, also, are stronger, and each one of them is lined with a double row of what, under a low magnifying power, look like bristles. Under a high power they are seen to be most elegant scales, very

similar to those found on the wings of butterflies and moths. On the nervures running longitudinally the scales are nearly oblong. Those which border the edges of each wing are fusiform, or pointed at both ends. The membranous surface is closely set with very minute hairs. The shape of the scales seems to vary in different species.

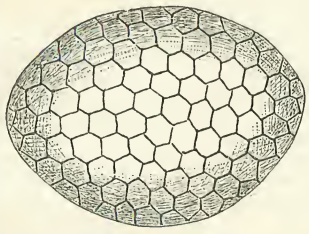


DIAGRAM OF EYE.

As organs of flight the wings are wonderfully effective. Their length, and the powerful muscles by which they are moved, propel the insects with great speed. The graceful airy motions in which they indulge show that their movements give them a sense of pleasure apparently without the least fatigue. They look, in fact, as if they could perform aërial dances for any length of time, without knowing what being tired means. Doubtless the stiff rim round each wing, and the scales which edge it, greatly add to the efficiency of the organs, by enabling the membranous portion stoutly to meet the resistance of the air at each stroke. The halteres, or "balancers," are very distinctly seen behind the wings under a good magnifying glass. The legs, as compared with those of flies, are longer and more slender. Throughout their entire length they are closely beset with hairs, and at their free extremities carry two fine claws by which the gnats can take firm hold of the skin of their victim while they drive in their lancets, or can cling to walls or ceilings when they wish to rest from flight. The pulvilli, or cushions, which are so prominently seen in the feet of flies under the microscope are apparently wanting in gnats. In some species the legs are closely set with scales instead of mere hairs.

Breathing is carried on, as in most insects, by means of spiracles, leading into tracheæ, which branch minutely, and ramify throughout the body. These respiratory tubes are kept open by spiral, elastic, and cartilaginous tissue, just as indiarubber tubing is prevented from collapsing by a coil of metal wire in the inside.

The female lays her eggs in the water to the number of some hundreds, and the larvæ are abundant in ponds and stagnant ditches or pools, or even in butts, during spring and summer. They may often be seen suspended from the surface, head downwards, as in this stage they breathe through apertures in their tails.

They pass the pupa state also aquatically, but the respiratory organs are then situated on the thorax. On emerging into its perfect condition the insect uses its just cast-off garments as a kind of float on which to rest till its wings are stiffened enough for flying to land. The whole of these transformations are completed within three or four weeks.

We have already alluded to the immense numbers of these insects occasionally met with. Even in our own country prodigious swarms have been observed. So we are told that in the year 1736 such vast columns of them were seen rising about the summit of Salisbury Cathedral as to cause the appearance of smoke, and to lead many people to think the building was on fire. Again, in 1813 a similar incident is reported to have occurred at Norwich. At six o'clock in the evening of a day in May the inhabitants of the city were alarmed by seeing what seemed to be smoke issuing from the upper window of the cathedral spire, and which was afterwards accounted for by a cloud of gnats. One August such multitudes of these insects were observed at Oxford as to darken the air and to greatly obscure the rays of the sun. The poet Spenser must have witnessed some such phenomenon, which furnished him with the simile in his lines:—

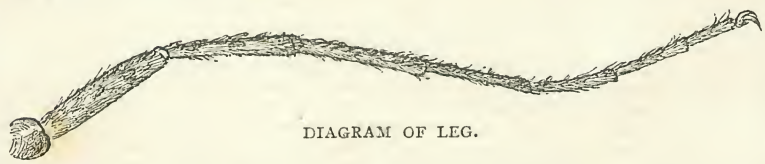


DIAGRAM OF LEG.

"As when a swarme of gnats at eventide
Out of the fennes of Allan doe arise,
Their murmuring small trumpets sounden wide,
Whiles in the air their clustering army flies,
That as a cloud doth seem to dim the skies:
Ne man nor beast may rest or take repast
For their sharp wounds and noyous injuries.
Till the fierce northern wind with blust'ring blast,
Doth blow them quite away, and in the ocean cast."

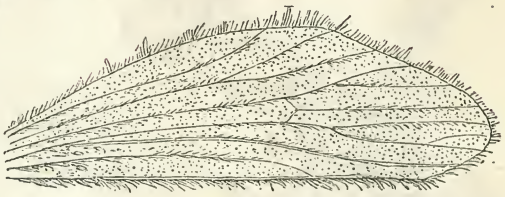




DIAGRAM OF WING AND SCALES.

We may find it difficult to believe that Sapor, King of Persia, should have been compelled to raise the siege of Nisibis by a plague of gnats, which attacked and so alarmed his elephants and baggage animals as to lead to the rout of his army. The writer Mouffet would have us credit the statement that cities have had to be abandoned by their inhabitants through the extraordinary numbers of these insect pests. Whatever we may think of these stories, there is abundant evidence on our maps and in our geographies that mosquitoes have signalised their importance, and perpetuated their ill-fame, by giving names to bays, towns, and extensive territories. So we find Mosquito Bay in St. Christopher's, or St. Kitt's, one of the British West India islands. In Cuba there is a town called Mosquito, and in Central America there is a wide tract of land along the borders of the Caribbean Sea, some 250 miles in length, known as the Mosquito Coast. We may well rejoice that our own country is as free as it is from these insect "arrows by day and terrors by night." Yet, as we said of flies, they have their place in the economy of nature, serving, for one thing, as food to bird and fish—to the latter especially in the larval condition—and so fulfilling, as do all the works of God, their part in the wondrous whole which we call the Universe.

USEFUL HINTS.

Succumbè—Spanish Drink: an Evening Repast.

Ingredients.—One quart of milk, quarter ounce of cinnamon and cloves, quarter of white sugar, yolks of eight eggs, one pint of best muscatel wine.

Boil these together for ten minutes; strain the milk, beat well the yolks of eight eggs, add the wine to the yolks, and beat together. Pour the milk into it, but not too hot, and serve. This is brought in like coffee, in cups on a silver tray.

How to make Bread look pretty for a Party.

Pull a new loaf into small triangular pieces with two forks, put into the oven and lightly brown, serve in a plate basket and napkin.

Rolled Veal.

Take seven pounds breast of veal with the bones taken out, one pound of sausage meat, half pound cushion of bacon, four hard-boiled eggs.

Make half pound veal stuffing, batter it to make it thin, and lay the sausage meat, &c., in rolls, and roll it up tightly and tie with thick tape; skewer it at the ends, pin it up securely in a clean cloth, and let it simmer, *not boil* (this is important), for three and a half or four hours. When you take it out lay it on a dish with a heavy weight on it to flatten; when quite cold take off the cloth and glaze (one ounce will suffice—costs five-pence). Save the liquor in which it is boiled, and boil with the bones for soup.

Norwich Pudding.

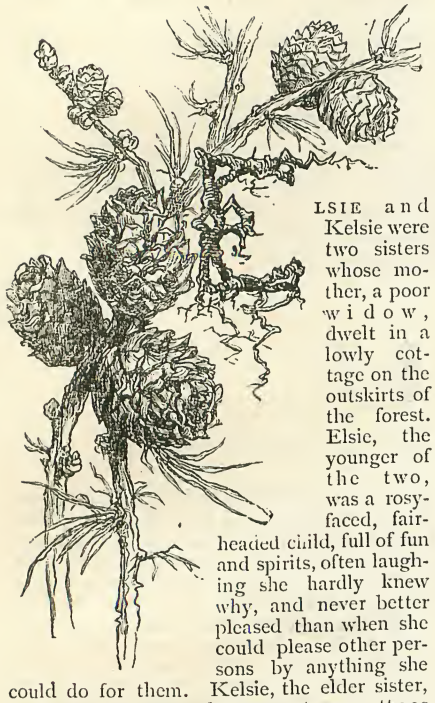
Ingredients.—One pound of plums, six ounces of suet, two eggs, half pint of milk, half pound of flour, pounded sugar.

Stone the plums, chop them very fine, also the suet; beat two eggs into half pint of milk, heat half pound of flour, and mix with the milk and fruit and suet. Butter a basin which will exactly hold it, and boil six hours. Serve with pounded loaf sugar and a little wine sauce.

How to make Beefsteaks Tender.

Prick them with a fork and sprinkle over with vinegar, and hang them up while they will keep good.

LITTLE ELSIE AND HER SISTER KELSIE.



ELSIE and Kelsie were two sisters whose mother, a poor widow, dwelt in a lowly cottage on the outskirts of the forest. Elsie, the younger of the two, was a rosy-faced, fair-headed child, full of fun and spirits, often laughing she hardly knew why, and never better pleased than when she could please other persons by anything she could do for them. Kelsie, the elder sister, was quite different; she was not so pretty as Elsie, but she would have been prettier than she was had she been more willing to please and to be pleased. The truth is she thought a great deal too much of herself, loved her dear self too well, and cared little for others.

It was a beautiful afternoon in the middle of summer. The birds were singing gaily; the soft balmy wind was gently stirring the foliage of the trees; the cloud shadows moved slowly over the waving grass ready for the scythe of the mower; the wild bees were busy among the petals of the field flowers; and swarms of little midges dashed about over the brook and wrinkled its surface, while the speckled trouts were leaping up and splashing the water-lilies.

Not twenty paces from the brook was the fountain, fed by a spring on the hillside. The water in it was as clear as crystal, so clear that you could hardly see it, and when you looked down into it you saw the pebbles, white, brown, red, blueish and grey, as plainly as though there had been no water there. Some rough stone steps led down to the water, and when the water was low, as it often was in summer time, and was now, those who wanted to fill their pitchers had to go down a good many of the steps.

Elsie and Kelsie had just had dinner, and had come out to the fountain, by the side of which they were accustomed to sit and work when the weather was warm and sunny. They had brought their work with them, and were about to seat themselves on the bank, when Kelsie said sharply—

"Run back, Elsie, and fetch my mesh; I have left it on the window-sill; be quick, will you?"

"I will," said Elsie, and laying down her knitting she ran off at once.

Kelsie took up the knitting, looked at it, and threw it down again. "She will never get through it, I'm sure," she muttered, half aloud.

Elsie came back with the mesh in a very few minutes.

"What are you making that net for, sister?" she asked.

"And pray what are you doing that knitting for?"

"For mother, to be sure," said Elsie. "I mean her to have a nice warm scarf before the cold weather comes round again."

Elsie did not ask again what the net was wanted for, as she saw that Kelsie was not pleased at being questioned; and Kelsie did not tell her, because she was conscious of not working for the best of purposes. The fact was, she was making the net with the view of catching small birds with it, and putting them in a pie, or roasting them on a skewer and eating them with breadcrumbs.

They sat down to their work, and sat so quietly for some time that a couple of little rabbits, whom their approach had scared away, came again out of their hole and looked them in the face.

"Ha, little Brownies," said Elsie, "there you are again."

"You impudent little beasts!" said Kelsie, "wouldn't I like to lay hands on you!"

With that she stooped, took off one of her shoes, and threw it as hard as she could at the nearest of the little long-ears.

The rabbits were, of course, back in their hole in no time, and Kelsie was cross at having missed her aim. When she had recovered her shoe and had sat down again, "Where is my mesh?" she cried in a pet; "what have you done with it, Elsie?"

"I have done nothing with it," said Elsie; "when you threw your shoe at poor Brownie the mesh flew out of your hand, and fell into the fountain. Shall I fetch it out for you?"

"Why, yes, of course. Why do you ask such a silly question? Don't you see I want it? Be quick with you now."

Elsie laid down her work on the bank, and went down the steps of the fountain, looking for the mesh as she went. She stood still at the bottom step, and peered into the water, and imagined she saw the mesh lying among the pebbles at the bottom. She stretched out her hand to reach it, but the moment the tips of her fingers touched the surface of the water it began to bubble up, and to foam and sparkle in all sorts of beautiful colours, and to shoot forth tiny columns of spray, which rose around her, crossing one another over her head, and quite shutting her in.

She was not a bit frightened, but stood still for a few moments, charmed by the wondrous loveliness of the crystal enclosure in which she stood, and waiting for the water to subside. But it did not subside. Instead of that the fairy circle gradually widened, and rose higher, until all the water in the fountain was drawn up into it, and she stood on dry ground. Then the pretty bed of pebbles began to move and mix together, blending their several colours as they whirled round and round. By degrees they were swept by their rapid motion to the edge of the circle, and the floor beneath them was left bare.

All at once the floor opened and disclosed a flight of steps, at the bottom of which there was a light streaming in, which shone like the light of a sunny day. Elsie went down the steps, and hastening towards the light soon found herself in a pleasant meadow, where little lambs were playing about, and beautiful little birds came flying around her as if to welcome her. There was a footpath through the meadow, which wound this way and that, more like a stream or rivulet than an ordinary footpath, and which led by a rather roundabout way to a curious building, embosomed in foliage, and surrounded by a beautiful garden that was entered by a rustic gateway.

Elsie, guided by the pretty little birds went into the garden. A wide gravel path led on to the front of the building, which was nearly all covered with carved work, representing flowers and fruit and birds and animals, a good many of them being of a kind which Elsie had never seen before. They were so like life that had it not been that they were all of one colour, a kind of soft, pearly grey, she would have thought they were really alive. She noticed that the building was very large, larger, indeed, than any she had ever seen or dreamed of, that there were a great many doors in it, and that they all stood open, and each one seemed to invite her to go in.

While she stood wondering and admiring all these astonishing things, and considering whether she might venture to enter, a little lady came out to meet her. She was not so tall as Elsie, but Elsie saw she was a woman, and not a child, for she had a lofty, commanding look, and was evidently accustomed to be obeyed.

"Who are you, little girl?" said the lady.

"I am little Elsie." And Elsie made a low curtsey.

"And how came you here?"

"Indeed, lady, I hardly know. My sister threw her mesh into the fountain, and I went to get it out, and the water rose and shut me in, and the ground opened, and I came down some steps, and then—and then I think it was the pretty little birds who led me across the meadow, and—and if you please, lady (and Elsie made another curtsey), that is how I came here."

"And do you know where you have come to?"

"No, indeed, ma'am," said Elsie.

"Then I will tell you. You have come to the land of Whatever-you-like; this large building is the palace of Whatever-you-like; and I am the queen of the land. The doors of the palace, you see, are many, and they are always open, so that all persons who visit the country may come in and have as much as they like of whatever they like. Would you like to come in?"

"I think I should, lady," said Elsie; "it must be very nice to have whatever you like."

"Then go in at any door you please, and have what you please. I shall leave you to your own inclination, and it may be I shall see you again before long."

There was a most delicious smell proceeding from one of the doors, and it made Elsie feel rather hungry, which was no wonder, since she had had only one slice of bread for dinner; and, indeed, her mother, being very poor, could rarely afford to give her anything better. So she went in at that door, and the first thing she saw was a table spread with viands of all kinds, many of them hot and steaming from the spit, the oven, or the stewpan.

"Sit down, little girl," said a voice, "and help yourself to what you like."

Elsie sat down, clasped her hands together, said a short grace, and helped herself to a little of a nice pastry which lay within her reach. It was most delicious; she had never fancied that anything could be half so nice. As she was eating she could not help saying aloud, "Oh, I wish mother had a big piece of this! and wouldn't Kelsie like it. O my!"

"Take whatever you like for your mother and sister," said the voice; "you can take as much as you please, you know."

Elsie cut a fair slice out of the pastry, wrapped it in a napkin and put it in her pocket. Then she rose up.

"Is that all you are going to eat?" said the voice; "better have some more."

"No, thank you," said Elsie, "I have had quite enough; but if you please I should like a little milk."

"Here you are," said a rather deep voice behind her; and turning round she saw a beautiful little white cow, with a small silver cup hanging by a chain to one of her horns.

"Milk me," said the cow, "and drink it warm, as much as you please."

Elsie took the silver cup from the cow's horn, milked it half full, and drank it up. Never had she drank anything so nice as that milk, and she felt half inclined to fill the cup again; but she felt she did not really want it; and so, thanking the cow for her treat, replaced the cup on her horn.

Then she walked on a little into a kind of arbour, where was a mossy seat, and over the seat there hung down long boughs loaded with luxurious fruit, peaches, apricots, pears, gages, limes, grapes, and others which she would have been puzzled to name.

"Have a peach," said a soft, musical voice; "peaches are so nice."

"Yes, thank you," said Elsie, "I will take a peach;" and she plucked one and ate it. And then she thought again of mother and Kelsie, and she plucked two more and put them in her pocket along with the pastry.

"Try the apricots," said the voice again.

"No, thank you," said Elsie, "I have had quite enough; and I must be getting back again, or Kelsie will wonder what has become of me."

She was turning to go out at the door by which she had entered, when the same voice said, "You cannot go back that way; you must go all through the palace and see all there is, and take whatever you like. That is the law of the country."

"Here you are," said the white cow, "follow me, I will lead the way, and then you will see everything."

Then Elsie followed the white cow, who led her deliberately through the various halls and galleries of the palace of Whatever-you-like, and its long splendid saloons. I cannot tell you all, or half, or a quarter of what little Elsie saw there. There was not only everything to eat or drink that the most hungry or thirsty mortal could wish for, but there was everything to wear and adorn the person that the vainest could desire. Then there were all sorts of pet animals—the loveliest little doggies and long-haired pussies, doves in pairs, love-birds, parrots and starlings that could both talk and sing, finches, canaries, and songsters of all feather. Then there was a long gallery filled with gems and jewellery of all descriptions—gold, silver, and precious stones, tiaras of diamonds, necklaces of pearls, brooches and bracelets of ruby and emerald, and no end of things of a similar kind. More than all these things, there were a number of chaises and carriages to ride or drive in, some drawn by little ponies, and some by proud prancing horses.

The only things that Elsie chose of all these treasures were a plain, serviceable dress for her mother, and a pretty silver mesh for Kelsie, as she thought it very likely they would never find the one which had been lost in the fountain.

When she had been shown through the whole of the palace, the white cow led her to the door of departure and wished her a good-afternoon.

As Elsie walked out with the dress she had chosen for her mother folded on her arm, she was met by the beautiful queen.

"Have you had what you liked, little Elsie?" said the queen, "and have you got what you like to take away?"

"Yes, lady, if you please," said Elsie. "I have had such nice things to eat, and oh! such nice sweet milk, and I have got some things for mother and Kelsie; see what a nice comfortable dress this is; mother will be so glad to have it."

"I think you are a good little girl," said the queen. "Now I suppose you would like to go back to your mother and sister."

"Yes, if you please, ma'am."

Then the queen took her by the hand, led her out of the garden, across the meadow, and to the foot of the stair in the rock which led up to the fountain. Elsie went up the steps into the bed of the fountain, and found the water as she had left it, arched in a dome high above her head. As she came up, the opening through which she had descended gradually closed under her feet; the watery dome collapsed without wetting her in the least; the pebbly bottom was washed back into its place; and the fountain was again just the same as she had always known it.

When she had got up the steps to the bank, she found Kelsie lying on the grass where she had left her sitting, and fast asleep. She shook her gently and woke her up. Kelsie was not in a good humour. "You little plague," she said, "why did you wake me? How troublesome you are."

"Look here," said Elsie, "just taste that and see if it is not nice," and she gave her half of the pastry.

Kelsie put it in her mouth, took a good bite, and before she could swallow that took another. In less than two minutes she had gobbled up her share.

"Give me the rest," she said, sharply.

"No," said Elsie, "that is for mother, but look here, this is even nicer," and she gave her a peach.

"Have you got any more peaches?" said Kelsie, eagerly, the moment she had eaten it.

"I can give you no more," returned Elsie, "but see here—see what a famous mesh I have brought for you—a silver one."

"A silver one!" said Kelsie, snatching it, "and so it is, I declare; why, where did you get it? Is it yours?"

"Yes, and it shall be yours if you like, instead of the one you have lost."

"Then it is mine, for of course I like a silver one better than a nasty wooden thing. But tell me this instant where you got it, and where you got the nice pie and the peach. Tell me at once, and don't be a stupid tease, keeping me waiting."

Then Elsie told her sister all that had happened to her, and described as well as she could the fairy dome of the fountain, the strange passage beneath the pebbly bottom, the meadow, the birds, the palace of Whatever-you-like, the lovely queen, and all the beautiful and wonderful things she had seen under the guidance of the white cow.

"And do you tell me you might have had everything you liked for your own—your very own?"

"Yes," said Elsie, "and I did; I ate as much as I pleased, I drank the white cow's milk as much as I liked, and I might have had anything there was. Look here, I have brought this nice comfortable dress for mother; it is the very thing she wants; she will be so glad to have it."

"Why, what a stupid, senseless little booby you are," said Kelsie, quite in a passion, "to take no more than that, when you might have had all manner of fine things—gold and silver, and lovely jewels. If I had been in your place wouldn't I have brought away a lot!"

"You know," said Elsie, "we ought not to be covetous."

"Oh bother! Now look here, Elsie, you just tell me how you got to the country of Whatever-you-like. What did you do to the fountain?"

"I did nothing," said Elsie; "I only put my hand in the water, and it rose around me as I told you."

"Is that all? Then I'll do the same, and you shall see that I shall not be such a silly as you; I'll bring back something worth having. Mind, you wait here while I am gone. Maybe I shall be gone a good while, at any rate I won't come back from such a place with only a trumpery gown, a bit of pie, and a peach."

So saying, Kelsie hurried down the steps of the fountain, and dashed both hands into the water in eager expectation. Instantly the water began to bubble and seethe and foam and whirl round in a circle—then to rise in many coloured jets that sparkled and gleamed in rays of dazzling light as the jets crossed over her head and formed what seemed a crystal dome, every portion of which was alive with rapid motion. The sight was exquisitely beautiful, and at another time even Kelsie would have been lost in admiration; but now she could not think of anything but of the fine things she was going to get for herself; and she watched impatiently as the pebbly bottom cleared away. Soon the ground grew dry under her feet, then parted and disclosed the downward stair which led to the wonderful country of Whatever-you-like.

(To be concluded.)





"A VERY SUNBEAM."

THE GIRL I LOVE.

By SYDNEY GREY.

WHAT fair presentment doth she show,
This maid all other maids above,
Beneath her face with beauty's glow:
Is she of high degree or low?
Well, here's her portrait, if you'd know
The girl I love.

A mouth, perhaps not moulded quite
Like Cupid's bow—the loss is slight,
For oh! she has a smile so bright,
The girl I love.

A smooth, frank brow where frowns are few;
Soft eyes, no matter what their hue,
They tell she's tender, kind and true,
The girl I love.

A pair of active, busy feet,
Not over small, but always neat,
Whenever you may chance to meet
The girl I love.

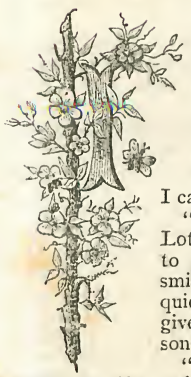
Those willing feet the romp will share,
Or, to relieve another's care,
To sadder haunts be swift to bear
The girl I love.

Good fairies in her hands might lurk,
For these no friendly office shirk,
Nor does she fear most homely work,
The girl I love.

Thus, helpful, gentle and sincere,
A very sunbeam sent to cheer,
No wonder many hold her dear,
The girl I love.

THE VICAR'S DAUGHTERS.

CHAPTER I.



"I CANNOT work this sum; it is of no use trying, and I hate Latin," exclaimed Nessa, petulantly, pushing book and slate away impatiently. "How you can go on plodding over that horrid old 'Cæsar' I can't imagine!"

"Papa wishes it," replies Lottie, quietly; "and I have to plod," she added, with a smile; "I cannot learn so quickly as you do when you give your mind to your lessons."

"I could give my mind to my lessons, if we might learn what other girls do," cried Nessa, clasping her hands over her head, and yawning. "What's the good of Latin and algebra to girls? If we can read French, we cannot speak it a bit, and we only know just so much of music as mamma could teach us before she was taken ill. I think it's a shame."

"Oh, hush, Nessa!" returned Lottie, reprovingly. "You know perfectly well why we cannot have things quite like other girls. And I'm sure if, instead of doing lessons with papa, and being able to go out and in as we like, and having this dear old garden to work in, and with Ronald and Tibbie, you were at school where you would have no liberty, or if you were shut up all day with a stiff, prim governess, as Julia Clifford is, you wouldn't like it at all."

Ronald, a fine collie dog, hearing his name mentioned, rose from his comfortable position on the hearthrug, and laid his paw on his young mistress's knee, looking up into her face with his soft brown eyes.

"Not yet, Ronald," said Lottie, stroking his sleek head. "You will have to wait till I have finished construing this puzzling bit, and then we will have a race."

Nessa had been considering. "No; I should not like to be shut up with a governess at all," she agreed. "What I should like would be to have masters for French and music, and dancing, and—oh, Lottie, do you think we could have new frocks before the Cliffords come to the Hall? I should be so ashamed for Julia to see me in this shabby old thing!"

Lottie shook her head; she knew that new frocks were quite as great an impossibility as music and dancing masters, especially now their mother was ill, and required so many things that their small means could with difficulty procure. She made no remark on the subject, however, and only begged Nessa to go on with her lessons, or, at any rate, not to talk till she had finished with "that horrid old Cæsar."

Nessa did not take her sister's advice, but went to the window and stood awhile drumming upon one of the panes, looking out disconsolately. It was one of those grey, bitter days in early spring, when a keen east wind is blowing, and when the few snowdrops and crocuses that have ventured to peep out, look pitifully out of place, as if they had mistaken the time and made their appearance too early. Nessa shivered; she liked comfort and luxury in every form, and always tried to shirk what was not pleasant. She left the window and crouched down beside Ronald, who had resumed his former position on the rug, before the small fire. Here she amused herself by pulling his silky ears, and trying to make him balance her slate-pencil at the end of his nose, a feat he resolutely declined to perform.

Charlotte and Vanessa Dunstan were twin daughters of the Vicar of Brierford, a small living in an out-of-the-way and uninteresting part of the country. He had married a lovely girl, but one as ignorant of all matters pertaining to a household as a child of three years old. The result was complete mismanagement, and its consequences, dire waste without any comfort. She had been accustomed to a large establishment where money was of no object, and of how to live upon narrow means she had not the remotest idea. Nor was the Vicar much of a help. He was a learned man and an eloquent preacher, a devoted husband and fond father, but he was no man of business. He had one of those easy-going temperaments that if to-day was provided for never thought of to-morrow's wants, so between the two it was no wonder that three hundred a year melted away in a startling manner. Mr. Dunstan hated debt, he was appalled when, at Christmas, bills came in he had no money to meet. He had to borrow, then the borrowed money had to be paid back, and the next year was short again. So it went on from bad to worse. Mrs. Dunstan passed from reckless expenditure to the opposite extreme of shabbiness, but even that does not succeed without good management. Mr. Dunstan now and then got a few pounds for an article for one of the theological reviews or journals, and so they struggled on, never quite making both ends meet, till the two girls, Lottie and Nessa, were fourteen, when another misfortune befel. Mrs. Dunstan caught a bad cold that settled on her lungs, and everyone but her husband and children saw that her days were numbered. Mr. Dunstan buoyed himself up with hope. As the warm weather came on she would be better, he said; but in the meantime resources were heavily taxed not only for the doctor's bills and medicine, but for such delicacies as would tempt the capricious appetite of an invalid.

At this time, young as she was, Lottie proved herself a tower of strength. She took the reins from her mother's failing hands and guided them well. The housekeeper at Brierford Hall had taken a great fancy to the Vicar's twin daughters, though she knew she was only doing what Mrs. Clifford would wish in showing them attention. Lottie sought her advice, and learned from her many a useful lesson. She got to know how to make the most of such materials as she had at command, how to concoct dainty little dishes with cold meat that used to be left to waste, and her observant eye and good taste taught her how to set out a table nicely, and how to arrange the parlour so as to conceal dilapidations as much as possible, and to give it an air of comfort.

Mrs. Dunstan's trials and disappointments, and, latterly, her ill-health, had rendered her peevish and fretful. Nessa was her favourite; she promised to be like what she was as a girl, and Nessa enjoyed hearing of all the grandeur and gaiety that had been her portion before she married "so unfortunately." Lottie was her father's child, she would lament; and very often Lottie could do nothing that was right—nothing to please or satisfy her. This

was Lottie's greatest trouble, but she bore it uncomplainingly, excusing her mother's injustice on the plea that she was so ill.

Another trouble was that, strive as she would, she could not relieve her father from his difficulties, though she did contrive to lighten them. She knew how much he was harassed, and how almost hopeless it was to make head against debts that had accumulated before she was old enough to understand. For her father had now no secrets from her; he recognised her capability, and often consulted with her. Thus Lottie had become more thoughtful than her years warranted, and people got to consider her as the elder daughter, and to speak to her as Miss Dunstan, while the twin sister was Miss Nessa, merely a pretty spoilt child.

Lottie finished her task and closed her book with a sigh of relief. There were so many things that had to be attended to. First, she must see if her mother was awake after her afternoon rest, and take her some of the jelly good Mrs. Benson had sent from the Hall. Then she had to go to Brook Farm for butter, and she would have to hurry so as to be back in time to help Hephzibah to get tea ready by the time her father returned from visiting one of his sick parishioners.

Lottie found her mother awake, but in a querulous mood. It was hard she should be left so much alone, she said; and hard, she added, while she took the jelly, that she should have to depend upon what was sent to her from the Hall for anything nice she got.

"I am so sorry, mamma," Lottie replied, "but I am afraid we could not make it so nice at home."

How could they, when wine and lemons and other ingredients were not forthcoming?

"Of course you can't make anything nice; I don't expect it," returned Mrs. Dunstan, with an aggrieved air. "Where is your father? He can spare time for the sick in his parish, but not for his sick wife, it seems."

"Papa will be at home all the evening, I think. You were asleep when he went out," said Lottie, gently.

"Of course your father is right. I'm always the one to be wrong in your eyes," Mrs. Dunstan retorted, peevishly.

"Dear mamma, I did not mean that," Lottie remonstrated, tears springing to her eyes.

"Never mind what you meant. Send Nessa to me, and see if you can make up the fire without clattering the fire-irons as Hephzibah does. Here, you can take my plate, and mind you shut the door quietly after you when you go out," said Mrs. Dunstan, lying back again against the pillows that Lottie had shaken up and made comfortable for her.

"Mamma wants you, Nessa," Lottie announced, returning to the parlour.

"What a bore!" exclaimed that young lady, without moving from her position on the hearthrug. "What does she want me for? It always gives me a headache to stay in that room; it is so close and stuffy."

"You would not have mamma left alone till tea-time?" Lottie expostulated. "I daresay she would like you to read to her. But if you would rather go to Brook Farm, dear, I will stay."

"In this cold east wind? No thank you," replied Nessa, shivering at the idea, while she reluctantly rose from the rug. "Oh, dear, I wonder why it is that one can never do what one likes?"

Lottie laughed. "Then the only thing that I know of is to try to like what one has to do," she said, cheerfully. "Come, Ronald, we are going to have a run. You shall carry the basket, dear old fellow."

Lottie returned, her cheeks glowing with the exercise. She had just time to stir the coals into a blaze, wheel the arm-chair near the fire, put the slippers to warm, and set out the tea things, when Mr. Dunstan came in. Lottie helped him to take off his great coat, which she carried to its accustomed peg in the passage, and then waited to take his boots, while he put on his warm slippers. Mr. Dunstan gave a sigh of content as he held his hands to the bright fire, while the kettle sang on the hob, and Ronald put his head on his knee, demanding his share of attention.

"How is your mamma?" the Vicar asked, as Lottie came in with a plate of hot tea-cakes of her own making.

"She had a nice long sleep this afternoon, but I am afraid she has been coughing a good deal since. Nessa is with her," Lottie replied. "I will take up her tea and send Nessa down. I will tell mamma you will come to her presently. You must have your tea first; you are cold and tired, I can see."

"Not so much tired, dear, but I've been thinking, as I walked along, things seem to get worse instead of better. There's the interest on the loan at the bank to be paid to-morrow, and there will be so little left, so little, what we are to do heaven only knows," sighed Mr. Dunstan.

"Something will come; I am sure help will come somehow," Lottie answered, with the buoyant hopefulness of youth. "When mamma gets better we shall be at so much less expense, and then you will see."

Mr. Dunstan sighed again. Poverty pressed so hard upon them, and he could do so little to alleviate it.

"I don't know what is to be done!" he ejaculated, as he took his cup from Lottie's hand. "Things are so bad with us, and there isn't a soul to lend us a helping hand."

"Poor father!" said Lottie tenderly, kissing his brow. "You are tired; you have disturbed nights attending upon mamma, and then everything looks dark. Only wait till mamma is better. And papa, if you could let Nessa and me do our lessons in the evening this spring, I have a project in my head."

"Have you, my blessing? What project has that wise little head of yours been conceiving?" the Vicar asked with a smile.

"That's my secret; you mustn't ask questions, papa," replied Lottie, nodding her head demurely, whilst she prepared the tray to take up to her mother with what she thought might tempt the invalid to eat.

Just as Lottie was about to lift the tray, there came a shrill scream that made Mr. Dunstan start to his feet, as Nessa, with dilated eyes and blanched cheeks rushed into the room.

"Oh, papa, oh, Lottie, come quickly, mamma is so ill, I—I think she is dying!" she gasped.

In an instant they were by the sufferer's bedside. No need to ask what had happened; the white, drawn face, the streaks upon the pale lips, the red stain on the pillow, told their tale only too well. The Vicar stood for a moment dazed, stunned; he knew his wife was ill, but not how ill, and was not this death?

Nessa plucked him by the sleeve. "What is it, papa? Oh, what is it?" she whispered, her eyes wild with fright.

Lottie had slipped from the room, but she instantly returned. "I have told Hephzibah to run to Farmer Hobbs and ask him to let one of his men ride as fast as possible for Dr. Munroe," she said, speaking in a low voice in her father's ear.

Mr. Dunstan gave her a grateful look; he could not speak; his face worked with emotion. Lottie applied a handkerchief dipped in cold water to her mother's lips, and bathed her temples and the palms of her hands with some reviving mixture the doctor had given her to use, and presently Mrs. Dunstan opened her eyes with a faint sigh.

Her husband bent over her, calling her by the endearing epithets of their early married days, before want and care had marred their lives. She feebly pressed his hand and attempted to speak, but he stopped her.

"Hush, dearest love," he said. "Dr. Munroe will be here directly, and till he comes you must be perfectly quiet."

How long it seemed to the watchers before the doctor came, and how breathlessly they hung upon his verdict. Alas! the fiat had gone forth. Mrs. Dunstan might rally for a few days, even weeks, but nothing could save her. What had taken place was but the beginning of the end, and they must be prepared for the worst, it was no use deceiving them.

For two or three days Mrs. Dunstan seemed to revive, but she was perfectly aware of her state, and one afternoon, when she felt able to speak, she desired that Lottie should be left alone with her. She stretched out her hand and drew her young daughter towards her.

"Kiss me, my dear, and God bless you!" she murmured in her faint hoarse voice.

Lottie kissed her mother fondly, and then burying her face in the bedclothes, burst into tears. She had borne a great deal without losing self-control, but this unexpected touch of tenderness opened the flood-gates, and she could not restrain her sobs.

"Don't cry so, my love," said Mrs. Dunstan. "I think it is better as it is. I've never been of much use, and I've often been unjust and unkind to you. I see it all now."

"Oh, no, no, mamma!" Lottie sobbed. "Only get better, and we shall all be so happy!"

"If it had been God's will," Mrs. Dunstan murmured. Then rallying her failing strength, she said, "Lottie, my dear child, I want you to make me a promise."

"Anything, anything, dear mamma!" cried Lottie, rashly, perhaps; but it was not a moment in which she would be likely to stop to weigh her words.

"You are young, but you are strong and brave, and whatever you promise I know you will keep to faithfully," said the invalid; her voice now so faint that Lottie had to bend over her to catch the words. "I want you to promise me never to leave your father; and to watch over Nessa. She will be very pretty, and she is vain and wilful, and inclined to be indolent, too much like what I was. Promise me, Lottie."

Did the dying woman think what a heavy burden she was laying upon this young girl? Was she aware that in the midst of her repentance for past injustice she was acting selfishly even now?

Lottie hesitated a moment, but the wan face was watching her with eager eyes, anxiously awaiting the "Yes" that would bring comfort to her poor anxious heart. Lottie could not withstand that wistful look. "I promise, mamma," she said, scarcely at the time realising all that was involved in the pledge she meant religiously to keep, and feeling that she was rewarded by the look of peace, almost a smile, that stole over the pale face.

Before another sunset the two girls were motherless. Nessa's grief was so violent that Mr. Dunstan and Lottie had to restrain their own in order to comfort her; and besides their sorrowing for the dead, other cares pressed more and more heavily upon them. No wonder that Lottie was thoughtful and womanly beyond her years.

One afternoon, a few days after the funeral, when the different members of the little family were beginning to resume their habitual employments, and life at the Vicarage to return to its usual routine, Lottie, who in addition to other things had much needlework on hand, was sitting at the table, an open workbasket beside her, diligently darning a damask tablecloth. Nessa was lounging in her favourite

position on the rug. She had been the first to recover her spirits, but was inclined to be peevish that afternoon because, though the sun shone, Lottie decided that she had no time for a walk.

"Why don't you go into the garden with Ronald?" Lottie suggested.

Nessa made a little grimace. "I am sick and tired of the garden," she declared. "Oh, Lottie, I wonder how long this life is to last! Will there ever, ever be any change?"

"I don't very well see how it's to come," returned Lottie, and she too could not repress a little sigh. She, too, would have liked to see a little more of the world; she would have liked to go to London and to have seen St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, and the South Kensington Museum, and perhaps—but this was almost too great an improbability to even think of—to go to a theatre. She could quite sympathise with Nessa, but what was the use? There was no money for any such delights. Even her father seldom went from home, though the following week he was going to visit a friend at some distance where he would have to stay all night. He was going to meet a Bishop—not his Bishop—who had been much struck by one of his magazine articles, and had expressed a wish to make his acquaintance. Lottie was glad he was going; the visit and the exertion he would have to make might help to rouse him from the great depression into which he had fallen.

"Run, Nessa!" she exclaimed a few minutes after, "here is the postman at the gate."

Nessa sprang up willingly. The postman did not often come to their gate, and never with any letters to Lottie and herself, but still his coming was something of an excitement; there was always an element of uncertainty about it, and the two girls had a theory that some day something would come to them through the post.

(*To be continued*)

THE PRINCESSES ROYAL OF ENGLAND.



THERE are books about the Queens of England, and about the Princesses of Wales; but no history has yet been published of the Princesses Royal, the eldest daughters of the English Kings and Queens. Without going back to earlier times, there have been not a few of these princesses of remarkable character and with romantic history. A collected record of their lives would form a book of great interest, especially as connecting the history of our own country with the contemporary annals of other lands, to which these "daughters of England" were transplanted.

The daughter of Henry I. became the wife, first of Henry IV., Emperor of Germany, and secondly of Geoffrey Plantagenet, Comte d'Anjou, and son of the then King of Jerusalem. The eldest daughter of Edward II. became Queen of Scotland. Henry IV. had two daughters, the eldest becoming Queen of Arragon and her sister Queen of Denmark. Mary Tudor, the daughter of Henry VII., became Queen of France, and when Queen Dowager, her second marriage was with Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk. Of the two daughters of Henry VIII, the gloomy Mary, of dark memory, married King Philip of Spain—an evil match for England, which was made up for by the glorious reign of Queen Elizabeth, her maiden sister.

The only daughter of James I. who reached maturity was the wife of Frederick, the Elector Palatine. The life of this beautiful and unfortunate Princess, Elizabeth Stuart, is a romantic though sad story, well worthy of a separate record.

James II. left two daughters, who each became Queen Regnant of England. The first, Mary, reigned in conjunction with her cousin and husband, William of Orange, our William III., who was son of Mary, eldest daughter of Charles I. The other daughter, Anne, married Prince George of Denmark. The only daughter of George I. became the wife of the Elector of Brandenburg, afterwards King of Prussia. Of the five daughters of George II., three married foreign princes, and two died unmarried.

Of the numerous family of King George III. and Queen Charlotte, six were daughters. The eldest, the Princess Royal of that time, became Queen of Wirtemberg.

We have named enough of these alliances to show how many must be the cousinships and relationships, more or less remote, between the Royal Family of England and other reigning houses. In some cases these complicated alliances were multiplied by the marriage of brothers and also of younger sisters of the Princesses Royal. It was usually the custom, and latterly the law, to avoid marriage with subjects. It was not easy to get alliances with foreign princes, who were not always to be found among first-rate powers, and rarely indeed among Protestant Royal houses. Hence the frequent recourse to petty German States for Royal marriages.

The Princess Mary, daughter of George III., married her cousin, William Frederick, Duke of Gloucester, an English subject, and son of an English lady, widow of the Earl of Waldegrave.

In earlier English history such alliances with subjects were more frequent. Thus, Eleanor, daughter of King John, was married to William Marshall, Earl of Pembroke, to the great displeasure of her brother Henry. He became afterwards reconciled to the match, and on the death of the first husband the King gave with his own hand the Countess of Pembroke, after seven years' widowhood, to another English nobleman, famous in our annals, Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester. Joan, the second daughter of Edward I., was first married to Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Gloucester, and secondly to Sir Ralph de Monthermer, a knight in her own household. The King was much displeased, because this second match was made without his consent or knowledge; yet he forgave the offence, and authorised Sir Ralph to sit in Parliament as Earl of Gloucester during the life of the countess.

Edward IV., who had himself married a subject for love, was the father of eight princesses, three of whom were united to English noblemen—Cicely to John, Viscount Wells; Anne to Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk; and Katherine to William Courtenay, Earl of Devonshire. Cicely, indeed, took as her second husband a commoner, a Lincolnshire squire, representative of an old county family with the unfamiliar name of Kyme.

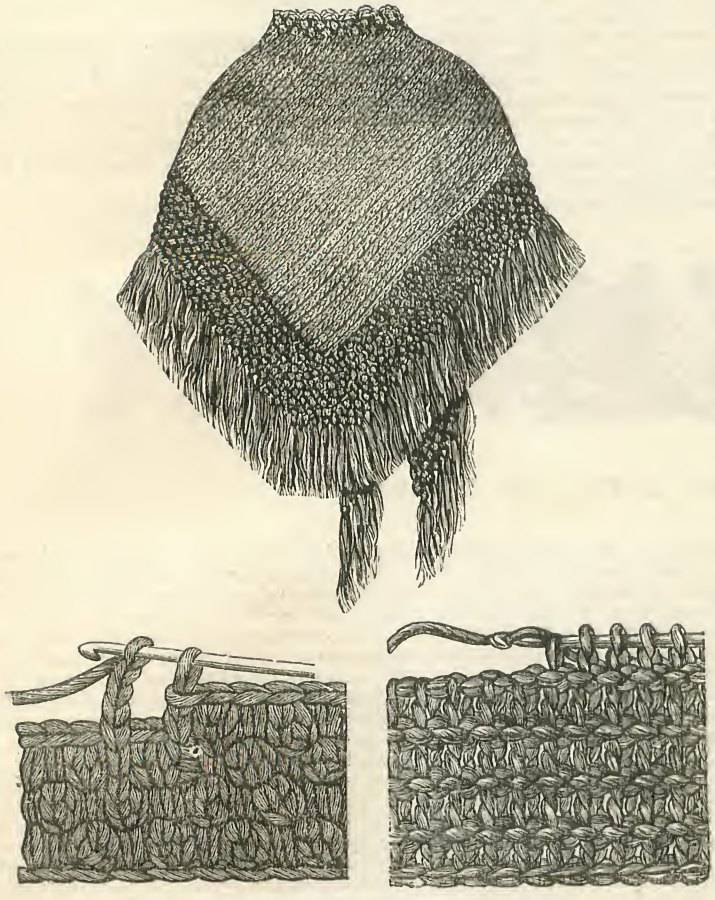
These numerous alliances—and there were others besides what we have mentioned, and not reckoning illegal matches—account for the various claims in genealogy and heraldry for connection with Royal lineage, however remote the pedigree may reach.

Such marriages, it will be noted, were at least legal, and the consanguinity was allowed. As late as the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Frances, Duchess of Suffolk, the daughter of the Queen Dowager of France by her second husband, Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, received from the Queen an augmentation of arms, consisting of the Royal Arms of England within a bordure, or and azure, "which shall be an apparent declaration of their consanguinity to us."

In subsequent times the inconvenience of these alliances with subjects led to the passing of a statute commonly called "The Royal Marriage Act," according to which none of the Royal Family can contract matrimony without the previous consent of the sovereign, signified under the Great Seal, and any marriage contracted without such consent is void. But after the age of twenty-five, and with twelve months' notice given to the Privy Council, such marriages may be solemnised, even without the consent of the Crown, which (for instance, during the long mental illness of George III.) cannot always be given unless both Houses of Parliament shall, before the expiration of the year's notice, expressly declare their disapprobation of such intended marriage. The last time that this Royal Marriage Act came to have any political and national bearing was in 1844, in the Sussex Peerage Case, when Augustus Frederick d'Este claimed to be Duke of Sussex, as the son of Augustus Frederick, sixth son of George III., his mother being Lady Augusta Murray, daughter of the Earl of Dunmore. The parents were married by an English clergyman at Rome, according to the marriage rites of the English Church. The judges, however, decided unanimously that the marriage, whether valid or not at Rome, was invalid by the law of England, and the claim was disallowed.

These details may seem dry to some of our readers, but they may be useful for reference, and they touch upon some interesting points in English history.

MY WORK BASKET.



A Half Shawl in Tricoté and Crochet.

This is a half or three-cornered shawl done in tricoté. It is quickly made, and looks pretty in two soft colours, such as pink and white or grey and white, and can be made of any size.

To follow the illustration we should take single Berlin wool and make a chain of 180 stitches, then proceed exactly as in ordinary tricoté till we have had the stitches once on the needle and off again. Then, instead of taking up the front of the stitch on our needle, we take up the back of it, which is made quite clear in our illustration.

As we begin at one of the straight sides we must not forget to decrease one in each row either at the beginning or what is called the right hand of the work, or at the end of the row or left side of the work. It must not be at both, or we could not get an exact half square.

If we decide to decrease at beginning, or right side, of the work, we take up two loops and work them into one or we miss a loop. If, on the contrary, we decrease at the other end, or left side, where we let the stitches off, we draw the thread through two loops instead of one, as usual.

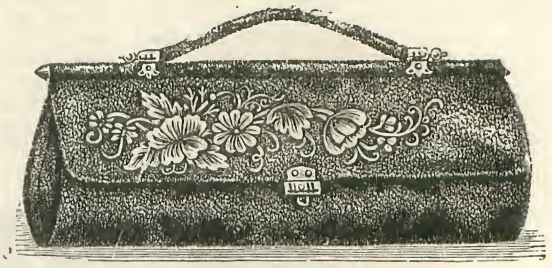
Having decided which end it is to be, we must, in order to get the right shape, decrease one stitch in every row except in every fifth row, when we decrease two.

Going on in this way, we naturally come to one stitch only when this part of the shawl is finished.

Now for the border, which we shall crochet on to the two straight sides in the following manner :

First stitch, single crochet. Keep this on the needle while we go to the next and make four chains, which we work into our first stitch, third single stitch, fourth the 4-chain again, and so on till we get to the end of the two sides. Then we begin again, only reversing the stitches, and so on until we have done sixteen rows. The effect is very pretty, as you may see in the small illustration. It seems to make a series of little knots. At the edge of this we knot in a fringe of the two colours of the wool.

For the cross side we make the same kind of border, only working three rows, and we make a little finish by crocheting first a single stitch, then by making a chain of five and working it into the third stitch, and so on to the end. At the end of each row of the border we break off and begin again.



A Music Case.

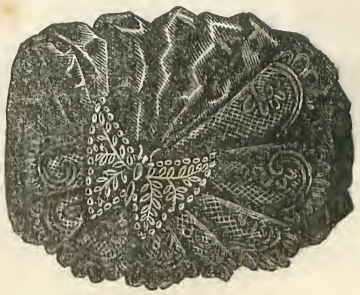
This elegant music case is made of cardboard, olive coloured plush, and olive coloured satin, and a great thing in its favour is that it is quite easy to make.

The cardboard should be fifteen inches long and fifteen-and-a-half deep. Both plush and satin should be cut a little larger, to permit of stitching together before the cardboard is passed in, the side left open under the front fold being sewn neatly on the outside.

Before stitching the materials together, the portion of plush which is to form the outer fold should have a sprig or branch embroidered on it with red and olive coloured silk and gold thread—something like the illustration.

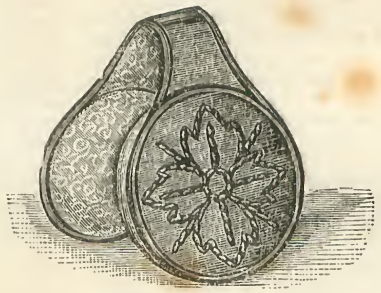
The two ends of the case are made of plush lined with satin and put in full. The top of the case is formed by stitching in a steel rod or a very thick knitting needle.

The handle is made of cord covered with plush, and made fast to the bag by bronze pins or clasps · the lock should also be of bronze to match the pins.



A Lady's Muff.

To make this muff you take a piece of wadding the size you require and cover it entirely with silk or satin merveilleux, either black or a colour to suit your dress. Having done this very neatly, you sew the two sides together and run a ribbon and elastic through each of the ends of the muff. The next thing is to lay on some folds or puffs of the satin and cover up the seams with guipure lace. If the muff were black the folds and puffs might be of another colour. A jet butterfly in the centre of the folds makes a pretty finish.



Spectacle Rubber.

SPECTACLE RUBBER.

The cardboard foundation is covered on the outside with prepared leather punctured for embroidery, which should be worked in red chenille.

The lining must be of soft wash-leather, between which and the outside of the two rounds a little wadding is placed.



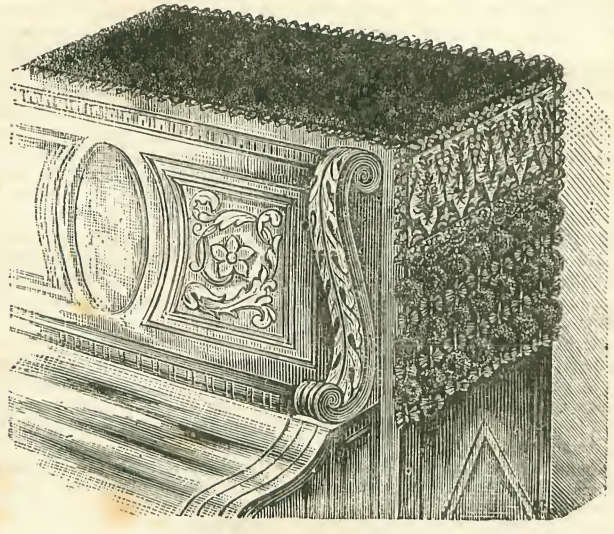
LADY'S FICHU.

For this you require a foundation of stiff tulle, eleven inches long, four-and-a-half wide at the top, and coming to a point at the bottom. This must be lined with thin silk.

On one side the lace should be arranged lengthwise, and on the other in cascade, as it is called. You will see clearly what is meant by looking at the illustration.

The collar must be of the same foundation, covered with gold and pink ribbons partly hidden by lace.

Bows of these two colours should be mixed in with the cascade of lace, as in the illustration.



PIANO COVER.

The top of the instrument is covered with dark blue plush lined with satin, or with any other colour that better suits carpet and furniture.

For the sides purchase two canvas antimacassars with a good Indian pattern, and embroider them in many coloured silks and in a variety of stitches. It is a great improvement to outline the pattern with Japanese gold thread, which has the advantage of not tarnishing.

You will perceive one-half the pattern is unworked, and the other filled, and that the embroidery adds both to the value and the beauty.

The edge of the plush and the canvas should be finished off with a tiny scolloped crochet lace of blue ice wool.

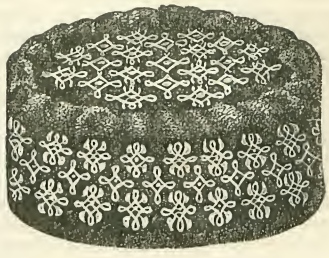
A wide fringe of little woollen or chenille balls completes the side coverings.



LAMP SHADE.

This is an illustration of a simple yet graceful lamp-shade.

The framework is made of bonnet wire and covered with red satin and lace adorned with red ribbon ruching and bows.



GARDEN CAP FOR A GENTLEMAN.

For the top, cut a circle of dark blue velvet, the diameter of which is six inches; line it with muslin, embroider the velvet in outline, as you see in the illustration, with bronze-coloured purse silk.

In the centre of each design is a dot in broad stitch, which, together with the little leaves forming the off-shoots of each pattern, is to be worked in gold silk.

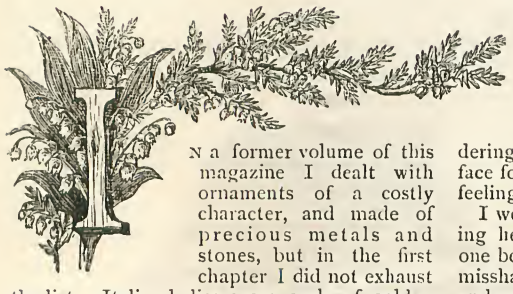
The border, which is twenty inches long and five deep, is lined and embroidered in the same manner as the circle.

Each part is then lined with wadding and thin silk and sewn neatly together.

Between the lining and material of the border a strip of cardboard, an inch and a half deep, is to be sewn in round the bottom of the border.

THE ORNAMENTS WORN IN MANY LANDS.

By RUTH LAMB.



In a former volume of this magazine I dealt with ornaments of a costly character, and made of precious metals and stones, but in the first chapter I did not exhaust the list. Italian ladies wore cauls of golden network. The noble Danish King Canute was buried with a golden circlet round his head, a jewelled ring on his finger, and gold and silver bands round his body. Danes of all ranks wore massive bracelets, and one was either placed on the altar of their god or on the arm of the priest. This was called the "Holy bracelet," and by it the Danes swore before their conversion to Christianity.

Also, I omitted when telling of the manner in which for the sake of their country Roman matrons gave up their ornaments, to tell of another queenly lady, Isabella of Castille, who was ready to pledge her Crown jewels in order to raise money for the vessels which Columbus needed for his first voyage in search of a new world.

From very early ages it has been the custom, not only to wear ornaments of various kinds, but to use paints and pigments with a view of improving the complexion, or adding to personal beauty. Jezebel, the wicked wife of Ahab, "painted her face." And Jeremiah, addressing Jerusalem as a woman, says, "Though thou rentest thy face with painting, in vain shalt thou make thyself fair," in allusion to a custom which prevailed amongst Eastern women of introducing a preparation of antimony between the eye and the lids. This was supposed to make the eyes more brilliant, and the lids were necessarily distended at the time of its introduction. So the prophet tells, that even were the quantity so overdone as to rend the eyelids it would be all in vain.

Here I may fitly introduce a word of warning against the use of powders and paints. They rarely deceive lookers on, and are always injurious. They cannot be applied without filling up the pores of the skin, the keeping open of which is absolutely essential to healthy circulation. They may give a temporary appearance of beauty, but are sure to ruin it in the long run, beside injuring the health.

I shall never forget an illustrative picture I witnessed some twenty years since, when on board a steamer bound for the Channel Islands. A young couple came on board at Newhaven, very smartly attired, and from the elegance and lightness of the girl's apparel, and sundry significant attentions paid by her companion, everyone took it for granted that they were starting on their wedding trip. The girl's complexion was something so wonderful in its pink and white perfection, that it at first excited much admiration, then doubt as to whether anything so unchanging could have been nature-painted.

We had a rough passage, and after a time many on board were ill, amongst others the young bride, who, wrapped up in rugs, was brought on deck by the stewardess, her young husband being too much prostrated to attend to her himself. What a change resulted from the contact of a handkerchief and the action of the spray upon that lovely pink and white complexion! The girl was not only looking fearfully ill and of a yellowish hue, the result of indisposition, but her face was thickly covered with freckles wherever the paint was fully removed. The sham was perceptible to all eyes, to none more so than those of the young husband, and one could not help wondering whether he was seeing the girl's real face for the first time, and if so, what were his feelings and hers?

I would give another warning against wearing heavy earrings. I have seen more than one beautiful face disfigured by diseased and misshapen ears produced through wearing long and massive eardrops.

Our ancient British ancestors in the northern portions of the island stained and tattooed their bodies. As a rule, it is more correct to speak of stained than painted skins, as the colour was usually imparted by the juice of some plant.

Frobisher in his first voyage, 1576, describes some Eskimos whom he met with. "The women," he says, "were marked in the face with blue streaks down the cheeks and round about the eyes." North American Indians were greatly addicted to the use of paint, the warriors assuming it as an ornament essential to their warlike appearance. Indeed, amongst savages generally, feathers, paint, necklaces made of shells, the teeth of animals, and carved bones form the greater portion of their ornamental appendages.

The use of ornaments seems in some cases to have preceded that of dress. In a remarkably interesting paper which I recently read, entitled "Ancient European Savages" (*Chambers' Journal*, February, 1882), there is an account of the exploration of certain caverns and of the discoveries made therein. These prove that the caverns were the abode of prehistoric European savages, and that these dwellings lay below the stalagmite floors which have in the course of ages been gradually formed above them.

In the Kesslerlock cave in Switzerland, the removal of the stalagmite has revealed the slabs of stone which must have served as both seats and beds. There is also proof from the articles actually found, that the ladies, at any rate, adorned themselves with tastefully made ornaments—earrings, not of precious metal, but carved in bone, horn, and other substances; also with shells and teeth drilled for a like purpose. These may have been hung round the neck or suspended from the ears, but if the latter were pierced it must have been by an extremely painful operation, and the instrument used a splinter of bone, the only thing available in that very primitive time. But who shrinks from torture if connected with fashion? Savage and civilised will endure anything as its votaries.

In this cavern, beside the ornaments, samples of the rouge used are also found in the shape of red peroxide of iron, lumps of which were lying near to smooth slabs on which it had been ground, for the tops were stained with it. And this love of paints and ornaments was co-existent with tools of bone and weapons of stone!

"Can a maid forget her ornaments?"

In our land the ornaments are generally the first things to be parted with when a season of distress comes, but not willingly. Neither are they soon forgotten. In some countries the people cling to them even when in want of necessaries. The Italians are remarkable for this, many of the beautiful articles in coral and gold being heirlooms which a woman will sometimes wear when her clothing is little else but rags.

There are curious national ornaments, too, which pass from generation to generation. Some Russian women wear a sort of skull cap of gold, with lace arranged over it. In Bavaria the women go to plough similarly decorated, and with bodices embroidered with silver.

Gold and silver bodkins are used in Italy and Switzerland for fastening up the hair.

Looking at the worshippers in the church at Einsiedeln, I saw an old woman, one of a crowd of pilgrims, absolutely prostrated on the ground before the glittering shrine of the Black Virgin. Poor soul! as she poured out her petitions before the senseless, wooden image, her eyes streaming with tears and apparently in an agony of prayer, she looked a strange picture. Her wrinkled face was almost the colour of leather from exposure to the weather, and she had no covering for her grey hair. It was plaited up with an extra strand of coarse cotton, like a thick round lamp-wick, and through the knot was thrust a skewer like a miniature sword with a highly-decorated golden hilt. The workmanship was both curious and beautiful, and stones were set in the gold. Everything else in the woman's appearance betokened poverty, but she clung to this one ornament.

The Hungarians wear a profusion of feathers, flowers, and silver chains and buttons; the Polish gentlemen gold chains round their necks, and brooches. In Iceland and Norway silver—a native product—is very largely used for ornamental purposes, and even the little Lapland woman has a silver clasp to her girdle.

A Greek girl surrounds her head with strings of gold coins, and each additional one that she can save she fastens to her head-dress, so that it is not difficult to guess at her probable fortune. A well-dowered lass must have an uneasy time of it, as it is painful to carry a weight on the head; only in this case she begins with a little and increases it gradually.

The Turkish ladies load themselves with jewels, decorating the person and dress with any quantity of gold and sparkling gems. The women of Lebanon arrange their veils over a long silver horn fastened to the head, or another article resembling a dice-box in shape.

Arab women still wear the gold nose ring, redden their nails and blacken the eyelids in the manner named in the Bible. The Chinese use many flowers and a jewelled bird as an ornament for the forehead.

In Thibet the women are compelled by law to daub their faces over with a species of black paste, and thus disfigured they are permitted to go about, where and when they please. The men of rank fasten up their hair with a number of golden combs.

Japanese married ladies have the eyebrows shaved off and the teeth blackened; but in this once exclusive country European customs are being so rapidly introduced that it is difficult to predict how long the national ones will be adhered to.

Cingalese women wear bangles and golden hair pins, beside other jewels, whilst the men fasten their locks with combs. The females of one Tartar tribe decorate their heads by suspending a glutton's tail amongst their own plaits, and attaching to these numbers of jingling brass rings.

Abyssinian ladies paint a blue line over the eyebrows, and stain cheeks, hands and feet red. Cranes' feathers and cows' tails are the favourite ornaments of Zulus and Caffres, with-

brass rings for the fingers. In Ashantee large masses of gold are fastened to the arms, the weight of which obliges some to have assistant bearers, boys on whose heads they rest the cumbrous ornaments.

The people of Madagascar, men and women, wear a profusion of silver trinkets, one in the shape of a crocodile's tooth being bound round the arm. They also plait shells and silver articles in with their hair.

In Captain Cook's third voyage he saw some of the people dwelling on the shores of Prince William's Sound with slits through the lower lip, in which were stuck ornaments of carved bone. They would take these out and make themselves look doubly hideous by pushing their tongues through the opening.

Many more so-called ornaments might be described, but enough has been told to prove that a fondness for such things must have been almost coeval with the existence of the first human beings; for during the life of Adam men had become skilful artificers.

The love of ornament brought about the invention of sham jewellery, and very early in the history of the glass manufacture it was turned to account to produce imitations of the precious stones. And in the course of ages the simple-minded inhabitants of newly discovered islands were induced to exchange real gold and priceless pearls for these showy but worthless baubles.

This age of ours is notably an age of imitations; and fashions in ornaments are as changeable as those in dress. But, in spite of the temper of the age, I would advise girls, however few ornaments they may possess, to let them and themselves be what they seem.

Just a few words about the closing half of the text with which I commenced these papers, "Or a bride her attire." It would be most unnatural for a woman to forget what dress she wore on her wedding-day, the most important in all her life. Often and often the dress, or a portion of it, is treasured as a sacred relic to old age, and even unto death. Tennyson, in his charming poem, "The Grandmother," makes the old woman, married seventy years before, say, "So Willy and I were wedded; I wore a lilac gown."

In many an old patchwork quilt an aged cottager will point to a square and say, "That was a bit of my wedding-gown, and this was off my mother's," and so on, telling the story of each pattern.

Walking to a railway station by a field road many years since, I overtook an old woman who was going in the same direction. We had then two miles to walk. It began to rain, so she came under my umbrella, and we trudged on together, she beguiling the time with many an old world story. The way had never before seemed so short, and when we reached the village I had a good half-hour to spare. The old lady insisted on my spending it in her cottage, which was close to the station, and the first thing she did after I was seated, was to drag a box from under the bed and take out of it her wedding-dress to show me!

This was meant as a mark of great favour, and she added the particulars of its cost, 3s. 6d. per yard, for it was a very fine linen print, and, though fifty years old, had never been washed or needed it.

I possess to-day one of the dresses worn by my own mother on her wedding-day in March, 1821.

It is of exquisite white Irish poplin, equal in lustre to the finest silk poplin of to-day. The sleeves are short, the waist barely a span in depth, the skirt separate from it, and very scanty. The trimmings of white satin and fine silk cord are works of art in their way, and the top of the waist and bottoms of the sleeves were edged with dainty lace. The dress is unsoiled, though a little yellow with age; and there are some long gloves of the period, which would complete the coverings of the arms.

This wedding-dress was exhibited many a time for the gratification of young guests, and is another proof that no more than the maid can forget her ornaments can the bride forget her attire.

In conclusion, I will redeem my promise and tell you of some ornaments that will suit all ages, and are certain to render the wearers attractive in the eyes of all who see them.

To do this I must go back to the book with which I commenced. There is the teachable spirit shown in listening to the instruction of the father and not forsaking the law of the mother, described as ornaments of grace to the head and chains about the neck.

And what more beautiful than to see daughters listening with love and reverence to those whom God has given as their best earthly friends!

Wisdom is said to give an ornament of grace and a crown of glory. And does it not?

A wise reprover and an obedient ear are likened to an earring of gold and an ornament of fine gold.

And what more becoming, more calculated to win admiration, than to find one friend adorned with courage to reprove; another with the teachable spirit which is ready to hear and obey?

Then in New Testament Scripture we women—and girls are included in this—are bidden to adorn ourselves with "modest apparel" without, and a meek and quiet spirit as that inner ornament which is in the sight of God of great price.

That every young reader may possess these ornaments and be clothed with the garments of salvation and the robe of righteousness, is the wish with which I conclude this paper.

VARIETIES.

FAMILY QUARRELS.—Never take part in family quarrels, however sorely you may be tempted. The belligerents are sure to cry truce and make up their differences again, when all who have ranged themselves as partisans on either side will be sacrificed without mercy. Strict neutrality is the only safe plan, and with truth and straightforwardness, and neither fetching nor carrying, it is quite possible to be on good terms with both parties.

A POETIC CONTRIBUTION.—"I threw this off in ten minutes," softly said the poet, placing a manuscript on the editorial table. The editor said, that when it came to speed, no long-haired poet should distance him; and he threw it off in less than ten seconds—off the table into the waste-basket.

WHAT SELFISHNESS IS.—Selfishness is not an excess of self-love, and consists not in an over-desire of happiness, but in placing your happiness in something which interferes with, or leaves you regardless of, that of others.—*Whately.*

IRRESOLUTION.

Weak and irresolute is man:
The purpose of to-day,
Woven with pains into his plan,
To-morrow rends away.

—*Cowper.*

PUT OFF TILL TO-MORROW.—It is too common a practice to adjourn the reformation of our lives to a future time.

VIRTUE REWARDED.—Two monks were once outvying each other in bidding for an abbey, when William Rufus, who was king at the time, noticed a third at some distance who never said a word. The king asked why he did not make an offer like the others; the monk said he was poor, and besides, would give nothing if he were ever so rich. "Then," replied the king, "you are the fittest person to have it," and immediately gave it him.

"MOTHER" IN FIFTEEN LANGUAGES.

The relationship existing between different languages is well illustrated by the word mother, which is:

Em and *Am* in Hebrew and Arabic, *Modor* in Anglo-Saxon.
Madr in Persian; *Moder* in Swedish.
Matr in Sanscrit; *Moder* in Danish.
Meter in Greek; *Moeder* in Dutch.
Mater in Latin; *Mutter* in German.
Madre in Italian; *Mater* in Russian.
Mère in French; *Mathair* in Celtic.

AN OBSERVATION.—Everywhere I observe in the feminine mind something of beautiful caprice, a floral exuberance of that charming wilfulness which characterises our dear human sisters, I fear, throughout all worlds.—*De Quincey.*

A MIRACLE.—The greatest miracle of love is the reformation of a coquette.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

FOUR EXCELLENT THINGS.—Giving with kind words, knowledge without pride, heroism accompanied by clemency, and wealth with liberality, are four excellencies hard to be found.—*From the Sanskrit.*

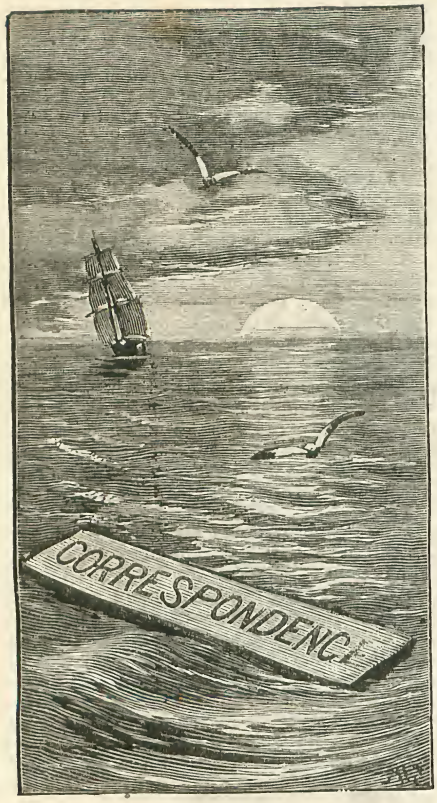
A FAITHFUL FRIEND.—The only way to have a friend is to be one.

SAVING A VIOLIN.

When the theatre was burned at Dresden some years ago, there was an honest musician who recollected that he had left his violin in the orchestra—an inestimably valuable Stradivarius, inherited from a long line of musical ancestors, and probably worth, in absolute value, as much as all the stone and wood work of the theatre. He rushed in, scrambled across the smoking stage, and found his treasure safe in its box.

While the blazing roof dropped in fragments about him, he snatched up the box, opened it, took out the violin, and with that in one hand and the box in the other, he started for the door. Ere reaching it, however, his logical German mind took occasion to ask him, first, why he had taken the violin out of the box, when, to say the least, it was quite as well in it; and second, why, since for some reason not given he had taken it out, he should deem it necessary to rescue both the violin and the box.

Though baffled by the first query, Herr Katgutt was not to be posed by the second; and so with a presence of mind which does credit to his sex, nationality, and profession, he turned once more, slung Stradivarius far into the fire, and with the empty box close clasped to his bosom, he staggered victorious forth into the open air.



EDUCATIONAL.

ESPERANCE.—You should apply direct to an institution for the training of deaconesses. You ask too many questions for us to answer. We can give an address of such a society. Write to the secretary, "Deaconess Training Institution," The Willows, Stoke Newington, N. Also the "London Diocesan Deaconess Institution," 12, Tavistock Crescent, Westbourne Park, W. Also the "East London Diocesan Deaconess Home" 2, and 3, Sutton-place, Hackney, E., of which there are branch homes at Christ Church, Spitalfields, St. Dunstan's, Stepney, and St. Peter's, Bethnal Green. You do not give your address, so we cannot tell which would suit you the best. All these latter are under the direct control of the bishop of the diocese.

AN ENQUIRER.—It matters not to what church or Christian denomination you may belong, to obtain admittance into the "Royal Holloway College" at Egham, Surrey. No religious test will be imposed as a condition of admission, and students will be allowed to attend any place of worship, according to the wishes of their parents or guardians. Candidates must be above seventeen years of age, and none may enter for a less period than a year. The institution will be opened in October, and Miss Bishop (of the Oxford High School) will be principal.

IMELDA.—You claim to know much, and we doubt not your proficiency in several of the departments of which you speak, and in which a governess should be an authority among her pupils. But your English needs attention; for example, you spell mathematics "mathamatics"; and you very frequently end your sentences with a preposition. We recommend you to ask advice either from Miss Leigh, 77, Avenue Wagram, Paris; or of the chaplain of the British Embassy, Paris, who has given special attention to the question of schools in France, with reference to English girls. Also, apply to Miss Pryde, 22, Rue des Acacias, Avenue de la Grande Armée, Paris. In this last named home special advantages are offered in reference to the acquirement of the French language.

W. H. R., UNE JERSIASE and EITTEL.—Candidates for the profession of nursing are generally required to be from twenty-five years of age to thirty-five or forty. At the Children's Hospital, Great Ormond-street, pupils are received at twenty-one. The terms vary in different hospitals. In some, pupil nurses commence with a salary of £12 per annum, with board, lodging, and uniform.

WORK.

A SERVANT.—The signature of your mistress would answer, of course, under the circumstances. Our girls are of all classes in life, and we are anxious to be a real friend to all of them.

A SWISS GIRL.—Getting a living by needlework is at best a wretched plan, unless you be a dressmaker. It would be far better to change your situation, and get one where you would be allowed to go to church every Sunday. Why not try to arrange this with your present mistress?

SWAN.—A wedding veil is made generally of tulle, plainly hemmed. Lace is not nearly so becoming, though more costly.

S. A. W. QUILTER.—Tuscan straws are generally bleached with sulphur. We doubt whether you could do them yourself, as they must be re-blocked.

A SUFFERER had better have the silk vests washed at home, using carbolic soap and tepid soft water, and rinsing them well. Do not iron them, best keep them supple.

M. E. L.—We are much obliged; but, judging from the illustration, the idea is not an original one, and clocks and thermometers are placed in every kind of article and in every possible position at present.

DAISY.—The word macramé is Arabic, and is used in the East to denote an ornamental fringe to a garment. The present macramé is a revival of the Italian *Punto a groppo* of the fifteenth and seventeenth centuries.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ROSE.—You might easily mistake the lilac crocus-like flower which grows in quantities in some meadows for the real crocus; but its real name is the "meadow-saffron," or *Colchicum autumnale*. It is poisonous in its properties, and dangerous to cattle; though druggists obtain a medicine from it called colchicum. The real *Crocus vernus* is not to be found growing wild, as a rule, though it may be found in Shropshire and Nottinghamshire, and in Barton Park, Suffolk, where it is a golden flower, and another species which is striped. These examples are said to have been imported from Holland. The crocuses about Saffron-Walden, have been in cultivation there since the time of Edward III. The saffron crocus (*Crocus sativus*) having a three-cleft stigma protruding from the cup, yields the saffron so well known in cookery and medicine. You should get a book on wild flowers, as a pleasant companion in your walks.

NETTA B.—You will meet with disappointment if you expect to make money to further your ambition of becoming a missionary, by writing even poetry. But you have no poetic genius. In any case, you may carry out your project by application to Miss Lloyd, the secretary of the Mission Training House, The Poplars, Addlestone, Surrey.

KATHERINE.—The cat has constitutional mange. The following liniment has been found invaluable: Creosote, four drachms, olive oil, seven ounces, mix, and add one ounce of solution of potassa. Use this, after the animal has been washed with tar soap, twice a week. Then administer, twice every day, in the cat's food three drops of liquor arsenicalis; increase for a fortnight to six drops, and then leave off for a few days, till the cat has had a six weeks' course, when leave off gradually. Have everything cleaned about her, and give good wholesome food and plenty of water. Mange is of the nature of the itch in a human being.

R. A. W.—Your lines are altogether very faulty in construction, and unequal in the number of feet in each line. You must count them, in order to have them even.

SWITCH BACK.—It is better to attend to your usual services on Sunday, but in any case you should take your parents advice.

MONICA.—The essay is well written, but not very original in its thoughts.

BLONDINE.—Why do you ask whether one who "professes to be a Christian may read Charles Dickens, &c.?" Perhaps you had better give up washing yourself, as your Christianity might wash off. If our love of Christ and our desire to please Him and serve God be as deeply ingrained in us as it ought to be, we should never have to ask these questions; we could not do anything which would be displeasing in His sight. The things of God should have taken root deeper down, and should not be affected, we think, by every wind that blows. King David says, "My heart is fixed;" and so ought our hearts to be as firm as rocks in His love and service.

A SALESWOMAN writes to inquire whether it would be justifiable on her part, as such, to "keep any money left on the counter by a customer, if not called for." Certainly not. It is her duty to place it at once in the hands of the proprietor of the shop, who may make due inquiries as to the customer who lost it on his premises; or advertise it in some paper.

LIZZIE WESTON appears to be "playing with edged tools." Long private walks and correspondence with a man to whom you are not engaged are most indiscreet. And if, on his becoming betrothed to another person, you were to continue your correspondence with him, you would be acting in a disgraceful manner.

CALLER HERRIN.—We did not give information respecting "Saint Peter Martyr, A.D. 1205," but "Peter Martyr, A.D. 1500." We beg to draw your attention to the gross oversight you have made in confounding two persons who lived 300 years apart, and the hasty way in which you ventured to call in question our historical knowledge. You appear to be somewhat green.

HELIOTROPE.—Nettle-rash is usually an outcome of a chill taken on a derangement of the stomach. You should put yourself under medical treatment.

DAISY.—The name "Teresa," generally spelt "Theresa," is probably from the Greek, and means "the reaper." It is also thought to be a corruption of Thirza, a Hebrew name meaning "pleasant." You should attend to your spelling, and if you have the bound volumes of the G. O. P., you will find all Christian names of girls in vol. iv., p. 39, &c.

L. D. S.—We could not give you any advice. We hear of many people having joined, but we know nothing of its value to anyone. There is no royal road to literature, and our advice to you is, to study it in its best forms in your spare time, rising early, if you do not already do so.

M. E L.—The New Testament you name is not of any great value—perhaps a few shillings. The edition of 1628, published in London, is worth about 8s. 6d. If a family relic, as the embroidered cover would indicate, why part with it?

HIAWATHA.—Cold tea is said to be good for maidenhair ferns. Could you not teach the infants hymns and texts, verse by verse? Try to visit an infant school, and take an idea from it. We have not space for giving lessons.

VIOLET.—If the parents were naturalised in England, the child would be English.

BUFFALO BILL.—We regret we cannot use your ambitious attempt at an ode; but do not be discouraged. There is great self-improvement to be achieved in writing and thinking, and neither will do you harm.

MARGUERITE.—Pronounce Katrine, Ka-treen; Lieder, as Lee-der; Ohne Worte, as O-ne Vor-te; Finale, as Fin-a-lee; Marion, as Ma-ry-on; and Marian, as Ma-ry-an, accenting the first syllables of the last two names.

L. J. E.—How could we tell you whether you and your intended husband will quarrel after marriage? We cannot lay claim to the marvellous attributes of the fabled Irishman's gun, that can "shoot round a corner," and we cannot look on into the future, and prognosticate what will appear on the new page you are going to turn over. You seem to have begun badly, and should try to improve your temper. Perhaps you need a tonic to clear off the local delicacy of which you complain; but you had better consult a good apothecary, or go to a dispensary for advice and medicine.

T. O. A. O.—Your falling in love with a stranger is not a thing to be either encouraged or spoken about; it is not creditable to you. But were some mutual acquaintance to invite you both, and so give a suitable introduction, all well and good—provided that you did not demean yourself to ask for it.

BAG OF BONES.—We might recommend fattening food; but (to use a Scotch phrase) you might "put good food into an ill skin," and thus see no result. Of course we have no prescription that will certainly transform a lean, meagre-looking girl into "a dear plump little personage."

MINA.—This present life does not comprise your whole existence. The greater, more developed perfect, and eternal life is to be attained to beyond the grave. This is the meaning of the lines—

> "'Tis not the whole of life to live,
> Nor all of death to die."

The second line is equally significant; for there is the awful "second death" awaiting the impenitent and unbelieving, the full meaning of which we do not understand. But we may be sure that separation from the loving presence of our Divine Redeemer, and of the blessed ones who "walk with Him in white," must be as death indeed, apart from all other punishment.

MUCH PERPLEXED.—It is not expedient to pray for the gift of a husband, however lonely you may be, and however helpful to you on your Christian course he possibly might be. To pray for a good friend might be more allowable, as such a gift would not entail such grave responsibilities and cares. But it may be that the Divine Master whom you desire to serve may choose to make you lean more completely on Him for support and guidance and that blissful communion to which no earthly companionship could be compared. "There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother."

J. ZETTE.—Your writing deserves much commendation, at least as shown in the MS.; it was careless in your letter. Your verses are not very correct in composition, and lack originality. We do not recognise the bird by your very insufficient account. We feel much sympathy for you.

ANXIOUS TO LEARN will do well in joining the Christian Women's Education Union. Your writing wants artistic roundness; it is too angular.

BLACK SHEEP.—Perhaps you might obtain a situation as mother's help. We can scarcely give advice, knowing so little about you. The "private reasons" for seeking one might completely change our views as to that advice. Your temper may be at fault, and if you find it hard to live at home, it will be still more difficult to live with strangers.

ANXIOUS GIRL.—We do not give addresses of tradesmen. Show your work at a stationer's, and try to obtain orders.

MURIEL.—We rejoice to hear that you cannot help feeling the great difference in yourself since our paper came out, and that your mother admits it too. Accept our thanks for the encouragement given to us and our staff of writers.

SPELLING BEE.—The difference between the two words "sanatory" and "sanitary" is simply this—that the former means curative of the evil, and the latter healthful in itself.



VOL. VIII.—No. 399. AUGUST 20, 1887. PRICE ONE PENNY.

TRANSFORMED.

CHAPTER IV.

THE spring went on. My foot had quite recovered, and I had no longer any excuse to lie upon the sofa. I had my good old doctor's full permission to walk about; indeed, he rather urged me to use my foot again. I felt a terrible hypocrite at the praises he gave me for my patience and for my strict attention to all he had ordered.

"But we must have you out now, my dear. You are losing your good looks. I shall send you a tonic. But the best of all tonics, remember, are fresh air and exercise."

Mr. Warren was a frequent visitor at our house. But he was preoccupied and restless. He seemed as though he were panting to be at work, but could not quite make up his mind how to begin. It was as if he were waiting for some inspiration, some touch, some stray word which should give him some indication as to the way he should go. In the meantime he was a keener observer than ever, and I dreaded, with a dread which I have never had before or since, the ordeal of passing under his lynx eye. It mattered little to me what his mental comment would be; whatever it was, it would be equally intolerable. Either he would pity me or despise, or shrug his shoulders and be indifferent. One was as bad as the other.

I had so filled my head with these and similar speculations, and from want of ventilation they had so completely become a part of myself and never left me, that when Mr. Warren came unexpectedly upon me one fine morning gathering

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"I DROPPED MY SCISSORS AND FLED."

flowers in the garden soon after I had been on my feet again, instead of holding out my hand to him in a frank manner, I dropped my scissors and fled, doubtlessly to his utter astonishment.

I could have shaken myself to pieces afterwards for my stupidity; but the thing was done, and I should have my ordeal to go through still. My only hope was that he had not been near enough to recognise me, and had taken me for one of my cousins, or perhaps for a maid-servant. Yes; he had probably thought I was aunt's maid, and had dismissed the matter from his mind. I quite persuaded myself of this.

I tried, therefore, to look unconcerned when I entered the drawing-room some time after, and shook hands with Mr. Warren as though I had not seen him before that day. He said nothing, but complimented me upon being about again; but there was a slight, a very slight, coldness in his manner, which became more apparent from his great wish to appear natural.

I felt like a guilty, shrinking thing. I knew that he pitied me, the round-backed, graceless one, and was secretly wondering how he could ever have thought anything of me—if, indeed, he remembered the fact at all.

Oh, if I could then have changed with Miss Blake, face and all, how gladly would I have done so! For—bitterest of pangs—Miss Blake had consented to sit as a model for Mr. Warren. He had chosen the dress she was to wear. It was soft and flowing, open at the sleeves, and carelessly open at the throat. A soft sash—the party sash—gathered in the folds of the dress at the waist.

These visits of Miss Blake were evidently a source of great pleasure to Mr. Warren and Matilda. She was rather an adept in oils herself, and Mr. Warren gave her many hints, which she took very intelligently. Their talk was always merry and animated, and they seemed day by day to find more points in common between them. My aunt had given up a little morning-room at the back of the house with a north aspect to Mr. Warren, by whom for the time being it had been converted into a studio.

"Now, to prove what I say, Miss Blake," said Mr. Warren one day, "I am going to execute a series of sketches in the rough, and then I shall show them to you, and you shall tell me what they suggest to you. To make it still more complete, I shall not sketch in the face at all—simply the outline of the head, without features."

In a few minutes he brought the sketches to her one by one, and asked her what each was intended to convey.

Matilda remarked very intelligently upon them; but I do not remember sufficiently the details to repeat their conversation.

In this way they went on, doing a little every day to the chief picture, which was to be a present to Mr. Blake, and practising little odd bits of anything in between.

I was schooling myself to become indifferent. My pride came to my aid, and I resolved that I would waste no more of my time in regrets. It is easy to make a resolve, but difficult to keep it, and when the resolution is to turn the whole tenor of one's life, the hill is a difficult one to climb. Still, it is better even to turn one's face towards it than not to look at it at all, and by keeping it before one, one becomes familiarised with the thought, and more ready to seize all opportunities that will help one in carrying it into effect.

I resolved, then, that I would think no more of Mr. Warren—would not trouble my head about him. I began to realise that with me it must be one or the other. I could not lead a life such as I had been doing the last few months. In the meantime I had really become very interested in art, though my reticence forbade me from ever opening my lips about it, and I resolved that as soon as an opportunity occurred I would do all in my power to improve my figure.

A good resolve is often emphasised in some way or other. It seems as if an approval were granted it, and encourages one in its pursuit. My aunt proposed that, as the weather was very hot, and we were all suffering more or less from the effects of it, we should make our annual migration a little earlier than usual, and that this year we should make a tour in the north of Europe, visiting both Sweden and Norway. She said this in the simplest manner in the world, but I knew she had a dear good reason for it.

Once in Sweden, it seemed the most natural thing in the world that both my cousins and I should visit the great gymnasium which was founded by the mighty Ling, and should, our wits being sharpened with the desire of becoming perfect, gather such hints for our use after we had left which would enable us to put ourselves through a regular course of exercise every day.

I shall not here describe all we did, nor the aspect of the institute itself; nor shall I tell of the alterations that were necessary in our garments—mine most especially, as our chests became expanded, our backs narrow and graced with a lovely arch. No mother ever tended her child with more care than I did my figure. It should be as perfect as possible.

I did my exercises assiduously every day, and was delighted to find that as my figure improved, so in proportion did my health. I even increased in height. I can compare myself only to some bud of a flower that had been tied up to prevent its opening. It was as if the impediment had been removed, and I was free to breathe and drink in the gracious air and light of heaven into my innermost being. I seemed more receptive to everything around me. Things that I had looked at blankly before, all at once struck me by their beauty or their quaintness. As my body was expanding, so my eyes were opening. Yes, dear reader, I was beginning to see, too. I felt so well, so full of joy, so prone to be happy and to make others happy—as hopeful and happy, in fact, as I had felt at the beginning of this year; and yet not quite like that either. I had gathered one experience into myself, and had absorbed it into my nature. The content I now felt was on surer foundations than that had been. I longed to put my newly-found energies to use—to do something good and glorious. Mr. Warren must have felt like this when he came back last January—but—I thought I had quite forgotten him—quite. What had put him into my head now?

(To be continued.)

THE HISTORY OF HOME;

OR,

DOMESTIC WAYS SINCE THE TIMES OF HENRY VIII.

By NANETTE MASON.

PART IV.

CHARLES II., JAMES II., WILLIAM AND MARY, ANNE.

STARTING from the Restoration of Charles II., in 1660, we shall bring down our domestic history in this article to the close of the reign of Queen Anne, in 1714, thus including a period of fifty-four years. We have begun in previous articles with a few notes on dress and fashion; this time, however, we shall speak first of the progress of music, and postpone for a little what we have to say about the changes and eccentricities of ladies' toilettes.

An entire change in the style of music cultivated in England dates from the Restoration. People got out of taste gradually with the learned counterpoint and contrivance displayed in previous years in both vocal and instrumental music. Lighter and more melodious art got a lift into credit, and only those composers were much thought of who could tickle uncultivated ears.

Up to this time the viol had been the chief instrument for chamber concerted music, but it fell gradually into the background, its place being taken by the violin. The reason why viols had hitherto been preferred to instruments of the violin class, according to Mr. Chappell, was simply this: until the reign of Charles II. the music played was in close counterpoint, of limited compass for each instrument, and in from three to six parts, every visitor being expected to take a part, and generally at sight. Now, the parts on the fingerboard of the viola secured the stopping in tune, which, for amateur players on the violin, is, as everyone knows, one of the most difficult things in the world. Little wonder, then, that violins received in fireside circles no encouragement.

The guitar was brought into fashion in 1662,

and as an accompaniment to vocal music soon rivalled the lute in popularity. King Charles had a great liking for it and set the fashion, so that, says Count Grammont, "every person played upon it, well or ill; and you were as sure to see a guitar on a lady's toilette as rouge or patches."

Many interesting glimpses of the cultivation of music during Charles II.'s reign are found in Pepys' Diary. The good-natured diarist had a thoroughly musical household. He himself not only sang at sight, but played on the lute, the viol, the violin, and the flageolet. He composed music, too, in a small way, and did not think his house completely furnished till he had become possessed of an organ and pair of virginals. His wife was also musical, and he took pains, evidently, to select servants who could both play and sing. It is interesting to notice that owing to the widespread knowledge of music in those days, he had no great difficulty in procuring them.

As examples of some of his amusing passages about music, let us take the following:—

"*Nov.* 21, 1660. At night to my violin, in my dining-room, and afterwards to my lute there, and I took much pleasure to have the neighbours come forth into the yard to hear me."

"*Dec.* 3. Rose by candle and spent my morning in fiddling till time to go to the office."

"*Dec.* 28. Staid within all the afternoon and evening at my lute, with great pleasure."

"*Sept.* 9, 1664. After dinner, my wife and Mercer (the maid), Tom (the boy), and I sat till eleven at night, singing and fiddling, and a great joy it is to see me master of so much pleasure in my house. The girl (Mercer) plays pretty well upon the harpsichon, but only ordinary tunes, but hath a good hand; sings a little, but hath a good voice and ear. My boy, a brave boy, sings finely."

"*May* 5, 1666. It being a very fine moonshine, my wife and Mercer came into the garden, and, my business being done, we sang till about twelve at night, with mighty pleasure to ourselves and neighbours by their casements opening."

Evelyn, another diarist of the period, almost as famous as Pepys, and all his family were lovers of music and well skilled in the art. He mentions his daughter Mary as having "substantial and practical knowledge in ornamental arts, of education, especially music, both vocal and instrumental."

It was about this time that the native music of Scotland was first heard of to the south of the Tweed. Pepys first speaks of Scotch music in 1666, and it would seem to have been then a novelty. In January of that year, he hears Mrs. Knipp, the actress, sing "her little Scotch song of Barbara Allan" at Lord Brouncker's, and he was "in perfect pleasure to hear her sing it." In the following July he says, "To my Lord Lauderdale's house to speak with him, and find him and his lady and some Scotch people at supper. But at supper there played one of their servants upon the violin several Scotch tunes only; several, and the best of their country, as they seem to esteem them by their praising and admiring them: but, indeed, the strangest airs that ever I heard in my life, and all of one cast!"

In "The Levellers: a Dialogue between two Young Ladies concerning Matrimony," published in 1705, we learn something of the cultivation of music among ladies at the beginning of this century. Politica, who is a tradesman's daughter, describing her education at a boarding-school, says she "learned to sing, to play on the bass-viol, virginals, spinnet, and guitar." There were many, however, in those days who thought the bass-viol "an unmannerly instrument for a woman."

The English had long been celebrated for their dancing and their "sweetest and most perfect of human enjoyments," as Homer calls it, was pursued with energy in the latter half of the seventeenth century. The dancing schools of London are described by an Italian Count, who visited England with the Grand Duke of Tuscany, in 1669. "They are frequented," he says, "both by unmarried and married ladies, who are instructed by the master, and practise with much gracefulness and agility, various dances after the English fashion. Dancing is a very common and favourite amusement of the ladies in this country; every evening there are entertainments at different places in the city, at which many ladies and citizens' wives are present. . . . . His Highness had an opportunity of seeing several dances in the English style, exceedingly well regulated, and executed in the smartest and genteelest manner by very young ladies, whose beauty and gracefulness were shown off to perfection in this exercise."

Country dances, in the reigns of Charles II. and James II., were very popular. They served to heighten the merriment of an evening party or open-air gathering after the first formality had worn off. In the "Art of Wooing and Complimenting," written by Milton's nephew, we have the dancing-master saying, "Ladies, will you be pleased to dance a country dance or two, for 'tis that which makes you truly sociable and me truly happy; being like the chorus of a song where all the parts sing together."

The popular winter amusement of skating was greatly improved early in the reign of Charles II., the English taking a few hints from foreign sources. Several old chroniclers mention that the London apprentices were in the habit of tying the bones of sheep to their feet, and by that means sliding on the ice. But this clumsy apparatus was superseded by what Evelyn calls *scheets* (skates), "after the manner of the Hollanders." Their use was a perfect novelty to him in the winter of 1662, when he saw certain performers exhibit their "strange and wonderful dexterity" before the King and Queen, in St. James's Park. He was greatly amazed to see with "what swiftness they could pass," and "how suddenly they could stop in full career on the ice."

During the reign of the so-called "Merry Monarch," card-playing emerged from the obscurity in which it had passed through the period of the Commonwealth. The game of ombre was most probably introduced into this country by Catherine of Portugal, the Queen of Charles II. Waller, the court poet, has a poem on a card torn at ombre by the Queen. This royal lady also introduced to the English court the wickedness of playing cards on Sundays. Pepys, in 1667, writes: "This evening, going to the Queen's side to see the ladies, I did find the Queen, the Duchess of York, and another at cards, with the room full of ladies and great men; which I was amazed at to see on a Sunday, having not believed, but, contrarily, flatly denied the same, a little while since, to my cousin."

The familiar potato had been introduced into Ireland from its native South American ground, by Raleigh, during the reign of Elizabeth. It was so extensively cultivated there in the time of the civil wars, as to be of real service to the poor when all the grain crops had been destroyed by the soldiery. It was transplanted from Ireland to England, but was so little cultivated there towards the end of the seventeenth century as to be sold in 1694 at sixpence or eightpence a pound. It made such slow progress, indeed, in England, that not much more than a century has elapsed since its cultivation became general.

The first notice we have of the potato in Scotland is in 1701, when the Duchess of Buccleuch's household-book mentions a peck of potatoes as brought from Edinburgh and costing 2s. 6d.

Tea and coffee, the successful introduction of which we mentioned in our last article, continued to grow rapidly in popularity. In a tract, of which they form the subject, published in 1682, we are told, however, that some people made decoctions of sage, betony or rosemary, which they praised as far above both. Spenser's "wholesome sage," we may remark, was once held to be an herb of such virtue that it was asked in all seriousness how anyone who grew sage in his garden could die.

Coal, as an article of fuel, came into greater prominence, and was now the staple article for burning in London. The dealers in it, however, retained for some time the name of woodmongers, and those who burned coal regarded the lighting of fires of wood or charcoal as a mark of respect to their guests. Billets and charcoal were used in the private apartments and state-rooms of William and Mary, and coal was chiefly employed by the household.

Rushlights were in common use all over the country. Aubrey, writing about 1673, says that at Ockley, in Surrey, "the people draw peeled rushes through melted grease, which yields a sufficient light for ordinary use, is very cheap and useful, and burns long." This economical practice was common even in the early part of the present century, and rush-holders—the utensils used for holding the rush in burning—are still to be met with in many an old farmhouse.

It had not been decided in the times of which we are speaking that slavery could not exist in England: indeed, that legal decision was not given for fifty years later. Men of colour gave fashionable variety to many domestic establishments, and advertisements such as the following, which appeared in a newspaper of 1664, were not at all uncommon:—"Lost, on the 13th inst., a little blackamoor boy in a blew livery, about 10 years old, his hair not much curled, with a silver collar about his neck inscribed, 'Mrs. Manby's blackamoor in Warwick Lane.' Whoever shall give notice of him to Mrs. Manby, living in the said lane, or to the 'Three Cranes,' in Paternoster-row, shall be well rewarded for his peynes."

Ladies' dress in the reign of Charles II. was marked, as most of us have seen from pictures of the period, by studied negligence. It was a revolt from the formality of the starched ruff, the steeple-crowned hat, the rigid stomacher, and the stately farthingale. Hoods were worn, but, as a general rule, only as a protection against the weather, the prevailing practice being for ladies to wear their own hair flowing in natural ringlets over their shoulders, and with small curls over their foreheads. False hair was occasionally to be met with worn in an extravagant fashion, but it was only occasionally.

The custom of painting and placing patches on the face, which we mentioned in our last article, became more and more common. There is a curious engraving of a lady with patches in the form of triangles, half moons, stars, and crosses, on the title-page to a sermon by Andrew Jones, entitled "*Morbus Satanicus*, or the Sin of Pride," published in 1665, in which he speaks of it as a frequent practice with our proud ladies "to spot their faces with black patches." Pepys, it appears, did not object to them: we find him declaring in his diary that his wife, with two or three patches, looked far handsomer than the Princess Henrietta.

A marked tendency was shown in those days, as it has often been since, to imitate the style of dress worn by men. This was noticed by the observing eye of Pepys, who writes in his diary on the 1st of June, 1664: "Walking in the gallery at Whitehall, I find the ladies of honour dressed in their riding garbs, with coats and doublets, with deep skirts, just for all the world like mine, and their doublets

buttoned up the breast, with periwigs, and with hats; so that only for a long petticoat dragging under their men's coats, nobody would take them for women in any point whatever; which was an odd sight, and a sight that did not please me."

With men, the most fantastic fashion was the periwig, the origin of which, according to Mr. Planché, was as follows: When Louis XIV. of France was a little boy he had remarkably beautiful hair, which hung in long waving curls on his shoulders, and the courtiers, out of respect to their young sovereign—he succeeded to the throne when only five years old—had heads of false hair made to imitate his natural curls. These got the name of perukes. When the King grew up, he returned the compliment by adopting the article himself. The fashion soon found its way across the water "to Whitehall stairs," and the perruque or peruke lodged on the heads and shoulders of all the gentlemen of England under the corrupted appellation of a periwig.

In the reigns of James II. and William and Mary, says Mr. Planché, "the periwig became more monstrous, and it was the fashion for the beaux to comb their perukes publicly, for which purpose large combs of ivory or tortoise-shell, curiously chased and ornamented, were carried in the pocket as constantly as the snuff-box, which had latterly also become an indispensable appendage to a fine gentleman. At court, in the Mall, and in the boxes of the theatre, a gallant of those days combed his peruke during a conversation or a flirtation with the same air that a modern exquisite would twirl his moustaches."

Ladies' costume in the reign of James II. remained unaltered, but some Dutch fashions made their appearance in the court of William and Mary. The formal stomacher was again introduced, and the sleeves of the gown were made tight with a cuff above the elbow, from beneath which fell a profusion of lace in the shape of ruffles or lappets. Long gloves were in fashion.

The hair was combed up and with an inclination backward from the head: it looked, says one writer, like a rising billow. On the top was put a strata of ribbon and lace, sometimes intermingled with feathers, and a kerchief or scarf of some very light material was thrown over all, and sometimes hung down to the waist. "Structures so produced assumed various forms, some of them being made to project, while others either rose vertically or expanded in a horizontal direction; height, however, being the special aim: but in every case the result was the reverse of graceful or becoming." It was such a contrast to the flowing ringlets and natural gracefulness of the coiffure of the reign of Charles II.

In the reign of Queen Anne this head-dress, known as the tower or commode, was still worn. The gowns and petticoats were flounced and furbelowed, so that every part of the garment was "in curl," and, according to the *Spectator*, a lady of fashion "looked like one of those animals which in the country we call a Friezland hen."

In 1711 the towering headdress, however, was reduced in height. Addison, the famous essayist, remarks in that year that "the whole sex is now dwarfed and shrunk into a race of beauties that seem almost another species." "I remember," he adds, "several ladies who were once very near seven feet high that at present want some inches of five. How they came to be thus curtailed I cannot learn; whether the whole sex be at present under any penance which we know nothing of, or whether they have cast their head-dresses in order to surprise us with something in that kind which shall be entirely new, though I find most are of opinion they are at present like trees lopped and pruned that will certainly sprout up and flourish with greater heads than before."

But for what they lost in height the ladies made up in breadth. About 1710 the hoop-petticoat was introduced, this being at first worn in such a manner as to give the person of the wearer below her very tightly-laced waist a shape like a V turned upside down.

In the reign of Queen Anne, the umbrella appears to have been in common use in London as a screen from rain, but only for ladies. If men used it they were looked upon as effeminate. An umbrella, however, appears to have been sometimes kept at coffee-houses, to be lent out on special occasions. In the *Female Tatler* of December 12, 1709, there occurs the following announcement:—"The young gentleman belonging to the Custom House, who, in the fear of rain, borrowed the umbrella from Will's coffee-house, in Cornhill, of the mistress, is hereby advertised that to be dry from head to foot on the like occasion, he shall be welcome to the maid's pattens."

The most remarkable event in the home life of England during the period now under review was that which will ever live in history as the Great Plague of London. It began in December, 1664, but it was several months before alarm was excited and deaths became numerous. Pepys tells us that it was on the 7th of June, 1666, that for the first time he saw two or three houses marked with a terrible red cross, and the words, "Lord, have mercy on us!" on the doors.

From about that date, the pestilence gained ground with startling rapidity, and people began to hurry out of town in great numbers. Soon, however, it was impossible to escape, for when the plague had become general, the strictest measures were enforced to prevent any of the inhabitants leaving London, for fear of their communicating the infection to towns and villages in the country.

The state of the city in the worst period, when the grass was to be seen growing in the area of the Royal Exchange, at Whitehall, and in the principal streets, may be seen from Defoe's History of the Plague, a book which everyone should read. "London," says Defoe, "might well be said to be all in tears. The mourners did not go about the streets, indeed, for nobody put on black, or made a formal dress of mourning for their nearest friends; but the voice of mourning was truly heard in the streets; the shrieks of women and children at the windows and doors of their houses, where their nearest relations were perhaps dying, or just dead, were so frequent to be heard as we passed the streets, that it would pierce the stoutest heart in the world to hear them."

"It is scarcely credible," he adds, "what dreadful cases happened in particular families every day. People in the rage of the distemper, or in the torment of their swellings, which was indeed intolerable, running out of their own government, raving and distracted, and oftentimes laying violent hands upon themselves, throwing themselves out of their windows, shooting themselves, &c. Mothers murdering their own children in their lunacy: some dying of mere grief, as a passion; some of mere fright and surprise, without any infection at all; others frightened into idiotism and foolish distractions; some into despair and lunacy; others into melancholy madness."

Such was the dread of infection that when people bought a joint of meat in the market they would not take it out of the butcher's hand, but took it off the hooks themselves. As for the butcher, he would not touch the money, but made his customers drop it into a pot full of vinegar which he kept for that purpose. The buyers always carried small money to make up any odd sum, that they might take no change.

The markets, however, were shut up when the plague was at its height, and the country people brought their provisions to places appointed in the fields outside the town, where the citizens went to purchase them with extraordinary precautions.

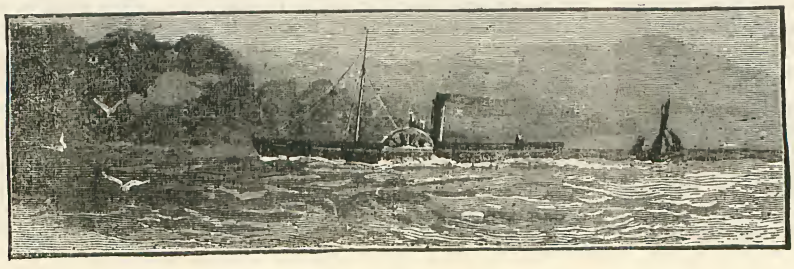
On the 4th of September, 1665, Pepys writes an interesting letter to Lady Carteret, from Woolwich. "I have stayed in the city," he says, "till above 7,400 died in one week, and of them about 6,000 of the plague, and little noise heard day or night but the tolling of bells."

The number of deaths in the week ending the 19th September was upwards of ten thousand. The weather, which had been very oppressive, then began to change, and the air became cooler and purified by the equinoctial winds. The number of deaths gradually diminished, but it took a good part of the winter to allay the plague entirely, and it was not till late in December that people who had fled began to flock back to their homes.

Counting from the 20th of December, 1664, when the first cases were met with, to the 10th of December, 1665, when the weekly return of deaths from the plague had fallen as low as two hundred and fifty, the entire number of victims swept off by the pestilence in the city of London was, according to the official returns, 68,596. Defoe and others, however, make it to be at least 100,000.

The plague was scarcely stayed before the whole city was in flames—the great fire of London breaking out on the 2nd of September, 1666, at one o'clock in the morning, at a house in Pudding Lane. About two-thirds of the city were burned down, including the Cathedral, the Royal Exchange, about a hundred parish churches, and a vast number of other public buildings, not to speak of countless shops, warehouses, and private dwellings. It was a great calamity, but much good came of it in the end: the seeds of disease were destroyed, a new London under better sanitary conditions rose on the ashes of the old; and, in consequence, the city has never since been visited by such an appalling epidemic as the Great Plague.

(To be continued.)



ON SINGING.

By MADAME LEMMENS-SHERRINGTON.

In my first article I tried to bring before my readers the qualities necessary to become a good singer. I shall now give a few hints which may aid in the choice of a professor, and in the subsequent study which will follow.

To select a professor, believe me, is a very difficult and important undertaking—one, indeed, which is generally accomplished in a thoughtless, haphazard manner.

All people smile at the criminal who remarked, on walking from the prison to the gallows on a rainy morning, "That he would like an umbrella, as he was subject to take cold." But these very same people are quite as shortsighted in the manner they choose schools for their boys and girls, or masters to educate them in those arts which might be followed as professions.

English parents are generally too hasty in deciding upon a school where French or German is to be learnt. At times I ask myself if fathers purposely forget that dearly-bought experience of younger days which, if wisely sown in their children's minds, would be golden seeds of advice, from which virtues would spring and open. So long, it seems to me, as money is paid for education, little heed is taken as to the ability of the professor or the moral tone of the school. There is a special providence to guide the stumbling steps of youth. "Common sense is reserved for the cultivation of flowers, or for improving a race of horses or a breed of poultry." And few—very few—fathers write to their sons as the great Earl of Chatham wrote to his nephew, Thomas Pitt, who was afterwards Lord Camelford.

In this article, however, I shall swerve from the general rule. I shall be practical in treating the mechanical part of my art.

I will presume a father has a daughter who possesses a good voice. He naturally believes his daughter is a genius, and he hopes a great future is in store for her. Of course a professor must be found, and in all probability a Signor A. or a Herr B. lives in the neighbourhood. He has doubtlessly a great many pupils, which to my countrymen in general is a sufficient estimate of ability. Perhaps there may be a lingering doubt as to the capacity of Signor A. or the gentility of Herr B.; but, "at any rate, either will do for a beginning. Later on the girl shall have a few finishing lessons from Signor Numberone, the great Italian, don't you know."

She is placed with Signor A. A few months with him will do more than enough to dispel the happy dreams of the father, and the great Italian will only shrug his shoulders, elevate his eyebrows, and spread out his hands. In many cases, indeed, Numberone has no hope; so the daughter sorrowfully follows the culinary studies at the South Kensington School of Cookery—a more wise proceeding.

The innumerable Signors and Herrs who teach singing in London and elsewhere are not and never have been singers. I am sure they believe they can teach what they profess, because they can correct musical faults while teaching Miss Emily time and phrasing. Sometimes, however, if Emily's voice is naturally very powerful and good, and Signor A. is not too ambitious, she may still retain her voice when she leaves him. But, alas! Signor A. knows he has a treasure in his power whose worth will enhance his own transcendent abilities. So he sets to work. He understands little or nothing of the emission of the voice. He ignores its proper registers. A contralto is to be forced into a mezzo, and a mezzo into a strident soprano. By-and-by, when Miss Emily goes to Numberone, weeping as bitterly as Briseïs when torn from Achilles, the great Italian will use a sonorous word (for the use of which the captain of the Pinafore was sent to "his cabin with celerity"), and fumes because there is no law to protect his art.

I should like to elucidate another subject. Why is it that one and all prefer a male to a female teacher? Does it not stand to reason that a woman is the proper person to understand and to direct a woman's voice? No man can show a woman how to take a head note, or what are falsetto and chest tones. It takes a long time for a girl to find out herself, and much time is lost if you permit her to try. I have had several pupils myself who have been taught by excellent professors, but they could not sing from the chest. In two or three lessons, however, by showing them myself they were able to do so, and their falsetto, or medium voice, was considerably strengthened by it.
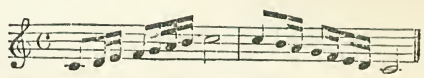
My advice, therefore, is to give a really good singing-mistress to a girl—the very best you can find. She must know how to sing; she must give testimony of her experience. Let the child study with her for two years, and then take her to the best master you can find.

When one reflects on the progress instrumental music and chorus-singing have made these last fifty years in every country in Europe, one is concerned at the lack of really good singers. Yet Nature is debonair enough with her gifts of voice; but the abominable systems of teaching still in vogue ruin nearly all. Every conservatoire in Europe educates each year a number of brilliant virtuosos, particularly pianists and violinists, but the singers they give to the world are generally unsatisfactory; simply because the study is overforced, and an over-trained voice is gone when it should be at its prime. The same remark may be applied to most conservatoires; for the professors are too anxious to increase their prestige in the town, and secure more private pupils, by forcing the good voices in their classes within the institutions, so that their pupils may figure well at the annual examination. The result is very brilliant for the moment, and very disastrous in the end. It is absolutely necessary to train a voice slowly, and it is madness to expect a pupil of twenty to sing with a voice which can only be used with impunity when it has attained its full force—at about twenty-eight. A professor must insist that a pupil sings within the proper compass of her powers, and not screams beyond it. Such a system will soon force the larynx. The voice becomes unsteady, strident, and all power over breathing is lost.
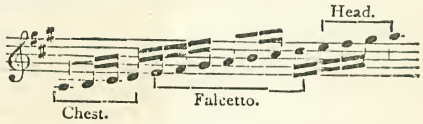
We find an analogous example in the education of our National Schools, where the master receives a premium for every child who is forced *nolens volens* beyond a certain standard. Indeed, every kind of education would be ameliorated by extending to its supervision the common-sense spirit of this matter-of-fact age.

M. Jules Delprat tells us, in an excellent work on singing, that people sing falsely for three reasons. Sometimes both ear and voice are false: here there is no remedy. Sometimes because a good ear and voice have not been perfected by a serious training. Thirdly, because a bad professor will ruin the best voice ever given to a mortal.

And now I will jot down an exercise or two which will aid you, in some measure, to escape from such an unhappy consequence; but no matter what I may write, or what other singers may tell you, all advice is of no avail if you have not a good professor to watch your voice with the same love as a gardener watches his flowers.



In ascending the scale, the change from the chest note to the falsetto should be made between the D and E. In descending between the F and E.



From A to D or E are to be sung in chest notes; from E to D falsetto; from E flat or E in head notes, or *voce di testa*.

Sing these two exercises very often—say for ten minutes three times a day; and pray sing them intelligently, and not sleepily, as if it were an unpleasant duty, which must be done.

I wish to tell all young girls at once that they may give up all hopes of being able to sing if they are anxious to have fashionable waists. Tight lacing is death to singing. Such wasp-like symmetry is obtained both by patience and pain, and the patience might be better used, and would be better used, I have no doubt, if girls were taught at school the unhappy results of such compression.

The celebrated singer, Ponchard, the elder, a remarkable prosodist of the French school, always vocalised on the vowel A, pronounced R. My experience also has taught me to use the same vowel in training my pupils, particularly with those who find a difficulty in singing good, pure, and strong "chest notes." Sometimes I use the vowel E, and sometimes the U, according to the formation of the larynx.

If a voice lacks sympathy, and is crude and sharp, one may try the O with happy results, for it often gives it more volume and more fulness. The use of the U very often aids a pupil to overcome the difficulties which beset the passage from the falcetto register to that of the head notes.

Voices that have a nasal twang may be exercised on the syllable OU.

Directly a pupil is far enough advanced, let her sing many varied and attractive exercises. They will be progressive steps towards time and phrasing; by which I mean melodies sung without words, and, by-and-by, to lyrical music itself.

In this way I believe both style and taste are encouraged—if the professor is capable of accomplishing the difficult task he has undertaken. This is the main point.

After a while a song is chosen. How a pupil's heart begins to rejoice! for exercises are looked upon as a nuisance, and she believes she has not begun to sing until she can stand up in the drawing-room, very red and very self-conscious, and warble some pretty ditty to her father, in which "heart" rhymes with "part," and "love" with "above." I fancy this belief is natural, and should be treated tenderly; but no master should pander to it. I will tell you a story, to show that this belief is really very foolish.

Porpora was one of the greatest masters of the old Italian school. Do you know how he formed a pupil? Well, for five years he made him study one page of vocalisation, until it was known to perfection. Then Porpora sent him on his way, saying, "Go. You are now a great singer." And the great professor was right, if the pupil had studied enunciation and declamation as patiently as he had worked at the one page of vocalisation.

With this song, however, other difficulties begin. The words must be well spoken, with feeling, with passion, with a proper obeyance to the laws of prosody. The art of declamation is a mighty power when it becomes a part of the nature of a real artist. With this art he will build worlds with the thoughts which once were merely words, rhythmically wedded; he will sway his audience with the emotions which move him. And this art is equally precious to a singer, although many neglect to cultivate it.

It is a delight beyond expression to listen to those words which throb and vibrate with the passion of love or of sorrow, of remorse or despair, of terror or uncontrollable delight. The heart seems to listen, and the temples to throb to the time of the music.

"When lofty thought
Lifts a young heart above its mortal lair,
And love and life contend in it for what
Shall be its earthly doom, the dead live there,
And move like winds of light on dark and stormy air." SHELLEY.

Who has not felt the tingling delight of such moments—the shiver down the spine—the electricity which stirs the hair about the brows—the blood rushing to the heart, and leaving the visage pale? The thrilling words of the singer are repeated in every heart. In the stillness of night they come like spirits to whisper to us. No; the impression would not have been the same if the words had not been heard. Language is a part of our nature; so let every syllable be heard; let each word be uttered so that it fulfils the duty the poet has allotted to it.

I know there are certain enthusiasts of a new school, which may never be an old one, who say that words are powerless—that to wed poetry to music is to marry two arts which should never be united. But their arguments are not worth refuting.

Moore was undoubtedly adding to the beauty of his poems when he set them to music; and the melodies are rendered more sympathetic by the words they bring to mind. Great words will never destroy the power of great music; but the poetry will certainly make the subtle creations of the musician more comprehensive, and consequently more acceptable, to the general public.

Accentuation is one part of the art of declamation. It is the colouring of a musical phrase, and it sets in relief a certain part of it to which particular attention should be given. M. Alexander Jaulain says with justice:—"Accentuation aids one to appreciate the value, the beauty, of a thought. It mellows the voice, or hardens the voice, so that it is in harmony with the thought of the poet."

It is the custom to-day to desecrate declamation by fearful exaggeration, so as to pander to the morbid feelings of the present age. Phrases are elongated, and there is much trembling on notes for dramatic effects. A number of staccato notes suggest great joyousness, and many other vocal acrobatic performances tell of delight and supreme happiness.
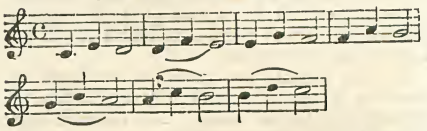
I will say no more on this part of my subject; for a professor is necessary to direct such a serious study.

There is another question I would wish to touch upon. It relates to the "medium voice" of woman—what the French call the *médium*.

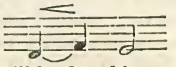
This is a very delicate question, and one very difficult to demonstrate by simple reasoning. It is, nevertheless, my opinion, and the opinion of M. Jules Delprat, that out of twenty women who sing, there are fifteen whose medium voice is sadly weak and toneless. "The professors," says M. Delprat, "who produce such unhappy weakness cannot be pardoned. It is my opinion that, with patience and intelligent watchfulness, one can nearly always succeed in strengthening this most important part of the voice. I say 'nearly always' with intention; for when one method fails, an astute master will resort to another. But as this particular study is above all a question of vocal emission and of practical example, the generality of professors are not able to show their pupils, and all theoretical advice is totally useless without practical demonstration."

I quite agree with M. Delprat.

The following exercise will be found useful in encouraging the medium voice:—



I cannot say how important it is for each pupil to sing this exercise with equality of tone, with a clear, sonorous voice. The mouth must be well opened, the tongue pressed down at the back and slightly turned up at the tip. Above all, let it be sung slowly and regularly. Should one note be difficult to reach, stop; start again. Should you find any particular note difficult to blend with its neighbour, go over it quietly, drawling the lower one strongly.



Most trouble will be found between the D and F, on account of the change of register.

(To be concluded.)

IN SUMMER-TIME.

In summer-time—the very words
Call up a thousand visions bright—
Fair is the land, for summer girds
The world with loveliness and light.
The flowers awaken at her touch,
The birds tell out their sweetest lay;
They cannot chant her praise too much,
From early dawn to evening gray.

How pleasant, near a purling stream
By tender greenery o'erhung,
To sit beneath the shade and dream,
While the coy woodlark's silver tongue,
The whispering wind, the humming-bee,
And babbling brook together chime;
Yes, earth is full of harmony,
And sings for joy in summer-time.

Anon, perchance, some bonny lass,
Upon a kindly mission bent,
Will trip it lightly o'er the grass,
And add yet more to our content.
What have we here? But wherefore ask?
It is ambrosia, maiden mine;
While nectar lurks in yonder flask,
Though you may call it cowslip wine.

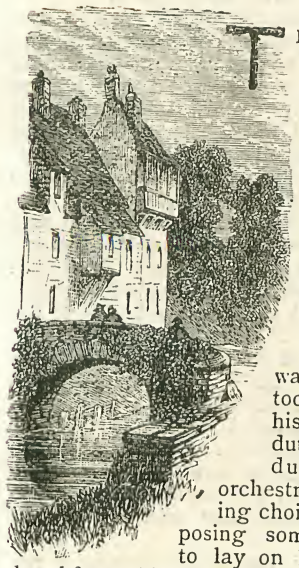
And so the happy days go by;
Alas! that many never know
Their beauty; doomed to work and die
In city walls or haunts of woe.
Ah! shall not we, whose hearts are thrilled
Each year anew at nature's prime,
Strive that a ray of joy may gild
Those clouded lives in summer-time?

IN THE DAYS OF MOZART.

THE STORY OF A YOUNG MUSICIAN.

By LILY WATSON.

CHAPTER XVII.



THE remainder of that visit at Esterház was tinged with pleasure to Rudolf; for he felt assured of the interest and friendly sympathy of the kind Kapellmeister. Haydn was, it is true, too busy with his multifarious duties of conducting the orchestra, and training choirs, and composing something new to lay on his Prince's breakfast-table every morning (generally a piece for that personage's favourite instrument, the barytone, or viola di bardone—a kind of violoncello) to take much notice of the young visitor; but he often threw him a kindly nod or a smile, and once or twice Rudolf had the privilege of conversing with him.

The Kapellmeister was already known far beyond Austria. Leipzig, Paris, Amsterdam, and London echoed his fame, and he had been described by a Vienna newspaper as "the favourite of our nation" ("der Liebling unserer Nation").

"Are you contented," Rudolf asked him, "to remain so cut off from the world?"

"There are disadvantages in it," Haydn replied, "and I often wish to visit Italy, the land of song. But on the whole I have no desire to change my position. My Prince is always satisfied with me, and I have the encouragement of his constant approval. I am out of the way of detractors, unfriendly critics, and all the hostile swarm that torment a composer. I have no one to confuse me, and I am obliged to become original. Then, as conductor of an orchestra I can watch effects and make experiments. My band and singers are on the best of terms with me, and are only too ready to try to carry out my ideas. On the whole, I think I am a lucky fellow."

This content and blitheness find expression in Haydn's works, into which even humour is introduced—an innovation in the history of music! Gaiety, brightness, and tenderness reflect the man as he really was, and as he continued to be during a long and happy career.

Rudolf thought of his brief experience in Vienna, and could not but agree that Haydn was fortunate in being guarded from much of the strain and stress of life. Yet the Kapellmeister had had a hard boyhood, and worked his way up from poverty. He had fought with obstacles that would have laid poor Rudolf prostrate. To begin with, he was far superior, both in musical genius and robustness of physical constitution, to the poor lad, whose feverishly-bright eyes and hollow cheeks began to show unmistakeably that the battle of life would never be fought by him to its close.

Rudolf had only the genius to produce, without the practical power to turn his productions to account. Had it been otherwise, he might have done well, in a worldly sense, at Vienna.

"Why, my young friend," Haydn cried, on hearing his story, "you have actually been three times at Court; played to Prince Kaunitz twice; Metastasio wrote a lyric for you; and yet you talk of failure!"

"One has to live," said Rudolf, regretfully; "and all that you speak of cost me nearly as much money as it earned. My visits to Court could not support me. Prince Kaunitz told me, though with much kindness, that he could not have me play more than twice in the season at his receptions, for fear of my becoming tiresome; and the guests talked all the while; they cared nothing for my violin, I could see. Then my song by Metastasio brought me scarcely anything. The publishers told me I should copy my compositions, and urge people to buy copies; but I could not."

"Ah-ha," said Haydn, humming softly under his breath, "it is push that is lacking. You should compel people to hear you—make yourself the fashion. It is hard for us artists; but we have to do it; and, as my old master, Nicolo Porpora, used to say, we can revenge ourselves for the folly and ignorance of this world we have to please by laughing in our sleeve at the fools who compose it. How he used to abuse the public! Yet he knew by sad experience full well that it is needful to hide one's disdain in order to succeed."

"Then I cannot ever hope to succeed," said Rudolf, mournfully; "for it is to me so terrible that the art I worship should be degraded by ambition, slavishness, and timeserving, that I feel sick at heart when I think of it, and care only to hide myself in my room, and seek consolation in the tones of my clavichord or violin. The musical public at Vienna, from all that I could hear and all that Herr Mozart and his son told me, seems honeycombed with intrigue, meanness, scheming of every description."

Haydn shrugged his shoulders and heaved a sigh.

"Well, perhaps I have, after all, much reason to rejoice in being cut off from it. But my early life was rougher than anything you have ever known. My father was only a country wheelwright, and the patrons who adopted me and taught me music (first my cousin, Johann Franck, afterwards George Reuter, of St. Stephen's Cathedral at Vienna) were harsh enough in all conscience. As for imperial favour, the first mark I had of it was when as a mischievous chorister I was scrambling on the scaffolding round the newly-built palace at Schönbrunn, and the Empress Maria Theresa ordered the Court composer to see that the 'blonder Dickkopf,' as she called me, had a sound thrashing."

Rudolf laughed, and was entertained by sundry other reminiscences of the great musician—among others, by the story of his association with Porpora, lessons from whom he obtained by acting as his valet! Certainly Haydn had shouldered his way manfully onwards, in spite of many a rebuff; but as he talked the kindly Kapellmeister felt that his young companion would never be able to do the like.

The visit at Esterház passed all too quickly. A ceaseless succession of entertainments delighted the visitors, and at a magnificent concert held on the last evening of Count Rosenkrantz's stay, Rudolf, through the Kapellmeister's friendly offices, took a part in the performance of one of Haydn's own symphonies.

"Who is that young violinist with the dark eyes?" inquired Baron Schwarz, one of Prince Esterhazy's guests, who had a castle near Salzburg. "It seems to me I know his face."

There was some difficulty in providing the questioner with an answer; but he was at last informed of Rudolf's parentage, and the circumstances under which he had come to Count Rosenkrantz as domestic musician.

"Then I have heard all about this young fellow. I know his grandfather," cried the Baron, at the risk of interrupting the symphony. "An obstinate old Turk enough; but he shall be told that his grandson is in service and looking like a ghost. If he thinks to force him into submission he had better be quick, for it strikes me that the lad is not long for this world."

When the performance was ended, Baron Schwarz went up to Rudolf, and after a word or two of introduction observed abruptly—

"I shall see the Herr Grandpapa soon, young sir, and shall try and soften his obdurate heart."

The young musician's cheeks flamed suddenly.

"I thank your Excellency for the kind intention," he replied; "but I ask no pity from my grandfather. I am away from him by my own choice, and I would not return, save on certain conditions."

"Heyday!" exclaimed the Baron, with a comical look of surprise. "What,

playing the tame domestic musician is to your taste, then?"

"No, it is not," rejoined Rudolf, proudly; "but it is less to my taste to hear music reviled and my mother's memory insulted."

He turned away, too passionately wrought upon for the moment to endure further speech, and quickly stepped into the darkness from the brilliant concert-hall. Meanwhile a little group of visitors had gathered round, and listened with curiosity to the brief scene. Amongst them, unfortunately, was Count Rosenkrantz, whose brows had become black as thunder as he heard Rudolf's speech. The young man had not seen his patron, but it had infuriated the Count to be thus publicly informed that his dependent did not like the post. He considered it a huge favour to take an obscure, nameless young man into his employment. Rudolf, it seemed, was by no means sensible of the honour done him, and the proud, reserved Count was exasperated by the jocose observations of one and another of his fellow-guests.

"Do not try to harness Pegasus to your waggon, Count; it will never answer," advised one of the younger men.

"Your first violin does not appreciate his advantages," laughed another.

"I shall know how to replace my first violin," said the Count, haughtily, and jests were at an end.

Meanwhile Rudolf sought the calm of the spring night, which, bareheaded and in gala dress as he was, brought to him a chill from the lake lying not far away. He had been intensely thrilled by the symphony in which he had taken part, and upon his excitement had come this reminder of his grandfather's harshness, causing him to speak with unnecessary vehemence. As he moved rapidly between the bushes there was a stir among them, caused by no night breeze, and the eyes of an enemy looked forth on his shadowy form, while a crafty step stole after him.

Bertini, the "second violin"—for it was he—had been maddened by jealousy at the selection of Rudolf to play in this symphony. Haydn's words of praise to Rudolf and criticism to the others had previously set the revengeful Italian's blood on fire. He had hated Rudolf since he entered Count Rosenkrantz's service. The "Salzburger" had been placed over his head, and on this visit to Esterház fresh insults had followed. To-night the culminating affront had taken place.

The fierce, stealthy Southerner knew but one method of revenge. With his hand on his stiletto he crept after Rudolf along the shadowy paths. In that moment of thirst for vengeance he cared little for the risk of detection; but he believed he could baffle suspicion; only let him remove this rival from out of his way!

Bertini's step was cat-like and his form was supple. He gained on Rudolf noiselessly, swiftly. Another moment, and he would strike at him from behind. The stiletto was sharp, and the murderer knew where to direct his blow, so that scarcely another should be needed to complete the work.

"Rudolf! Rudolf!"

Strange hallucination! The words, in Elsa's voice, rang suddenly in Rudolf's ears as if from afar, rousing him from the tumult of thought, and forcing him to stop short and turn abruptly round to see whence the voice proceeded. In tones of agonised distress had come the call.

No Elsa was there; but Rudolf found himself face to face with his creeping enemy, and in the moonlight he caught the gleam of steel.

"Coward!" was all the lad could exclaim; for in another moment the Italian, springing upon him, had seized him in a deadly embrace. It would have been Rudolf's last hour, but that, with presence of mind, he gripped the wrist that held the dagger, and fought with the courage and strength that desperation gives to the weak.

It was a fierce struggle, and for some seconds the result was doubtful; but at last Bertini, finding that he could not use his stiletto, and fearing, with innate cowardice, that it might be turned against himself, suddenly flung it from him with all his might into a piece of ornamental water lying near, where it sank with a splash. Then he shrieked loudly for help.

The servants of Prince Esterhazy, rushing up, were aghast to see one man prostrate on the path, the other with knee planted on his chest, both pale and wild of aspect.

"Take the Salzburger away," gasped Bertini. "He will murder me!"

Rudolf found himself collared without more ado, and marched off to an ornamental "hermitage" that was conveniently near, while his captors assailed him with reproaches.

"To disturb the peace of the Prince's guests! Two servants fighting and quarrelling! Never was heard the like!"

"Why, the fellow was going to stab me!" cried Rudolf, amazed at the turn affairs were taking.

"To stab you! A likely story, forsooth. He had no dagger."

"Search in yonder piece of water, and you will find it," responded Rudolf; but he was too faint and weary to say more, and was soon lying exhausted on the cold floor of the Hermitage, one of the artificial grottoes in which the garden abounded, and which, very picturesque to look at, were most uncomfortable as a resting-place for the night. This Hermitage was barricaded in an impromptu fashion, and Rudolf was shut in while Bertini made good his story. Rudolf, he said, had attacked him in an unprovoked manner, snatched away his stiletto, flung it into the water, and laid him prostrate on the path.

The situation in which the two men were found gave colour to the story, and the excited condition in which Rudolf had left the concert-hall added a tinge of probability. When in the morning the incensed Count visited his captive musician, Rudolf's story of Bertini creeping behind him with a drawn stiletto sounded a ridiculous fabrication.

"Bertini first tried to stab you, and then flung away the stiletto himself, say you? A likely story, indeed. You have disgraced me in the Prince's estimation for ever with your tavern brawls in the very hearing of his noble guests."

"As I drink no wine, your Excellency can scarcely call it a 'tavern brawl' so far as I am concerned."

"Peace, fellow!" cried the Count. "We quit Esterház to-day. It would serve you rightly were I to dismiss you here and now; but you shall return with me to Perlensee, and then you quit me at once."

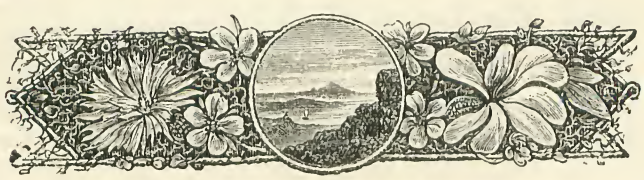
"As your Excellency pleases," retorted Rudolf. "I shall without regret leave a service where I am classed with cooks and valets, and attacked unawares by cowards in the dark."

The proud, indignant tone made the Count pause. Was he committing an injustice? The lad's face wore the aspect of truth; and how ill he looked! A terrible fit of coughing shook him, and he turned away his face after uttering the last defiant sentence.

Count Rosenkrantz was not a cruel man, only narrow and arrogant, and with the usual prejudices of his class. At the moment he wished Rudolf had not been shut up for some hours in the cold, damp Hermitage, without bed or covering. Then came the thought—he was but a servant after all. Still, it was in a gentler voice that he bade him prepare for departure.

Bertini was slily exultant when he heard Rudolf was to leave the Count's service. His end had been gained, and he had not a murder on his conscience. Perhaps, after all, this was as well, now the transport of rage was past! So he made no further attempts at assassination on the homeward journey, and the young musician was feeling too ill with the reaction from the shock and the effects of his lonely imprisonment on the cold spring night greatly to care what became of him.

(*To be continued.*)





NOTES FOR SEPTEMBER.

It is interesting to notice the large number of persons who are spending their holidays this year in making walking tours through different parts of England, as showing the great change which has taken place in our national tastes in the matter of walking during the last hundred years. Moritz, in the diary of his journey through England, written in 1782, says :—

"A traveller on foot in this country seems to be considered as a sort of wild man, or out-of-the-way being, who is stared at, pitied, suspected, and shunned by everyone that meets him." And again: "When I told him I intended walking it (from Richmond to Oxford), he looked at me significantly, shook his head, and went into the house again." "I was now confirmed in my suspicions that, in England, any person undertaking so long a journey on foot is sure to be looked upon and considered as either a beggar or a vagabond, or some necessitous wretch. A poor peripatetic is hardly allowed even the humble merit of being honest."

How differently John Burroughs writes a century later! In his "Winter Sunshine," published in 1884, he says :—

"It is indeed astonishing with what ease and hilarity the English walk. To an American it seems a kind of infatuation. . . We are not innocent and simple-hearted

enough to enjoy a walk. . . Their land (England) is threaded with paths which invite the walker, and which are scarcely less important than the highways. . . The English grandee is not confined to his carriage, but if the American aristocrat leaves his he is ruined."

Early autumn is almost the pleasantest time of all the year for walking. The trees, beginning to be tinged with the brilliant colours they put on later, the orchards full of fruit, and the hedgerows constantly showing something of fresh interest, make up a panorama always changing and always beautiful.

Visitors from foreign lands are almost invariably struck with the beauty of our hedges and shady lanes, even though their opinions may differ as to our walking powers. But perhaps there has really been the change in English habits that appears between the writings of the German pastor and the American naturalist, and if Pastor Moritz could return now he would find himself better treated than when he was refused a bed or a supper at the inns simply because he arrived on foot.

According to Sir John Lubbock bees and wasps differ in their tastes a good deal, both as to the flavour of the honey they prefer and the colour of the flowers they consider most attractive. There are not many wasp flowers in England, and they are mostly dull coloured, for the wasp is not attracted, like the bee, by bright colours. Amongst the best known in England are the figworts and broomrape, both curious, dull coloured flowers, with corollas that wonderfully correspond to the shape of the wasp's head, and to its habits.

One figwort has a disagreeable odour to us, which probably its frequenters think most delicious; the broomrape too, does not please our taste in either colour or scent, but is beloved of wasps, who feed largely upon this curious parasite, which in its turn derives its nourishment from the roots of other plants. Bees, as a rule, begin to visit the lowest flowers of a spike first, and work upwards; therefore in the plants they chiefly feed upon the lower flowerets of the spike open first, ready to receive the pollen which the bee brings from another flower of the same kind, for it generally visits only one species of flower on each journey. Wasps, on the contrary, usually begin at the top flower of a spike; their favourite plants, therefore, open the topmost floweret first.

Birds are as a rule attracted by bright colours; hence the brilliant scarlet of so many of our berries, such as hips and haws, which have to attract the birds by their brightness and sweet taste, to break them open and scatter their seeds over the earth.

Robins, although they eat insects in the spring, live chiefly on seeds, fruit, and berries, in the autumn. In some of the Greek islands this food is thought to make the birds themselves particularly delicate eating, and great numbers are, or were, eaten in the autumn.

There is plenty of work to do in the garden; winter aconite and anemones should be planted at the end of the month for spring flowering, as also snowdrops, narcissus, and jonquils. These look best in clumps, but each bulb must have plenty of room for growth; they do very well planted amongst shrubs, too, or in borders, but be careful to mark the place where bulbs are planted. Now is the time for propagating perennials by slips. Chrysanthemums must be protected from early frosts, and any annuals left in the garden, that have done flowering, should be taken away, and everything made tidy for the winter. The hedges should be clipped early in the month, as well as all borders and edgings; and finally, any spring flowers which need transplanting should be moved now to the place they are to occupy.

THE VICAR'S DAUGHTERS.

CHAPTER II.



"Who can this be from?" Nessa exclaimed, as she returned to the room, holding up a square envelope.

It was a very thick and highly glazed paper, and had a showy coloured monogram which the two girls, putting their heads together, made out to be S.K. The monogram was surmounted by a crest.

"How grand it looks!" observed Nessa, "I wonder who S.K. is? Do you know, Lottie?"

Lottie's cheeks were flushed, her hand trembled a little as she gave the letter into Nessa's hand to set upon the chimneypiece.

"Don't you remember that poor mamma's name was Kenyon, before she married papa?" said Lottie, in rather a low voice. "Perhaps—I wonder if it is from grandmamma!"

"What, from grandmamma who behaved so unkindly to papa? She is quite a great lady, isn't she?" Nessa inquired, in awestruck tones.

"Grandpapa was made a knight, so she is Lady Kenyon, and enormously rich, but that doesn't make her a great lady," replied Lottie, a little scornfully. "Papa's family is quite as good, and he is a gentleman, if he isn't rich."

"What did they quarrel about, do you know, Lottie? Mamma never told me."

"No, I don't know. I'm not sure even that grandmamma is alive; it is only a guess of mine," said Lottie.

They went on talking and speculating about the letter and the unknown grandmother, till Mr. Dunstan returned from his rounds in the parish, when their curiosity would be satisfied.

Mr. Dunstan started when he saw the handwriting; it was associated in his mind with many painful memories. He held it poised in his hand a few minutes, as if reluctant to open it and examine its contents.

"It is from your grandmamma," he said, confirming Lottie's idea. When he opened the envelope and read the letter he looked grave, annoyed, his brows contracted. He stood on the rug, tall, spare, in his clerical garb, the letter in one hand, his double eye-g'asses in the other.

"I will not show you girls this letter; it is impertinent, insulting," he said, the hot blood mounting to his pale cheeks; "but it is necessary that you should know the substance of it. Your grandmother wishes to take one of you to bring up and educate, on condition that I give up all authority over whichever of you she receives."

"Not me, papa!" Lottie exclaimed, clinging to her father's arm, "you will not send me away from you, and what could we do without Nessa?"

Nessa had merely ejaculated "Oh!" catching her breath at the idea of going to London. But then to be separated from Lottie, how could that be? If they could only both go, just for a little while!

"No, it would not be you, Lottie, for your grandmother wishes to have the one that is most like her own daughter; that is Nessa."

Nessa's heart beat fast; she looked at her father with eager inquiring eyes.

"But how could Nessa go to anyone who is unkind to you, papa?" said Lottie, in an indignant tone.

"It was to your mamma she was unkind; I had no claim upon her," returned the Vicar, gravely. "She never forgave your mamma because, instead of marrying a rich City man who was one of her suitors, she preferred me. And I was her equal in every way excepting as regarded money. But set that on one side, Nessa. I wish you to think this offer over. You are old enough to have an opinion of your own. I must honestly tell you that I do not think your life with your grandmother would be very happy; still, you would have many advantages. We will take a day to consider and talk it over; to-morrow you can tell me what you would like to do."

Nessa was sorely perplexed in having this choice given to her. She was ambitious, and delighted in the amusements and luxuries such as she had caught a passing glimpse of when Mr. Clifford's family was at Brierford Hall. At the same time, she was warm-hearted and affectionate, and the idea of leaving her father and Lottie and Ronald, and all she loved, to go amongst strangers, was not to be borne. She cried herself to sleep at the very idea, and the next morning told her father that she would prefer to remain at home. This decision she perceived gave her father pleasure. The letter declining Lady Kenyon's proposal was written, Nessa posted it with her own hands, and so the matter dropped, as they supposed.

They reckoned without their host, however, without taking into account the obstinate self-will of a domineering woman, to whose wishes opposition only added force. It was the day on which Mr. Dunstan went to be introduced to the Bishop, who had expressed a wish to meet him. Lottie had gone to the Hall to consult Mrs. Benson about some domestic affairs, and Nessa sat crouched up with a book in her father's arm-chair, when a fly from Hunston, the nearest railway station, drove up to the door, and a magnificently dressed portly lady descended and came up the garden path to the front door. Nessa heard the knock, heard Hephzibah answer it, heard a brief colloquy, and then, while she sprang to her feet, the lady entered, sweeping aside her rich black silk skirt as if it might be contamination to come in contact with the faded, threadbare carpet. She cast a contemptuous glance round the room, and then fixed her eyes upon Nessa, her cold grey eyes, that softened a little as she saw her face.

"You are one of the twins, I suppose," the lady said, in a harsh voice.

"Yes, I am Vanessa Dunstan," the girl

replied, standing straight and tall before her, regarding her with wondering blue eyes.

"I am Lady Kenyon, your grandmother," the stranger announced, still keeping her gaze fixed upon the girl's face.

The colour came and went in Nessa's cheeks; an undefined fear seemed creeping over her and chilling her heart; but she only said, simply, "Are you grandmamma? Won't you sit down?" And she pushed her father's chair nearer to the fire, for the weather was still cold. Whilst Lady Kenyon seated herself and gathered her skirts about her, Nessa had time to observe her. A large-featured woman, with a complexion that might once have been fair, an inclination to a double chin, strongly-marked eyebrows, and little stiff curls pinned up on each side of her face. Her dress and mantle were so rich they might have stood by themselves, and the latter as well as her bonnet were covered with such a profusion of bugles that Nessa found herself wondering whether they could all be sewn on, or whether they were dusted over her each time she went out, as the sugar was dusted over an apple pie. She also wondered if all this glitter and splendour was considered mourning in the great world.

"So your father is out?" said Lady Kenyon when she had seated herself.

Nessa told her where he had gone and with what object.

"I suppose you can guess what I have come for?" Lady Kenyon questioned.

"To see papa, I suppose," Nessa suggested.

"Not exactly; though I do intend to see him. I want to know what he meant by that ridiculous letter he sent me, and if he is in his right mind to stand between you and the offer I made."

Nessa flushed up. "Papa left it to me to decide," she said, stiffly.

"More fool he, then," was the abrupt answer. Nessa was silent.

"I think you might show some gratitude, at any rate," Lady Kenyon resumed. "I offered to educate and provide for you in all respects as for the daughter who disobeyed me. You are like her; you have her face and her name, and I intend to take you back with me."

"I am grateful, grandmamma, indeed I am!" cried Nessa. "But I could not leave papa and Lottie."

Truth to tell, since Nessa relinquished the idea of accepting her grandmother's offer, there had been a great hankering in her mind after the fleshpots of Egypt. Visions of ease and comfort and pleasure had passed before her in bright colours, and she had never felt the Vicarage so dull as the last few days. She almost repented her decision, and was inclined to wish that her father had bid her go, without consulting her. Did she wish now that her grandmother's will might prevail? She could scarcely tell. If only Lottie and she might go together, just for a little while!

Lady Kenyon seemed to read something of the girl's thoughts, for she said, "Don't suppose I wish to separate you altogether from your father and sister. I have no wish of the kind. When I wrote that your father must give up authority over you, I meant that I must have the entire regulation of your education and your introduction into the world. Your uncle Joseph has only sons, and I want a daughter. I go to the seaside every autumn, and then you can come here if you like, for part of the time, at any rate. Will that suit you?"

"Oh, thank you, grandmamma," Nessa exclaimed, feeling that her grandmother really meant to be kind.

"And another thing, Vanessa," Lady Kenyon resumed; "I think it would be very selfish of you to refuse. Your father is poor; don't you see what a relief it would be to him to have one of you provided for?"

"I don't know. I think papa would rather have us with him," Nessa answered, though hesitatingly. "Here comes Lottie," she added, joyfully. Lottie would know. Lottie would tell her what she ought to do."

But Lottie could not tell. She was too afraid of speaking according to her own inclination instead of what was for the best. Nothing could be settled till Mr. Dunstan's return. Lady Kenyon, only half pleased, but determined to carry her point, went back in the fly to the hotel at Hunston, leaving directions for the Vicar to call upon her there as soon as he came home. Like Nessa, the Vicar had been suffering from misgivings since refusing Lady Kenyon's offer. He had asked himself more than once if he was really doing the best for his child—if he had not allowed pride and resentment to get the better of his judgment. A determined mind soon overcomes hesitation, and Lady Kenyon carried off Nessa in triumph on her return to London, to Lottie's bitter grief.

A few lines announced their safe arrival, and then ten days passed before another letter reached the Vicarage. "I am sure I shall be miserable here," Nessa wrote. "It is far more dull than at home, because now I have not you to talk to. Grandmamma lives in a high house in a street where there is nothing to see but other great, high houses. My bedroom is up so many flights of stairs I cannot count them, and from the window I see nothing but chimney-pots. I have to sit in a little pokey back room downstairs, looking on to the backs of other houses, where it is quite an event even to see a cat on the wall, and where a lady comes for three hours each morning to teach me French and German. I have a music mistress twice a week, and am expected to practise two hours a day. I dine when grandmamma has her luncheon, and am dressed to go into the drawing-room for an hour every evening when there is no company. I walk in Kensington Gardens for an hour before luncheon, either with grandmamma's maid or her companion, Miss Winter. I cannot tell you how I detest Miss Winter. She flatters and toadies grandmamma, and she spies about and tells tales; I know she tries to get me into disgrace. The servants can't bear her either. I think I see papa looking at me, but indeed I have not been gossiping with the servants, but I can't help hearing what is said. I shall count the days till autumn, when I may come back to you, dear darling Lottie, and I hope papa will let me stay at home, and not come back here any more. I have told grandmamma of the places we have talked about, and that I want to see, but she says I am not to waste my time gadding about, but to attend to my education, so I suppose I shall see nothing."

Succeeding letters were in much the same strain, and so the spring and summer passed, and autumn approached, when Lady Kenyon's annual visit to the seaside was to take place, and Nessa was to spend part of her holidays at home.

It was one day towards the end of August that the inmates of the Vicarage were thrown into consternation by the receipt of a telegram. Such an event had never happened before, and nothing but a matter of life and death could surely be contained within the yellow envelope. Mr. Dunstan tore it open in more agitation than he liked to betray, Lottie watching him with anxious eyes and throbbing heart.

"Lady Kenyon to the Rev. Ambrose Dunstan.

"Send Vanessa back directly. I will forgive her this once."

So the telegram read.

Send Nessa back! Where was Nessa, then? The paper fell from Mr. Dunstan's fingers as he and Lottie looked at each other in dismay. Forgive? What was there to forgive? What had Nessa done? But, above all, if she had left Lady Kenyon's house and had not come home, where could she be?

The Vicar had turned quite white in his alarm. "What can we do?" he exclaimed, in great agitation. "I cannot go up to London to-day; there is no time to arrange for to-morrow's services, and there is Mrs. Fowler's funeral, too."

"No, papa, you cannot go to-day, but I can," Lottie replied.

"You, my child! What could you do?" said Mr. Dunstan, in surprise.

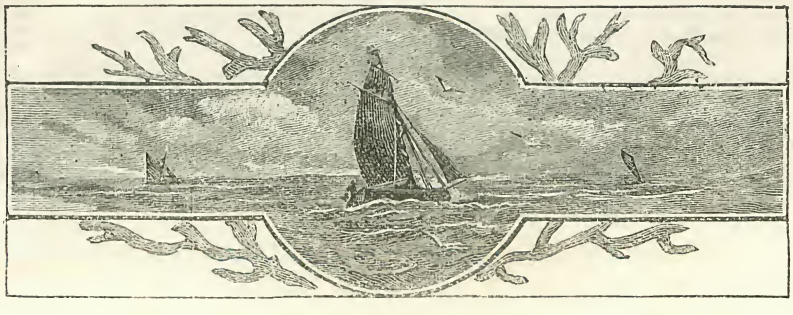
"I can hear about Nessa. If she has come back to grandmamma's, I shall know what has happened, and perhaps bring her home to-morrow. If not, I will telegraph, and you can follow me to London on Monday."

The promptness and decision with which Lottie spoke almost took Mr. Dunstan's breath away. "But, my dear child, all alone in a strange place, what would you do?"

"I can manage, papa," Lottie replied, bravely.

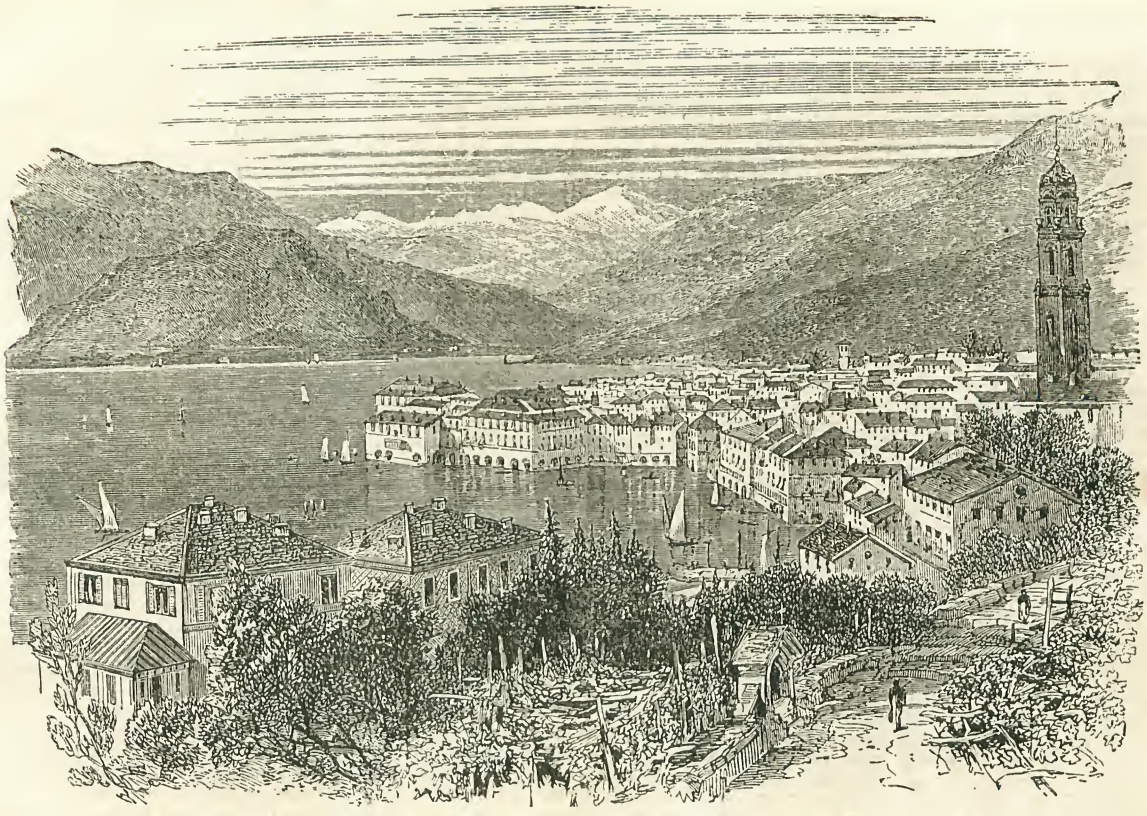
"Go, then, my love, with God's blessing. I will join you on Monday if you do not bring our Nessa home."

(*To be continued.*)





THE SIMPLON PASS IN WINTER.



PALLANZA, LAGO MAGGIORE.

OUR TOUR IN NORTH ITALY.

By TWO LONDON BACHELORS.

It will be remembered that we two bachelors, after our unpleasant adventure at Lecco, had gone on to Bellagio.

The hotel at which we stayed was a huge building, with charming gardens. It was almost crowded with visitors, included amongst the latter being the august personage of a crowned king.

The visit to Bellagio was very pleasant, and we regretted greatly that we could not prolong our stay. We made the most of our time, however, and, notwithstanding the fatigue of the previous day, made two excursions.

As would be imagined from its position, there is not very much to be seen in Bellagio. Everyone, however, visits the Villa Serbelloni. How well both of us remember our excursion to this beautifully-placed *dépendance!* It was a sensational evening for effects, and heavy ominous clouds overhung the stern eastern branch of the lake, while the terraced gardens and verdure-clad heights to the west were lit up with brilliant sunshine. For two or three hours we lingered gazing at the lovely scene, and longer still would we have remained, but it was evident that a storm was brewing, and would soon reach us. We therefore quickly descended to the town, and arrived home just before the rain commenced. After the *table d'hôte*, the company adjourned to the *salon de lecture*, a superb room and very good for sound. We were asked if we could contribute a little music, and so Beethoven's Waldstein Sonata and a few slight pieces by Chopin, and a song by C. A. Macirone, were given and were very kindly received, the King himself honouring our efforts by being present.

On the following day we took the steamer for Como. The luxuriousness of the western branch of the lake has been spoken of before. Vines, palms, oleanders, oranges, terraced houses, exquisite villas there are without number. But—softly be it spoken—these scenes become a little monotonous to the tourist on the steamboat. Every little bend of the lake discloses a scene so very similar to the preceding one, and the mountains are a little uniform in height and character.

The villas must, of course, be charming as residences. To watch the fairy lake in its morning freshness, its midday splendour, and its evening glow; to gaze at it in its spring radiance, its summer glory, and its exquisite tints in autumn, must, indeed, be entrancing to the senses and elevating to the mind. One seems to think that the inhabitants of these villas ought to be less material, more artistic, and more religious than their fellows in over-populated and unbeautiful cities.

Many nationalities and strangely-contrasted classes of people are represented by the owners of the villas on Lake Como. Kings and dancers, Italian and foreign princes, singers, artists, people in all positions, have chosen the banks of the favoured lake to build their retreats and seek change and recreation from their various pursuits.

Surrounded by quite an amphitheatre of mountains, and well situated on the lake, Como looks charming from a distance. The suburbs are spread about on the slopes with very pretty effect, while the dome of the Cathedral, the Broletto Tower, and the various campanili help towards making quite a representative Italian picture. The city is disappointing when it is entered; and how often this is the case in Italy! Picturesqueness, much to interest the antiquarian and artist, there is undoubtedly in Como; but it is dirty and evil-smelling, and the bachelors were, perhaps, a little prejudiced against it by the wretchedness of the hotel at which they stopped.

On embarking from the steamer, we discovered that none of the tourists intended to stay at Como. We were therefore left alone, and our traps deposited in the street. We discovered also that the guide-book had been packed up, and we could not remember the names of the hotels. The inevitable scene followed. A dirty, garlic-smelling, excitable crowd surrounded us, and volunteered information which, merely from being in Italian, was puzzling, but was rendered doubly so by the rivalry and noise of the rabble. Being at the mercy of some one, the travellers surrendered their traps to an innocent-looking boy. The latter did not deserve the trust, as he deposited the weary travellers at a very bad hotel, while, to add insult to injury, he demanded treble his proper fare, which, however, was not given him.

The exterior of the Cathedral of Como, with the adjoining town-hall, is a very picturesque sight, and is the subject of a fine picture by the younger Stanfield. The Broletto, constructed of alternate courses of white, black, and red marble, was completed in A.D. 1215. Its old

Lombard tower has a most peculiar expression about it, and altogether the Broletto is one of the most picturesque buildings in North Italy. The cathedral, which is much admired, is a strange mixture of Lombardic Gothic and Renaissance, with a modern dome. The interior is interesting and finely proportioned, but much spoiled by the modern, or rather the restored roof.

We went for a long walk in the evening by the eastern shore of the lake, as far as the famous Villa d'Este, now converted into a hotel. This residence of the unfortunate Caroline of Brunswick, Princess of Wales, must always have an interest for English travellers. Neglected by her husband and sneered at by his favourites, she foolishly left the country, and fixed her residence at this charming spot. The Princess was known and deservedly loved for miles round. She was not, however, allowed to rest in peace. The Milan Commission was instituted, and the unfortunate Princess, being surrounded by spies, left the villa in disgust.

Never shall we forget the effect this delicious walk had on us. Twilight came on as we rested on the bank of the peaceful lake, and the music of its waters, as it caressed the shore, led us into a land of dreams—though not led, as we were there already, and had only to succumb to its never-ceasing spell. Praised by poets and sung by our sweetest bards, it were strange if Como, powerful in its irresistible charms, had not affected us on such a night. We watched the movements of the lizards as they luxuriated among the gorgeous westeria trailing down the grassy bank on which we sat, and then the stars came out one by one, and, vain of their own bewitching beauty, coquetted with their reflections in the liquid looking-glass.

How sweet the hour of closing day,
When all is peaceful and serene,
And the broad sun's retiring ray
Sheds a mild lustre o'er the scene.

Such is the Christian's parting hour,
So peacefully he sinks to rest;
And faith rekindling all its power,
Lights up the languor of his breast.

O Lord, that we may thus depart,
Thy joys to share, Thy face to see;
Impress Thine image on our heart,
And teach us *now* to walk with Thee.

Refreshed by our rest and the beauty of the scene, we strolled hotel-wards, and as we came to the first street corner we were greatly interested in seeing a group of merry children—whom, however, we could scarcely see in the darkness, though their laughter was loud enough to indicate their whereabouts—competing with one another for the pleasure of lighting the numerous tapers round the head of Christ, shown in a street-corner shrine. May their little hearts that find pleasure in this simple act, find, as years go on, a deeper pleasure in the service of Him who is the "Friend of Little Children."

When at Bellagio the bachelors had been advised to go to Varese, between the lakes of Como and Maggiore, and near to the lake to which it gives its name. There is no railway from Como to Varese, so the far more pleasant diligence takes its place. The drive is an enjoyable one, though not to be compared, either for near views or distant peeps of the Alps, to what may be termed the continuation of the same diligence route between Varese and Laveno.

After leaving Como the road winds through a very fertile district, studded here and there with gay villas, overlooked by moderately high mountains, and as one approaches Varese, the celebrated resort of pilgrims, the Sacro Monte, comes into sight. The mountain is studded with chapels, each containing a terra-cotta group, while on the summit is the church La Madonna del Monte.

Varese, as a place of resort, is celebrated for its healthy, bracing atmosphere, and for its fine view of Monte Rosa and the Western Alps, though it must be borne in mind that this view is often quite invisible during the greater part of the day. This was the case when the bachelors were at Varese, and perhaps this circumstance may have helped to bring on a violent fit of temper, which troubled them for some hours. Indeed, the refusal of Monte Rosa to show herself must have been the cause of the outbreak of temper; for when towards evening the glorious mountain became visible, standing out against the crimson magnificence of a superb Italian sunset, the bachelors not only forgot their enmity towards one another, but renewed, with much repentance, their former protestations of friendship.

The drive all the way from Varese is delightful. Pleasant views of the Lake of Varese are obtained, and the villages are interesting; but the great attraction, of course, is the fine view of Monte Rosa. The latter appears high up in the heavens, while in front of it and to the west are innumerable lesser peaks, which lend height to, and satellise, as it were, the majesty of perhaps the finest of all the Alps.

As we approached Laveno it was evident that we should witness a superlatively beautiful sunset, and the sight which greeted us as we approached the banks of the Lago Maggiore made an impression upon our minds which we never can forget. Right before us was the vast expanse of water formed by the three arms of the lake, the jutting peninsula near Pallanza, and the far-famed Borromean Islands being important features. To the right the view was limited by lofty mountains, here and there capped with snow; while to the left the broad waters of the lake were enclosed by mountains, which descended rapidly in elevation until the level plain of luxurious Lombardy was reached. All this is generally visible in the neighbourhood of Laveno, but the scene was enhanced a hundredfold in beauty by the unusually fine sunset.

The steamboat journey from Laveno to Pallanza discloses fine views of the Borromean Islands and the banks of the lake, and, altogether, we were more pleased with this part of Lago Maggiore than anything we had seen on Lake Como. Arrived at Pallanza, we drove to a large hotel, crowded with Germans, who kept up an incessant chatter all the evening and half through the night, which was very annoying to weary travellers. At the hotel inquiries were made about the passage of the Simplon, which we had determined to attempt, contrary to the advice of our friends at home. It was a pet scheme of ours, even before we had started for our tour, to explore an Alpine Pass in early spring. We had been repeatedly told that this feat was impracticable—that the Simplon road would not even be open on account of the lateness of the season; and at Pallanza were further warned that avalanches had been frequent during the past fortnight, and that two ladies, who had started for Brieg the week before, had not been heard of.

We, however, greatly longed for an adventure, and these reports only strengthened our determination to undertake the journey. We accordingly took our seats in the diligence which conveys passengers as far as Domo d'Ossola, the last place of importance on the Italian side of the Alps. It need hardly be said that we were the only tourists—the diligence was, however, laden with post-bags and packages.

The road for some way skirts the Lago Maggiore, after which, for an hour or so, it wends its way through pleasant, though not particularly interesting scenery. But the views get finer as one approaches within ten or twelve miles of Domo d'Ossola. Snow mountains begin to appear in the distance, rushing torrents and huge rocks are seen, and one begins to experience that strange excitement which comes over one when approaching some great phenomenon of nature.

Domo d'Ossola looks like a town "dropped" in amongst silent snow-clad mountains. The scenery is of the grandest description, and the town is quaint with its narrow collonaded streets, and its dilapidated Lombardic architecture. We witnessed a very poetical and foreign scene when staying at this place. On the summit of a lofty eminence, in the neighbourhood of Domo, is perched a small chapel, and, leading up to it, on the slopes of the hill, little oratories containing representations of the stations of the cross have been built. Up the hill, which was very steep, crowds of people were wending their way. Old men and women, frightfully wrinkled and bent, to whom each step was a matter of difficulty; strong and hale people, in the prime of life; little children, even infants, were amongst the worshippers. At the top of the hill there was a procession round the chapel, in which priests with gorgeous vestments, peasants in quaint costumes, and young people and children carrying crosses and highly-coloured banners, were taking part; while hundreds of the onlookers, accompanied by brass bands, supplied the musical part of the service.

The evening was ominous and overcast, and the weird effect of the mountains, and the utter loneliness of the snowy wastes, made us feel oppressed and melancholy, and we began to repent our foolhardiness in attempting what we had been advised against, and to think if it were not too late to retrace our steps. We, however, determined to proceed, and were told, on going to rest, that the diligence would start at two a.m. the next morning. This being the case, we got to sleep as soon as possible, and had frightful nightmares of avalanches, people frozen to death, etc. We, however, managed to wake in good time at about half-past one. (How is it that one so often wakes at the time one wishes?)

The night was dark, and there was no sign of anyone about. So we rang the bell once, twice, thrice. No answer. Then we commenced to stamp on the ground and knock at the door, and at last we heard the heavy footsteps of a man coming downstairs. The man was very angry, and asked why we were making such a noise. A cool question to ask five minutes before the diligence was advertised to start! It then transpired that a mistake had been made, and that the diligence was not to start for about two hours and a half. We waxed very angry at this, but, as the poor man was not to blame, we pacified one another, and, what was a much more difficult matter, succeeded in assuaging the anger of the unfortunate porter, who had been robbed of two and a half hours' sleep.

Oh, those weary hours of waiting! How delighted we both were to hear the bells and lumbering noise of the diligence in the distance. We were taking our seats in the old conveyance, when we were much astonished to find that two American ladies, who had stayed over-night at Domo d'Ossola, were to be our fellow-travellers. How indefatigable the American tourists are! The two friends were rather hurt that others, and those women, should attempt the same dangerous journey.

It was quite dark when the diligence started, and the travellers had the good fortune to witness that beautiful phenomenon of nature, an Alpine sunrise. The diligence after leaving Domo passes beautiful and picturesque

scenery, which is still Italian in character; but after Iselle everything is changed. The road ascends rapidly, and at every turn is disclosed a grand scene of giddy heights, mountain torrents, and precipitous rocks. Scores of tourists "do" the Simplon every year; but few, very few, see it under the conditions that we bachelors did. Napoleon's magnificent road was covered with snow, and reduced in places to only half of its ordinary width by the avalanches, which had swept the way frequently during the past day or two. The diligence went very slowly, the travellers had to alight, and it was doubtful, even at this point, whether the passage could be made. It must be borne in mind that the Simplon had not been crossed for a fortnight, and so severe had the storms been, that the huge high road was at places not even traceable.

There is not space to speak of the famous Ravine of Gondo, the various refuges, and the splendid views to be seen all along the route. Besides which, these have been so often described before. The unique experiences of the bachelors commenced near what is called the "Agaby Gallery," for it was here that the diligence had to turn back, unable to go a step further.

It was a scene of desolate grandeur. No trace of a path could be discerned. A sheet of snow was in front of the travellers, and the dazzlingly white peaks of the neighbouring mountains looked like huge giants, angry that their peace should be disturbed by insignificant man. The travellers waited about half an hour, and then began to feel very uncomfortable and frightened. What if they were deserted! A fearful thought! The diligence had long since disappeared, and though it is true a man was left behind to look after the post-bags, yet he did not seem at all anxious to comfort the tourists.

One of the American ladies suggested turning back, as further progress on foot was simply out of the question. But after a while a "cutting" noise was heard, and in a few minutes three sledges drew up. The four travellers got into two of the sledges, while a third brought on the luggage and post-bags. Progress was then made at a capital pace, and in a very short time the driver "pulled up" at the little village of Simplon.

The travellers found their way to the clean-looking inn, and were entering the latter when they were met by two English ladies, who turned out to be the same that had left Pallanza a fortnight ago, and had not since been heard of. Fancy being snowed up a whole fortnight! Luckily they had not wanted for food or drink, as the inn was plentifully stocked with provisions.

A really capital repast, under the circumstances, was served, and the party, now augmented by two, six in all (nine including the drivers), got into the sledges. The old Hospice, a solid square structure, was soon passed, and the party in a few minutes drew up at the new Hospice. Here the travellers were kindly welcomed by the monks, and offered either soup or wine.

There was, however, not much time to spare, as a snowstorm was predicted, so the sledges were quickly got ready and the party again set off on their journey. The summit of the pass, marked with a cross, was soon reached; it looked liked a valley completely enveloped in snow, surrounded by lofty mountains. But there was no view, as the sky was overcast, and it was evident that there would be more snow.

The wonderful glacier gallery on the Swiss side of the pass was much more striking than it could be in summer. It was of course completely enveloped in snow, and streams of ice descended from it into the depths below. These hundreds of yards of ice, precipitated over the chasm, gave the appearance of a frozen waterfall.

It was after passing the ice gallery that the great danger of the route commenced. The path which overhung a precipice was, owing to the accumulation of snow, often so narrow that one part of the sledge absolutely "overlapped" it. Some men who were removing the snow came to the assistance of the drivers at this point, and standing on the back ledges of the sledges, they swayed them on one side. The travellers were told to sit perfectly still, and for about a mile the danger was very great. Of course, had a fall of snow swept the path, the party would certainly have perished, and considering that the day before avalanches had been frequent and excessive, no little risk was run in traversing this part of the road.

The descent to Bérisal is very steep, and owing to the narrowness of the path the pace was slow. After this point there was no danger, and in the distance a diligence was seen coming to the aid of the travellers. A safe ending to a dangerous and perhaps foolish expedition.

(*To be concluded.*)

VARIETIES.

Queen Victoria's Lineal Descent from William the Conqueror.

A.D.	
1066.	William I.
1100.	Henry I.
—	Matilda, Empress of Germany.
1154.	Henry II.
1199.	John.
1216.	Henry III.
1272.	Edward I.
1307.	Edward II.
1327.	Edward III.
—	Lionel, Duke of Clarence.
—	Philippa, Countess of March.
—	Roger, Earl of March.
—	Anne, Countess of Cambridge.
—	Richard, Duke of York.
1461.	Edward IV.
—	Elizabeth, Queen of Henry VII.
—	Margaret, Queen of James IV. of Scotland.
—	James V. of Scotland.
—	Mary Queen of Scots.
1603	James I.
—	Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia.
—	Sophia, Electress of Hanover.
1714.	George I.
1727.	George II.
—	Frederic, Prince of Wales.
1760.	George III.
—	Edward, Duke of Kent.
1837.	Victoria.

Queen Victoria is thus twenty-seventh in lineal descent from William I., but thirty-sixth in succession to the crown. From 1066 to 1837 equals 771 years.

"If you Please."—At a wedding when the officiating clergyman put to the lady the question, "Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?" she dropped the prettiest curtsey, and with a modesty which lent her beauty an additional grace, replied, "If you please."

Curiosities of the French Language.

There are some curious examples of alliteration in French, and amongst them there are few more deserving of preservation than the following:—

1. Le riz tenta le rat; le rat tenté tata le riz.
2. Ton thé t'a-t-il ôté ta toux?
3. Didon dîna, dit-on, du dos d'un dodu dindon.
4. Quand un cordier, cordant, veut corder une corde,
Pour sa corde corder trois cordons il accorde;
Mais, si l'un des cordons en cordant se décorde,
Le cordon décordé fait décorder la corde.

We now give the English translation:—

1. The rice tempted the rat; the tempted rat tried the rice.
2. Has your tea removed your cough?
3. Dido dined, they say, off the back of a plump turkey.
4. When a twister, in twisting, will twist him a twist,
For the twisting his twist he three twines does entwist;
But if one of the twines of the twist does untwist,
The twine that untwisteth, untwisteth the twist.

A Dangerous Gift.—Beauty is a dangerous gift. The vanity it inspires and the base flattery it gets for its possessors are not to be envied.

To be taken Note of.—"Now" is the constant syllable clicking from the clock of time. "Now" is the watchword of the wise. "Now" is on the banner of the present.

Dr. Parr.

The Good Sense of Women.—Women have more of what is termed good sense than men. They cannot reason wrong, for they do not reason at all. They have fewer pretensions, are less implicated in theories, and judge objects more from their immediate and involuntary impression on the mind, and therefore more truly and naturally.—*Hazlitt.*

The Dolls of a Musician.—Dragonetti, one of the greatest known players on the double bass, was an eccentric man. Among his treasures were a number of curiously dressed dolls, which he used to play with like a child. When he attended musical festivals he took a selection of these dolls with him, and amongst them was always a black one which he called his wife.

Persuasive Tongues.

Men are more eloquent than women made,
But women are more powerful to persuade.

Randolph.

Pianoforte Practising.—It is not the quantity but the quality of the pianoforte practising that ensures progress. A merely mechanical or thoughtless exercise of the fingers may strengthen the muscles and sinews, but will not produce real progress. Only when the intellect initiates, assists, and directs the mechanical practiec can a satisfactory progress be obtained.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

POOR JANE.—All our readers of Answers to Correspondents know very well that we make no invidious distinctions between the upper classes and the poor. You have certainly no cause for complaint, since we answered your first letter at once. The tone of this second letter is impertinent, in suggesting that perhaps we shall not reply "because you are poor." You are mistaken in thinking that the use of a "J" pen will make you "write like a lady." Write careful copies with any pen you like. We do not care to advertise books on palmistry.

SAILS.—There are stalls and open shops for the sale of secondhand books in London, but we could not advertise them. There are also little sixpenny and shilling manuals for knitting, giving recipes of all kinds. Your own bookseller would procure some for selection, were you to give an order.

E. G. A. C. B.—How many initials you need for identification! The rule is for the lady to bow first, and then the man takes off his hat. There is no occasion for stopping to speak in the street; far better not to do so.

ANXIOUS MOTHER.—We recommend you to write for advice and information to Miss Hull, late Lady Principal of the Training College, Castle Bar Hill, Ealing, W. She has a private school, and we have spoken with her pupils, whom she has taught to use their voices. All deaf-mutes have voices. They should not be called dumb, only mute, till taught.

ELEANOR M. E.—You might do so in private, and it would give pleasure. But you do well in pausing to ask advice in such matters.

SIS WIN.—No girl at seventeen should be liable to forget herself in saying or doing what is indiscreet. She should not be so taken by surprise by words or acts of others as to be betrayed into making unwise confidences or consenting to unsuitable proposals. If self-possessed, she will be armed against indiscretion. Your writing is stiff—does not slope the right way.

WHITE HEATHER.—It is said, "Doctors differ, and patients die"; so we do not desire to render "confusion worse confounded" in your case, which appears to have proved a bone of contention amongst your advisers so far. Your person and circumstances are quite unknown to us, and we could not venture to solve the difficult question. Getting all your teeth extracted seems to us like horse practice.

R. E. H.—To witness for Christ does not consist in preaching, and conversion may be evidenced in performing your daily duties faithfully, as in His sight, as a daughter, sister, schoolgirl, governess, domestic servant, shop assistant, or employer. Your daily example is of more value than your words, and you are at an age to learn rather than to teach.

BENEVOLENT BESSIE.—There are no better books for little girls (and if you be now twelve years old you would much enjoy them) than Mrs. Sherwood's, amongst which are "The Fairchild Family," "The Governess," "The Indian Pilgrim," etc. Also "By Land and Sea," written by one of our own staff (Cassell and Co., La Belle Sauvage Yard, London, E.C.). We are glad to hear that you have not read novels ever since you were eight or nine, and that you are disgusted and tired of them.

ELIZABETH B.—On no account marry any man that you neither love nor feel confidence in his late improvement in conduct. If the very thought of marrying him makes you ill, and you are not strong, do not be persuaded to do so. No parent has any right, natural or legal, to force a child into a marriage against her inclination. Tell your mistress all your trouble, and remain in your situation. You would be quite justified in going away unknown, if you had any respectable place to go to, and that were your only way of escape. In any case, even when in the church you can say "No" when the clergyman asks you whether you will have the man. Tell your case to a magistrate, and ask for his protection

TROUBLED SIS.—It is not only indiscreet, but wrong, to correspond with any man other than with him to whom you are engaged, more especially when he had the audacity to put you "on your honour not to show the letters," and presumes to address you as "Darling Sis"! Of course your affianced husband has a right to see the letters of any man who writes to you. His chatting in a friendly way, or even flirting with a lady friend, does not justify you in doing the same. If he does wrong, why should you follow suit? Be off with the old love before you are on with the new.

A BERKSHIRE GIRL and R. V. H. might find what they require at Margate, on application to Miss Mitchell, St. Margaret's Home, 34, Hawley-square, or by writing for advice to Miss Harrison, lady superintendent of the Governess's Home, 9, St. Stephen's-square, Westbourne Park, W. There is a Convalescent Home for Ladies in Reduced Circumstances at 9, Albion-place, Ramsgate; terms, 10s. 6d. a week; principal, Miss Bennett. Also at Folkestone—9, Connaught-road, at 15s. a week; and likewise, in the same place, St. Gabriel's Home of Rest, Lennard-road, for gentlewomen or Church workers; terms moderate; apply to the sister in charge. These three sea places are all bracing, such as "R. V. H." desires. Should an inland place prove desirable, in failure of obtaining admittance into any before-named, our correspondents might write to Miss Mason, The Farmhouse, Little Oddyns, Horsted-Keynes, Sussex; terms for board and lodging, 12s. 6d. per week.

HAMLET.—You need to be taught to ride a tricycle, and to wear a suitable dress that will not be entangled in the wheels. Under other circumstances it would be dangerous to ride one.

LIZZIE LANSDOWNE should make rosemary tea just as she would make drinking tea, or sage tea for application to a sunburnt face.



THE HARVEST MOON.

S. M. G. and L. H. L.—There is a very strict accordance—even verbally so—between the two records given respectively by the Prophet Isaiah—himself personally an actor in the events chronicled—and (as believed) by Ezra, who compiled the Books of the Kings from the records regularly kept both in Jerusalem and Samaria. These records appear to have been made by the contemporary prophets, and (as Bishop Tomline says) frequently derived their names from the kings whose history they contain. Thus we read of "The Book of the Acts of Solomon," supposed to have been written by Nathan, Ahijah, and Iddo; "The Acts of Rehoboam," written by Shemaiah the Prophet and Iddo the Seer; also "The Acts of Jehoshaphat," by Jehu, and of Uzziah and Hezekiah by Isaiah. The two Books of Kings formed but one in the Hebrew Canon, and have been ascribed by some to Jeremiah, and by others to Isaiah; but with greater probability it would seem to Ezra. Nevertheless, perfect similarity throughout does not exist, we still maintain, between the nineteenth chapter of Second Kings and the thirty-seventh chapter of Isaiah, the verbal dissimilarity commencing at their sixteenth and seventeenth verses.

SHEPHERD'S FAIRY.—The invention of spectacles in Europe is ascribed to Alessandro de Spino, of Florence, about 1285 A.D., allusion to them being made by Roger Bacon, who died in 1292, and they were common in England in the fifteenth century; but they are said to have been known in China at a very remote period. The Emperor Nero had a concave emerald set open in a ring, and, being short-sighted, it is recorded that he used it as a magnifying glass to see the combats in the arena. The plano-convex glass lens discovered by Layard at Nineveh was employed, he believes, as a magnifier for gem-engraving or for reading. The convex lens discovered at Pompeii in 1854, now in the Naples Museum, is supposed by King (see his "Antique Gems and Rings") to have been only a paste imitation of peridot, which was designed to receive an impression by some gem-engraver. 2. Of course girls of twelve years old may read our paper.

CHUM.—Bathe your sunburnt face with sage tea, use a sunshade, and wear a blue gauze veil when out in the hay-fields or long exposed to the sun, when on the seashore, gardening, or out picnicing.

BULLFINCH.—Oatmeal and water is very good to wash the face in, especially for a delicate skin,

LORNA.—Use the ordinary form, "Miss Smith accepts with pleasure Mrs. John's kind invitation, &c."

J. H.—We do not think you could teach, or rather unteach your bird its present habit of taking its bath without a companion to give it a lesson. Of course it would not understand how to begin.

JUBILEE must use a little borax in the starch, to give a gloss.

IVY LEAF must find something useful and interesting to think about. An idle mind will naturally dream and wander, like a rudderless ship. The cure depends on her own will.

WEE THING.—Paint with iodine. You can get a small quantity and a brush at any chemist's, and try if it will be of use.

GERALDINE DE CLERC, ONE WHO FEELS SO WEARY must apply to a doctor for advice on the subject.

OUIDA.—The 26th March, 1868, was a Thursday. You must send the cases for binding with the volumes to a bookbinder; you could not bind them yourself.

A. B. C. has no idea of versification.

SERIN and PRETTY DICKS is not poetry, merely poor rhyme.

ONE OF THE GIRLS.—The lines show religious feeling, not genius.

GERTRUDE M. DUTTRY.—The lines have some merits, but the handwriting is extremely hard to decipher, and also ugly.

MARIE STUART.—We advise your taking more exercise, leaving off tea and coffee and stimulants if you take them. Take cocoa instead, also fruit cooked and uncooked, and cultivate happiness in yourself; it will grow if you really begin to see the bright side of life.

CHARLIE'S SISTER.—Your letter to Lake Superior would take from twelve to fourteen days, or less, depending on the place and the time of year. Any bookseller in the United States would get you the G.O.P., if you ordered it from him.

A HARD WORKER should apply by letter, enclosing stamp for reply, to the Colonial Emigration Office, 13, Dorset-street, Portman-square, W. Office hours 10 to 4.

GOVERNESS could become a subscriber to the Governesses' Benevolent Institution, 32, Sackville-street, W., which has a Provident Fund.

F. M. T. W.—The person who wrote your quotation must have been ignorant and foolish to the last degree; the Coronation Stone, even for its antiquity and associations, is an interesting and wonderful relic.

HAZEL-EYES.—Cheese was formerly sold in Cheshire, moulded like a cat; the allusion is therefore to the grinning cheese cat, and is applied to persons who show both teeth and gums when they laugh. We do not think you would be bound by the rule, as probably your charity would be that that "begins at home," and you ought to be saving three quarters of your salary, if possible, towards old age or sickness; but remember much real charity is inexpensive, and consists in thoughtfulness for others, working (with the needle) for those who are unhandy and stupid, and in all things showing the helpful "Charity which is love."

BRUNNENKRESSE.—We regret from lack of space to be obliged to decline your kind contribution to our pages; but pray receive our best thanks and good wishes for your letter.

SPRING FLOWERS.—The composition you send to us for insertion is of the usual schoolgirl kind. By-and-by you may do better, and achieve some originality of thought.

HELEN.—It is anything but "the beauty of the hair to be so greasy!" Wash it once a week, and keep it thoroughly brushed daily, using clean brushes perpetually.

POOR POLLY will be by no means "old-fashioned" when wearing a velvet jacket. A tight fitting velvet jacket may be trimmed with jet and lace.



VOL. VIII.—NO. 400.] AUGUST 27, 1887. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

AT THE SEA-SIDE.



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See "Dress: in Season and in Reason."—Page 760.

THE VICAR'S DAUGHTERS.

CHAPTER III.

COURAGEOUSLY as she had spoken, it was not without some inward trepidation that Lottie set forth upon her adventurous journey—adventurous to her, young and inexperienced as she was. She, however, met with a kind fellow-passenger in the train, who saw her into the district train that was to take her within a short distance of her grandmother's house. Anyone would direct her to the street where she wanted to go, she was told. Lottie accordingly had no difficulty in gaining her destination, and appeared before her grandmother, to the old lady's great astonishment, just as dusk was closing in.

"What has brought you here, Charlotte Dunstan? and where is Vanessa?" Lady Kenyon asked sharply.

"That is what I have come to ask of you, grandmamma," Lottie replied, unable to keep her voice from faltering in her anxiety and fright, and finding it difficult to keep back tears of disappointment when she found that Nessa was not there.

"Do you know what Vanessa has done? Do you know how ill she has behaved?" Lady Kenyon inquired angrily.

"Such a good, kind relative, so forbearing, so generous, to be treated thus!" cried Miss Winter, lifting up her eyes and hands.

Lottie had advanced into the drawing-room when she was announced, but Lady Kenyon neither put out her hand in greeting nor invited her to sit down: so poor Lottie remained standing, though her limbs trembled under her.

"Will you not tell me what Nessa has done?" she implored. "I know nothing but that Nessa is lost!" Here she broke down into a sob.

"Then I will tell you," Lady Kenyon returned in the same hard voice. "Nessa robbed me, and then told a story about it when I promised her forgiveness if she would confess. Instead of that, she flew into a fury and ran from the room, and I suppose left the house, for no one has seen her since."

"Nessa a thief! Nessa a story-teller! Never, grandmamma! Nessa never told a falsehood in her life! There is some dreadful mistake! Oh, my poor Nessa!" Lottie fairly broke down now, and dropping into a chair unbidden, burst into a torrent of tears.

"There is no mistake; do you think it is likely I should make a mistake about such a thing as that? There is no mistake," Lady Kenyon repeated, whilst Miss Winter shook her head over the depravity of the human race in general, and of Vanessa Dunstan in particular. "Listen and I will tell you, and you will be able to judge whether there has been a mistake or not," her ladyship continued. "I had placed some money I was about to give as a donation, in the desk in my dressing-room. It was wrapped up in the application paper. I sent Vanessa to the room for a book I had left there. No one else had been in the room. I missed the money soon after, and it was found in a box in Vanessa's room. In spite of this she denied everything; she declared she had brought the book from the dressing-room without going near the desk, and that she had not opened the box where the money was found for days; and instead of confessing and begging pardon, she obstinately stuck to her falsehood, and worked herself up into a fury, as I have said."

"I do not know how it all happened. I cannot tell," replied Lottie, who had dried her tears, and now spoke calmly and with perfect conviction. "But one thing I do know. Nessa never took the money, and Nessa never told a falsehood."

She happened to glance towards Miss Winter, and, quickly observant as she was, noticed that the companion's eyes quailed under her look, and that her hand shook as she lifted her handkerchief to her face. This immediately brought to her mind what Nessa had said about Miss Winter in her letters, and a suspicion flashed across her. But she must be very careful, she told herself.

"I think you are a very headstrong and unreasonable girl, Charlotte Dunstan," replied Lady Kenyon. "The evidence is as clear as noonday. No one had been in the room—no one. My maid was out, whose place it is to attend to it. But enough of this. Vanessa must be found. She is my granddaughter, after all is done and said, and I was fond of her," she added in a softer tone. "I thought she might have been some comfort to me in my old age; and in spite of all, I am willing to receive her back. You say she has not gone home to the Vicarage? I naturally supposed she had."

Lottie shook her head. "I have no doubt she intended to go home," she said. Then she broke down again, quite overcome. Even Lady Kenyon betrayed some signs of agitation.

"I think your father might have come up. Not that he would have been of much use," she said.

"Papa is coming on Monday. He had the services and a funeral to-morrow. I could not wait. I am to telegraph," returned Lottie, between her sobs.

Lady Kenyon drummed with her fingers on the table beside her. "Well, it's no use crying; that won't mend matters," she declared. "I must communicate with the police at once. Oh, you needn't start and look scared; I only mean them to help to find the foolish child. Ring for Craddock, Winter; I will send him; he has a head on his shoulders. As you are here, Charlotte, here you must stay; you can have Vanessa's room," she went on, turning to her granddaughter. "Go and take off your hat; Winter will show you the way. Then we will have tea; getting faint won't help us or anybody."

When Craddock, the butler, came back with his report, Lottie had to be satisfied that all that could be done that evening had been done. Nevertheless, she felt little inclined for sleep when she went up to the room that had been Nessa's. She sat by the window, gazing at what could be seen of the starlit sky, and praying for help in this time of need. Where was Nessa now? What had become of her? Where had she taken refuge? Lottie was too ignorant, too inexperienced for many of the fears that had entered Lady Kenyon's mind; it was only the uncertainty, the wonder; the questioning within herself in what direction to begin her search on the morrow. She was lost in these anxious thoughts, when a gentle knock came to the door, and on the invitation to "come in," a pleasant-looking young woman-servant entered and closed the door carefully after her.

"If you please, miss, is it true that you are Miss Vanessa's sister?" she asked.

"Yes; I am her twin sister," Lottie replied, regarding her visitor with some surprise.

"If you please, miss, we don't none of us believe as Miss Vanessa did it," said the young woman.

"I am sure she did not," returned Lottie, earnestly.

"I've something I want to say to you, miss," the young woman began again, approaching Lottie, and speaking mysteriously.

"To me? What is it? Something about my sister?" Lottie asked eagerly, in the hope that some clue to her whereabouts was about to be given her.

"Just this, miss. My lady believes that Miss Vanessa was the only person who went into her dressing-room that morning, but she wasn't. James, he's that good-natured, he was carrying up a basket of clothes for me, which I'm Sarah Jane, the under-housemaid, please, miss, and he saw Miss Winter in my lady's dressing-room. He didn't like to speak, because it wasn't his place to be on that floor. And that afternoon I was doing out the room opposite to this, and had the door ajar, and I saw Miss Winter come up. She looked about as if she was looking to make sure that no one could see her, and I kept still, for I thought to myself she was after no good, and I saw her come in here, and then I heard a box open and shut, and she came stealing out and ran downstairs quick. I thought she had been taking something of Miss Vanessa's, and I intended to ask Miss Vanessa if she had lost anything, and then we heard nothing till after the dear young lady was out and away. We heard all about it afterwards, through Mrs. Parker, that's my lady's own maid, and then I told James what I had seen, and he told Mr. Craddock, and he said to keep still, till we could circumvent the old cat, meaning Miss Winter; them's his expressions, please, miss. And this evening he said I'd better come and tell you."

"But why did you not tell all this to Lady Kenyon at once?" Lottie asked indignantly.

"Well, you see, miss, this is a good place, and Miss Winter has got round my lady so as never was. But James and me wouldn't mind speaking if we were asked questions, only we don't want to seem to wish to speak," returned Sarah Jane, blushing a little, and playing with the corner of her apron.

"I think I understand," said Lottie. "Papa will be here on Monday, and we will consult him. He will know what it is best to do. But first, we must try and find my sister. Can any of you give me any help there?"

"I'm sure and I wish we could," replied Sarah Jane; "for we all of us liked Miss Vanessa—a nicer, pleasanter, prettier-spoken young lady never came into a house. And Miss Winter was that jealous! she can't abear my lady to get fond of anyone; she would keep the young gentlemen, Mr. Kenyon's sons, from coming about the house if she could."

When she had bid her visitor good-night, Lottie went to bed with an easier mind. What had seemed so puzzling was in a fair way of being cleared up, and the suspicion removed from poor Nessa. And Nessa would be found; she would surely send some word to them on the morrow, if she did not reach home. Hope is so natural at Lottie's age, and she fell asleep in the little white bed, longing for the morning to come that might bring news of Nessa.

We must now follow Nessa, to see what really did become of her. When she left her grandmother's presence she was smarting under her presumed disgrace, stung to the quick by the injustice of the accusation, her cheeks burning, her whole frame trembling with anger and wounded pride; her only thought was to get away out of the house, and never to see any of its inmates again. She ran upstairs to her room, and put on her hat and jacket, scarcely taking the trouble to button the latter, and without taking anything with her, she rushed downstairs and out into the street. It was growing dark, but her idea was to find her way to the railway station, and to go home to her father and Lottie. They would believe her, they would know that she

could not have done what she was accused of. Shut up in a back room with her governess, or only taken to a neighbouring church, or for a formal walk in Kensington Gardens, Nessa had acquired no knowledge of London. There was only one railway station at Hunston, and she did not know that there were others in London than the one at which she had alighted with her grandmother. A carriage had been in waiting for them, and she thought it a long drive, but she was too bewildered and excited to notice much. Now, after almost running for awhile, till she imagined herself out of danger of pursuit, she found herself in a neighbourhood that was quite strange to her. It was by this time dark; the gas lamps were flaring, vehicles of all kinds dashing to and fro, people hurrying along, and Nessa was confused, frightened. She wanted to inquire her way to the railway station, and did not know whom to ask. She stopped once or twice, and hesitated, but no one noticed her, everyone seemed intent on his own business, and so she went on and on. At one corner she saw a policeman looking about him; she had heard of people being taken up for stealing, and she thought he was perhaps on the look-out for her. This idea lent wings to her feet; she darted down one side street and then another, till she found herself in a street of poor shabby houses, dimly lighted. The shops had begun to close by this time, and the night had become cloudy; it was darker than ever. Nessa thought—if thought she could be said to have in her bewildered brain—that she would try and find again the thoroughfare she had left, and then summon courage to ask her way to the station of the first person she met.

Turning suddenly, she almost ran into the outstretched arms of a man. "Whither so fast, my pretty girl?" he said.

Nessa screamed in terror, when a woman, who seemed to be his companion, pushed him on one side, with a loud laugh.

"That seems to be a pretty locket you have on, my dear; I should like to see it a little more closely," she said, in mocking tones. "Hold her, Bill; I think it would just suit my Sunday gown."

Nessa was too terrified to make any struggle; the man held her fast by the arms, while the woman took off the locket and chain, and turned her pocket inside out, possessing herself of her purse and the few other things she had. They then released her, and made off with another laugh; and Nessa ran on, not knowing where, anywhere to get out of that dreadful neighbourhood. But whilst she ran, she was scarcely conscious of moving—it seemed rather as if all the objects were moving round her; she lost all sense of what she wanted to do, all power of directing her course. The gas lamps danced up and down, the pavement sank away under her feet; darkness seemed to come bodily down upon her, and then she remembered no more.

CHAPTER IV.

In an old-fashioned two-storied white house, with a green verandah, in an old-fashioned street in Chelsea, lived Dr. Nugent with his sister Deborah. Dr. Nugent had a good practice, for he was a clever man. But it was well that both he and his sister had an income independent of his profession, for he literally could not send in an account where his patients were not well off, and in cases of poverty, where beef tea and jelly and such-like light and nourishing diet was required, it was always forthcoming from Miss Nugent's kitchen. It was impossible for either the brother or sister to witness suffering without endeavouring to alleviate it. They had two dogs, both of which had been rescued from drowning when puppies, and Miss Nugent, if she met a man with larks or finches for sale, was sure to buy them in order to give them their liberty. As might have been expected, they were often imposed upon, but then still more frequently blessings were showered upon them for the helping hand held out in time of need.

As Dr. Nugent was returning home rather late that cloudy August night, he was startled on perceiving what appeared like a heap of something black on the pavement just before his doorstep; and, stooping down over it, he was still more startled on seeing by the dim gas lamp that it was a young girl who was lying there, dead, as he at first feared. To open the door with his latch-key, and to lift the inanimate form in his arms, and carry it in to the dining-room couch, calling loudly for his sister as he did so, was the work of an instant. Miss Nugent, at the sound of her brother's voice, came hurrying out of the little drawing-room that looked into the garden.

"What is it, John?' she cried; then, seeing the insensible figure on the couch, she uttered an exclamation of pity and dismay. "Oh, John, who is it? Oh poor girl, is she dead?"

Dr. Nugent was already applying restoratives. "No, no, not dead, but it is a bad case, I fear. Call Martha, and get the spare bed ready at once; I cannot stop to explain anything just now."

Miss Nugent lingered one moment to gaze with commiseration upon the slight form, the delicate features, the quantity of fair hair that had come uncoiled when the hat fell off, and then hastened away to obey her brother's behest. The blue eyes had half unclosed themselves, and a faint sigh was breathed from the pale lips, as Miss Nugent and her faithful Martha undressed the poor girl, and, robing her in one of Miss Nugent's nightgowns, laid her tenderly in bed. As Dr. Nugent had foreseen, insensibility only gave way to delirium. There was no possibility of gaining any information respecting this waif thrown upon their hands. The mourning frock she had on was of plain cashmere, but the dainty underclothing, the black silk stockings, and French made boots, and long black gloves, all bespoke her belongings to be of the better class; but from no word that dropped from her lips could they form any idea with whom to communicate.

Her continual cry was for "Lottie" and "papa," and asseverations of innocence, from which they made out that she had been wrongfully accused of some fault. Miss Nugent's theory was that she had run away from school. She urged the advisability of advertising—"her friends will be breaking their hearts on her account," she pleaded; but Dr. Nugent demurred.

"She has evidently suffered some great shock," he said. "I hope in a few days she will be able to answer for herself, but just now, if she was moved, or if she suddenly saw anyone who might cause any renewal of her terrors, I would not answer for the consequences."

* * * * *

Mr. Dunstan came up to town on the Monday, half frantic with grief and anxiety, while Lottie went about looking like a ghost. Lady Kenyon was little less unhappy. From what Lottie told him Mr. Dunstan instituted a strict inquiry, the result being that Miss Winter's treachery was brought to light. When once Lady Kenyon's eyes were opened as to the real character of her companion, the servants no longer hesitated to speak, and many things came out, proving to her how grossly she had been deceived. It was a severe blow to the old lady's pride and self-esteem, but she took refuge in anger, and dismissed the companion with ignominy. Having been found out, Miss Winter confessed. She had endeavoured to ingratiate herself with Lady Kenyon in the hope of a handsome legacy, and when the granddaughter appeared on the scene, she took alarm, fearing that she would no longer be first favourite. She determined therefore by some means or other to bring Nessa into disgrace and get her sent away. She had placed the money in Nessa's box, and then by the innuendoes she threw out incited Lady Kenyon to have it examined. She begged for forgiveness, but Lady Kenyon was inexorable, and she had to take her departure, to the great joy of the household.

Still, this did not help to find Nessa. Inquiries were made at the different railway stations, at the hospitals, every place that could be thought of, but all in vain. The police were at fault and could gain no clue. At last, when nearly a week had elapsed, Craddock announced to Mr. Dunstan one morning that a gentleman was in the library wishing to speak with him, at the same time handing him a card on which was inscribed the name "Dr. Nugent." Half an hour afterwards Lady Kenyon's brougham was on the way to Chelsea with Mr. Dunstan and Lottie. Dr. Nugent advised that they only should see her at first, though Lady Kenyon was anxious to assure the poor girl that her innocence was established. She was, however, overruled.

"She will hear all that is necessary from her father and sister," Dr. Nugent decided. "I cannot have my patient over-excited."

"How shall I thank you and Miss Nugent?" said Mr. Dunstan, as he left Nessa's room, where Lottie had now established herself.

"Tush, there is no need. You would have done just the same yourself," answered the good doctor.

"Well, I believe I should," Mr. Dunstan admitted. Their hands met in a cordial clasp. They understood each other.

The Vicar had to return home, but Lottie remained till she and Nessa could return together. Nessa remained for some time delicate; she looked more like the younger sister than ever with her transparent complexion and the little soft rings of hair that had replaced the abundant tresses that had been cut off. Her father will not hear of her leaving him again for a permanency, but at Lady Kenyon's earnest request he has promised that both the girls shall pay her a visit of two or three months each spring. She engaged a new companion of a very different character, and soon shewed by her letters that she was much less hard and domineering than when under Miss Winter's influence.

And now a wonderful thing happened. The Bishop to whom Mr. Dunstan had been introduced was as much charmed by his manners and conversation as he had been by his writings, and on a vacancy occurring, presented him with a living worth six hundred a year. It was in a neighbourhood where the girls as they grew up would have pleasant society, and was within easy reach of a considerable town, so that they could have the advantage of masters such as they had longed for.

Nessa, probably, will one day quit the rectory for a home of her own, but Lottie will never forget her promise to her dying mother—not to leave her father. In the work of the parish, in the supervision of the household, in exercising hospitality—Dr. and Miss Nugent being always amongst the most welcome guests—in intercourse with her friends, and in her studies, she will have abundant interests to fill her heart and mind. If she has to make any sacrifice it will be amply rewarded by the consciousness of duty done, and by the love of high and low in her father's parish, where the little children cling to her and the sick and the aged bless her as she passes, and the knowledge that she reigns supreme in her father's heart, the delight of his eye, and, in his opinion, the one woman that "excelleth them all."

[THE END.]



VASES.

DOMESTIC LIFE IN CLASSIC TIMES.

WOMEN OF GREECE.

MR. RUSKIN said, in one of his lectures at Oxford, "You will find that among all the treasures of Greek antiquity you can get no notion of what a Greek little girl was like. Matronly Junos, and tremendous Demeters, and Gorgonian Minervas, as many as you please; but for my own part, speaking as a Goth, I had much rather have had some idea of the Spartan Helen, dabbling with Castor and Pollux in the Eurotas, none of them over ten years old."

This observation is indeed true. Just as, in wandering about the streets of Paris, one is struck by the complete absence of child-life, so, after much reading of classical authors, one feels inclined to exclaim, "Where are the children? How about the little boys and girls?" Or, rather, "how about the girls?" for boys are certainly mentioned, and often. In the poets, there are many references to their school life, and to the necessity for the careful training of boys, referring especially to "morals and music." The poet Theognis, who apparently felt that education was a difficult subject to treat successfully, observes—

"To rear a child is easy; but to teach
Morals and manners is beyond our reach;
To make the foolish wise, the wicked good,
That science never yet was understood."

The boys were also taught the three R's, as they are facetiously called, I mean "reading, writing, and 'rithmetic," and learned, besides, to recite the verses of their great standard author, Homer. Gymnastics, too, they were taught systematically, for all free men were trained to be soldiers of the state in ancient Greece.

But for the girls, none of these studies were considered requisite or necessary. I doubt if the far-famed Helen of Troy, whose wonderful beauty and grace, and sweetness of manner, turned the wits of every man that looked upon her—I doubt much if she could either read or write. But she was a good housewife, there is no doubt about that; and was clever and capable in all the domestic arts of her time. Homer mentions her golden distaff, and her "silver basket heaped up with the purple wool" dyed, and ready for the loom. And when Telemachus, the son of her old friend Ulysses, visits her at her home in Sparta, she knows how to welcome and make him comfortable, for we read that after the supper—

"Argive Helen bade the maidens set
Beds in the corridor, which they spread
With rugs and many a purple coverlet,
And blankets of warm wool wherein they might forget,
Sleeping, their sorrows."*

And when their guest is leaving and her husband, King Menelaus, has loaded him with rich parting presents, Helen, too, adds hers, a splendid mantle, which she tells him he must get his mother, Penelope, to take care of for him against his wedding day. Homer adds:

"With no vulgar art,
Her own fair hands embroidered every part."

Thus, although, as Mr. Ruskin says, we may not be able to learn anything of the beauteous Helen as a pretty child, we may, at any rate, learn much from the classic authors as to how the life of the Greek wife and maiden was spent; and what were the qualities and virtues most prized and valued in the Greek home.

Good housewifery was one of the qualities most esteemed in women, and one in which they excelled greatly. To spin with the distaff, to weave in the loom the garments for the family, to direct the labours of the slaves, at a time when every household was, in a great measure, self-sustaining, was the daily work of the lady of the house. It must have been a very indoor, restricted, sort of life that the girls and womenfolk led. The women's rooms (called the *gynæceum*) were always placed at the back of the house, and were quite shut off from the front rooms, where the master of the house received his guests, or did his business. The women's apartments were built round the four sides of an open court, into which they all looked, having no outer windows or doors whatever, except the one passage from which the master entered. Here, then, would the mother give her little daughter her first lessons in using the distaff. Here, in one room, stood the loom for weaving the thread into the simple woollen or linen garments of the whole family, while the finer garments, those for ceremonial or holiday wear, were afterwards finally embroidered with gay colours and elaborate artistic designs. Here, in another room, the women slaves had the laborious task of grinding the corn for the daily bread for all the family, two women to each of the

* Homer's "Odyssey," book iv.

large heavy grindstones. In a description of a king's palace in the "Odyssey" (book vii.), we read—

"Full fifty handmaids form the royal train:
Some turn the mill, or sift the golden grain;
Some ply the loom; their busy fingers move
Like poplar leaves when Zephir fans the grove."

While the Queen herself

"Her hours bestowed
In curious works; the whirling spindle glowed
With various threads; while busy damsels cull
The snowy fleece, or twist the purple wool."

Although there is a great tank in the centre of the open court to catch the rain-water (called the *impluvium*), there is rarely any drinking water supply in the house; so the women slaves have to be sent every morning with large earthern or bronze vases (called hydria) to fetch the supply needed for daily use. On the water jar, the largest of the four vases at the head of our page, we have the public fountain represented; one woman brings her empty jar, balanced sideways on her head, the other is just about to raise her full one. Then, the washing, of course, in those days, had certainly to be done at home; I suppose after wet weather, and there was a good full *impluvium*. But if the family was very large, in a king's establishment, for instance, they would go to the nearest riverside; a cart might be laden with the dirty linen, and the mother or eldest daughter, with a troup of hand-maidens, would make a great wash the excuse for a long pleasant day out of doors in the open air, taking their dinner with them, which they would enjoy in some shady nook, while the clothes are getting dry, and sweet, and bleached, spread out in the bright rays of the full sunlight.

As a charming picture of local country manners, I give the account from the "Odyssey" of the gracious young Princess Nausicaa, the daughter of Alcinous and Arête, the much loved King and Queen of the Island of Phœacia, and her washing expedition.

Exactly similar scenes may be witnessed, even at the present day, in some of the more remote islands of the Greek Archipelago, where a day's wash is still made the occasion for a merry pic-nic; the wine is still carried in goat skins, and the process of cleansing the linen is still by stamping upon it in large open troughs, exactly in the manner described in the primitive and pre-historic days of Homer.*

The lovely young Nausicaa, the daughter of the royal house, is sleeping upon a magnificent couch in her chamber, and dreams that a dear companion of her own age addresses her in the following words.

"Nausicaa, wherefore did thy mother bear
Child so forgetful? This long while doth rest,
Like lumber in the house, much raiment fair.
Soon must thou wed and be thyself well drest,
And find thy bridegroom raiment of the best.
These are the things whence good repute is born,
And praises that make glad a parent's breast.
Come, let us both go washing with the morn,
So shalt thou soon have clothes becoming to be worn."

* See "Greek Archipelago," by Th. Bent.

After again hinting that Nausicaa's marriage may not be far off, the friend continues:

"Soon as the shining dawn comes forth anew,
For wain and mules thy noble father sue,
Which to the place of washing shall convey
Girdles, and robes, and rugs of splendid hue.
This for thyself were better than essay
Thither to walk—the place is distant a long way."

When the morning came, the "fair robed" Nausicaa, wondering at her dream, but liking the suggestion given therein, goes through the wide house to seek her parents, and finds her father just issuing forth to preside at a council of the chiefs.

"Standing beside him, fondly thus she spake:
Dear father, could you lend a waggon tall,
Fair-wheeled and well-equipped, that I may take
Robes to the stream and wash them? For they all
Lie lustreless, defiled within our hall.
Thee most of all beseemeth in our state,
When the Phœacian chiefs their council call,
Clothed in clean garments to attend debate.
Moreover, five dear sons live here within thy gate,
Two having wives, three in youth's flower unwed,
Who in the choral dances would appear
In clothes new washed—this care is mine."

The modest young Princess does not like to suggest that the preparations may also serve



GREEK WOMEN AT THEIR HOUSEHOLD OCCUPATIONS.

for her own wedding, though there are many wooers among the chiefs, who are anxious for a decision, so, with just such a touch of amiable dip'omacy as any maiden of modern days might use, she hints that her father's garments want a little extra care bestowed upon them. The King is evidently very fond of his girl, for he at once answers—

"Loan of mules will I concede,
Or if aught else, dear child, thy heart may cheer.
Go—a tall wain, the servants for thy need.
Fair-wheeled, with upper framework, shall equip with speed."

A covered cart, probably the best in the royal stables.

"Soon from her chamber the bright raiment fair
Forth to the lustrous wain Nausicaa bore;
And in a roomy chest her mother stored
All kinds of delicate food and viands rare;
And eke sweet wine did plenteously afford,
Which in a well-sewn goat-skin for their use she stored."

Nausicaa was evidently as great a pet with her mother as with her father, and she meant her to enjoy herself when the day's work was done.

"So when they came to the fair flowing river,
Which feeds good lavatories all the year,
Fitted to cleanse all sullied robes soever,
They from the wain the mules unharnessed there.
* * * *
Then to the waters dark the vestments bare,
And in the stream-filled trenches stamped them clean,
Urging the welcome toil with emulation keen."

After the washing is done, and the garments laid out in the sun to bleach and dry, the Princess and her maidens enjoy a bathe in a secluded nook of the river, and, after their mid-day meal, indulge in a merry game at ball, and then

"White-armed Nausicaa fair
Folded each tunic, robe, and coverlet,
And stowed them in the wain and yoked the pair
Of mules hard hooved."

And she and her maidens then return home as they came, her brothers coming out to receive her on her return, when they unharness the mules for her, and help to carry the clean *raiment into the palace.*

I have entirely omitted, in these quotations, the incident of the girls coming upon the ship-wrecked Ulysses while they were in the full swing of their game of ball, and of their surprise and fright. But the extreme terror they express gives us a hint of the kind of danger—a very real danger—that might assail unprotected girls in a primitive and unsettled state of society, such as is described by Homer. I mean the possibility of being carried off by pirates to be sold as slaves, or even by adventurous youths on the look out for a fair young wife. There is the story of Helen, the young wife of Menelaus, King of Sparta, carried off by Paris, son of Priam, King of Troy. There is the lovely myth of Proserpine gathering daffodils with her young companions on the plains of Enna, when the coal-black horses of Pluto rise upon her terrified sight, and she is carried off from her doting and distracted mother; and many other stories, historical as well as legendary.

And how sad was the fate of those to whom such lot befel, we, living in these days and in civilised countries, can hardly realise. If young, taken as wife by any rude soldier of fortune who had captured her; if old, set to work, with failing strength, to the most menial work. Such was the not uncommon lot of the women after any of the numerous petty wars in which the Greeks so constantly engaged with one another.

How pitiful are the words of the aged Queen Hecuba, wife of Priam, King of Troy, after the fall of that city, when, after her long and honoured life, she exclaims—

"My seat is now
(Ah, what a seat!) at Agamemnon's tent;
And I am led, in my old age, am led
A captive from my house."*

And then in her misery she ventures to inquire—

"To whom am I, unhappy, in what land
Assigned a slave, useless, worn out with age?
* * * *
To keep their gates will they assign my charge?
Or on their children shall my office be
To attend—I, at Troy with royal honours graced?
. . . . . But now a slave, to seek
A bed of leaves strewn on the ground, a stone
My pillow, there to lie, to perish there,
Wasted with tears."

The fate of the wife of the noble Hector, Andromache, is even more sad. She was given as bride to one of the conquering chiefs who had slain her hero and flung her lovely babe from the walls of Troy to perish at the base—a fellow-slave with the women who but just before were her own slaves.

Therefore, with such terrible possibilities, we need not be surprised that girls who were dear to their parents were kept very closely at home. In fact, they rarely went abroad at all, except on the occasion of the public festivals, or for family celebrations, such as marriages or funerals.

The story of Nausicaa is from the "Odyssey," and is, therefore, legendary; but we have reason to believe that the customs of the Greek people in the earlier historic times continued to be very similar to those that Homer described, at least in many respects. Certainly their ideals of domestic manners and domestic virtues underwent but little change; and Nausicaa might have been a Spartan maid of almost any date.

The bringing-up of girls was somewhat different in Sparta, the chief city of the Doric tribe, from what it was in Athens, the chief city of the Ionic race.

Girls had much more freedom, much more physical exercise, much more out-of-door life in Sparta than they enjoyed in Athens. They were taught gymnastics, like their brothers; like them, they ran races in public, and underwent a regular training, which was regulated by the Government, with the view of making them strong and healthy women. Such fashions as wearing tight stays or high-heeled shoes would have been at once forbidden *by law*. The great object of the legislature in regulating such matters was that when their girls married and came to be mothers their sons might be strong and hardy, and grow up into stalwart soldiers, fit to do good service to the State; for the Spartans thought of little else besides fighting, and esteemed personal bravery and the power of endurance above all other virtues.

Very different were the qualities most prized by Athens, the great rival of Sparta. Like Sparta, she valued physical prowess in her men, but she valued equally the development of intellect and art. For her women she had a quite different ideal. Modesty, timidity, and all the retiring domestic virtues, together with a blind, implicit obedience to father and husband, were almost the only qualities admired or allowed in wife or daughter.

A life of the strictest seclusion was the lot assigned to them, both before and after marriage. No races or gymnastic games, no picnic washing days by the river for the Athenian girl.

A baby daughter is born to the young mother. The fact is announced to the neighbours by a fillet of wool suspended against the door of the house, and this skein of wool typifies the future life of the little one. Had the baby been a boy, a wreath of olive would have told the world that Athens was the richer by another cultivator for her fertile soil. The boy will grow up to manhood surrounded by works of art and literature surpassing all that the world has known of, before or since, for grace or beauty. The girl of Athens will grow to womanhood secluded within bare walls, ignorant of all arts but the very elementary ones of spinning, weaving, and needlework. So timid is she that she will not dare to raise her eyes to any but her nearest relations; so secluded is she that no man save father and brothers ever enters the doors of her apartments.

When about six or seven years of age, she will be taken, with a party of other little girls, all dressed alike in saffron-coloured dresses (the sacred colour) to the temple of Artemis (the Greek Diana), the protecting goddess of young girls, and there solemnly dedicated to the care of that goddess. The maiden goddess, who was supposed to love the chase and the free life of the woods better than the married state, was considered to take especial charge of young unmarried girls. The maiden will visit the temple of Artemis once again, when she lays aside her childhood's toys and games, and enters into the cares of married life.

Here is a pretty little poem from the Greek Anthology commemorating such an event by a girl named Timareté:—

"Timareté, her wedding day now near,
To Artemis has laid these offerings here—
Her tambourine, her pleasant ball, the net
As a safe guardian o'er her tresses set;
Her maiden dolls in mimic robes arrayed,
Gifts fitting for a maid to give a maid.
Goddess, thy hand upon her kindly lay,
And keep her holy in thy holy way."

Again, a maiden grown, she takes part in the procession and the solemn dance round the altar of Ceres when the autumn festivals come round, and the annual public thanksgiving is held for the harvest of corn and olives, or the still greater festival which occurs only every fifth year—the celebration of the Pan-Athenaia, in honour of the tutelary goddess of the city.

Dressed in her long tunic, she, with other girls of her own age, heads the procession, some bearing the vases of incense, some the baskets of cakes to be used in the sacrifice.

Custom demands that she move slowly and with eyes cast down. But now and again we fancy that she glances shyly around her with wonder and admiration at the splendid public buildings, the temples, the shrines, the numberless beautiful statues of her native city, so seldom seen.

The sounds of the flute and the lyre, and the chanted hymns, and all the wonderful beauty of the city wherein she lives, but which she so rarely sees, must be indeed a vision of grandeur to our pent-up maiden. The youths of Athens seek eagerly for these rare occasions, on which they can obtain a glance at their possible brides; for Athens had adopted

* Euripides: "The Trojan Dames."

the eastern custom of permitting no social intercourse between the sexes until after marriage.

Yet once again the portals open for our Athenian girl; this time it will be for her own marriage. She has had no voice in the matter; she has not been consulted in any way; she has probably never seen her future husband, nor he her. But she is eighteen years of age, and her father considers that it is his duty to find a suitable partner for her. This he has done. He has arranged to give her a sufficient dowry, and the father of the bridegroom has had more to do with the arrangements on the other side than has the young man himself. The bride and bridegroom exchange vows, holding each other by the hand. Then the bridegroom makes a present to his future wife. This is the ceremony of the betrothal. The marriage is not long delayed afterwards. The day before the wedding the bride cuts off her long hair, which she dedicates to Athené (Minerva), her father offers up sacrifice to the gods and goddesses who preside over domestic life, and prays to them for the happiness and prosperity of the young couple.

But supposing that while the sacrifice is being offered a *single* crow flies past, the prayers and ceremonies must at once be stopped.

It is an evil omen! The marriage must be broken off!

So full of superstitions were these people, otherwise so wise and intelligent, that no Greek would think of completing the marriage ceremonies (or indeed business of any kind that might happen to be in hand) in the face of an unpropitious omen. If two doves had been seen, it would have been different. That would have symbolised that the union proposed would be one of mutual affection; or if *two* crows had appeared together, that would have presaged long life and fidelity to the betrothed, but a single crow unaccompanied by his mate, that denoted an early widowhood to one of the affianced couple.

"Maiden, drive afar the crow," was part of a popular old wedding song.

And now we see our young and timid Athenian girl, who has barely crossed the portals of her father's house half a dozen times in her life, or ever left the dear company of her mother, for once the centre of all eyes, the observed of all observers, herself the chief object of interest in the gay procession, which conducts her to the house of her husband, her heart full of anxious thoughts for her new and unknown future. Bravely she goes along, seated in the open chariot beside her lord and master. She is dressed, like her husband, in purple; her hair flows loose over her shoulders; they are both crowned with the flowers considered sacred to Venus, goddess of love and beauty, garlands of myrtle and violets. She has gathered the flowers and woven them herself, for a wedding wreath that had been bought with money would have brought sad ill luck to the wearer. On the other side of her sits the groomsman, the husband's friend, whose office it will presently be to lift her over the threshold of her new home, that her foot may by no chance trip against the sill.

The procession takes place in the evening, by torchlight. Her new home is seen covered with garlands and ivy. The laurel, type of the husband; the clinging ivy, type of the young inexperienced wife. Arrived at the portal, a basket of fruit is held over their heads, resting for a moment, so that abundance may be said (literally) to enter the house with them. A banquet is ready prepared, and for once in their lives the women eat a repast in company with the men; not, however, at the same table, a separate table is reserved for the women a little apart, and the bride, still veiled, sits among the women. The mother of the bride carries the torch to light her to her chamber.

Husband and wife must first divide a quince, and eat it together, as a symbol of the sweetness and harmony which it is hoped will rule over their future lives. Meanwhile twelve young girls, their locks crowned with hyacinth flowers, chant the wedding song known as the *Epithalamium*.

After marriage she enters upon her duties as mistress of her new home. These are described at great length in a work by Xenophon, entitled "The Œconomicus: a Discussion on the Duties of Domestic Life." The household of Ischomachus, the friend of Socrates, which Xenophon describes, was considered in Athens as quite a pattern establishment, and Ischomachus is highly praised for having so well trained his young wife in her domestic duties. As his discourse has been fully recorded, and has been handed down to posterity as an epitome of wifely duties, I feel inclined to quote a large part of it.

We may imagine that before commencing his lecture the husband offers his young wife some little present, perhaps a small statuette to ornament her room. Doubtless he would choose a copy of the "Domestic Venus,' by Pheidias*; the lovely and well-known figure with the tortoise at her feet, symbol that a woman should never leave her home.

Ischomachus speaks as follows:—"The mistress of a family, oh my beloved, ought to resemble the queen of the bees. As the insect remains quietly in the hive, to send out the labouring bees, to store up the materials which they bring back, and to distribute them in good time, so a good housewife should attend to the interior of her habitation, despatch those slaves that are to work abroad, assign tasks to such as she keeps at home, and take under her care the produce of their labours. It is, further, her duty to distribute what is wanted for daily use, lest as much might be wasted in a month as would suffice for the consumption of a year. It is her province to see that the wool of the flocks is manufactured into stuffs for clothing and other purposes, and that all fruits, dry or moist, are stored away in such a manner that they may not spoil or take any injury.

"The mistress of a house should also deposit the arms, clothing, and furniture in the safest and most suitable apartments of the house; she should take care that they are kept clean and in good order, and that after they have been used they are returned to their appointed places. She ought to pay attention to the sick slaves of both sexes, to reward the industrious, and punish the negligent and the idle, and instruct the ignorant.

"If, my beloved, you add to the careful performance of all these domestic duties, fidelity to me and tenderness to your children, you may even make me your servant. You will have no occasion to fear any diminution of my love when you grow old; but, on the contrary, you may confidently expect to secure so much the more regard, the more attention you bestow, jointly with me, on your domestic concerns: for all the comfort and happiness of matrimony, as of human life in general, depend not upon personal attractions, which the good and the bad may alike possess, but on virtues by which the good alone are distinguished."

This Ischomachus was considered a pattern husband, and he was fortunate in having an intelligent young wife, who was sincerely anxious to learn all that he could teach her, and to carry out faithfully his instructions in the conduct of their household. A touching little incident occurs after they have been married some time—one of those small matters which seem to link modern to ancient life by an unexpected thread. The young wife, wishing to enhance her charms in order to be even more attractive to her husband, appeared before him one day with the blush on her cheeks heightened by artificial means, and with her natural stature increased by the addition of high soles to her sandals. Really, there is no new thing under the sun! This young wife lived 400 B.C., contemporary with Socrates, more than 2200 years ago. Ischomachus had the good sense not to be pleased. For comment, he asked her "if he should appear more amiable to her if he were to show her, as part of his valuable property, false silver bracelets and personal ornaments made of wood, but gilt or silvered to look as if they were of genuine precious metal. The young Athenian declared to her husband that she should not love him as she did if she thought him capable of deceiving her; whereupon Ischomachus quietly pointed out to her that when a man and a woman give themselves to each in marriage, they should also not attempt to deceive each other in regard to personal appearance."

The young wife never again appeared before her husband except with a natural and simple exterior, and begged him always to point out to her the way not only to appear, but to be, really beautiful.

Ischomachus, who seems to have been very proud of his intelligent young wife and pupil, and never tired of boasting of her to the clever men with whom he was acquainted, told the whole story to his friend, the wise Socrates, who replied, "If Xeuxis were to show me a picture of the most beautiful of women, a veritable *chef d'œuvre*, it would give me still more pleasure to contemplate a virtuous one."

I fear that the practice of heightening the red and white of nature must have been common, for there are so many witty epigrams on the subject by the later Greek poets, that we must imagine there were many women who were unhindered by the self-evident truth that

> "No Hecuba, by aid
> Of rouge and ceruse, is a Helen made."

We may, perhaps, urge in excuse for the women of Athens that the secluded life they led had a tendency to induce a pale and colourless complexion, and the tints which fresh air and exercise would have much better produced they thought to supply by art.

But this custom of keeping the women in such strict seclusion had far worse effects on society than the mere spoiling the complexion; and many evils that arose later may be directly attributed to the exclusion of women from the legitimate society of men, and from all personal responsibility. To the end of their days they were treated like mere children. So strictly were they kept in seclusion, that on one occasion after the news had arrived of some terrible defeat in battle, the married women were severely blamed as having been forgetful of all decorum, by standing at the front door of their houses, questioning the passers by, in their anxiety as to the safety of husband, father, or brothers. So completely were they kept in leading-strings to the end of life, that if a woman were left a widow, a grown up son could dispose of her hand in marriage, or it became the duty of the nearest male relative to do so; but in no case had a woman, by law, any voice in the matter. Women were never considered as companions to their husbands, nor, indeed, did their faulty education fit them to be so, for the Athenian men were very highly educated. Under these circumstances, we can only wonder that marriages were as happy as they certainly often were; nor can we be surprised when we learn that there were women who sometimes broke through these severe restraints.

E. F. Bridell-Fox.

* Pheidias, the sculptor of the Parthenon.

DRESS: IN SEASON AND IN REASON.

By THE LADY DRESSMAKER.

THERE has been a great prevalence of white dresses this year, and everyone has thoroughly rejoiced in being able to once more wear summer apparel, and in the lovely weather of June and July has revelled in pretty colours and dainty frocks suitable to the sunny days. Red is much worn with the white, in the shape of red elastic jerseys or red Indian silk blouses, red hats and parasols, and red stockings—this mixture of colours on young girls having a very pretty effect.

In the embroidered cambric dresses pinks and cold blues, and in striped cambrics mauve and many shades of heliotrope, have been the most liked. This prevalence of stripes and crossbars gives an idea of what we may expect later on, as they will probably be succeeded by light woollen imitations of them. All the flannels and flannelette materials of this season have varied from the tiny crossbar to very large plaids made up in diamonds—a style which, when adopted by very small women, is calculated to make one shiver at the result. But large, fine women have looked very well when, like our Princess Mary Adelaide, they have had a plain colour intermixed. Her Royal Highness has been wearing a heliotrope gown of this kind on several occasions this season.

The popularity of pleated polonaises still continues. One worn in the Park quite lately was in rather a novel style. The yoke was formed of numberless tiny tucks, which were turned to face each other in the centre of the back and the front. These tucks stopped at the shoulders, and the fulness was drawn into the waist by a gathering of about two inches in width in front and behind. The sleeves were gathered in the same close tucks, which stopped above the elbow, and left the fulness round the elbow to be gathered into a deep cuff at the wrist. The skirt of the polonaise was simply drawn back from the front, and much draped at the back. The belt to all these loosely-belted polonaises and



A MOUNTAIN RESORT.



NEW UNDERSKIRT FOR FOUNDATION OF DRESS.

jackets, now so much worn, is always made of stiff belting, with large cords. Yoked blouses (which have been given the very ugly name of bedgown bodices) are in great favour; but they do not come up to the patronage lavished on the pleated Norfolk blouse or the revived gathered Garibaldi bodice, with its pretty and becoming full front puffing out over the band at the waist. The pleated Norfolk blouse is made in two ways. Either the pleats are run halfway down—for country use, boating, or tennis—or else they are fastened the whole way down, which gives the bodice a lighter and more dressed look. The ugly style of putting on three false pleats on a tight-fitting bodice to simulate a Norfolk blouse is not to be commended, principally because of the extremely stiff appearance they present. The blouse is, or ought to be, a loose, half-dress, country-looking thing, and there seems no sense in trying to make it into a tight-fitting bodice, with three very obviously deceptive pleats, put on as a pretence, and not as an ornament. Some of the prettiest of the new blouses were made of Indian soft silks, with honeycombed yokes, the honeycombing being continued on the belt and skirt. This way of ornamenting dresses has become very popular, and answers for thin silks as well as thin woollens.

No new shapes have appeared in plain dress bodices, save that the back shows signs of ever-increasing plainness, and many are made with plain leaf-shaped ends. All-round basques increase in popularity daily; but they, like all jackets and blouses, remain short, and show no signs of lengthening over the hips. There is more change in the shape of sleeves, and on morning dresses those made after the style of shirt-sleeves are very much worn, and so are the sleeves I have already described, tucked to the elbow. Then there is another new sleeve, which has one seam only from the wrist to the elbow, made on the outside of the arm, which is gathered into a long straight wristband. Thus it will be seen that the taste for full sleeves is increasing.

In the month's illustrations I have endeavoured to give the general appearance of dress "at the seaside" and in travelling. One of the cross-barred dresses, made on the bias, is shown, and also the back of the newest "cover coat," with its smart cut and well-sewn double seams the skirt being one of the full lace skirts over either black or a colour. It will be seen that the hats worn have some general feature common to all. They turn up either at the side or back; the linings are generally velvet, sometimes watered silk, and the trimmings are nearly always bows of ribbon or sometimes feathers, though the latter are not very good for s a i.le wear. Tulle seems to be used for every kind of hat and bonnet; white tulle being more used than the coloured. "Picture hats" copied from old pictures, made of drawn muslin and tulle, or straw of different kinds, are amongst the materials of which they are composed, and they are generally quite veiled in tulle, giving a most picturesque effect to the wearer. These are more suited to garden *fêtes* and entertainments than for every-day life. Sailor hats are much worn in every colour, even red, and all hats are high-crowned. But even when in red, and turned up in all manner of odd ways, they rarely appear "fast looking," for the colours are not mixed, and the trimmings are generally of ribbon veiled in tulle.

"The Mountain Resort" shows some simple and ladylike travelling dresses. The checked, close-fitting redingote shows what will probably be worn more in the late autumn months than at present, and I hope the plaids may not grow any larger than they are. The young lady with the alpenstock has the new small bows of *picot* edged ribbon; at the wrists and neck a band of the same ribbon, with the *picot* edge turned upwards, is sewn round the top of the neck and the edge of the sleeves.

The tricycle dress shows the present method of making those useful gowns. Plain and severely useful as is the style, it may be made very jaunty and pretty by careful making and fitting. The hat is of the same material as the dress, and has a few matched ribbon bows in front, the peak being made in such a manner as to shade the eyes from the sun comfortably. The best skirt to use for a tricycling dress seems to be the one with rather wide kilts, which latter give room to move the limbs without constraint. Over this the overskirt must be draped in simple folds, while the bodice must be so well cut as to give freedom to the arms. A small jacket to match the dress may be carried in case of need, but some ladies prefer a fur cape, even in summer, as adding more warmth to the shoulders and being less constraining to the arms than the second sleeve over that of the dress.

The fancy for black lace dresses still continues, and they are certainly the most useful gowns that can be purchased, as they can be worn at all seasons of the year on occasions; and in the warm weather they are seen everywhere, out of doors and in. Under-skirts for the black lace draperies can be made of any pretty colour, as well as black and white, but this must be done in moderation, as one of the ugliest dresses I have seen was a poor black lace over an ugly red, or rather scarlet. To make a lace dress pretty it must be nicely made, and the colour delicate in hue. Some young ladies have a bodice trimmed with lace, the bodice being made of silk of the colour of the silk under-skirt. When this is the case a panel of the silk ought to be shown, and ribbons to match must be worn, a bunch flowing from one side being the favourite style. Full bodices and belts are much liked for young girls in these lace gowns.

Some new kid gloves have been lately made with the parts between the fingers made of silk. These are delightful for summer use, as they entirely take away the disagreeableness of the close kid for the heat; and even for winter, I fancy, they would be more healthful. Chevrette gloves are used for day wear, but white and other distinctively night colours for night.

For black dresses, or dresses of silk of dark hue, satine is the favourite lining for both the bodice and the skirt. This makes dresses look much more tidy, and the use of the covered bones, or steels, though a little more expensive, perhaps adds to the tidy effect, and saves much trouble.

This year I see some ladies have been using Balbriggan or merino undervests for bathing. These fit closely, and also protect the neck and arms from the sun and wind. The use of bathing shoes is always to be recommended, especially when bathing on a rough and pebbly beach. When the undervests are used drawers of blue serge can be made to go with them, and the vest may be in plain blue or striped blue and white.

One of the autumn styles seems to be to trim black hats and bonnets with white ribbon, mixed with black ribbon if liked. These are pretty and simple bonnets, and look very stylish. The newest mantles are small; and this winter it seems as if both small and large would be worn about equally. The large mantles are too heavy for those who walk much; indeed, I may say they are fatiguing in the extreme. The small covert coats and cloth jackets of jaunty make are very comfortable for young people, but do not answer for older ones, who must have a mantle of some sort.

The paper pattern for this month is the new skirt pattern, the peculiarity of which consists in the rounded shape of the back breadth; a method of cutting which ensures a perfectly well setting back. The gore on the top, at the side, is also a new introduction, and a very excellent one. Of course any description of drapery can be arranged on this foundation. The amount of material required is about three and a half yards of stuff, depending on the width of the material used in the dress. There is little change in the method of making skirts, save that the drapery is more and more scanty, and drawn back in front, and also straighter and fuller in the back; the folds falling straight from the top, and forming what are called "Bedouin folds," because they fall like the well-known cloaks which were used some years ago; the hood hanging down loosely at the back. If the tendency to contract the fulness of the skirts should go on, they will become ugly and ungraceful. In dress improvers, however, the tendency is to grow smaller; and if they look puffy, it may often be put down to the material of the dress, and not to steels or pads. The dresses are a little shorter in the skirt this year, and are more comfortable for walking in consequence; but for evening dress there is a decided movement in favour of a slightly trained skirt, which is considered to give more dignity to the appearance of stout and elderly people.

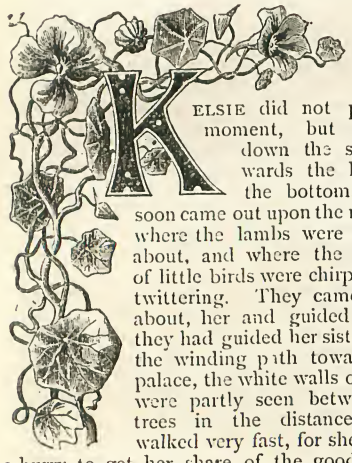


TRICYCLE GOWN.

All paper patterns are of medium size, viz., thirty-six inches round the chest, with no turnings, and only one size is prepared for sale, They may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate Hill, E.C., price 1s. each; if tacked in place 6d. extra. The addresses should be clearly given, and stamps should not be sent, if possible, as so many losses have occurred; postal notes should not be filled up, but crossed. Patterns already issued may always be obtained, as only such patterns are selected as are likely to be of use at any time in home dressmaking and remaking; and care is taken to give the new hygienic patterns for children and adults, so that the readers of the "G.O.P." may be aware of the best methods of dressing themselves. The following in hygienic clothing have already been given:—"Combination" (drawers and chemise); princess petticoat (under-bodice and petticoat); divided skirt, under-bodice, instead of stays; pyjama, night dress combination; also housemaid's and plain skirt; polonaise with waterfall back; Bernhardt mantle, dressing jacket, Princess of Wales jacket and waistcoat (for tailor-made gown); mantelette with stole ends; Norfolk blouse with pleats, ditto with yoke, blouse polonaise, princess dress (or dressing gown), Louis XI. bodice with long fronts, Bernhardt mantle with pleated front, plain bodice with round basques, suitable for simple dresses in either cotton or wool; new tea jacket, or *après-midi*, for indoor wear; new Garibaldi with loose fronts

LITTLE ELSIE AND HER SISTER KELSIE.

PART II.



KELSIE did not pause a moment, but hurried down the stair towards the light at the bottom. She soon came out upon the meadow where the lambs were playing about, and where the swarms of little birds were chirping and twittering. They came flying about, her and guided her as they had guided her sister along the winding path towards the palace, the white walls of which were partly seen between the trees in the distance. She walked very fast, for she was in a hurry to get her share of the good things of which Elsie had told her. She passed through the rustic gate into the garden, and without caring to look at the lovely plants and flowers around her, hastened onwards, and in a very short time stood before the open door of the palace.

While she was peeping, first in at one door, then in at another, and then in at a third, the beautiful queen of the land came smiling towards her.

"Who are you, little girl?" said the queen.

"I am Kelsie," was the answer, "Elsie's sister. Elsie says this is the country of Whatever-you-like, and that everybody who comes here can have everything they like; and you let Elsie have nice things, and I am older than Elsie, and I like the nice things as much as she does, and of course I ought to have what I like, as well as Elsie."

The queen looked rather grave as Kelsie was speaking, but she said, "You are quite welcome – all are welcome who visit this land. I hope you are as wise as your little sister, and will be as well satisfied. Enter at which door you choose, and take whatever you please."

Kelsie did not make any reply, but she said to herself, "Elsie was not at all wise to help herself to so little."

With this thought in her mind, and attracted by the delicious smells, she went in at the same door as her sister, and in a moment fell to at the delicious things on the table. Though she could not have been at all hungry, she devoured one savoury morsel after another, and when she could not eat any longer began stuffing her pockets with more.

Presently she felt something touch her elbow, and looking round, saw the little white cow with the silver cup hanging on her horn.

"Won't you drink some milk?" said the cow.

"Yes, indeed I will," said Kelsie, "I will have some milk; it is just what I wanted."

Then she took the silver cup, milked it full, and drank it off, and found it so extremely nice that she filled it again and again after that. Then she drew a long breath, and began to look around upon all the fine and beautiful things, and to ask herself which she really liked best. She looked in at the arbour where the delicious fruits hung over the mossy seat; but she had eaten and drunk so much that she did not care for more, and passed on.

Soon her eye was caught by the charming dresses and garments of all kinds—dresses of silk and embroidery, lovely laces, ribbons and muslins, and rich Indian scarves and shawls. Kelsie laid hold of one after another, and threw them over her shoulder, until she had got so many that she could hardly carry them. Then she saw others which she liked better, so she threw down those she had and loaded herself with a number of fresh ones.

The white cow looked with her large eyes rather curiously at Kelsie as she was thus busy, and gave her a gentle poke with her horn.

"What do you mean by that?" said Kelsie.

"You cannot wear all those things," said the cow.

"Mind your own business," said Kelsie; "I am to have whatever I like, and you need not interfere."

"Very well, then; but if you are so long in choosing you won't get done to-day."

"Lead on then; and you may as well help me to carry some of these things," and with that she laid the dresses across the little cow's back.

The white cow led the way to a long gallery which was full of the gold, silver, and jewellery, and where the gems and brilliants shone with a splendour that almost dazzled her eyes.

"Oh my," said Kelsie, "what a silly I was to bother myself with these dresses and things. I declare I will have nothing but gold and jewels, pearls, and diamonds, and the finest gems."

Then she began to empty her pockets, throwing their contents on the floor, and filling them again with precious stones and jewels. But she was as hard to please in her choice as she had been before, and had no sooner loaded herself with one set of finery than she wanted another which she liked better; and then she had to empty her pockets again to make room for them.

By-and-by she came to the place where the fine chaises and carriages stood, with beautiful little ponies in bright black and silver harness, all ready for a drive. One pretty bay pony attached to an open chaise drew Kelsie's attention, and immediately she made up her mind to have it.

"I will have that pony and chaise," she said to the cow, "if there is anybody to drive it for me."

"None of these creatures want driving," said the cow; "you see there are no reins; they will go wherever you tell them without driving."

"Oh, that is just capital," said Kelsie, "because I can take so many more beautiful things."

And then she ran back and picked up the things she had thrown down, and put them into the chaise, and she took the fine dresses from the cow's back, and put them in also. Then there were more of the rare jewels which she could not bear to leave behind; and she went on putting more and more into the chaise until it was almost full and there was barely room enough left for herself.

She was quite out of breath and flushed with running backwards and forwards, when she took her seat.

"Now, little cow," she said, "just lead the way out, for I want to get home as fast as I can."

"Here you are," said the cow, and sprang forward to the gate of departure, followed by the little bay, and Kelsie sitting proudly among her treasures, and thinking how Elsie and her mother would be astonished when they saw all the wonderful things she had got.

As she was passing into the meadow she saw the beautiful queen, who stood looking at her rather sadly. She told the pony to stop, thinking the queen would speak to her, and intending perhaps to thank her for all her fine presents. But the queen did not speak, she only gave a sorrowful look at the greedy girl, and gently motioned her to go on her way.

Kelsie felt some misgiving for a moment or two; but she looked at her heap of treasures, and comforted herself with the thought that she should now be rich and grand, and able to live in a great house, and ride in her chaise whenever she liked, and need not care for the queen of that country or for anybody else.

"Now, little bay," she said to the pony, "don't go winding round that pathway, but make a straight line for the fountain stairs."

The pony turned out of the path, and for a time trotted out quite in a lively way across the meadow; but he had not gone half-way across when he began to pant and strain and pull with all his might, and to show plainly that he was not strong enough to drag much farther the heavy load which Kelsie had heaped up in the chaise. Kelsie tried to urge him on by imitating the queer sounds she had heard the carters and ploughboys use when their horses slackened pace. But that was of no use; the poor little pony kicked and plunged about, but could not get on at all.

Then Kelsie thought of what she should have considered before—namely, that it would be impossible ever to get the pony and chaise and all that load up the stairs and into the fountain, or even to get it out of the fountain if it once got into it.

Worse still, she now saw that it was beginning to grow dark, and she felt that if night

came down she would not be able to find her way out of that strange country and home again. Then she felt inclined to cry; but thinking better of it, she leaped out of the chaise, intending to lead the pony by the head.

To her great alarm, the moment her feet touched the ground, she sank over her ankles in mud, and then she was aware of the reason why the pony could not get on. The chaise was stuck in the mire almost up to the axles of the wheels, and the poor bay had sunk so low in the marshy ground that it seemed impossible for him to get out again.

What was she to do? Alas, there was no time to think what was to be done. She felt herself sinking deeper in the mire every moment. There, within sight, was the entrance to the fountain stair, and yet she had a horrid apprehension that she would never be able to reach it. She saw that her very life was at stake, and turning away from her heap of treasures, she made a desperate attempt to get on the firm ground. She succeeded in lifting one foot out of the mire, but it came out without the shoe; it was the same when with a painful effort she drew out the other foot. She was just able to take one step farther, when she began to sink again; and this time when with huge effort she got her feet out, both her socks were left behind. There were sharp stones and old bramble stumps in the bog, and these now cut and pricked her bare feet so badly that she could not bear it; and urged by the pain and the fright she was in, she set up a loud cry.

But no one came to help her. She looked in all directions for aid, but saw none. The pony and chaise and all its load had disappeared —sunk, she felt sure, in the nasty bog; but it was not so, for the little pony had managed to free himself from the chaise and had scampered back to the palace.

"Oh, what shall I do?" she cried aloud; "what a fool I have been! Oh, I wish I had never come here! I wish I had not been so greedy. Oh, mother, mother! Oh, Elsie, shall I never see you again!"

All the while that Kelsie was crying and bewailing herself in this way, she felt herself sinking deeper and deeper in the slough, and it seemed that all her struggling to get out only served to sink her further down. She had almost given way to despair, when to her unspeakable relief she felt something hard under one foot. She knew by the feel of it that it was the trunk of a tree, and on feeling about with the other foot, she found that it slanted upwards in the direction of the fountain. It was not until after many vain attempts that she was able to drag herself forwards. But every step she made she rose higher out of the mire, and at length, after a great deal of struggling and panting, found herself standing on firm ground, but completely exhausted from the labour she had gone through.

Meanwhile, the sun had gone down, and the long summer twilight was giving way to starlight. All surrounding objects were hidden in the gloom; she could see nothing either of the palace of Whatever-you-like or of the fountain rock to which she was bound. "Oh, what shall I do? what shall I do?" she cried again, and she wrung her muddy hands and moaned bitterly.

"Here you are," said a voice behind her, and turning, she saw the white cow standing close to her.

"Oh! take me home take me home, good little cow," she cried imploringly.

"Is that all you want?" said the cow; "you can have whatever you like, you know. Won't you choose something very fine and grand now, just to make folks stare?"

"No, no," was the answer. "Oh, no, no— take me home at once, take me home!"

"All right then," said the cow; "lay hold of my horn, and I'll soon put you on your way home."

The little white cow was as good as her word, and led poor Kelsie on firm ground to the hollow in the rock which led up to the fountain.

"Good-bye, and thank you very much," said Kelsie, as she set foot on the first step.

"Good bye," returned the cow, "and if you should ever come into this country again, I hope you will be as wise as your little sister, and in choosing whatever you like will take what is really good for you, and not what you don't want at all, and therefore ought not to covet."

The cow did not wait for a reply, but disappeared in the gloom. Kelsie scrambled up the steps as fast as her weary limbs allowed her, and again stood under the watery dome. It rose like a crystal wall around her, but it was all in rapid circular motion, and was lighted up by the soft pale rays of the moon reflected from its top, which had risen very high and shone like silver in the bright moonshine.

Kelsie could not see the rough stone steps leading up to the bank, and she put out her hand to feel for them. The moment her fingers touched the crystal wall down came the water with a splash upon her head, almost knocking her down, drenching her from head to foot, and for a time quite taking away her breath.

When she recovered from the shock she found herself standing up to her knees in water, and could feel the pebbly bottom under her feet. Over her head she saw the moonlight shining on the upper steps, and she lost no time in scrambling up the bank in the hope of finding Elsie there awaiting her return.

But there was nobody there to help her; only as she raised her head to look she saw the two little brownies at whom she had thrown her shoe, leaping and skipping about in the silver moonlight. She knew by that that no one could be very near. She was so tired out that she could scarcely crawl, and had not strength to do more than cast herself down on the bank by the fountain.

The little brownies ran into their hole when they saw her, and she was left quite alone in her misery, wet through to the skin, without shoes or socks, her clothes draggled with mire, and her bare feet bleeding and smarting from their wounds. She could do nothing but sob and moan, and shiver as the cold night wind pierced through her sodden garments.

Then she heard a voice calling "Kelsie, Kelsie!" and she knew it was her mother's voice; but she had not strength to call aloud in reply, but lay there sobbing and moaning, and bitterly bewailing her folly and the dismal consequences it had led to.

"Kelsie, Kelsie!" cried another voice, and she knew that was Elsie's, and she tried to call out in return, but could only utter a few faint sounds not likely to be heard at the distance from which the cries had come.

But, faint as the sounds were, they were caught by the mother's ear, and in another minute both mother and sister had come to her assistance. They lifted her carefully, carried her home, undressed her, and put her to bed, where she soon cried herself to sleep.

You will wonder, perhaps, how it was that Elsie was not waiting for her sister when she came back from her unfortunate expedition to the land of Whatever-you-like. The reason was this: Elsie knew that Kelsie could not be back very soon, and as she was eager to give her mother the nice things and the comfortable dress she had brought for her, she thought she might as well run home with them and be back in time to meet Kelsie. However, she had hardly told her mother where she had been and what she had done, and had said nothing about Kelsie, when the old forester came in. He was Elsie's grandfather, and he wanted her to run with a message to his wife in the forest. Elsie set off at once; but her granny kept her so long, making her tell over and over again the wonders she had seen, that she did not get back until it was nearly dark. She was alarmed at finding, on arriving at home, that Kelsie had not returned; and her mother was still more concerned, for she had imagined that the children had met, had gone together to the forest, and would return together.

When Kelsie awoke in the morning she did not feel at all well, and, more than that, she felt heartily ashamed of her doings in the land of Whatever-you like, and she did not care to confess how selfishly and stupidly she had acted. She shed a good many tears when, in answer to her mother's questions, she had made a clean breast of it, and acknowledged how silly and greedy she had been, and had lost everything through coveting too much.

"Ah," said her mother, "you have found the truth of the old saying, 'Grasp all, lose all.' But never mind; if what you have gone through has taught you to think more of others and less of yourself, you will be better and happier all your days for having gone down the wonder fountain and seen the land of Whatever-you-like."



Heraldry.



PART IV.

READERS of part III. of this series of articles may remember that *cadency* was to follow next on the list of subjects proposed for consideration. It is otherwise called "differences" in the language of heraldry, and denotes certain signs employed to distinguish the several sons of the head of a clan, or family, which are borne on the escutcheon in perpetuity by the representative of each house. Of these differences there are nine. The daughters of the house use no differences on their coats of arms, which are blazoned on a lozenge instead of a shield. They all hold the same rank as that held by the eldest son during their father's lifetime, having precedence of all younger brothers and their wives, and taking their place next immediately after the eldest son's wife. This status of theirs will be recognised in view of the fact that the daughters of an earl are styled "The Lady so and so," just as the eldest son is "Lord so and so; while all the younger sons and their wives are styled "The Honourable." *

Nevertheless, while using a lozenge in place of a shield, and employing no differences, it was usual for gentlewomen to wear the arms of their father's house emblazoned in needlework upon their kirtles, or forepart of their vests, and those of their husbands upon their mantles, which is called "bearing arms, kirtle, and mantle." Women were much interested in heraldry, and took equal pleasure with men in wearing those cognizances which constituted the birthright of their own, and a husband's family. We give an illustration of a lady whose individuality and condition were thus marked by her dress.

Another interesting example will be found on the seal of Margaret, second Queen of Edward I., and daughter of Philip Le Hardi, King of France. The three lions of her husband in this case appear on her tunic instead of her mantle; on the dexter side the arms of France emblazoned on a shield, and on the sinister side the lion rampant on a corresponding shield. Her crown consists of three *fleur de lis*, and her sceptre is surmounted with the same. The respective seals of Agnes de Percy and Margaret, Countess of Lincoln and Pembroke, likewise show their armorial insignia on their tunics, and they hold emblazoned shields. Brasses and effigies of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries are rich in examples of ladies in heraldic costume, the custom dating back considerably earlier still.

After this digression we may resume the question of differences, which, according to Sylvanus Morgan, began to be adopted about the time of Richard II. Charles Boutell says that it is extremely doubtful when this system came into universal practice, although De Quincy, Earl of Winchester, differenced his seal with a *label* about the year 1215.

The heir is denoted by the *label*, as seen on the shield of Henry V., when Prince of Wales; the second son by the *crescent;* the third by the *mullet* or star; the fourth by the *martlet* or bird; the fifth by the *annulet*, or ring; the sixth by the *fleur de lis;* the seventh by the *rose* (conventional); the eighth by *cross moline*, resembling four crescents placed back to back, in a cruciform arrangement; the ninth a double *quatrefoil*.

The Prince of Wales alone, amongst the Royal Family, has a distinct coat of arms; those of all the Royal Princes and Princesses are alike. The latter are distinguished the one from the other by special charges emblazoned on the several depending points.

Before passing on from the subject of differences, it may be well to give the respective origin of each, as explained by Mr. James Coats (Ed. of Gwillim's "Heraldry"), quoting from Sylvanus Morgan:—

"The *label* is the joy of the parents, the *crescent* is the double blessing that gives future hope of increase. The *mullet* doth mystically signify the number of the whole stock, namely, father, mother, himself and brethren. The *martlet* being winged, activity of the fourth brother, modernly used to signify, as that bird seldom lights on the land, so younger brothers have little land to rest on, but the wings of their own endeavours, who, like the swallow, become travellers in their season. The *annulet* may denote the perpetuity of the family, being set on the basis of a fifth house. The *fleur de lis* and the *rose* is the contemplative life that younger brethren lead in the schools of great literature, weaving chaplets for the heads of the muses, educating men fit for church and state, who, though they have perhaps no more than the lilies of the fields."

In my first article I referred the origin of crests to the ancient Carians, who seem to have advanced very considerably in the art of devising and manufacturing the harness and trappings of war. The name is derived from the Latin *crista*, meaning a comb, or tuft. Our esquires who had no notable command wore only a steel crest, from which depended drooping feathers, or scrolls. At first they were made of stiffened leather or pasteboard, painted and varnished, so as to be proof against rain, and later on of wood or iron, and therefore had to be reduced in size. In the reign of Henry III. they became general, as a mark of distinction; just as crosses, stars, and medals are now awarded for gallant deeds of arms and services demanding special coolness and courage, passive as well as active.

The dragon and the wyvern are amongst the most ancient crests in this country. A crowned lion was first assumed by Edward III. That of Cœur de Lion was a plume of feathers surmounting his helmet, and of Richard II. a lion on a "cap of dignity."

In the fourteenth century the "cognizance," or "crest," began to be "emblazoned" surmounting a "wreath"; otherwise a coronet, a "cap or maintenance," or a "mural crown."

It has been asserted that the crest is a personal "bearing" only, and not hereditary, like the coat of arms on the shields; but early and common usage pronounce the crest to be hereditary also. At the same time the signification of the arms on the shield is regarded by the heralds as complete without the crest.

Alexander the Great wore a ram's head, to indicate that he was the son of Jupiter Ammon, who was represented with the same crest. Julius Cæsar adopted a star, to denote that he was descended from Venus; but sometimes he wore a bull's head, an elephant,

* See "English Heraldry," by Charles Boutell. Reeves and Turner, Strand.

or a she-wolf, that animal having suckled Romulus and Remus. In the early crusades the Christians wore a cross darting forth rays,



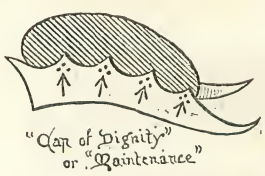
LADY BEARING ARMS, KIRTLE, AND MANTLE.

adopting the same emblem for their shields and banners.

Crests were worn long anterior to that of escutcheonal arms, or, at least, than such became hereditary. A noble of the first or second class succeeded to the latter by birth, whereas at first he could only obtain a crest as a knight in actual service. They belonged essentially to the person of a military commander, and thus it is easy to understand that a lady, whose birthright it is to wear and use the arms of her family, could have no right to use a crest—a prohibition obtaining to this day.

The earliest record of the Royal grant of a crest dates back to the year 1335, when Edward III. conferred an eagle on William de Montacute, Earl of Salisbury. A lion *statant guardant* was that of the warrior king himself. Some five years later (about 1340) Sir Geoffrey de Louterell wore a fan-like crest covered with birds, such as formed the charges on his shield, and Roger de Quincy, Earl of Winchester, wore a wyvern.

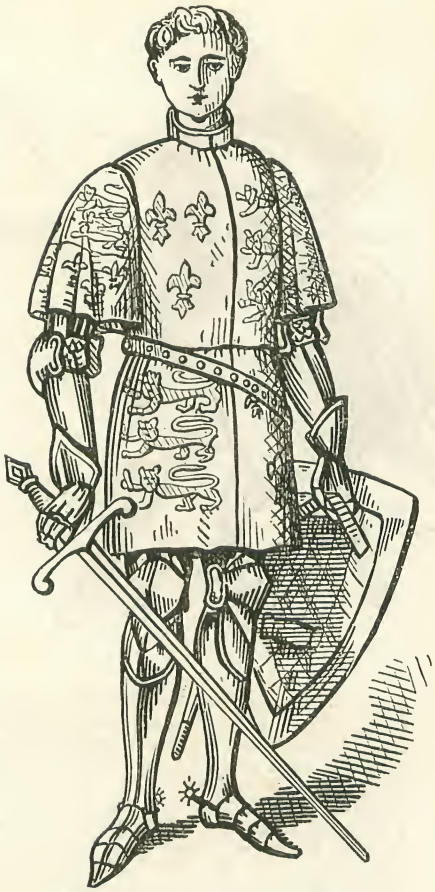
The crest was always placed on a wreath, or cap of maintenance, or a rose out of a coronet or mural crown. The most common foundation was the wreath, which was formed of two or six large skeins of silk, or strips of ribbon, twisted together, composed of different colours, and serving the double purpose of an ornament and also for the protection of the head from the blow of a mace or a sword-cut. When blazoned in heraldry, they were tinctured with the principal metal appearing on the coat of arms. The first ribbon, or coil of silk, represented the metal, the second the colour (or painting), the predominant metal and colour appearing alternately. The earliest known representation of a wreath is to be seen at Elsying, Norfolk, engraved on the memorial brass of Sir Hugh Hastings, 1347. Monumental effigies still in existence show that during the Middle Ages wreaths were decorated with embroidery, and sometimes



with precious stones. The wreath, bandeau, or torse was probably adopted from the Saracens by the Crusaders, who found it an essential defence from the heat of the sun as well as from blows.

The cap of maintenance or of dignity was an ancient form of hat worn by dukes, formed in the soft crown of scarlet or crimson velvet, and with a stiff brim turned up with fur. This very frequently served as a foundation or support for the crest, instead of a wreath. The brim extended at the back in two points. The origin of the name is traced to the cap which Pope Julius II. sent to Henry VIII. with a sword and the title of "Defender of the Faith" (because He "maintained" the cause of the Roman Church in a clever work against Lutheranism).

In French this cap was called the *chapeau*, and was originally worn by royal and noble personages on state occasions, one such being carried before a monarch at a coronation, and

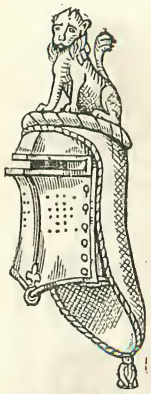


EDWARD V. AS PRINCE OF WALES, IN SURCOAT.

in those times it was a symbol of special honour and dignity.

Sometimes a coronet takes the place of the cap of maintenance, the wreath, and the mural crown, and when employed as a charge, it takes the form of a ducal coronet, only without a velvet cap within it. A crest-coronet must be carefully distinguished from those that are the insignia of princely or noble rank.

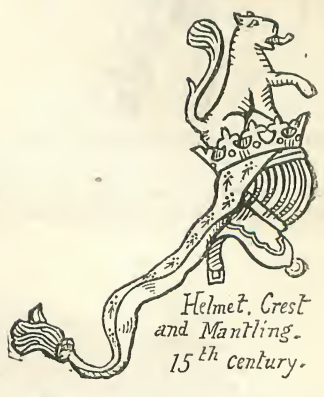
The mural crown was of early Roman origin (*coronæ muralis*), and constituted one of the highest military decorations. It was of gold, and surmounted by turrets (*muri pinnis*), awarded to the first warrior who scaled the walls of a besieged city. The technical term in heraldry—turrets—does not mean a small round tower, but the usual finish on the summit of a fortified building, which often surmounts machicolation, or the hollows supported by arched brackets, down through which melted substances (such as boiling lead) were poured on the assailants. Most of my readers have seen battlements surmounting such machicolation in the ancient castles of



HELMET WITH MANTLING-CREST ON A WREATH.

our United Kingdom, and, apart from the latter, on the square towers of many of our old churches. Being, therefore, representative features of fortified towers or turrets, through the openings of which the archers and crossbowmen used to fire on the enemy under cover of the battlements, the emblem of distinction to the knight or soldier who first scaled the fortified tower was termed "turrets."

The subject of mantling is closely connected with helmets, and both must be noticed together. The "pugheries" of the present day, or linen covering descending from a hat or helmet, is only a revival of the ancient drapery worn to shield the head and back of the neck from the sun, and to preserve the steel from the influence of bad weather and consequent rust. So far as heraldry is associated with the subject of helmets, a few passing observations must be made upon them also. As seen upon brasses, and illustrated in old engravings, their character and the position they presented indicated the rank of the wearers. The sovereign is represented in a helm of gold, with six upright bars to preserve the face, in place of a visor, set *affrontée* (or full front presentation); princes and nobles of the first class, helm of silver, garnished with gold, set nearly in profile, and showing five bars; baronets and knights, the helm of steel, with silver decorations, having no bars, but a raised visor, set *affronté*; and esquires and gentlemen (or nobles of the second class) had likewise steel helms with the visor closed, and set in profile. However, in one respect these distinctions do not appear on the early seals



PRINCE OR NOBLE OF FIRST CLASS.

and other heraldic compositions; but the helms were all, I believe, set in profile until about the year 1600.

Position is likewise significant to the student of heraldry, and the history of chivalrous times as regards the knights and the crusades.



CRUSADERS GOING TO HOLY LAND.

The effigy representing one of the former, having the right foot placed over the left, is that of one on his way to the Holy Land; with the left over the right, indicates one on his return from the wars; with both feet placed side by side, one who has either reached



CRUSADER RETURNING FROM HOLY LAND.

home or who has not yet left it. So in the same way the hand on the sword-hilt at rest, or drawing it from the scabbard, or in the act of replacing it, indicates the same stories respectively.

The mantling descended to the shoulders, and in some cases it was still deeper, and covered them like a cape. The more ragged and hacked it was in coming out of battle, the greater the warrior's pride in wearing it, as it indicated the desperate hand-to-hand combats in which it became torn into shreds, and the numbers of battles in which he had been engaged. In course of time the ragged, battle-stained mantling, otherwise called the *lambrequin* or *cointise*, that descended from the helmet, was represented on an engraved or painted armorial escutcheon like a collection of ribbons, curling and floating about as though they were merely decorative flourish-



ings, quite unconnected with the helm and its crest. These ribbon-like appendages sometimes depend below the latter, appearing like an ornate frame enclosing the chief part of the escutcheon. Should the reader ever visit St. George's Chapel, Windsor, she will see a remarkable example of mantling in the garter-plate of Humphrey, Earl of Stafford, A.D. 1460, torn into decorative and decorated ribbons, and having the appearance of flourishings.

As the wearing of the lambrequin or mantling was essential for the helmet, so also was the surcoat, or coat of arms. This garment reached to a little below the waist, was open at the sides, had short sleeves to the elbows, and was sometimes belted in at the waist. In fact, it was like a shirt, only embroidered with the arms of the wearer, enamelled with beaten tin, and coloured red, blue, green, and black. But it was sometimes of white only, with a red cross on the breast.

In its earlier history, we find that it was a



CRUSADER AT HOME.

long flowing garment, and was not shortened until about the year 1325, and then it was distinguished as a *cyclas*, taking the form of the *jupon*, a short sleeveless surcoat; it was charged with armorial insignia, and was in use between the years 1340 and 1405, or thereabouts.

In the next (and last) article of this series I hope to consider the question of supporters, heraldic mottoes, standards, liveries, and cockades, heralds' visitations, and heralds themselves. Possibly, in another series of articles, I may have the pleasure of discussing the origin, and the use by both sexes, of badges and devices, knots



RIBBON-LIKE FLOURISHINGS REPRESENTING TORN MANTLING.

and twists, and warcries, &c.

(*To be concluded.*)

TRANSFORMED.

CHAPTER V.



AND now, when we were preparing to come home with Charley, who had joined us towards the end of our stay, a letter came from my mother, saying that they were coming back—she and my sisters — and we were to stay for the winter at Florence. My father would join us later on. Aunt and my cousins went back to England, after placing me safely in the bosom of my family.

My sisters were very fashionable young ladies, who entered into society with all the zest of a girl in her first season. I soon found that we had not much in common. A distaste, not for gaiety, but for that form of it which is most usually implied when the term is used, had been gradually creeping over me. I had become convinced that whatever energies we were granted ought to be put to some use. I cast about me for something to do, but there seemed nothing. No home duties, for we had plenty of servants; no little services for my mother that her maid could not do twenty times better than I. I resolved to go through a course of painting lessons, and, through the interest of some friends, one of the first artists consented to take me for a pupil. Despite my great wish to get on, however, the work flagged. It was too quiet, and the early drudgery inseparable from any branch of art was not sufficient to fill my mind. I longed for more active work—work in which both mind and body might act together.

I had my wish, but in a way I little dreamed of.

In the early spring a letter came from Jessie, saying that aunt was dangerously ill. She had been ill now for about three weeks; but aunt had begged them not to tell me, lest I should be alarmed, and she hoped soon to be better. As she did not rally, however, she herself told Jessie that she might write and inform me of her condition.

Dear aunt! even in sickness and in pain was she thoughtful of others. She knew me well enough to be aware of the effect that a communication of this kind would have upon me.

In less than an hour after the receipt of this letter I had coaxed my mother into giving her permission for me to return to England. Her own maid was to accompany me as far as Calais, place me on the steamer, and put me in the care of the captain. Thence I should be quite well able to manage alone.

I found my aunt seriously ill. She had to be nursed night and day, and was perfectly helpless from weakness. The girls were delighted to see me, if only for companionship.

There was one trained nurse with aunt, and I soon found my way into the sick room, where I had some little difficulty in making my way with the practical little woman who had my aunt in hand.

"Thank you, miss," she said. "I do not want help. In fact, if you will excuse my saying so, I think if you kept away it would be better for the patient, and give me less work."

At this hint that I should be actually creating instead of lessening the work, I should at any other time have gone off in a huff; but I was not to be put aside quietly like this, after having come so many miles to be with my aunt.

"You have not tried me yet, nurse, you know," I said. "I am sure I shall soon learn how to be useful, if you will let me be here. I shall observe for myself how things are done, and then you can get a little more rest."

"Why, miss, what can you do with that fashionable gown on? That is no dress for a sick room."

"You are right, nurse," I replied. "It is not"—for the first time struck with a fact which I had not thought of before.

"You could not lift a patient with those tight sleeves, miss," she continued, rather mollified.

"No. I will put on a wrapper for to-day and to-morrow, and the day after that I will have a plain, sensible gown on."

It was astonishing how at home I found myself in the sick room. It was as if I had been used to the work all my life. My dear aunt was often attacked with breathlessness, which necessitated holding her up in the position which eased her most. Often, too, she had to be held in position with one arm and fed with the other. Oh, how thankful I was for my strong, supple figure! I knew it looked well; but I think I was even more glad that it was of such use to me. I could stoop over her bed in the most trying positions without fatigue. I was strong, robust, and felt myself capable; and Charley, who came very often, partly as friend, partly as medical adviser, declared that he never in his life saw anyone so changed as I was. No one knew it better, though, than I myself.

I will not relate all the details of my aunt's recovery; it has nothing to do with my story. The delightful days of convalescence, when she was slowly but surely returning to health, and beginning again to take her old keen interest in all around her.

I had been reading the newspaper to aunt one afternoon. Charley had come in, and was sitting talking to us upon any subject that came uppermost.

"How long have I been ill, Charley?" said my aunt.

"Let me see. Your illness began in February. We are now at the beginning of August."

"Is it possible? Five months! What a weary time this must have been for you, my dear!" said my aunt.

"No, aunt. The time has flown."

"Cis had plenty to do," said Charley. "And I may now say something that will give her pleasure. I do not think we should have pulled you through, aunt, if it had not been for Cis. She was so capable during those attacks of breathlessness, that nothing but a strong arm to hold you up could have helped you to tide through them. It is a custom to prop patients up with pillows, but that does not hold a candle to the strong arm, which can be constantly adjusted. But few persons are able to hold out like Cis did."

My aunt looked at me affectionately, and held my hand in hers.

Need I say with what joy and pride I heard these words? At last I had been useful, and useful in a manner which of all others I should have chosen had I been allowed to choose. To think that, with God's blessing, I had been the means—that He had allowed me to be the means—of being of vital use to her to whom I owed so much! It was one of those glad, full moments in our lives which are so sweet one would fain hold them and bid them linger awhile.

I had never asked after Mr. Warren. He never came to inquire after aunt, and I learned one day accidentally that he had left quite suddenly. Charley said that he had lost what little fortune he had had, which, small though it was, had rendered him independent of his brush as a means of support. He had told Charley that he must now face life in earnest—that his motive power must henceforth be bread, if he could get it with, if not without, butter, but, at any rate, bread. Charley had written to his late address once or twice, but had received the letters again through the dead-letter office.

As for me, I felt that my vocation in life was nursing. I got leave from my mother, as soon as aunt was completely recovered, to place myself where I could receive thorough training. I proposed to join no sisterhood or nursing home, but after I had received my training to inform those who had the care of the sick and poor in and about our parish that, when help was required in this direction, I should be ready and willing to place my services at their disposal.

One fine morning I was told that one of the Bible-women of our parish wished to see me. I asked her what I could do for her, and she said that they had received an application from ——, a small town a few miles off, for a voluntary nurse. They had not one to spare, and it was a most urgent case of inflammation of the lungs in a child—a girl of twelve. The only difficulty would be about my time of rest. It would be too

far to come back here; but if I consented to go, I might either sleep at the vicarage, or—for that was rather far off—I might have a room in the house of one of the Bible-women there, which would be closer at hand. I hesitated not a moment. Aunt, I knew, would give her consent, and I lost no time in getting my necessary things together.

I had designed my own nursing-gown. It was of soft pale-grey cashmere, and consisted of a skirt which just cleared the ground, and a tunic which hung from the shoulders, and was confined by a girdle at the waist. The sleeves were loose, but not voluminous. This enabled me to lift my arms and bend in any position necessitated by the condition of the patient without check or hindrance. Broad turnover collar, and white cuffs, a print gown, a dressing-gown, and several bright-coloured print aprons completed my wardrobe.

As I was adjusting my collar I caught sight of myself in the long cheval glass opposite, and I must confess that I was completely satisfied with what I saw. I seemed to myself much taller; there was a spring and a suppleness about my figure; and, above all, I felt so well, had such abundant energy, that I positively longed to be at my post beside the little sufferer.

(*To be continued.*)



MISCELLANEOUS.

NORA.—The articles on "How to Ride" are to be found in the "G.O.P." vol. iii., pages 3 and 131.

F. Y. C.—You contradict yourself. If it be necessary to "wait until the Holy Spirit shows you your sins," how is it that you "have been praying for a very long time for your sins to be forgiven"? You may take comfort, for it is the Holy Spirit Himself that inclined you to pray, and your Saviour says "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out."

JUBILEE.—We can only recommend for the hundredth time the use of a face and back board, both simultaneously, at least for an hour daily.

A TROUBLED GIRL.—We are told that even "a just man falleth seven times and riseth again"; and St. Paul speaks of sometimes "doing that he would not," through human infirmity or temptation of the Evil One. We all have temporary declensions, and need to ask pardon day by day, and new gifts of faith and grace, and help against temptation. You already wish for the grace of repentance, and that wish is the gift of Divine Grace. Thus, you cannot have "sinned past forgiveness." "He is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by Him," that means, trusting in the atonement of your merciful Saviour.

GETTING FORWARD requests us to "incert" her questions "in the Correspondents"! Poor correspondents! One imagines the questions sticking into them like skewers! She should say, "Amongst the Answers to Correspondents;" or, "in the correspondence columns." Old used stamps should not be sold, as a nefarious trade is known to be carried on by cleaning and reselling them; thus cheating the Government in the same way as do coiners of counterfeit money. There was no "misprint" in the answer to which you refer. Are you left-handed?

E. M. LONGSHAW.—Is it wrong to listen to a sermon on Sunday? Sermons are published as books; and they are not "the Bible." Or wrong to read a hymn, or a prayer book? There are many excellent and interesting, as well as useful and religious books suitable for a day specially devoted to prayer and Divine worship. Do you think we should publish the "Sunday at Home," if "wrong to read any book on that day but the Bible"?

IGNORANT COOK is unfortunately as ignorant of spelling! She says, she likes the "tails" in our paper, and inquires whether it be "ladilike to do cooking," as she "thought only servants did it"! and subscribes herself "your's truely." Many a well-born, well-bred woman has to instruct her cook, and teach in a practical way, which is the best method of teaching; and when unable to pay an experienced cook, she has to undertake certain little things herself. It is not often that the mistress who can keep a maid needs to clean the fish or truss the fowls. Fresh clean suet is not poisonous, but ought to be chopped finely.

F. A. S.—We have frequently given the origin of peculiar names used to distinguish certain localities in and near the metropolis. "Spring Gardens" was so called from a water-work contrivance designed to play a practical joke on the unsuspecting pedestrian who chanced to set foot on a part of a piece of mechanism, with the result that he found himself under a shower-bath. There are various kinds of "Seven Sisters," as, for example, "Seven Culverins," cast by one Borthwick, to which allusion was made by Sir W. Scott in "Marmion." Likewise the window in the north transept of York Cathedral is so called, because it has seven tall lancets. We thank you for your kindly-expressed appreciation of our magazine.

A. O. G. G.—For any back number of the "G.O.P." you should apply to our publisher, Mr. Tarn, not to the Editor.

M. J. K.—The best thing to do for a very bad cold is to "nip it in the bud" on first realising that you have had a chill. Put your feet and legs in mustard and hot water, take a hot drink and go to bed for two days. Were it possible to obtain the hydropathic treatment of "Packing," when you then get up you might go out of doors without danger. But, even without that most trying and disagreeable and wonderfully effective treatment, after the two days' old-fashioned method of cure you would find yourself nearly, if not quite, well.

JUBILEE.—You appear to be constitutionally delicate from the description you give of the state of your tongue, and your disposition to faintness. You need the opinion of an experienced medical man.

F. L. P.—All visitors, without exception, whether they come to spend the day or not, should be shown into the drawing-room and duly announced. It is not usual to take off your bonnet when you go out to lunch, only the mantle.

LADY ETHEL.—The hymn, "Our Blest Redeemer," was written by Harriet Auber, born in London in 1773, died at the great age of 89 in 1862. You should read the articles on "Women as Hymn Writers" in vol. vi., by the Rev. T. B. Willson, M.A.

GOVERNESS.—Certainly, you should rise and bow when your employer brings a visitor into the schoolroom to see the children, and she will, or should, then respond to your polite reception and acknowledgment of their presence, by saying, "Pray do not let us disturb you, Miss——;" when you may sit down again.

C. C.—The children's maid washes and dresses the children, keeps their clothes tidy, and also should be able to make them; takes them out for exercise, and keeps her nurseries clean and neat, unless she has a maid under her.

A GROWING GIRL should exert her own will in the matter, and resolve to stand upright; it is just as easy a matter as stooping, and far more natural. Leave off stays, wear loose bodices such as the Norfolk blouse or new Garibaldi, and learn to breathe deeply and slowly.

MAUD.—We think that you must not give way to discontented feelings, and should try to make yourself happy in your home. If you ask your mother, we are sure she will take you out, and if not, perhaps you have a garden in which to take exercise.

NORTHERN STAR is thanked for her little present, and kindly give our acknowledgments to your mother for her gracious message. We rejoice in being able to give the advice and information to our girls, for which they write.

FLOWER GIRL.—The usual plan to pack flowers to go a long distance now seems to be to gather them and put them in the box very fresh. No cotton wool seems to be used, except for made-up wreaths or bouquets; when the flowers arrive they should be put into warm water, which revives them at once.

DOLLY.—An "*al fresco* meal" means one taken out of doors. The words are Italian, meaning "cool," "fresh"; and they might also mean "in the shade."

LONELY E.—If your have four bound volumes of the G.O.P. you will find much instruction on the subject in them; and you should consult your father's and mother's wishes. "How to Form a Small Library" in vol. ii., p. 166, will assist you in your selection of books.

JOSEPH.—A little honey added to paste will make it stick to tin without trouble.

A NEWPORT PAGNELLIAN.—There are twenty-one colleges at Oxford. The oldest is "University College," said to have been founded by Alfred the Great, in 872. Then comes "Balliol" 1268, "Merton" 1274, and "Exeter" 1314. Thirteen were founded before the Reformation.

A HANNAM.—The doctrine of the Holy Trinity is a mystery which we must be prepared to receive in humble faith, "as little children." How can the finite understand the infinite? None but God Almighty can comprehend His nature; and we do not attempt to offer explanations.

A READER OF THE "G.O.P."—See our article on "Good Breeding, as shown in Riding, Driving, and Walking," vol. v., p. 474. As to rising from your chair when a visitor enters, it depends on whether the latter be a man or woman, and your own age and position in life. Read our series of articles on the subject of Etiquette, and "The Habits of Polite Society," vol. iii. Of course much has only reference to the obligations of such society.

AN OLD FRIEND'S subscription towards the missionary funds of the "Religious Tract Society" of ten shillings is thankfully acknowledged. The delay was caused by the fact that no money was enclosed in your first letter to us, but came in the second.

LIZZIE.—We cannot be responsible for the wholesome character of the many teetotal drinks. You had better consult a "Blue Ribbon" doctor as to the best for general use, as well as on the point of view in reference to yourself individually. "What is one man's meat is another man's poison."

BIRDIE.—We thank you, but we are already supplied with experienced writers; no others would suit us.

NINA.—If the poor man be an honourable man, supposing him likewise to be sufficiently in his right mind to take in the situation, he should be the first to release you from your engagement. In any case, you are completely absolved from it; and ought on no account to marry a man who has ever been confined in a lunatic asylum. It would be very wrong indeed to do so; especially as the length of time which has been needed for treatment shows the case to be a serious one, and a recurrence of mania very probable.

R. I. P.—We have ceased to reply to queries respecting the complexion, having so often given in answers and in articles all the advice and information we have to offer. Unfortunately your second question is one which has also had very carefully considered replies. Our columns are not open to controversy, and the question is a vexed one amongst God-fearing people. But as far as your own conduct is concerned, your course is clear, for you should be guided by the wishes of your parents.

TRYPHENA.—Salt water is irritating to the skin of the face, though sea-bathing, in great moderation, is beneficial to the general health of many persons. What tends to the health, tends ultimately to the improvement of the complexion; but sea-bathing usually brings out spots on the face, and tans it likewise.

HEADACHE.—We should require to ascertain the cause of your headaches to be in a position to suggest a possible method of cure. You are much too young to begin with headaches at ten years old, and your mother should find out what is the matter with you, or obtain a doctor's opinion.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

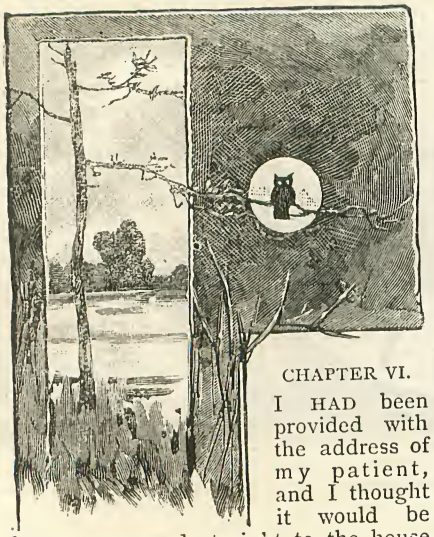
VOL. VIII.—NO. 401. SEPTEMBER 3, 1887. PRICE ONE PENNY.

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"'YOU LIKE IT THEN, MISS LESLIE?' SAID HE."



CHAPTER VI.

I HAD been provided with the address of my patient, and I thought it would be better to proceed straight to the house instead of losing time by going to the vicarage first.

With some little difficulty—for the town was strange to me—I found the house. It was one of three or four floors let out, one or two rooms at a time, to different lodgers. The door was open, and an untidy-looking woman who emerged from a room on the ground floor directed me, in answer to my inquiries, to "go up to the second floor and turn to the left." I proceeded, as told, and knocked at the door of the room which had been indicated. I knocked twice and thrice without receiving an invitation to enter. Thinking that perhaps my patient was asleep or too weak to make herself heard, I softly entered the room. What met my eyes?

A room almost destitute of furniture, in the middle of which, straight in front of me, stood an easel with a painting upon it of an ideal Maiden. It resembled many of those which I had seen abroad. Seated before the easel, palette in hand, with his head sunk on his breast, in an attitude of the deepest dejection, was the artist; whilst several sketches in pen and ink crowded a table on the other side of the room.

I saw that I had made a mistake, and was about to withdraw. But the draught from the open door seemed to have roused the artist, and he turned sharply round.

I sprang forward.

"Mr. Warren!" I cried.

He looked at me for a moment as if trying to remember where he had seen my face before.

"It is. Can it be Miss Leslie?" he said.

"Have I so changed then, Mr. Warren?"

"Changed, Miss Leslie!" he said, with his old winning smile, which looked so sad now upon the careworn face, and looking at me with a glance which I knew so well, and which meant approbation of what his eyes rested upon; "I never saw anyone so changed in so short a space of time."

"It is three years since we met. One grows older, you know, in three years. You, too, have changed," I added hurriedly, and steadying my voice with an effort.

"Ah, yes; when a man spends his time in trying to find his work in life and never, never succeeds," he said, passing his hand wearily through his hair; "when he is always on the verge of success, and then when it slips through his fingers like a will-o'-the-wisp at the last moment, and all for the lack of a few touches; one touch here and there, Miss Leslie, would produce the effect I want; and those I cannot give. I see their absence; I cannot supply them. It is not in me; and so my work will never satisfy me."

"Do not say so, Mr. Warren," I said, encouragingly. "I suppose those who have a high ideal must be prepared for almost insuperable difficulties; but," I added hastily, for the first time remembering my mission there, "I have come here to nurse a little girl who is sick—Nellie Moore. I thought this was her room, and that is why I intruded."

In the old days a gallant little compliment would have fallen from his lips, but now he only said—

"I think there must be somebody ill on the floor above, for I have met the doctor on the stairs once or twice."

"Then I must go now," I said, holding out my hand.

"Stay," he said. "What are you going to do? Where are you staying? Here all alone?"

He put these questions as though he could not understand it at all; the transformation seemed so strange.

"Why not?" I replied, in answer to the last question. "You know I have a vocation like any woman more or less has. Mine is nursing."

He said nothing. It was as though he wanted time to digest the state of things.

"I will help you find the room you want," he said.

"Do. It must be the room above this; she told me to turn to the left," I replied.

We found the right room. My patient, a girl of twelve, was lying on a low little bed. An old man of about sixty, with white beard and hair, was sitting by the bedside and holding the child's hand. Though in high fever, as I could see by the flushed face and the short laboured breathing, she was quite conscious, and tried to reassure the anxious parent by whispering faintly as he repeatedly asked her if she were in pain. "Not much, father; I am better now."

The old man had risen on my entrance. He came towards me eagerly, with outstretched hands.

"Are you the nurse?" he said. "The doctor promised that one should come this afternoon. Oh! madam, my darling is ill, very ill. My little Nellie! It breaks my heart to see her in pain," he said, in broken accents.

"Don't fret, Mr. Moore," I said, as cheerily as I could. "With God's help we will pull her through, and have her well in a very short time. Will you trust her to me?" I continued.

He looked at me earnestly for a minute, and then said simply, "Yes, madam. I do not think she could be in better hands."

"That is good," I said. "Now let us see what we can do for Nellie."

I had unpacked by little portmanteau and had put on my apron, hung up my temperature chart, and was now feeling Nellie's pulse.

"Has she any poultices on?" I asked.

"No, madam; I am clumsy at those things, and as you were expected this afternoon we left them till then by doctor's orders."

"Very well. Have you any linseed?"

"No, madam."

"I thought not. You will find some in my portmanteau. Now we musthave some hot water, and Nellie will soon be more comfortable."

Nellie looked at me with large, grateful eyes. In a short time we had her well packed in linseed, which somewhat relieved the breathing.

I saw that the child was very ill, indeed; dangerously so. I had taken the circumstances in at a glance. The doting old father, and little Nellie, his pet, his little friend, the apple of his eye! For lack of good nursing he should not be left a desolate, heart-broken man. I would leave nothing undone that might ensure and hasten her recovery.

It was arranged that I should stay with my charge, and that her father should come to see us now and then, as much of his presence tended to excite her. He agreed to this, after some demur, and left, after repeatedly and earnestly committing her to my care.

Presently there was a soft knock at the door. I rose to answer it.

It was Mr. Warren. "Miss Leslie," he said, "if you should want any help, will you remember that my room is immediately under this?"

"I will not forget, Mr. Warren," I said. "Thank you so much for thinking of it."

"Is your patient very bad?"

"Very bad indeed," I answered softly. "But she must, she shall be pulled through. No human means shall be wanting. Excuse me, I must not stay now. Thank you again."

I passed the night sitting by Nellie's bed. She did not sleep much, and I had time for reflection.

I thought of the strange circumstances which had thrown Mr. Warren and me together to-day. I remembered how we had met three years ago, then, after a three years' absence. He, in all the vigour, hopefulness, energy, and pride of fresh manhood; I, as a giddy girl, with no thought save one; and when that one failed me, with nothing to fall back upon; nothing to turn to for distraction or consolation. Yes; I had learned much in these last three years. I would not now go back, even—even if things had all been as I wished them to be. And how had he changed? The face that turned upon me this afternoon told of disappointment, of failure, of adversity, struggle, and humiliation. And what and how many must these have been to bow that hopeful spirit, and produce that ring of despair in his voice? Why was the proud head so humbled? Why, ah, why!

A deep pity came over me as I thought of these things. How could I help him? I asked myself this question over and over again. I would have helped any-

body, I said to myself—a very stranger; why not him? But what could I do? Again, the sense of my smallness, my insignificance, came over me. I had been blessed with rather ample means, and I had found that, as a rule, I was able to set many little troubles of others right by a judicious application of the material remedy. It was pardonable, therefore, that for a moment—one single moment only—the thought crossed my mind of applying my "remedy" here. The next moment, however, I heartily despised myself; for I knew that the most elaborate surroundings, the finest viands and the richest apparel would be utterly ineffectual as a means of righting things as I would have them righted for him.

I turned to a book to try and divert my thoughts, and poor little Nellie was restless and slightly delirious. She spoke much of her father, and always repeated that she was "better, really better." For my part I felt that she would be worse, indeed, before she was better. I knew that in all probability the inflammation would pass through both lungs before we could hope for things to mend, if mend they did. But the child was young, and nature is ever kind to youth. The doctor came in the morning, and told me what I already knew—that it was a severe case, and that much depended upon the nursing.

"But you must get some rest," he added kindly. "If you stay up at night you must have some sleep in the day, or else I shall have you on my hands too."

It was arranged that an aunt of Nellie's, who could spare a few hours in the afternoon, should come and mount guard while I rested. Having ascertained that the landlady of the house had a spare room next to Nellie's, I resolved to hire it for myself, with a view, too, of moving my patient into it for change as soon as she was convalescent.

I soon became fond of Nellie, and used to read to her by the hour together, and my work grew into a labour of love. She was a refined child, with nice thoughts and ways. One evening, about eight o'clock, I remember she was very bad indeed. I am afraid the aunt had not been careful about excluding draughts, and she had caught a slight chill. She breathed with the utmost difficulty, and I dare not leave my post by her side. I was quite alone, and was anxious to give her some nourishment. It had to be prepared and warmed. I could not do both things at once. I was wondering what I should do, when I remembered something, and without more ado rapped upon the floor of the room. In a minute there was a knock at the door, and Mr. Warren entered.

"You knocked, Miss Leslie," he said. "What can I do for you?"

"Oh, Mr. Warren," I said, "I want to give Nellie some beef-tea. Would you—do you think you could—put some into that little saucepan, and hold it over the fire till it is warm? There, there it is, on the table."

Poor Mr. Warren! I do not think anybody had ever asked him to do such a thing before, for his hand trembled, and he let a good deal of the broth fall on to the floor; but it was accomplished at last, and he brought it to the bedside and held it while I fed Nellie by spoonfuls. He did not apologise for his clumsiness, nor I for troubling him. It was no time for compliments. We were face to face with a mortal struggle, for grim death had got hold of little Nellie, and we were determined he should not have her. After a time our remedies had their effect, and Nellie sank into a calm sleep. I heaved a deep sigh of relief, and said, "I think we have conquered this time, Mr. Warren; thank you so much for coming to my help. I think I shall do very well now." I held out my hand to him. He took it, and, bending his head, touched it with his lips.

"I shall be there whenever you want me, Miss Leslie," he said; and Nellie and I were once more alone.

I think that night was the worst Nellie had. For from that time she began slowly to mend. Those days of convalescence were very pleasant ones to everybody concerned. It was pleasant to see the delight of the old man, and the affection of father and child was very touching. Although the days were growing warm and summery, there was little sun upon the tiny room of which Nellie was the occupant, and so we spent part of every day in my room, in which we always had some bright flowers and books, and some light needlework for Nellie's deft fingers.

Mr. Warren used to come up and have "afternoon tea" with us sometimes. He used to read to Nellie and me while we worked, and often the old father would join us. I had for some days remarked that Mr. Warren's face looked brighter — more hopeful, and cheerful, a change which I need not say I observed with pleasure.

At last came the day on which Nellie was to take her first drive. It was a lovely afternoon—one of those in which gladness and sadness seem to be fighting for the mastery. The tender buds, kissed by the glowing sun, were unfolding themselves in verdant beauty. Nature was asking you on all sides to be hopeful, joyful, trustful.

We descended the stairs, Nellie very carefully clad. As we passed the studio Mr. Warren came out and asked us to enter. The first thing that I saw was the picture. My eyes were rivetted to it. The same, and not the same. Have you ever noticed a landscape on a dull leaden day, when the sun has suddenly come upon the scene? Or the face of a man or woman in a crowd—dark, silent, thoughtful; and on a sudden it becomes lighted up with affectionate recognition and intelligence, upon becoming aware of the presence of someone with whom they are in complete harmony? If you have, you will have some faint idea of the transformation that had taken place in the picture. Of course, I could not detect what the touches were that had produced this marvellous change. It looked, as I say, the same and yet so different.

Although the picture had seemed to me, when I first saw it, extremely beautiful; the Maiden's features of a perfect contour, the hands of lovely shape, and the turn of the head and arms as perfect as might be—the curious part of it, in its present condition, was, that one forgot to note all these minutiæ. And well I felt now what the picture had lacked before. This was no picture! It was a living, breathing woman. As one drew one's own breath one seemed to see the rise and fall of the draperies that hung from her shoulders. Then the face! What words of mine can describe it? What a world of mute eloquence there was in the eyes! What tenderness and sensitiveness in the mouth! What a calm dignity and repose pervaded the whole picture! She was looking down at a child, which, in its way, was scarcely less perfect than the Maiden herself. For, while the painter had succeeded in most thoroughly pourtraying a child, there was a something indescribable in the eyes and brow, which seemed to foreshadow a remarkable future. I stood silent, gazing at it with reverence. The days of inspiration were not passed then; for if ever picture was inspired, this one was. And then it occurred to me, as such things do occur to one in a moment, that I saw a Divine purpose in all that had seemed misfortune to Mr. Warren. This inspiration had come to him during those long hours he had spent alone, restless and dissatisfied with his work.

I was roused by his voice.

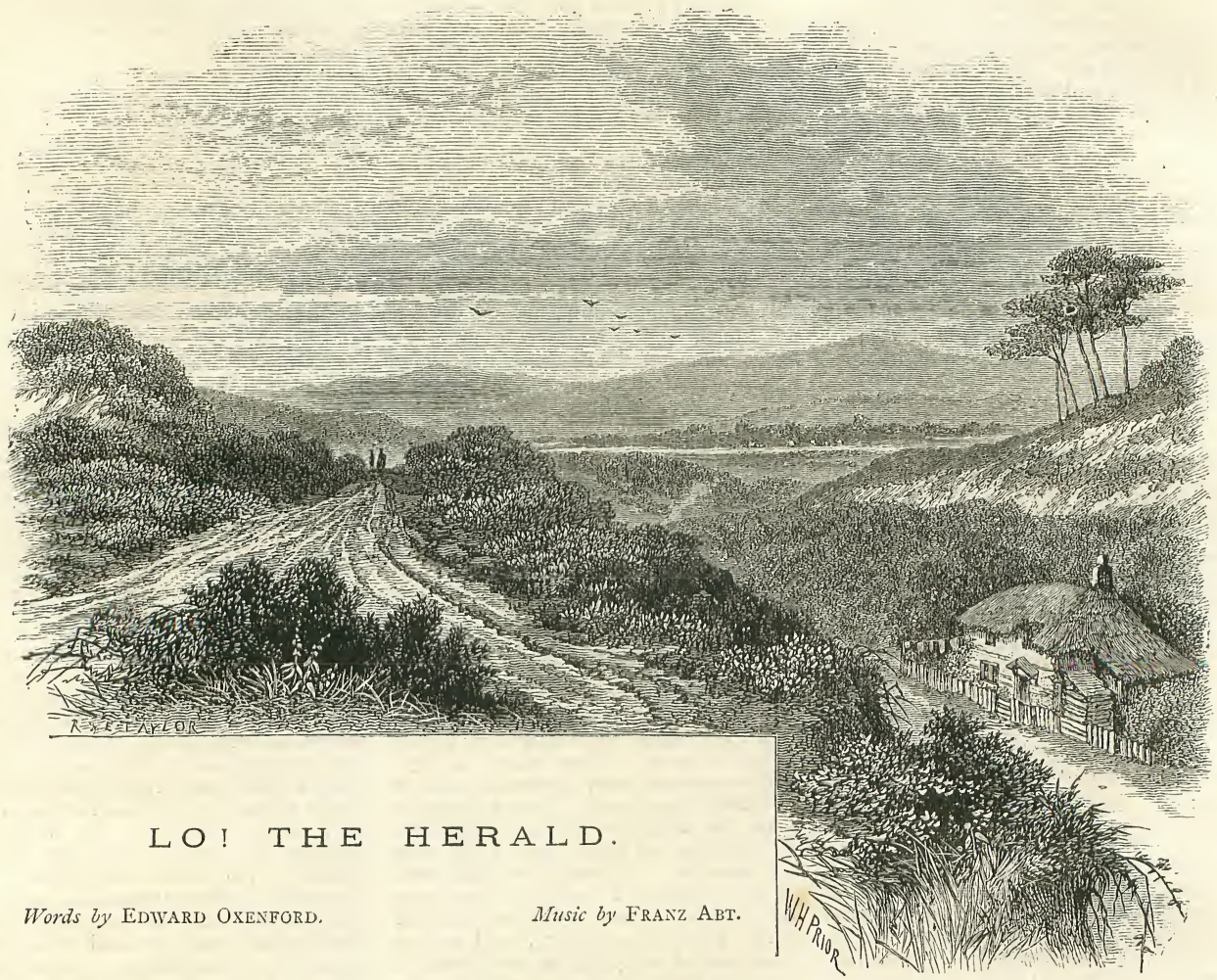
"You like it then, Miss Leslie?" said he. "It satisfies you?"

"Oh, Mr. Warren," I said, "it is, indeed, perfect. How did you—what made you——?" I looked up at him, for he was standing by me.

"An angel passed through the room, Miss Leslie," he said in a low voice, for Nellie was standing by in large-eyed wonder. "The fringe of her wings touched my eyes, and they were opened."

(To be concluded.)





LO! THE HERALD.

Words by EDWARD OXENFORD. *Music by* FRANZ ABT.

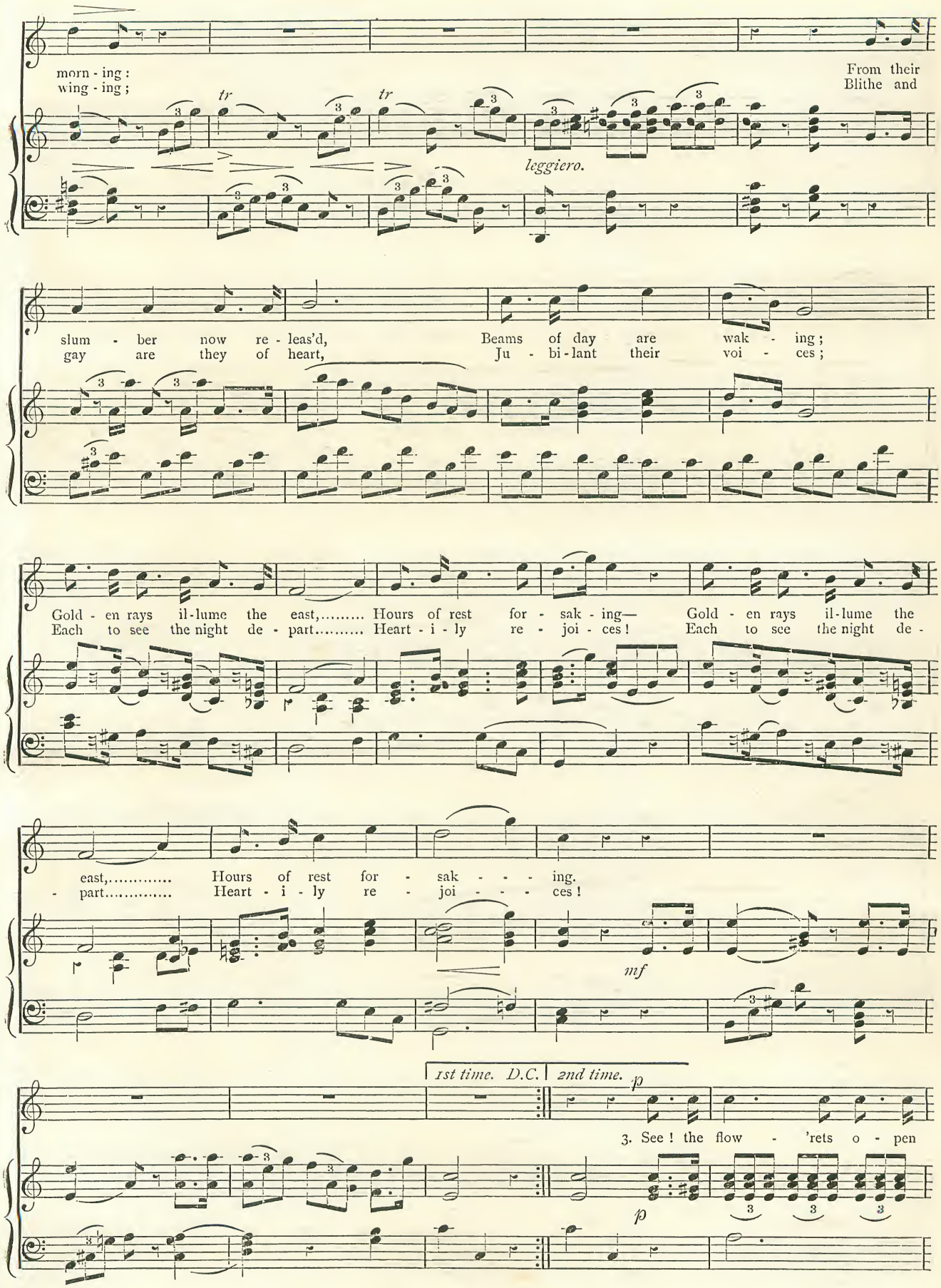
VOICE.

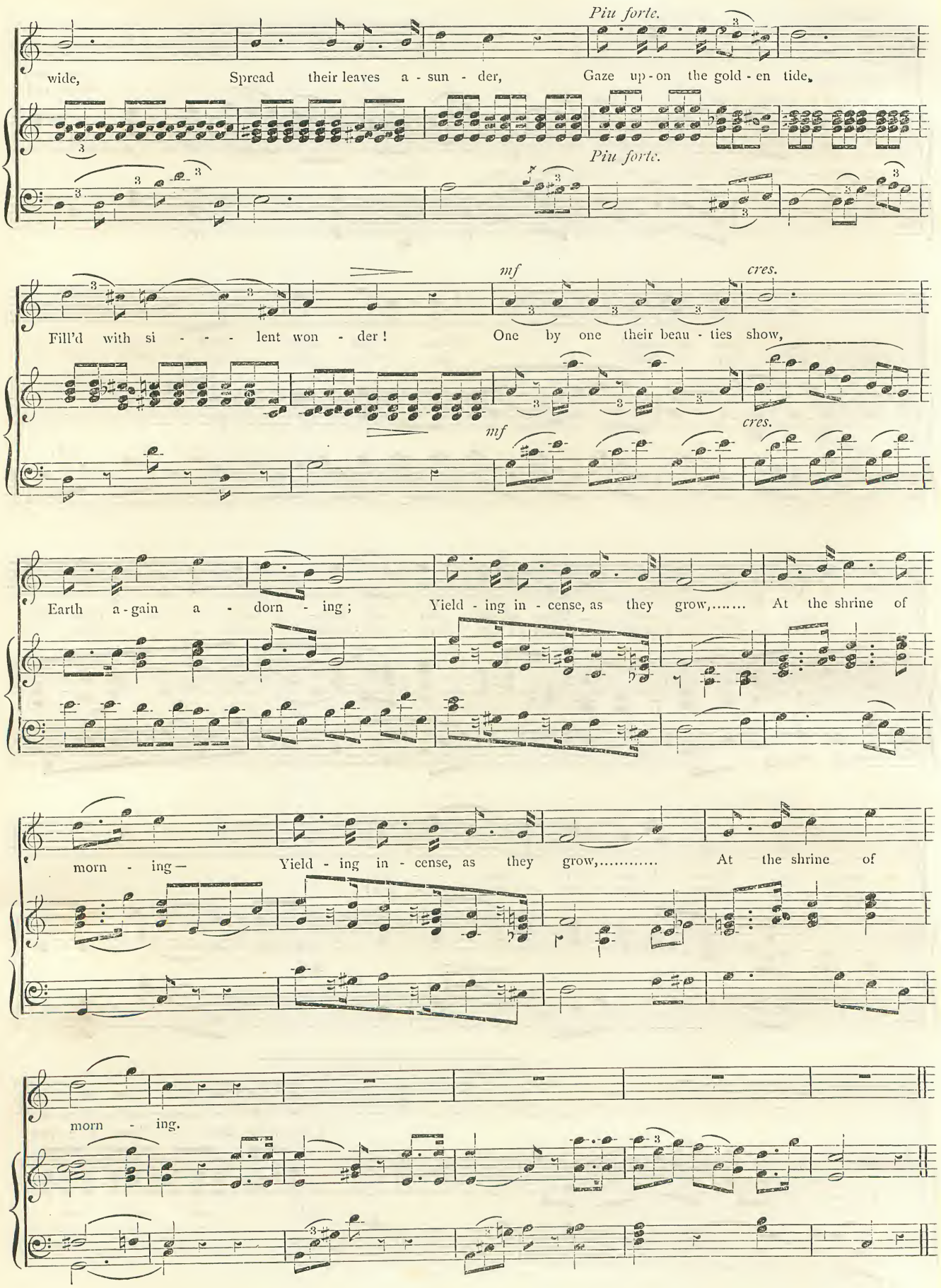
1. Lo! the Her - ald, loud and clear, Sends his ear - ly
2. Hark! the song - sters, sweet and low, Ma - tin songs are

PIANO.

mf Allegro moderato.

warn - ing; 'Tis the wake - ful chan - ti - cleer, Greets..... the ro - sy
sing - ing As they flut - ter to and fro, Through..... the wood-land


morn - ing :
wing - ing ;
From their
Blithe and
leggiero.
slum - ber now re - leas'd,
gay are they of heart,
Beams of day are wak - ing ;
Ju - bi - lant their voi - ces ;
Gold - en rays il - lume the east,..... Hours of rest for - sak - ing—
Each to see the night de - part..... Heart - i - ly re - joi - ces !
Gold - en rays il - lume the
Each to see the night de -
east,..... Hours of rest for - sak - - - - ing.
- part..... Heart - i - ly re - joi - - - - ces !
mf
1st time. D.C. 2nd time.
p
3. See ! the flow - 'rets o - pen
p


Piu forte.
wide, Spread their leaves a - sun - der, Gaze up - on the gold - en tide,
Piu forte.
mf
cres.
Fill'd with si - - - - lent won - der! One by one their beau - ties show,
mf
cres.
Earth a - gain a - dorn - ing; Yield - ing in - cense, as they grow,..... At the shrine of
morn - ing— Yield - ing in - cense, as they grow,..... At the shrine of
morn - ing.

SOME FRENCH DISHES.



In a previous paper we pointed out some of the differences between English and French cookery, and we now call attention to another difference not less noticeable than those we have already mentioned, although our remarks refer as much to the way of serving at table as to the dishes themselves. At a French table it is generally considered necessary to have more than one dish; and while an Englishman can dine off a joint or beefsteak with potatoes, a Frenchman must have a second course, with a second accompanying dish of vegetables. Soup of some kind is also indispensable, even at the poorest table. Just lately we heard some Frenchmen who had paid a visit to England complain of not having had enough to eat at dinner while there. On being asked why they did not satisfy their appetite with the joint or dish which was served, they replied, "Oh, but we could not eat so much of the same thing!" It is possible that at a French table the total quantity of eatables does not exceed that served at an English one, for in the one case as much will be put on the table at once as is sometimes spread over two or three courses in the other. How would it suit a hungry Englishman to have potatoes simply boiled in their skins served with a little butter, as one course? We can imagine him wishing to have the dish which followed, whatever it was, served along with the potatoes. It is true that when we have seen potatoes thus served it was on a Friday, a *maigre* or meagre day, and the next course was either fish or eggs. We have partaken of a dinner composed of twelve courses, all light, unsatisfactory dishes, so far as the appetite was concerned. No joint or any substantial piece of meat appeared, and the bill of fare was entirely composed of "tit-bits." We presume that such a dinner is sometimes lengthened out for the sake of the conversation at table, "the feast of reason and the flow of soul" which ensue, for we have noticed that on such an occasion the servants were enjoined not to serve too quickly at table, that is, not to bring in too hurriedly the different courses. It may be also that the length of the entertainment may be an excuse for drinking so many kinds of wine at various stages of the dinner. In justice, however, to our continental neighbours, we must allow that, in spite of the quantity of wine consumed, no one ever appears to have passed the bounds of sobriety and moderation. Let those explain this who can; we can only suppose from the nature of the wines, or from their being taken along with solid food, that they produce no visibly bad effects.

It will be seen from our remarks that French cooks study variety rather than quantity in the composition of a meal, and we suppose this idea has occasioned the great difference between English and French cookery, in so far as that French cooks have invented a host of light made-up dishes which serve to lengthen out a repast. As we shall afterwards see, some of these are only vegetables cooked in an elaborate fashion. One of the faults found by foreigners with English cookery is, that we serve all our vegetables simply boiled in water. They do not seem to understand that we may prefer the peculiar flavour of the vegetables instead of having it completely disguised by accompanying sauces, sometimes, we may even say, totally lost in them. We lately heard two English ladies abroad compare notes. One asked the other, "Do you know what I particularly asked to have at dinner to-day, as a treat?" The other replied, "No, but I also asked to have something nice; guess what it was!" They had both asked to have potatoes simply boiled in water as a welcome change from the usual method of serving them.

We now give a few of the dishes most commonly used in French cookery to form one or other of the different courses at table. A favourite one is what is called a *vol-au-vent*. This is a case made of light puff-paste about the size of a Melton Mowbray pork-pie. It is generally procured ready-made at the pastry cook's, and filled with different preparations. The most popular is fowl cut into small pieces, along with a white sauce and little balls of forcemeat, hard-boiled eggs, mushrooms, &c. It is often filled with mushrooms alone. The contents must be thoroughly cooked before being put into the case, and all must be served hot. We give the following recipe for cooking the mushrooms. Peel and throw them into water mixed with a little vinegar. This prevents them from turning black. Put them for a few minutes into boiling water slightly salted. Drain and put them back into the saucepan with butter, salt, and pepper, shake them well, add a little flour, and stock or cream, and let them simmer slowly for half an hour. The sauce may be thickened by adding a yolk of egg beat up with a little water. Take the saucepan off the fire, to prevent curdling, and stir in the egg until the sauce thickens. These mushrooms may be either put into the case we have described, or served either on buttered toast or bread fried in butter.

Another favourite dish is macaroni, which is thus prepared: Take about half a pound of macaroni to nearly a quart of water or stock. When the liquid boils, put in the macaroni, broken into small bits, with a little pepper; cover, and let it simmer. When it becomes soft and all the liquid is absorbed, put in half a pound of grated cheese and a bit of butter. Shake the saucepan, and do not stir the macaroni in any way so as to break it. The cheese generally used contains salt enough for the dish, but if desired highly flavoured, salt may be added, and even a little mustard. *Macaroni au gratin* is prepared first as directed above. Then butter a dish which may be put in the oven, sprinkle with breadcrumbs, and put in the oven from half an hour to an hour. The top should be browned. Serve in the dish in which it has been cooked. This excellent and satisfying dish may be rendered still more appetising by adding a little minced ham and an egg. It is then, in fact, a savoury pudding, and those who like it rarely feel disposed to partake of any other course. The stock may be replaced by milk or Liebig's extract of meat diluted with water. The breadcrumbs used by French cooks, as we have already stated in a previous article, are those of toasted bread or a kind of rusk. Where economy is studied, this dish of itself makes a good dinner without any other course of meat. The cheese generally used is Gruyère and a little Parmesan, but there is no reason why any good English or American cheese should not serve the purpose as well.

As to the vegetables which are served alone, the most common is cauliflower, with a simple white sauce corresponding to our melted butter. It is always cut into little branches, and the stalk is peeled before being boiled. It is generally seasoned with nutmeg, but we advise the cook to be sparing of that spice for English palates. Arranged more elaborately with butter and breadcrumbs, it is called *choufleur au gratin*. The cauliflower is first boiled, then put into a buttered dish, covered with little bits of butter, sprinkled with breadcrumbs on the top, seasoned with nutmeg, and browned in the oven. The same may be mixed with grated cheese, exactly as we have described for the macaroni. A little water or stock may be put in to keep it moist.

Some other vegetables are often served alone, such as green peas at the beginning of the season, French beans, asparagus, &c. The last-mentioned is generally served as a separate course in the following manner—Hard boiled eggs cut in two are put on a separate dish, and minced parsley on another. The sauce, also served separately, is simply oiled butter, and each person mixes the egg, parsley, and butter on his plate, and seasons the mixture according to his taste. Served in this way, asparagus forms a satisfying part of a dinner.

A most elaborate dish which is considered a great treat is called *tête de veau en tortue*. So many different things enter into its composition that we are almost afraid to give the recipe, lest it be considered not at all a practical one. However, as it is always possible to simplify a recipe according to the resources and taste of the cook, we give one here, premising that the foundation of the dish is a calf's head boiled and cut into small pieces. The sauce is made by browning some ham in a saucepan, then, adding stock or gravy and a bunch of herbs, let it boil for two hours. Afterwards add tomato sauce, a little Madeira wine, very little salt on account of the ham, but plenty of pepper, as this is supposed to be a highly-seasoned dish. A little cayenne may be added. Mushrooms, truffles, balls of forcemeat, pickled gherkins, hard-boiled eggs; such are some of the numerous ingredients of this heterogeneous dish. Several given in the recipe we omit, such as cockscombs, crayfish, brains, &c. Let all cook together, and when sufficiently done take out the ham, put in the pieces of calf's head, and boil for a few minutes. The little balls of forcemeat are made from the brains, along with breadcrumbs. The sauce is generally of a red colour, owing to the tomatoes, but the dish may also be served with a white sauce. If desired, it may be thickened with a little flour. As we have already remarked, the cook may select from the recipe given, but this dish is considered all the better the more numerous the ingredients are which are put into it.

A very pretty little dish often presented at French tables is *ramikins*. The name is to be seen in English cookery-books, with various recipes for its preparation, but the dish itself is seldom seen at English tables. The best we have tasted are made from grated cheese, mixed with a white sauce and yolk of egg. This mixture must be thick enough to remain on slices of buttered toast. The whites of the eggs are beat into a froth, put on the top, and then the slices are either set in the oven or in the convenient pot of fat, the *friture*.

We conclude this paper by giving a recipe for potted calf's liver, which is often served as a separate course with salad, and which is an exceedingly convenient preparation, as when properly made it will keep for several weeks. Take the half of a calf's liver, about a pound of unsalted pork fat, three or four bay leaves, pepper, salt, and if liked, an onion. Put all into a saucepan with water enough to cover, and cook gently until very little water remains. Then pass through a colander, afterwards put into an earthenware dish, and bake in the oven for an hour. Next day cover with melted

fat, and set in a cool place at least for a week before using. When made with truffles, this potted meat cannot be distinguished from the famed *pâté de foie gras* which is said to be made from goose's liver. We suspect that much that is sold as made from calf's liver is made from pig's liver, and we give this as a hint to those who cure their own bacon. This potted meat may be made richer by the addition of breadcrumbs and eggs, but will not then keep so long. It is often eaten on bread and butter.

Pâté lie re (potted hare), and *pâté de chevreuil* (potted venison), are made in the same way, but these meats being very dry, a little butter is generally added to the mixture to keep it sufficiently moist. A glass of port or claret is considered a great improvement.

CORAL.

CHAPTER I.



ND so she remained with them.

They had found her on their doorstep, a little maiden of two or three years old, left there, no one knows by whom; but it seemed to them that she had some claim on their hospitality, if only from her helplessness, and they took her in. For no one wanted her; no one knew anything at all about her; and the two ladies who lived in the house yonder with the ugly window curtains and hideous flaming flower boxes and glaring glass to the front door determined to keep her for themselves.

"She has been sent to us," said Miss Ann, who was the elder of the sisters, a lady of about forty years.

"Yes, she has been sent to us," remarked Miss Jane, who, according to the Briggs Chronicles as preserved in the family Bible, came into the world three years later than her sister.

The two ladies were hardly distinguishable the one from the other; they both had little snarling dogs, who were also precisely alike; they both had the same kind of dresses; the same thoughts, to which they gave utterance at the same minute; the same smile brightened up their kind faces, and there was no doubt that they had the same literary tastes. Dr. Watts was their hero of poetry, and Jane Austen their heroine of prose.

Now when they beheld this little intruder, they both seized hold of it, kissed it, and cried:

"Little darling, it shall stay with us. God bless its little soul!"

"If it has one," muttered the housemaid Evans, who evidently did not approve of waifs or strays. "Beg pardon, miss, but if I were you I should send the child to the parish or workhouse, for it won't do any good to have it here."

Miss Ann adjusted her eye-glasses and glanced severely at the heartless Evans. Miss Jane followed suit. No wonder, then, that the housemaid's lip quivered!

"Evans," said Miss Jane, in tones which would have struck terror into the bravest heart, "when a common little dog came straying to our door three weeks ago, did you suggest that we should send it to the workhouse or the parish? I think not. If I remember rightly you begged to be allowed to keep the dog, and I granted your wish, praising you for your benevolence to the helpless. Now it is a child with a soul who comes to us for shelter, and you would have me turn it away. Shame on you, Evans!"

Miss Ann might really have been a tragedy queen while saying these few stern words, and Evans was thankful to escape with her life whole, and inwardly vowed never more to raise her voice in opposition to her mistresses' wishes.

"Let them adopt five hundred stray children for all I care," she grumbled to herself, "only they will have to get someone else to take my place."

But as the other four hundred and ninety-nine waifs showed no signs of invading the house in Regent's Park, where the Misses Briggs had lived for hundreds of years, Evans' hard heart thawed towards the little child, who had sweet winning ways and a dear pretty face and soft golden curls, and a smile which no one could resist.

They christened her Coral, because she was precious to them without being costly. No doubt the clergyman of the parish thought it rather a stupid name to give her: he vowed he could not find it mentioned in Scripture, and he said he thought it desirable that the child should be called by some holy name, but Miss Ann replied, drily, "We intend to call her by the name we have selected." And although the Reverend James Deane would have wished to give some stern answer, he restrained himself in time.

Miss Ann and Miss Jane doted on their Coral: no mothers could have loved their own children more than the Misses Briggs loved their foundling; and as time went by and she began to be a real companion to them they thought themselves the happiest women in all the world to have the affection of such a sweet child.

"She shall grow up a perfect girl," said Miss Ann to Miss Jane; "and think how proud we shall be of her!"

"We won't send her to school, my dear," suggested Miss Jane, "for it is there that children learn evil ways."

"And we won't teach her painting," said Miss Ann, "for it makes the fingers so dirty."

"And certainly she must not learn the harp, because her hands would become so horny," replied Miss Jane.

"And we will not encourage her to be too learned," said Miss Ann, "because then her brain might give way, and where should we be?"

"Where should we be indeed?" sighed Miss Jane.

"Where?" asked that forward Evans, who was privileged as an old servant to make any remarks she chose: "why, I don't know about you, but sure enough the child would be in a lunatic asylum!"

The sisters smiled at each other, for there was really no denying that Evans was very clever.

But there was no cause for them to worry themselves. Coral showed no violent fancy for painting, or the harp, or learned pursuits of any kind. She grew up a simple sweet flower, casting fragrance all around, beautiful to the eye and refreshing to the mind.

No one had ever come to claim her, although advertisements had been placed in the leading journals, according to Evans' instructions, who urged as a plea that if one takes the trouble to find the owners of dogs and parrots, one ought all the more readily to try and discover the owner of a "child with a soul!"

Miss Jane and Miss Ann had complied sadly; for after two days' possession of their foundling they had conceived such a violent affection for her that parting would have been well nigh impossible. But they were not called upon to part with her, for no one claimed her, and then, feeling they were fairly safe not to lose her, they began to quarrel over her, an event hitherto unprecedented in the history of their kindly lives. But Coral unconsciously restored peace by showing no preference either for one or the other: the same bright smile greeted them both: the tiny arms were held out eagerly to caress both, and the same laughter welcomed the arrival of either sister in the wonderful nursery made so pretty with all that the heart of child could desire, and therefore under these conditions jealousy was not able to hold her own. The years went by swifter than my pen, and each year found Coral more beautiful and more loveable. She made the dull old house into a fairy palace, and the two maiden ladies lived again in her young life. There was only one thing about her which caused them vexation, and this was not entirely her fault. You see Miss Ann and Miss Jane were old-fashioned, like their curtains and their ringlets and their silverplate and their chintz coverings for the furniture, and they could not reconcile themselves to Coral's curly and frolicsome golden hair, which Miss Ann plastered down with cosmetique every morning, and Miss Jane brushed perseveringly for half an hour every evening. And, to tell you the truth, Coral had many a quiet laugh over the uselessness of their endeavours, for no plastering or brushing could induce her hair to give up its natural tendencies. But when, exasperated by failure, they suggested imprisoning the truant locks in an old-fashioned net, Coral became a red hot rebel, and gave certain signs that she was not perfect.

The end of the matter was that the net was burnt in the kitchen fire, and Miss Ann, Miss Jane, and Coral wept and embraced and were all the better friends after this little breeze. But Coral had triumphed, and she determined to conquer still further. She had an artistic eye, which was always being distressed by the myriads of ugly things in the ugly house. She had a soul which rebelled against patchwork antimacassars and glass shades and royal crimson curtains and huge



IN THE COPSE.

hideous vases with flowers painted on them, and she yearned to exterminate them all. She set about her task craftily. She had an accident with the largest glass shade in the drawing-room, which hid from view a beautiful alabaster figure, and two or three days afterwards the most objectionable vase of all was found smashed. Evans took the blame, but I am not sure that her testimony was trustworthy!

However this may be, Coral went on with her triumphs, and in time she got control over all the flowers, which she arranged with excellent taste. It is true that she banished geraniums, but then she introduced sunflowers instead, although she called them by another name, in case their humble origin should bar them out from Philistinedom!

As for Miss Ann and Miss Jane, she made quite smart ladies of them, so that their neighbours could scarcely believe they were the same old fossils of a few months ago. Yes, Coral was very busy in that quiet way of hers, but although she succeeded in many things she undertook, she could not make her dear aunts realise that she had grown up into a young lady of nineteen years. They spoke of her as though she were a child, and presented her with books which a girl of ten might perhaps have pushed aside contemptuously.

But one day when the Reverend James Deane called and happened to remark on Coral's beauty and sweet manner, Miss Ann said—

"Yes, she is a pretty little child." And Mr. Deane cried, impatiently—

"Child, indeed! Why she is a lovely young woman. We are growing down, you know Miss Briggs, and she is growing up. We are not as young as we were fifteen years ago, nor is she."

"You are quite right," replied Miss Ann, sorrowfully; "I had never thought of that before."

No, she had never realised it before, although her eyes had begun to fail, and failing sight reminds one of increasing age. But she preferred to see nothing rather than to take to spectacles altogether, and Coral knew quite well that when she sat with the *Times* half a yard in front of her and pretended to read the news, she could not see a single word.

Then that heartless Coral laughed inwardly, and bending over her dear aunt Ann, said, pleadingly—

"I should so much like to read aloud the leading articles; it helps me to understand them. But I won't do it if it bothers you."

"Read them aloud, dear, if you like," replied Miss Ann, as though she were granting a great favour, instead of receiving a great pleasure, for Coral read slowly and clearly, and Miss Ann took delight in every word.

One morning both these good ladies received a shock, which set their hearts palpitating with excitement, for a letter came from their Australian nephew, announcing his arrival in England, and proposing to come to them that very day.

"What is to be done with Coral?" asked Miss Ann, who had very ancient ideas on the subject of propriety. "Perhaps we could send her to some friend during our nephew's visit."

"But I won't go," suggested Coral, mischievously. "Why should I be poked away in the country? I want to see the Australian nephew, and I am sure he will not mind my being here."

"I should think not," murmured Evans, who was clearing away the breakfast things.

Miss Ann and Miss Jane looked at each other and sought counsel from each other's eyes.

"I see no reason why she should go," said Miss Ann.

"I see no reason why she should not stay," said Miss Jane.

"And as Miss Coral declares she won't go—I beg pardon, Miss," said Evans; "but I suppose that settles the whole question!"

And so it did. And if it had not been for Coral the two ladies would have lost their heads, for they became so excited at the prospect of seeing their dear nephew, whom they had nursed when he was an infant, that they actually confused tablecloths with blankets and dinner napkins with towels, and a pretty sight the dinner table would have looked if Coral had not been on the alert! She set everything right and arranged fresh flowers to welcome the stranger, and composed her aunts' nerves, and urged them to put on their best finery, and helped them to dress, and came down into the drawing-room looking the sweetest of all sweet pictures, clad in a soft dark green velvet dress with a simple lace collar and a single row of tiny corals around her neck—the emblem of herself.

Leslie Dawson would have been a churl not to admire her.

But he was not a churl; he was a brave, gallant, handsome nephew, fond of all beautiful things. And when he saw Coral he loved her.

(*To be concluded.*)

PRINCESS WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA.

By the Rev. JOHN KELLY, Translator of German "Hymns of the Present Century."

PART II.

THE Princess remained in Königsberg over Christmas and New Year. The safety of the Royal family rendered it necessary for them to go further eastward. On the 4th of January the Princess went to Tilsit with her husband, who had military duties to perform in that place. On the 18th she betook herself to Memel, whither the Queen had already gone. The Princess lived, with two attendants, in the house of a young merchant. The rest of her suite lived in the same street. She delighted in walking near the sea and the River Haff. The coming and going of the ships were a source of constant interest. Her intercourse with the Queen was intimate. They drove out together a great deal. In the conversation of the Court physician, Hufeland, she found stimulus and pleasure. She spent much time in reading. "Hume's History of England" is a book which she mentions in a letter to her father.

An amusing incident occurred to the Princess during the spring or summer of 1807, which she records in a letter to her mother. She paid a visit to an English ship, along with the Princess Louisa Radziwill. Two of their ladies were with them. The four officers received them with the greatest amiability. After the inspection of the ship, they entertained their guests at breakfast, and drank their health. Just then a sailor came and whispered something into the ears of the first officer, who, much embarrassed, made the announcement that the Princesses of Prussia had intimated their intention of paying a visit to the ship; he begged, therefore, to be excused, as he must go to receive them.

"Then," wrote Princess William to her mother, "the riddle must be solved, and Louisa said to them that we were they. You should have seen their faces and their astonishment; it was the most beautiful and absurd thing in the world."

On the 9th of July a treaty of peace was concluded between King Frederic William of Prussia and Napoleon, at Tilsit. The terms were of the most oppressive character. "The State," in the language of the Princess William, "was crushed." Heavy financial burdens were imposed by the conqueror. In order to procure a mitigation of these, Prince William went to Paris to treat personally with the Emperor. In the event of every other means failing, Prince William had agreed with his wife that he should offer himself as hostage to the French Emperor, in order to lighten the burden of his country, and that the Princess should share his captivity.

In the first interview Napoleon expressed himself in harsh and bitter terms against the King. The Prince gave him a vivid description of the misfortunes of the Royal family and of Prussia, and endeavoured to convince the Emperor that Prussia would fulfil her engagements. Napoleon seemed to be impressed, and strove to pacify the Prince. The right moment seemed to the Prince to have arrived to make the proposal which was to have been brought forward only when all other means had failed. He offered to go into captivity with his wife till the whole indemnity was paid. Napoleon then stepped forward, embraced him, and said it was very noble, but impossible. The Prince was treated with distinction, but the negotiations came to nought.

At the beginning of 1808 the Princess migrated to Königsberg. It cost her many a pang to leave Memel, where she had become personally acquainted with almost every inhabitant, and where everyone regretted her departure. In October of that year Prince William arrived in Königsberg. He accompanied the King and Queen on a journey to St. Petersburg during the winter, and the Princess was left alone. She found consolation in the opportunity of being of service to the Royal children, and being relieved from the necessity of taking part in festivities that were distasteful to her.

At length the time came for the return of

the Court to Berlin. Their reception everywhere along the route and in Berlin was enthusiastic. The feelings of most patriotic spectators at the entry of the King and Queen into their capital were mingled. They were saddened by the humiliation to which their country had been subjected, though gladdened by the return of the King and his beautiful and much-loved Queen.

During the latter part of the residence of the Court at Königsberg, the great Minister, Baron vom Stein, had been obliged to resign his office in consequence of incurring the anger of Napoleon and the friends of the French at the Prussian Court. Princess William was wholly on the fallen statesman's side. She maintained a correspondence with him, which is full of interest, during his exile. She seems to have entertained the idea of withdrawing into herself. From this purpose he earnestly dissuaded her, telling her that she and her husband were "made to uphold the standard to which the best and noblest may rally."

In a description which he had previously given of her he said:—"She is born for a throne, but she will adorn and beautify any position in life, even the lowliest."

By the death of Queen Louisa, in July, 1810, Princess William was placed in a position where her high qualities were brought into exercise—she became the first lady in Prussia. The duties that devolved upon her in her new position were not always of the most congenial kind. She had to receive the French Ambassador, to attend the festival given by him in honour of the new-born King of Rome, and to drink the health of the Emperor as well as of the King of Rome. The Ambassador's attentions were rather oppressive to her. She wrote to her mother:—"He cut himself in pieces to be attentive to everybody. He threw me into despair at table, for just think, dear mother, he refused to sit down, and never left my chair for the two hours that the meal lasted. It caused me, as you can easily conceive, great embarrassment."

Prussia was bound by treaty engagements to take part with France in the war against Russia which Napoleon undertook. A corps of 20,000 Prussians was placed in the field.

In December, 1812, the tidings came of the annihilation of the French army. A few weeks after the arrival of this news, Princess William lost her son Frederick Thalisso. Her feelings on the occasion find expression in a letter to her mother, written on the day of his death, the 10th of January, 1813:—

"Faith outlasts hope. I learnt that early to-day, as I took the stiff, dead hand of my Fred. Thalisso into my hands and tried to restore warmth and life to it. I kept saying to myself, 'With God nothing is impossible. He helped Samson, and I believed firmly that He would call to me, "Woman, thy faith hath helped thee." Or was my faith not firm enough? Is faith also hope? But love is the greatest of all, for it endures on high.

"Towards nine o'clock my Fred. Thalisso fell asleep. He was the first human being whom I ever saw die, and it was good for me to see it; it has so tranquillised me. I felt as if he would only sleep longer, and nothing more. The image of death had been so shocking to me; now, by means of this view of it, my impression has been entirely changed. I saw, also, how perishable the case must be—just like a clock that runs down, like machinery necessary for this earth; and that it is all a secondary matter—the being alone remains and endures, doubtless eternally. Now I shall go to bed for the first time without praying for him."

Immediately after the funeral of the infant Prince, Berlin was thrown into a state of the greatest agitation. A French division, under Grenier, had entered the Electoral territory. A rumour obtained currency that the French intended to capture the King and the Royal family. Prince William rode off to Potsdam to the King. Tidings were brought that the Emperor Alexander of Russia accepted the offensive and defensive alliance offered, and would carry on the war; and the King and Crown Prince left in the morning of the 22nd of January to join the army in Silesia. On the 27th Prince William followed. The Princess William was left alone in the Castle with her child, Prince Adalbert. She was the only representative of the Royal family in the capital. She had to treat with the French Marshal. The Russian and Prussian leaders came to do homage to her. Her interest was divided between care for her only child and the great events that were transpiring in the Fatherland. At critical moments she displayed the greatest courage. When it was reported that the Russians were approaching, she went on to the platform of the Castle and saw the movements of the Cossacks near Pankow. At noon, when the French had mounted guard, a Cossack appeared suddenly in Berlin. The people received him with unbounded joy. The French sounded the alarm. The garrison took up their position in the pleasure gardens. Firing began. Every moment it was feared that it might be directed against the Castle. The Princess remained sitting at the open window, and would not be persuaded to leave the Castle. She thought that if the French heard that the Castle was forsaken, they would throw themselves into it; and she would not leave the King's property to be plundered.

When Prussia began to lift up her head, Princess William placed herself at the head of the women of the land to render assistance. Her name was at the head of the appeal of the Royal Princesses to the women of the Prussian State. The appeal produced an instantaneous effect, and evoked extraordinary enthusiasm. The most touching instances of self-sacrifice occurred. The Princess was not merely the patroness of the movement; she took an active part in it, and personally visited the wounded and dying men in the hospitals.

The retreat of the allied armies to Silesia placed Berlin in new danger. The Princess would not leave as long as she was allowed to remain, and the people saw in her presence a guarantee of their own safety, and loudly applauded her. She was in the very centre of the overflowing enthusiasm. Young girls came to her to be fitted out for the war.

The order of the King at last rendered it necessary for her to leave the city. She proceeded to Frankfort on the Oder. The truce, which was deplored by all patriotic Germans, rendered it possible for her husband to join her at that place, and for them to return to Berlin. On the resumption of the war, the cannonading at Treblin and Wittstock, three days before the battle of Grossbeeren, was heard in Berlin. Frequently during the progress of events, the Princess refers, in her letters and diary, to sermons which she heard from Marheinike, and other notable preachers of the time. In these references her own religious spirit is shown. A deeply earnest spirit pervaded the ranks of the most patriotic Prussians, who were longing and working for the emancipation of their country from the yoke of the foreign oppressor. A striking indication of this was given by old Jänicke, in Berlin, who organised a prayer-army, who should not cease night or day till victory come.

The manner in which the Princess was occupied, when the news of the battle of Leipzig arrived, was characteristic. She was looking after a child of three weeks old, who had been left upon her doorstep. The father was a Prussian lieutenant, who had fallen in war; the mother had died of grief; the nurse then handed over the child to the Princess. The Princess undertook the charge, and took an interest in the foundling till her own death.

Concerning the battle of Leipzig she wrote: "A great day. The city is illuminated; the air is filled with the people's shouts of joy; a ceaseless firing accompanies the hurrahing. God has gloriously conquered. Who could have thought it! I can only weep; I cannot rejoice. Oh, the six dear to me! God has preserved them. I would pray, but my head, my nerves are too exhausted."

The course of the war was closely watched by the Princess. At the Battle of Laon her husband greatly distinguished himself. According to the despatch of York, the honours of the day belonged to him. The entry of the allies and the downfall of Napoleon filled her with joy.

After the strain of two years in Berlin during the war, the Princess felt a longing to revisit her old south German home. On the 12th of May she set out with her son, Frederic Adalbert, and attendants. Her journey was a triumphal progress. At Erfurt she was received as if she were the Queen of the country. The French left the morning of the day that she made her entry. The coincidence greatly heightened the popular enthusiasm. Conducted by the general in command, she drove through the garrison amid loud hurrahs. A poem was presented to her by a number of maidens dressed in white.

At Homburg she met all her brothers, and saw Stein once more. The patriot poets, Arndt and Schenkendorf, also came to Homburg. The King, in recognition of the conduct of the Prince and Princess William, made them a present of the Castle of Fischbach, in Silesia, which became such a favourite retreat of the family. The visit to Homburg lasted until July. Her husband awaited her arrival in Berlin. For a short time, until Prince William went to attend the Congress of Vienna, they were permitted to enjoy quiet domestic life.

On the 1st of January, 1815, the Princess wrote in her diary:—"Give happiness during this year to all who are dear to me, and grant to the world that needs it, a peaceful, quiet year."

For the first two months of the year the peace was undisturbed. The only thing that the Princess lacked was the presence of her husband. On the 13th of March she heard of the escape of Napoleon from Elba, and on the 28th that he had entered Paris. For the tenth time in ten years Prince William, who had returned to Berlin from Vienna for a short visit, left his wife to draw his sword for his Fatherland.

On the 18th of June, the day on which the Battle of Waterloo was won, the Princess gave birth to a daughter, Elizabeth, who afterwards became Princess Carl of Hesse, and the mother of the present Grand Duke, the widower of Princess Alice of Great Britain.

On the 12th of October the Prince returned to Berlin from France. They resumed their quiet life in the Castle and in the country. In Berlin the Princess felt the confinement of the streets; in the country she took great delight. Until they acquired Fischbach, their place of resort in summer was the Castle of Schönhausen, near Pankow. She had only two children left when her husband rejoined her after Waterloo—Adalbert, afterwards Admiral and Commander-in-Chief of the Navy, and Elizabeth. Subsequently two were born—Prince Waldemar, who afterwards served with the British army in India, and distinguished himself in the campaign against the Sikhs, on the 2nd of August, 1817; and Princess Marie, on the 15th of October, 1825. Princess William was a true mother in the best sense of the word. She lived much with her children, and encouraged them to be much with herself. In

times of sickness she took her full share as a mother, of nursing and watching. She had them educated under her own eye at home, in simplicity of life and free intercourse with other children. An education that opened the heart, fostered love, and strengthened the character, was regarded by her as the kind that was necessary.

In Berlin her children mixed with the children of the city; in the country with the village children. Free intercourse with well-trained young people of all classes she regarded as essential, if her children were to acquire knowledge of men and of life. She looked on and spoke of all the courtiers of her household, as well as her domestic servants, as part of her family. She took a personal interest in their welfare and affairs. She took the most careful oversight of the motherless children of the King, the Crown Prince, afterwards King Frederick William the Fourth of Prussia, Prince William, now Emperor of Germany, and Princess Charlotte, who became Empress of Russia. Her relationship to Princess Charlotte was peculiarly close. Her niece repaid her love and care with the utmost devotion. As long as the Royal children were undivided, they often spent the evening in their aunt's room in reading.

In January, 1820, the Princess lost her father. He had been suffering for a long time, and every event that threatened any change in his life or any loss caused him double pain. She wrote to her mother:—"Ah! how consolatory was his beautiful end, a most fitting close to his beautiful life. O, it is well with him. How beautiful will it be for him in heaven! But you, dear mother, are inexpressibly to be pitied, just as in these last years you had become more knit to him. How often have you told me how necessary he was to your happiness! I mourn for you most of all; but all of us, alas! how much do we lose in our dear, dear beloved father!"

Her mother outlived her father just a year and a half. She died after half a year's illness, on the 18th September, 1821. Princess William had paid her a visit a short time previous to her death, and had been obliged, to her great grief, to leave Homburg without bidding her good-bye. "How dreadful the thought; Homburg without parents!" she wrote to her brother Ferdinand.

She often visited Homburg in after years, but the longing to be there was not so overmastering as in her parents' lifetime. Fischbach, in the Silesian Highlands, became henceforward the retreat where she found, year by year, the quiet she longed for. "When one has trees, and air, and rest, and calm, life flows on more cheerfully and pleasantly," she said of Schönhausen.

She had all this more abundantly at Fischbach. But she was not idle. She lived for her household; she received guests, she devoted herself to the villagers, "but her life was more concentrated, more circumscribed."*

The first visitor to the Royal couple at Fischbach was the great statesman Stein. Eleven years previously, just after his fall, he had come to the neighbourhood to visit his friends, Count and Countess Reden. The Countess Reden still lived there, and was the centre and life of a remarkable circle of Christian people, such as was to be found nowhere else in Germany at the time. "Christ, His Gospel, His grace, His work, His kingdom, were the centre of attraction in their intercourse." The local Bible Society, Home and Foreign Mission work were supported and promoted by the Countess Reden. By her means Elizabeth Fry paid a visit to the neighbourhood, and stirred up the ladies to care for their fallen sisters. The Countess took a leading part in the settlement, in the Silesian Highlands, of the exiles of Zillerthal, in the Tyrol, who were constrained to expatriate themselves, and seek a new home where they could worship God according to their consciences.* In this settlement Prince and Princess William took the deepest and most active interest. The Princess visited and made the personal acquaintance of many of the exiles.

At Fischbach the Princess felt herself highly privileged in having good pastors. She always took pleasure in the society of godly ministers. The pastor who was there when she first went was Siggert, a faithful and gifted man, well-informed, especially in the history of literature. The Princess co-operated with him in the care of the parish children, and derived much profit from his preaching. His successor, Götschmann, was pastor of the parish forty years, and became blind at last. With him, also, the Princess maintained intimate intercourse. Gossner was a frequent visitor to the valley. Missionaries of the Moravian brethren also visited it. From their narratives Princes Adalbert and Waldemar acquired a taste for the sea, and Princess Elizabeth learnt to take an interest in missions to the heathen.

Many events of interest occurred, as time went on, in the circles with which the Princess was connected and in her own life. We can only refer to a few. On the 12th of January she and the Prince celebrated their silver wedding. To a friend, on the occasion, she wrote:—

"Much love has been shown me from far and near. Five and twenty years—a long period—full of pure grace. I can do nothing but praise."

Twice Prince William was appointed to important commands. The first was to the Governor-Generalship of the Rhine province and Westphalia. This was in consequence of the outbreak of the July Revolution in France, in 1830. The second appointment was the Governorship of Mayence. This he received in 1835. The Prince and Princess travelled a good deal during the term of the first of these appointments.

After a survey of the life of the Princess during this period, her biographer says:—"We see what made her at home in any place—the preaching of the Word and fellowship in the Word. Wherever she found that she felt herself at home at once."

Towards the end of 1835 Princess Elizabeth became engaged to Prince Carl of Hesse-Darmstadt, and was married to him in November, 1836.

In 1840 King Frederick William the Third of Prussia died, and was succeeded by Frederick William the Fourth.

In 1842 Princess Marie was betrothed to the Crown Prince Maximilian of Bavaria, a man of culture, and of the most excellent qualities of mind and heart.

The deep, inward evangelical piety of the Princess comes out fully and clearly in her correspondence. The practical character of her Christianity is seen in her life, and the works of faith and labours of love in which she abounded, in many individual acts of kindness and helpfulness which came to light, and in the interest she displayed and the help she rendered to benevolent institutions and enterprises of various kinds.

One passage, from a letter written in 1828, will give an insight into her inner life:—"How incomprehensible it is that we so often let go the hand of grace that the Lord stretches out to us, instead of grasping it more and more firmly! We know that without it we cannot stand, and yet our weakness often tears itself away from Him, only, however, to feel more deeply afterwards that we can do nothing, can endure no conflict without Him. Ah! then only do we rightly feel our misery, and long to grasp His hand again, that alone can shield us from *all evil*. Yet I speak of myself. You, my dear, were much more advanced than I while you were still very young. The Lord will have led you in grace still further, and will always lead you. The grace of God must at length lead to repentance. How ashamed His grace and compassion ever make me!"

In institutions for the young, for training nurses for the sick, in providing for the fallen and for prisoners, in visitation of prisoners, and various other forms of usefulness, she took an active interest. Wherever she was she did what came to hand.

At length the end drew nigh. Her powers failed. In the autumn of 1844 her son Waldemar had set out on his Indian journey, from which he was to return only to the grave of his mother. The parting was a great trial to her. She followed in his track in spirit.

She was able to visit Rudolstadt, Darmstadt, and Homburg in the course of the next year, but she returned to Berlin with her husband in October, on her 60th birthday. Her strength declined more and more, and on the 14th of April, 1846, at eleven o'clock in the evening, she gently breathed her last in her husband's arms, while the Crown Princess of Bavaria prayed, in the words of Gerhardt's well-known hymn, of which the following is a free rendering—

When hence I must betake me,
And death at last must meet,
O, do not then forsake me;
Thy child with welcome greet.

The Prince Carl of Hesse and the Crown Prince of Bavaria were kneeling with the children at the foot of the bed.

Her patience in her last days excited the admiration of all who surrounded her. "It was not stoical, but the silence of submission under the hand of God."

Her death was the fitting close of a noble and useful Christian life, a large part of which was passed in times of great trial and difficulty. She quitted herself well in those times, and has left an example fitted to impress and win the thoughtless to the Christian life, and stimulate Christians to greater zeal and devotedness.

* "Prinzess Wilhelm von Preussen, etc., von Wilhelm Baur. 1886." To this memoir the writer would acknowledge his obligation.

* For an account of these people see article, "Elizabeth, Princess Carl of Hesse," G.O.P., May part, pp. 434-5.



LOVE'S HARVEST.

(*From the German of* VON FERDINAND FREILIGRATH.)

BY CLARA THWAITES.

OH, love as ong as love may be,
Oh, love as long as love can save,
For comes the hour to you and me
When we may weep beside a grave!

And let thy heart with fervour glow,
And act a kindly brother's part,
While yet the sympathetic flow
Of love may bless a brother's heart.

Oh, cheer him when his faith is dim,
Respond to him when life is bright;
Oh, darken not one hour to him—
Each hour illume with love's own light!

And guard thy tongue, for soon is said
The cruel word which grieves him sore.
It was not meant—and yet he fled
To mourn in secret evermore.

And thou beside his grave wilt kneel
Upon the long, dank, churchyard grass;
To hide the pain no time can heal,
Though fleeting years may onward pass.

And thou wilt cry, "Look down on me,
Who weep upon the burial ground;
Forgive the word that wounded thee,
For, oh, it was not meant to wound!"

He will not see—he will not hear;
He comes no more with sunny brow;
The lips that kissed—the accents clear—
Can give no fond assurance now!

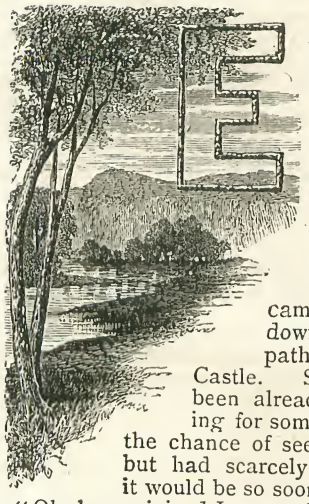
He has forgiven thee long ago;
But burning tears in sorrow rained
For that sharp word in scorching flow—
Peace! Peace! He rests. The goal is gained!

IN THE DAYS OF MOZART.

THE STORY OF A YOUNG MUSICIAN.

BY LILY WATSON.

CHAPTER XVIII.



ELSA started gladly up from a fallen tree trunk to greet Rudolf as, the morning after his return, he came slowly down the hill path from the Castle. She had been already watching for some time on the chance of seeing him, but had scarcely expected it would be so soon.

"Oh, how rejoiced I am to know that thou art safe! The other night I had the most terrible dream. Yet I cannot call it a dream, for I saw nothing distinctly. I only knew that some horrible danger was creeping after thee, and thou wast unaware. I called Rudolf! Rudolf! with all my might, and the effort woke me. But I could not shake off the impression."

"What night was it?"

"Thursday last."

"That is strange," said Rudolf, "for I heard thee, Elsa, and it saved me from death."

His sister trembled, and listened with awestruck interest to his story. They marvelled, as others have done before and since, at the wonderful coincidence, if coincidence it can be called, that brings two minds into connection at moments of supreme importance. Like others, they vainly sought to unveil the mystery; but even this subject could not entirely engross Elsa's attention. The hectic flush on Rudolf's cheek, the unnatural brightness of his gaze, the difficulty with which he spoke, were not lost upon her, and she noticed that he appeared to be in pain and trembled as he walked.

"That cruel night in the cold—the shock—they have made thee ill, my darling! Would it not be better to leave the Count at once?"

"I am coming to that," said Rudolf, faintly. "I have left him, Elsa. I think I must be worth little in the world, for I prosper nowhere. But just now I want rest; only let me lie down somewhere out of the way."

The fears of the anxious little sister were proved to be only too well-founded. Rudolf was ill with inflammation of the lungs, and by nightfall he was delirious. On Elsa's poor mattress in the loft he lay, calling at times for his violin, trying to sing a scrap of melody, talking with Wolfgang Mozart, or perhaps with his new friend, Haydn, whom Elsa did not know.

Anon, he would revert to the scenes of his childhood, and speak to his mother tenderly; then he would pour forth utterances of wild adoration to someone whom he called Princess, and who, the watcher thought with wonder, must surely be the illustrious Marie Antoinette. Oh, weary, heart-breaking task; to listen to the incoherent brain-wanderings of one tenderly loved! It was not wonderful that poor Elsa's courage seemed well-nigh spent, and yet for his sake she knew that she must never give way.

The Sterns, husband and wife, were kindness itself, and Rudolf's little stock of money, the instalment of his salary up to date, would suffice for a time. But how Elsa longed for a friend to lean upon, a wise word of counsel or of sympathy! She was but nineteen, yet it seemed to her that into the months since they had left Castle Höhenfels the experience of a lifetime was compressed.

Sometimes she thought she would send for Aunt Lucinda. But, though she longed for her tender kindliness, she shrank from the loud exclamations of dismay, pity, and consternation, and the "fussiness," which would be instantly introduced upon the scene with such a visitor. The village apothecary ordered perfect quiet for the patient, and Elsa knew that the appearance of a relative from Castle Höhenfels would have a very exciting effect. So she strove to bear the burden of responsibility herself, poor child, watching, her eyes aching with unshed tears, all night long, and scarcely snatching an hour of sleep in the day, when Rudolf lay dozing. The doctor spoke kindly, and bid her hope for the best; but it was not wonderful that her heart sank low, low down, even sometimes as low as to the grave.

One afternoon as she sat beside the bed in the scantily furnished loft with the small window flung wide open to woo the breath of spring, moistening the burning forehead and parched lips, and feeling as if her heart would break, she heard a confused murmur below, and a step hastily ascending the ladder-stair. Turning with a finger on her lip to still Frau von Stern's untutored zeal of entry, she saw that something had happened. With eyes bright and a joyful smile, the woman bade Elsa descend—a visitor was asking for her.

Perhaps the Count had come at length to offer tardy kindness to his poor "domestic musician." Elsa left her patient in the hostess's charge, crept wearily down the stairs, and, entering the room that did duty for kitchen and sitting-room, started back in astonishment. The next moment she uttered a joyful little cry, and ran straight into Paul Engelhardt's arms.

No thought of her former refusal, her doubts and difficulties, entered her head for a moment; nor did she speculate on the shock of delight such a greeting would give to him after the distant terms on which they had parted. She only felt like a bird that flies straight home to its nest, secure of safety, comfort, and peace. And Paul Engelhardt knew with unspeakable gladness that his wife was won.

"Why didst thou not write to me, Elsa?" he asked reproachfully, when some minutes had passed in mutual half explanations and complete satisfaction. "I could not come before, for I was compelled to arrange my poor father's affairs, but I wrote over and over again to Vienna."

"Ah, we have left Vienna," replied Elsa.

"But before then. I have not seen thee for nearly five months; yet I wrote repeatedly, and have only had two brief letters."

The truth was that Elsa could not bear to write and confess need, which would infallibly bring a gift of money from the man who had asked her love. Rudolf had been too dreamily absorbed in music to enter into correspondence, and had left it to her, with this result. She confessed it at length to her lover.

"Unless I could give you all, I would not take help from you," she said, hiding her face; "though if it had really come to Rudolf's being in want, I should have written. And I did the other day send you word of his illness, but you must have started before the letter arrived."

"Yes, I had. It is terrible to me to think of what you must have suffered." Paul was distressed more than he could say to mark the alteration in Elsa—her white, thin face, worn with watching, and eyes hollow with anxiety. He proceeded, however, to take practical steps at once for her relief, declaring that he should instal himself in her place as attendant on Rudolf, and taking possession for her sake of the room usually occupied by Frau Stern's children. A few words with the good hostess arranged that this chamber should henceforth be given up to Elsa, while temporary quarters were found for her little girls.

"Willingly would I have done it before, but the Fräulein would never leave her brother," explained the good woman, anxiously.

"She will leave him with me," said Paul.

At first Elsa demurred to this arrangement, but she soon could not help admitting that Paul was as good a nurse as herself. The invalid, though he did not at once recognise his friend, submitted to be moved by his strong arm with evident content, and was soothed by his gentle touch, taking nourishment obediently from his hand. Then Paul was inexorable. She must leave her brother at once for a long, long rest. The habit of obedience to his will had been acquired long ago, and after a faint resistance it was delicious to submit to be cared for and tended as if she were again a child. Only those who know the terrible strain of watching by the sick bed of a beloved patient can appreciate the relief that comes when the heart-breaking responsibility is taken for awhile by another, who is recognised as being really capable to bear the burden.

From that time Rudolf began to improve. In the first gleam of consciousness he recognised Paul with feeble satisfaction, but without surprise, and accepted his services with pleasure. When a man has the gift of caring for the sick, he makes the most admirable of nurses; and Elsa gratefully recognised that her lover was even more skilful in the sick-room than herself. It was a curious courtship, for one relieved the other in guard over the invalid, and they could barely snatch a minute or two together. Still, it had a sweetness that is sometimes missed in the selfish absorption of lovers who make everything, including all family comfort, bend to their persistence in always being left *tête-à-tête*.

Paul had a room in the village inn, but spent the greater part of the time in the Sterns' humble cottage. He was resolved that as soon as Rudolf could be moved, he and Elsa should be taken to a more comfortable abode, and with this view he had hunted about the neighbourhood. High above the lake there stood a ruined castle, in the sound portion of which lived a forester and his wife. The rooms in one tower, that had been left intact by time, were thoroughly weather-proof, with thick walls and great open hearths on which logs blazed merrily. And though the windows were small, the view they commanded was superb; and May was coming, in which month the inhabitants could hope to sit out of doors on the slopes, and view the prospect of lake, and hill, and woodland.

With this forester and his wife Paul arranged to receive the invalid and his sister as soon as possible. The loft with the low rafters was becoming intolerably hot in the daytime for Rudolf, and the poor living-room of the Stern family was in no way suitable for the reception of a convalescent person. Indeed, Paul could not bear the thought of his pearl, Elsa, having been in such humble quarters. Kind as the homely couple were, the comforts and conveniences of many an English modern cottage were lacking under their roof, and life there could not but be attended with privation.

"They wanted so little money, and Frau Stern was very, very kind, and as it was a place where I could be near Rudolf, I was content," said Elsa, in reply to his tender remonstrance.

"Well, now you must let me take you both to a new home for awhile," said Paul; "I have told your hostess that a change is needful for Rudolf, and she thoroughly understands it, and consents."

Elsa made no objection. Indeed, it was so delightful to rest and have the burden of anxiety gently lifted away, or even shared by another, that she acquiesced with grateful affection in all that Paul suggested. The strain of the months at Vienna, and the few weeks at Perlensee, had told severely upon her, for Rudolf was always the dreamy artist absorbed in his work, and she the practical "little mother," thinking of and planning for his comfort.

So when Rudolf was strong enough to be carried in a rough litter up the mountain path, the brother and sister took their way to the quaint new abode, accompanied by one whom the invalid began to call, with a smile, their "Guardian Angel."

"What should we do without you?" the lad said weakly, holding his friend's hand in his thin fingers, as they climbed. Elsa, with a gleam of recovered cheerfulness, was running hither and thither in front picking flowers.

"What should I do without *you* both?" said Paul. "I only wished to get to you sooner, and had I known how things were, not all the lawyers in Germany should have kept me, even for a time."

"You could have done nothing sooner," said Rudolf. "But now I am glad you are come."

He paused, exhausted; then after a time, his eyes seeking the slight form of his sister on the hill before them, he murmured: "I can see how it is with you and Elsa. You don't want to disturb me by talking of it. But I have seen more than you know. She will be your wife some day."

Paul was greatly relieved by this remark, for he and Elsa had often discussed the advisability of breaking the news of their betrothal to Rudolf, and had only hesitated for fear of agitating him in his weak state.

"You have guessed the truth," he replied. "I don't suppose it was difficult to discover. I will do all in my power to make her happy, Rudolf, and I am now in a position to marry. My poor father was offended with me, as you know, for taking to literature, but he relented before he died. With the proceeds of my work and my income from his property—well, I don't want to worry you with details, only to say that we shall have a home, which you must share. You shall have a room to work out your ideas in, old fellow—the music-room. She and I often talk of it. It shall be lofty, and there shall be an organ in it: a bust of Saint Cecilia, too; then we will ask Wolfgang Mozart to come and improvise, and at night we will sit and listen by the hour together. Oh, you will become a famous musician."

"Never!" said Rudolf, with a slow shake of the head, infinitely pathetic in its renunciation of all the delight of Life and of Art. "And if you and Elsa marry, let it be before very long. I should like to see her safe in your care before I say good-bye."

"What words are these?" cried Paul, astounded. "You are getting better; gaining strength daily. You are tired with your journey, and it makes you fanciful, my boy. Do these peasants carry you properly? Perhaps they jar you. Let us rest by the path a little."

"They carry me with perfect ease, and I am not tired nor fanciful," replied Rudolf, with sad tranquillity. "I shall recover from this illness, but my life will not be long. It is a question of time. Sometimes I deceive myself, but not always. Now we won't talk of it further; but remember what I have said."

Paul knew the ominous fact that Rudolf's mother had died from consumption, and had marked with uneasiness his pupil's delicate appearance both as child and man; yet he was undoubtedly recovering from the attack of pneumonia as quickly as could reasonably be expected, and no thought of a darker shadow behind had come across the elder man's satisfaction. He felt disturbed and distressed, but took refuge in the hope that these were of the host of invalid fancies, soon to be blown away by mountain air.

The brother and sister were delighted with their new retreat, and the kindness with which every want had been forestalled by their "Guardian Angel." Paul came up daily to see them, and the weather soon became balmy enough for Rudolf to lie out of doors, and let his eye rove over hill and lake with the pleasure of a true lover of nature. So there were many happy spring days spent by the trio on the mountain side.

"Who are these coming?" inquired Paul one day, as the friends descried two elegantly-dressed gentlemen toiling laboriously towards the old castle, looking extremely out of place on the rough path.

"One of them is Count Rosenkrantz," replied Rudolf, with a faint flush on his cheek.

"Wretch!" exclaimed Elsa. "I should like to tell him what I think of his cruel behaviour to you."

"Wait and see what he has to say," advised Paul. "He would scarcely come up here unless his intentions were kind."

This proved a true saying. The Count approached the little group upon the turf with evident constraint, expressed much regret at seeing Rudolf so thin and altered, hummed and hawed, and finally begged leave to introduce his friend—an illustrious physician from Vienna, on a visit to the Count's country seat.

"I thought it would be a satisfaction to yourself and to your good sister, of whom rumour has informed me, if my friend, Dr. Krönheim, were to examine and pronounce upon your state," he observed. "He is one of the greatest living authorities on delicacy of the chest, and I am aware that the village apothecary, though well-intentioned, is not erudite."

The offer was made in a confused sense of tendering reparation, for, though the Count never knew the truth of the adventure at Esterház, doubts of Bertini's complete straightforwardness were gaining on him day by day. It was accepted; and Paul, the great doctor, and Rudolf, went into the old castle together, while the Count formally endeavoured to make his peace with Elsa—no easy task, as he found to his astonishment and chagrin.

It is easy for a pure-souled woman to forgive those who have done her wrong, but very hard for her to forgive an injury inflicted on one she loves!

The examination lasted a long time, and the great doctor looked grave when he came out from the castle. Elsa had by this time controlled herself so far as to recognise the Count's evident wish to make amends, and hastened to set refreshments before her distinguished guests; while Paul, within Rudolf's room, laid an arm affectionately across the young man's shoulder.

"Don't trouble about it, Engelhardt," said the poor fellow; "it is no surprise to me. I knew it, and I told you so."

"These great doctors are not always right. And he says, though there is grave reason for anxiety, care may do much," hesitated Paul.

"It won't cure this mischief," sighed Rudolf. "But it is something to know that I can last for some months. I fain would have lived to do more in music; it is hard to give up all one's hopes and aspirations. But yet I go to a world—where—I hope, I trust—I shall not lose everything I loved below."

"He who gave you the talent, will not suffer it to be lost," said Paul firmly. "We don't know much about the other life; but yet I think I could promise you, Rudolf, that you shall have music there!"

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

WOMAN'S RULE.—When women are in place, discipline is in danger.—*Scott.*

IN PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE.—There are many people who never know anything until they run against it, and then they know too much.

GOOD AND BAD.—Good things have to be engraved on the memory; bad ones stick there of themselves.—*Charles Reade.*

A PEACEFUL INTERVAL.

"Mary," said a lodger to the chambermaid, "this is the stillest house I ever was in. The landlord and his wife must get on well together, for I haven't heard a single sound since I came here."

"It's all very nice just now, Mr. Smith," said Mary, "but wait till they make friends again. They quarrelled a fortnight ago, and haven't spoken to each other since."

A MARKED DIFFERENCE.—Love and passion are too often confounded. They are quite distinct. Love elevates and refines, passion degrades and depresses; love enlarges the heart, passion narrows the mind. And even in the case of what is called passionate love, there is too much which is of the earth, earthy. Pure affection is a sentiment free from taint of any kind, and is as rare as pure charity.

NOTES ON THE BAGPIPES.

The bagpipe is a musical wind instrument of great antiquity, having been used among the Hebrews and Greeks, and being a favourite instrument over Europe generally in the fifteenth century. It still continues in use among the country people in Poland, Italy, the south of France, and in Scotland and Ireland.

Though now often regarded as the national instrument of Scotland, especially Celtic Scotland, it is only Scottish by adoption, being introduced into that country from England. The earliest notice of it in Scotland is in the royal treasurer's accounts in the reign of James IV., wherein are frequent entries of moneys paid to "Inglis Pyparis," who came to play before the King, who had brought the taste with him from England. Chaucer's miller could play well on the bagpipe, and in Shakespeare's days a "Yorkshire bagpipe," and the "drone of a Lincolnshire pipe" were familiar.—*Dr. Ogilvie.*

A CHOICE GIRL.—She that is choice of her time will also be choice of her company, and choice of her actions.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

THE REPROACHES OF CONSCIENCE.—A wounded conscience is able to unparadise paradise itself.—*Thomas Fuller.*

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

MURIEL.—The best German is spoken in Hanover, and the best French at Blois and Tours. If you desire a situation as assistant teacher in a French or German school, we strongly recommend you to look well before you leap. Consult Miss Leigh, Avenue Wagram, Paris, or the British chaplains in Paris or at Hanover. Certainly we should scarcely select Germany as a warm climate for a delicate person. Still, it is a large country, and the British chaplains in some of the more southern large cities might, we think, be depended upon to give general information respecting the schools and climate, etc. But go nowhere without good introductions.

ANNIE.—We can only give you the same advice above given to Muriel. It is a risky thing to go abroad to little known schools.

MAUD FORSTER should refer to our answers under the above heading, and she would see much in reference to the training for hospital nurses. Write to the Lady Principal of the Great Ormond-street Children's Hospital.

ENGLISH WOMAN.—Your letter is most gratifying to us, and we thank you for the encouragement given us. We think that, especially in your case, you should make your own selection of helpful amateur societies; and to that end should procure a one-and-sixpenny manual or "Directory of Girls' Clubs" (Griffith and Farran, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C.), written by one of our staff.

EDITH A. E.—You give fair promise of doing better; but you need instruction. Could you not obtain some lessons?

MONTHLY SUBSCRIBER.—Write to the secretary or superintendent of St. Luke's Invalid Home, Finsbury House, Ramsgate. Lady-workers desiring experience in parish work are received there. Or else you might apply to Miss Lloyd, hon. sec. of the Mission Training House for Ladies, 143, Clapham-road, S.W. Or the Deaconess' Training Institution, The Willows, Stoke Newington, N. You do not mention your age; we fancy very young women could not undertake visiting in London excepting with many restrictions as to locality. But of personal efficiency and suitability for the work, those who see you will be able to judge.

MISCELLANEOUS.

M. MAGEE.—You ought never to destroy all a cat's kittens; she should retain one. It is easier to be the means of inflicting suffering than to discover those of removing it.

M. H.—Hold the violoncello on the outside of the knee. What is feminine and graceful should ever be studied; and masculine attitude carefully avoided.

AUSTRALIAN GIRL.—You act wisely. "Working girls," of all others, should not wear stays. When those "in society" relinquish them, they have only to take the greater care in the fitting and making of their dress bodice. The wearing of flannel or woven woollen underclothing is very essential to the preservation of health.

PRUNES and PRISMS.—See the articles entitled "The Fairy of the Family" last section, "Spots and Stains," p. 807, vol. iv.

SWEET-TOOTH.—It is quite true that sweetmeats are greatly adulterated. Even the liquorice drops, which are supposed to be so wholesome, are sometimes made of bad brown sugar, glue, and lamp black; the flavouring only being of true liquorice. Sugar-coating is largely composed of white earth; and flavouring intended to represent the pineapple, is obtained from rotten cheese (maggoty, of course!) and nitric acid. So be careful where you purchase indulgences of this kind, and the less you take of those unadulterated the better. It is easy to sow the seeds of gout and other serious diseases.

LOVER OF THE G.O.P.—You should have looked for the word "Macassar" in a geographical dictionary, and you would have discovered that it is the name of a district in the island of Celebes. The original oil made for the hair, and so called, is a sort of vegetable butter, of a rancid odour, and of an ash-grey colour. There are many preparations made for the hair under the same name; and two recipes have been published as being genuine.

LENO and MAY.—The book you purchased to read in private was certainly unfit for you, and you must have been conscious of that or you would have made no secret of it. Your only course now is to be beforehand with the person who intends to get you into trouble, and to confess to your mother your slyness and lack of dutiful feeling to her, in spending the money received from your parents to purchase and read books of doubtful character. You will then have done your duty and made some amend for your grave misconduct, and you will likewise have disarmed the person who has threatened you.

UARDA.—Translations are not usually saleable work. First obtain an order for it from some publisher, or your time will be lost, so far as pecuniary advantage is concerned.

DANCER.—Turning to your God in repentance and faith, and practically carrying out your resolutions to serve Him faithfully, by the aid of His Holy Spirit, is what is called "conversion." Those that "die in Christ" enter into a state of happy rest, although their state of bliss cannot be consummated until after the "redemption of the body." These blessed dead will not be "judged;" that is to say, their sins have been "blotted out," and will come no more into remembrance," although "we must all stand before the judgment-seat of Christ" before we are placed on "His right hand," and are "divided from the goats."

MISS HARRIET MASON.—We are very glad to be able to recommend a home of rest for women earning their own living, *i.e.*, "The Farm House" Little Oddyns, Horstead Keynes, Sussex; the locality is very healthy, and the country round pretty. Terms for board and lodging 12s. 6d. per week, and a return ticket from Victoria or London Bridge may be obtained for visitors on application to Miss Mason, for 3s. 9d., available for a month. This home is conducted on religious principles; only seven boarders can be received; and where great poverty is to be considered, a case may be taken on reduced terms, if well recommended.



NORTH AND SOUTH.

SALT wishes us to give our girls her prescription for the preservation of the hands from chilblains, although this be not the season for such ailments. Commencing in September, she rubs her hands well with common salt every night, soaking and washing in exceedingly hot water. She then rubs with a solution of glycerine and rose water; and her hands—which used to be bound up with rags, and too swollen to wear gloves—are now beautifully soft and free from chilblains. We recommend her to try her own cure on her ears, and to arrange her bonnet strings so as to cover her ears in winter.

MAY QUEEN inquires whether we think it advisable to "read stories which she does not much fancy," although "for some time past inclined to do so." Does she think we shall advise her to read such dull stories as a means of mortification? We are glad that she finds our paper so "highly entertaining and very interesting," and think that Dr. Eadie's "Bible Cyclopædia" (56, Paternoster-row, E.C.) would be found interesting as well as instructive. Not knowing her tastes it is difficult to make a selection.

GAY (2).—The word "envelope" is French, and retains its French pronunciation. If well-instructed in that language, you will be familiar with the nasal sound of the syllable "en," and that the "o" in the third syllable is not sounded as in English, but clipped as if it were a "u." Your writing is legible but not pretty. Reduce it a little.

MICHAELMAS GOOSE.—Brides (or their fathers) do not now present the bridesmaids with their dresses, nor even their gloves, which was always the custom twenty or thirty years ago. The bridegroom gives them, and his bride their bouquets; nothing more is obligatory. But, where his means permit such an expense, he may, if he please, present the former with a trinket of some sort, such as a brooch, locket, pin for the hair, or fan.

ALICE.—Perhaps your dog may have caught the mange, although the food you give him may be just what it ought to be. We should show him to a veterinary surgeon.

A SUFFERER.—The Channel Islands are very suitable for invalids suffering from bronchitis and asthma. We are personally acquainted with Guernsey, and can only say that when spending four months there during winter, the anemones, pinks and carnations, myrtles etc., were all in blossom out of doors in February. Sark is a wonderful place for the cure of asthma, but there is little accommodation there for visitors. Jersey is even milder than Guernsey, and is very pretty and picturesque. It used to be cheap, but is not remarkable in that respect now. There are plenty of lodgings to be had, we believe, fairly moderate in price. It would be well to go straight to a hotel at St. Heliers, and look about for yourself.

DAISY will see a variety of homes indicated very recently in our Answers to Correspondents.

ELAINE had better varnish the little table, decorated with flowers, with clear white bookbinders' varnish. We are glad that you like our stories so much.

EFFIE.—The turning grey of the hair, and baldness, is produced very often by failure of nerve power; and instead of consulting a hairdresser you should apply to a skin doctor.

STELLA.—You are not clean before, but after washing. You need to ask pardon daily, and ever to apply afresh to the "Fountain opened for sin." You are accepted in Christ with all your infirmities and all your sins, if converted to God; but every day leaves its defilement, and every night you should confess and ask pardon for all.

NELLIE T.—Wharton says (History of English Poetry) that in the reign of Henry III. there was a Versicator Regis, to whom an annual stipend was first paid of one hundred shillings. Chaucer, on his return from abroad, assumed the title of Poet Laureate; and in the twelfth year of Richard II., 1389, he obtained a grant of an annual allowance of wine. In the reign of Edward IV. John Kay was Laureate; in *temp.* Henry VII. Andrew Bernard was Laureate, and in the reign of Henry VIII. John Skelton was granted that distinction. See Haydn's "Dictionary of Dates."

VERONICA.—The letters which appear on our coins, viz., "D.G." are the initials of the Latin words, *Dei Gratia*, meaning, "By the grace of God;" and "F.D." means *Fidei Defensor*, or, "Defender of the Faith," a title bestowed for his tract against Luther, on Henry VIII., by Pope Leo X., October 11th, 1521. 2. The distinction between a contralto and soprano voice consists chiefly in the tone of voice and the location of the body of sound, on either the low or the high notes.

ADELE.—The words you quote mean exactly what they say, according to their dictionary signification, *i.e.*, St. Paul fought with beasts (probably lions) in the arena at Ephesus, where Christians were often exposed on account of their faith.

BANTAM.—Meat suppers are by no means wholesome. You are tired, and the digestive powers are thus enfeebled, and should not be taxed with other than very light food. But for health sake nine o'clock p.m. is no time for making a meal. At most, a cup of milk or chocolate, and a small slice of bread or a biscuit, should amply suffice, as you should retire to your room at ten o'clock, and if under sixteen at nine.

AN ORPHAN.—Your letter and your course of conduct do you credit. Speak very plainly and decidedly to him, and say that you could not encourage nor permit attentions from one not in your own sphere of life, and to which his family would be opposed. Say that, poor and fatherless as you are, you could not suppose that a gentleman would stoop to take advantage of his higher position, and of your friendless one, by insulting with attentions that could not be justified by an open and honourable engagement. Should he still persist in them, tell him you must write and inform his family, as you could not accept them on the sly, and without their leave. Say or write this word for word, and pray for divine help and protection.

A SCOTCH LASSIE.—Such questions as yours should be considered and answered by your mother, who knows your age, constitution, habits of life, and external surroundings. We could not give any opinion as strangers. Should she be unable to give you advice, she had better consult a medical man.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. VIII.—NO. 402. SEPTEMBER 10, 1887. PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE BROKEN LOOKING-GLASS.

BY NESBITT HAMILTON.

"JUDY!" bawled Mrs. Calligan up the rickety step-ladder leading to the loft that served her daughter as bedroom. "Judy! Is it the whole day yer takin' to make yourself purty up there, and the market half over by this, and Phil Cassidy been gone wid his pigs an hour already, and yer poor ould mother with a crick in the back packing yer baskets an' all; sure it's me heart that's bruk wid yeez. Come down this minute." Here Mrs. Calligan accompanied her abjurations with a sounding spank of her broomstick on the side of the step-ladder, disturbing considerably a cock and two hens that had taken it into their heads to retire to roost there during the heat of the day.

"Yes, mother darlin', I'm comin' at wanst," the fair Judy replied. "It's me



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"JUDY STOOD TRANSFIXED."

hair that won't set, with the warm weather." This was scarcely true. Indeed, the hair appeared to "set" remarkably well, which was not astonishing, considering the time Judy had spent in arranging it—a very pardonable waste in her own eyes, for the road to Ballyboreen passed by Pat O'Connor's holding; Pat, the best dancer, the fastest runner, and the smartest "boy" in the county, who had lost his heart to pretty Judy Calligan, and moreover would probably be waiting at the cross roads, to do a sly bit of courting this morning. Judy hastily replaced the little square of mirror on its nail, and throwing on her ample blue cloak, tucked her stockings into her pocket, picked up her shoes, and prepared to descend the ladder; when, just as her foot was on the top step, with a crash and a rattle down fell the looking glass from its nail on to the floor. With an exclamation of horror, Judy was turning to where the little frame lay on its face, when her mother's voice, pitched in a considerably higher and sharper key than before, again reached her ears. "Is it comin' down ye are, or must I come up and fetch ye?" It was evident, from Mrs. Calligan's tone, that delay was dangerous, and Judy descended the ladder precipitately, nearly overturning the irate old woman, who had already commenced the threatened ascent.

"Bad luck to ye! where did you larn manners? Not from yer mother, I'll be bound." This was true, though not in the sense Mrs. Calligan meant it.

"Now then be off wid ye, and don't be takin' bad money to-day; they say there's a dale of it about, and yer head's as soft as a boiled pratie, since that omadhawn, Pat Connor, has turned it with courtin' ye and tellin' ye ye was purty, and a hape av lies beside, bad luck to——"

"Oh! wirra, wirra, mother, don't be wishin' bad luck," interrupted Judy, passing her arms through the handles of the two baskets of eggs and butter. "Sure it's bad enough it'll be without wishin' more, the looking-glass is bruck to smithereens; it fell off of the nail, just now, and there it lies on the flure, and myself no time to pick it up, wid all yer callin' and drivin' of me."

Mrs. Calligan sank on a stool and covered her head with her apron, completely overcome with this crowning disaster.

"O! whilew murther!" she exclaimed, rocking herself to and fro. "Would nothin' sarve ye but to break yer grandmother's looking-glass that's been in the family this seventy year? Ohone! Ohone! Get out av me soight, or I'll be the death av ye!" she exclaimed, starting up again in a transport of rage. "Ye bate the Dutch."

Judy did not wait to be asked twice, but fled the house, trembling both at her mother's wrath and her own bad luck, while the old woman, with sundry crossings and mutterings of prayers preservative from evil, repaired to inspect the scene of the disaster.

Tripping nimbly along on her bare, shapely feet, with that graceful carriage of the body peculiar to Irish peasant girls, her long blue cloak covering her arms and the baskets on them, the hood thrown back off her smooth black hair and rosy face, Judy descended the rocky mountain path from her mother's cabin to the road below with the activity of a goat. Just as she turned off the path on to the main road, she raised her dark eyes with a farewell glance at her mountain home, and perceived that her mother was standing in the doorway shouting and gesticulating. Judy paused for a moment, and tried to make out what her mother was calling, but catching nothing but the words "bruck" and "lookin'-glass," mingled with various others indistinguishable, wisely pursued her way to market, fervently hoping all the time that the storm might wear itself out before her return at night.

The day was one of those lovely ones—few and far between, alas!—when one might walk in Connemara and think it Italy. The blue sky with its fleecy clouds, the mountains bathed in sunlight, the smell of the heather, and the purling murmur of the stream, that ran its amber course through the valley, the springy turf of the roadside, soft as a velvet carpet to her bare feet; the very delight of living on such a day soon drove from Judy's head all dismal forebodings of misfortune.

Half a mile more, and she would be round the shoulder of the mountain, and able to see Pat O'Connor's cabin in the valley below, and a little further on, at the cross-roads, there would be Pat waiting, sitting on the wall, with the same humorous, careless smile in his eye that had won Judy's heart. The girl accelerated her pace in very joyousness almost to a run; her twinkling white feet fairly danced along the path, when—ill-timed light-heartedness—a little trip, a stumble, she is down. The fall is nothing, she is up in a moment; but the eggs—half of them are broken. Judy sat down on the roadside and stared at the ruin in utter despair. "Ah, wirra wirra! after breaking the lookin'-glass, and knowing what I had to look forward to and all, and nothing must serve me but capering along like a mad girl," she lamented. "Half the eggs spattered to bits, and every sixpence of the money wanted for the rint, at the end of next wake." But we have it on very ancient authority that it is no use crying over spilt milk, or eggs; and Judy finally came to the same conclusion, and, drying her eyes, proceeded on her way, after she had re-sorted her eggs, and carefully packed the sadly diminished freight in moss from the wayside.

A few steps further, more staidly taken, and she is in sight of Pat's cabin. Judy's keen sight recognises the figure standing in front of the house; there is no mistaking that well knit figure, in the long frieze coat, with the grey blue stockings peeping out below. He stands with hands shading his eyes, looking down the path from his door to the cross-roads. A spasm of disappointment touches the young Irishwoman's heart. What is he doing away over there? Why is he not waiting at the cross-roads, as in duty bound, with the expectant smile and ready greeting for his dark-haired sweetheart? Does he expect her to come over to his house for him? "The consait av the boy!" says Judy to herself, bridling at the very idea, and turning her head with a little disdainful air, as though Pat had been close to her instead of a mile away across the valley. But lovers' eyes, like the mariner's needle, if momentarily deflected, will invariably return again to the attracting point, and it was not long before Judy's head turned again in the direction of Pat O'Connor. She saw that Pat was advancing rapidly along the path to the cross-roads. At that rate he would reach the spot about the same time as herself. Pat is not going to play the part of the laggard in love, then. Judy's baskets seemed to feel suddenly lighter, perhaps from some mysterious sympathy with her heart. She hurried on with a smile on her lips, but when she again looked across the valley it suddenly left them. A female figure in the blue cloak universally worn by the Irish peasant women was coming up the path to meet Pat with an eager step. Judy stood transfixed, as she saw them meet with a close embrace, and walk arm in arm to the cabin; then suddenly giving way to her impulsive nature, the poor girl placed her basket on the ground, and sitting down again on the roadside burst into a storm of sobs and tears.

The storm was sharp, but short. The feelings of disappointed love were soon succeeded by those of wounded self-esteem and jealous anger. She sprang from the ground with burning cheeks, snatched up her burdens, and hurried on with rapid steps. "Is it tears, Judy Calligan, ye'd be after wasting on a miserable forsworn creatur' like that? If ye do ye'r not the girl I tuk ye fur." A lump rose in her throat, but Judy choked it down, and walked on, with her little nose "tip-tilted" in the air.

"Och, ye manespurrited blaggard!" said she, apostrophising the faithless absent one. "It's a bit of my mind I'll be after tellin' ye when next we mate." Then her angry thoughts turned towards the female figure. Who could it have been? Mary Brady, perhaps. No, it was too short for Mary. Besides that, Mary was a "dacent colleen," and would not steal any poor girl's sweetheart. More likely "that cratur'" Norah Cassidy. She was no better than she should be. Thus Judy's resentment transferred itself in great part from Pat to the unknown female figure, and if there be any truth in old saws, the ears of all the young women of the barony must have burned that day, for Judy passed them all in merciless review before her, as she tried to fit the blue cloak on each in turn. Oh, the looking-glass, the looking-glass! What unlucky fairy prompted her to take it from the nail on which it had hung securely for years, to try and see the back of her hair with it that morning?

While Judy lamented her ill luck, and scarified the characters of her suspected rivals, her active feet rapidly carried her over the six miles that lay between her home and the town of Ballyboreen. Outside the town she stopped and set down her baskets beside a little stream, to wash her feet and put on her stockings and shoes, which Irish country girls usually keep clean by this primitive custom when going to market. Judy sat on the bank, her hot and dusty feet dangling in the water, while she took her stockings from her pocket, and smoothed them preparatory to donning them. Then drying her feet in the soft moss and turf of the bank, she drew on the stockings and looked in the basket for her shoes. Not in that one! Surely she had not put them along with the eggs? No, they were not in that one. Mercy on us, the shoes are missing! Not in her packet; nowhere to be found. Judy searched everywhere, but did not mend matters—the shoes were still missing.

"Ohone! Ohone!" she exclaimed, wringing her hands in despair, "was ever such a day of bad luck? Me shoes lost that I giv' ten shillin's for at the fair last year, and me to stand in the market all the day with bare feet, like a duck in a puddle, and me mother rintin' a farm an' all! Shure it's disgraced we'll be before the barony; all becase I must break me grandmother's looking-glass this morning. Ohone! Ohone! it's me that's the unlucky girl this day." There was nothing for it but to take off her stockings again, and hurry on, as she was already too late to waste time. So on Judy went in no very pleasant mood, thinking of the figure she would cut in the market beside the other girls, with their clean stockings and bright shoes.

Ill luck seemed to follow poor Judy all through the day. Purchasers were few and far between, and the two baskets emptied terribly slowly, and the leather purse in her pocket remained wofully thin. The day wore on, people began to leave, and the market gradually became deserted, and still most of the produce remained unsold, and the number of the buyers diminished rapidly. Judy began to think of the long six miles she had to cover before she reached home. She could not possibly stay any longer, and reluctantly commenced to pack up the eggs and butter left on her hands, and at last turned her face homewards with an aching heart, not any the lighter for the discovery that a shilling of her scanty gains was bad money, after all her mother's warning. This

meant another scolding for poor Judy. Oh, that looking-glass! Would there never be an end of it?

The night was far advanced before the light of the cabin came in sight on the hillside. As Judy ascended the path she thought she heard voices, and a woman's merry laugh in the road below. Her heart responded with a pang.

She entered the cabin quietly. Her mother was asleep by the fire, and the "praties" were knocking at the lid of the pot suspended over it. Worn out and heartsick, poor Judy sank down beside the blaze. The thought of her cruel desertion, which had been kept at bay by occupation during the day, returned upon her with redoubled force; repressed nature gave way at last, and she burst into floods of tears; and wild sobs and hysterical strugglings ended at last in unconsciousness.

She awoke from her swoon to find her mother bending over her. "Are ye better, me darlint? Spake up then, mavourneen; what ails ye then?" said the old woman, kindly, as she put her arms round her.

"Oh, mother," said the girl, "the looking-glass has ruined us entirely! Me shoes lost," —sob; "the eggs broke,"—sob; "a shillin' of bad money,"—sob, sob; "and Pat O'Connor"—shriek. "Oh! the bad luck's come."

"Sure and if that's what's botherin' ye, alanah, it's the same kind of bad luck I'd like ivery day," said Mrs. Calligan. "Luk at that, now," said she, holding out a dirty note of the Bank of Ireland for her daughter's inspection; "a twinty pound note it is, at the back of the glass. Me mother put it there avore she died, but she died speechless more by token, and couldn't tell us where she put it, and me always wonderin' where that note was, and it behoind the lookin'-glass all the toime!" This comforted Judy somewhat, when she fully realised the position. "Ah, well, then it doesn't matter for the eggs and the shillin', and me shoes that I lost——"

"Sorra a lost," interrupted her mother; "there they are standin' fornenst yiz; ye never tuk them away, me darlint, and me callin' ye back to tell ye av it, and the note and the good luck, and not an inch would ye come; and that long-legged Pat O'Connor's been here wid his sister Kathleen, that walked over from Ballyboreen to see him to-day, and they waited and waited here for your comin' back, and me wantin' to slape all the toime, till at last I clean tould him to be off and come back to supper." Here there was a knock at the door.

"An' talk of an angel, and here is one."

That supper was a merry one.

DOMESTIC LIFE IN CLASSIC TIMES.

WOMEN OF ROME.

LORD TENNYSON has entitled his "Jubilee Ode" to our gracious Queen the "Carmen Sæculare," or secular hymn. Those of my readers who are familiar with classical literature are at once reminded of the original poem from which Tennyson borrows his title. Those who are not, may like to see some account of it.

The "secular hymn," now indeed "grey with distance," was composed by Horace, the most popular of Roman poets, just seventeen years before the Christian era. It was written to commemorate not merely the achievements and successes of the great Augustus, ruler of the mighty Roman Empire, but also, and chiefly, the ten long blessed years of peace which had crowned those successes.

The Roman Empire had celebrated many a savage victory and many a brilliant conquest, but this is the very first time that we hear of their celebrating with rejoicing and thanksgiving a prolonged peace.

It was, indeed, that same "universal peace through sea and land" which immediately preceded the birth of the Saviour.

History describes those scenes of ceremonial and rejoicing, now so long ago, for us with some detail; how the revered Sibylline books were consulted by the proper authorities, namely, the Quin-decemviri, the fifteen men whose special business it was to take charge of those ancient books; how they declared that the celebrations and public games were to last, uninterruptedly, for three days and three nights. Wheat and barley, etc., were to be distributed gratuitously amongst the poorer citizens of Rome; the history of Troy was to be publicly enacted with the story of the Trojan Æneas, the fabled founder of Rome; sacrifices were to be offered up to all the popular Roman deities; and, at the most solemn part of the festival, the Emperor, attended by the Quin-decemviri, the fifteen men who presided over religious matters, descended to the banks of the Tiber, and there, approaching the altar erected on its shore, himself sacrificed the white steers to Apollo and Diana, the sun and the moon, "the lords of light and the givers of all good things."

The ode, the "Carmen Sæculare," written for the occasion, was meanwhile sung, as the



MATRON.

sacrifice was burning, by a chorus of twenty-seven youths and twenty-seven maidens, of spotless manners and character, who had been selected from among the noblest families of the State to perform this honourable office.

In an introductory strain, sung at an earlier part of the ceremonies, the Emperor, the Cæsar, is praised for having brought the blessings of peace to his country, and also for all that he has done to establish firm and just laws. Thus begins the Ode to Augustus:—

"Thy era, Cæsar, which doth bless
Our plains anew with fruitfulness,
* * *
On lawless licence cast a rein,
And, purging all the land from crime,
Recalled the arts of olden time;
Those arts, by which the name and power
Of Italy grew hour by hour,
And Rome's renown and grandeur spread
To sunrise from Sol's western bed.
While Cæsar rules, no civil jar
Nor violence our ease shall mar."

The Ode to Augustus ended, the secular hymn began. The chorus of youths and maidens together invoke the celestial powers of light, the sun that ruled the day and the moon that ruled the night, under the names by which they were worshipped in Rome, thus:—

"Phœbus and Dian, forest queen,
Heaven's chiefest light sublime,
Ye, who high-worshipped evermore have been,
And shall high-worshipped be for evermore,
Fulfil the prayers which, at this sacred time,
To you we pour;
This time, when, prompted by the Sibyls' lays,
Virgins elect, and spotless youths, unite
To the immortal gods a hymn to raise,
Who in the seven-hilled city take delight!"

They then probably sung alternately. The youths, first, address their hymns to Apollo:—

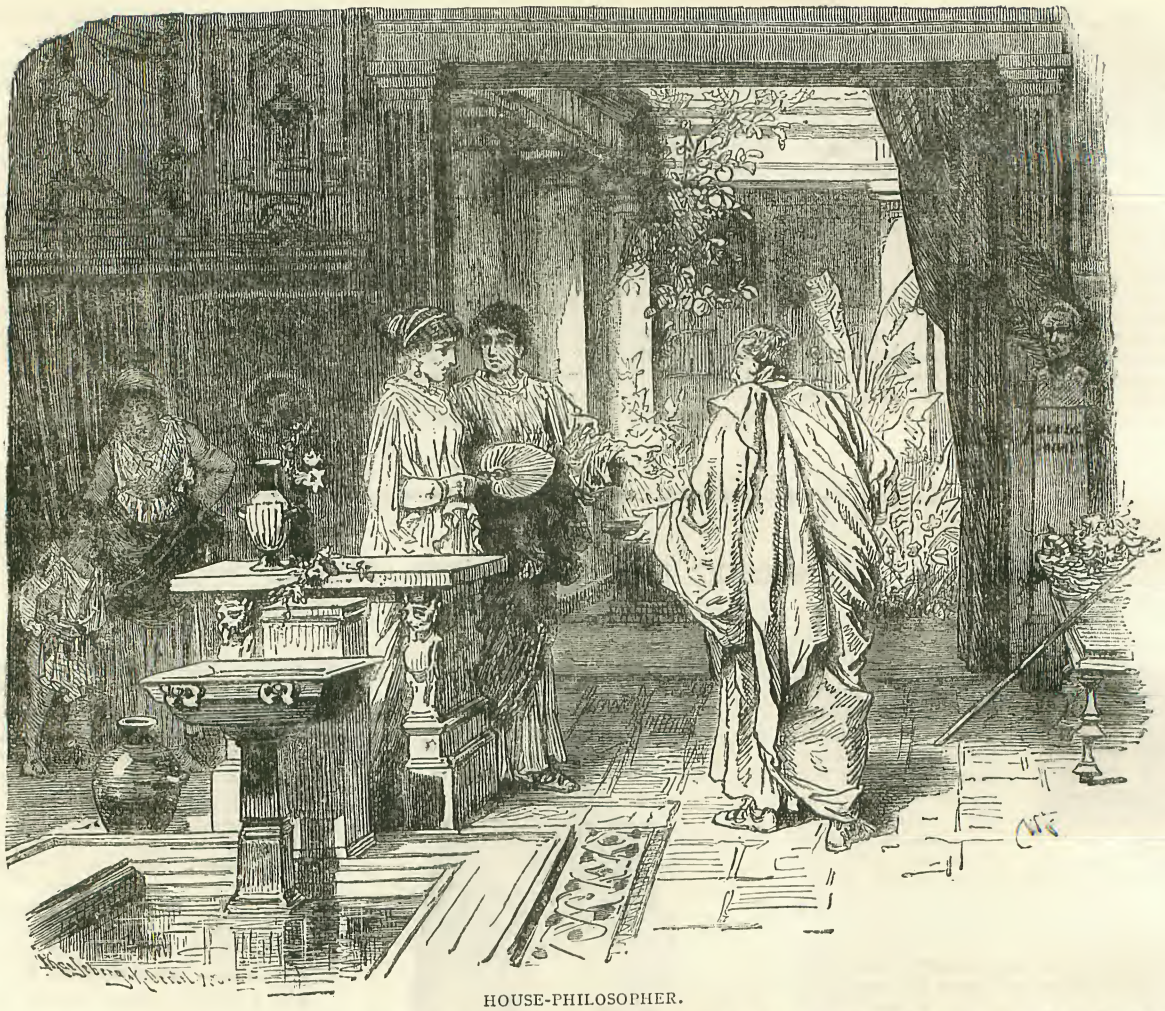
"In all thy wanderings mays't thou nothing view
That mightier is than Rome,
The empress of the world, our mother, and our home."

The maidens next address their invocations to Diana, the moon, to her who it was supposed, protected women in all more especially feminine troubles:—

"Oh, Ilithyia, of our matrons be
The guardian and the stay."

The lads sing—

"Ye powers divine,
Unto our docile youth give morals pure!"



HOUSE-PHILOSOPHER.

While together they pray—

"And oh! may he who now
To you with milk-white steers uplifts his prayer,
Within whose veins doth flow
Renowned Anchises' blood, and Venus' ever fair,
Be still in war supreme, yet still the foe
His sword hath humbled, spare."

And so on.

This promise of worship "for evermore" to Apollo and Diana strikes us the more, as it was uttered within so short a time before the appearance on earth of Him who was to utterly abolish and supersede these Pagan creeds.

It seems that this was the first occasion on which hymns had been set to music and chanted in this way in Rome: for in an introductory preamble, in which Horace appears to have been giving his instructions to the young performers, he commences with the words:—

"Silence, while I (the muses' priest) chant hymns unheard before:
I chant to virgins and to youths,
I chant to listeners pure."

And presently exhorts them to keep time as they sing—

"Ye virgins, the foremost in rank and in race,
Ye boys, who the fame of your ancestry grace,
* * *
To the Lesbian measure keep time with your feet,
And sing in accord with my thumb in its beat;
Hymn the son of Latona* in cadence aright,
Hymn duly the still waxing lamp of the night,†
That with plentiful fruitage the season doth cheer,
And speeds the swift months on to girdle the year."

Then in the concluding lines of this preamble, the poet apparently turns in a marked manner to the leader of the chorus, who must have been a girl gifted by nature with a voice whose clear ringing tones led the song of her young companions, soaring above them like a lark in the blue sky—a voice the forerunner of the Pastas and Pattis of modern Italy. And Horace turns a pretty compliment to the girl's voice and to his own poetry at one and the same time, in the kindly concluding words:—

"And thou, who art chief of the chorus to-day,
Soon borne home a bride in thy beauty, shalt say:
'When the cyclical year brought its festival days,
My voice led the hymn of thanksgiving and praise,
So sweet, the immortals to hear it were fain,
And 'twas Horace, the poet, who taught me the strain.'"

* Phœbus, Apollo. † Diana, the moon.

We find here two points which claim our attention. First, that it was the custom in Rome, as in ancient Greece, for the maidens, the daughters of the highest families of the State, to take part in the public religious ceremonies, instead of delegating the singing, or chanting, to the paid services of hired professional performers.

Secondly, we may note how much emphasis is laid on the injunction that all who were to take part in this solemn ceremony should be of strictly unblemished personal character, as well as of high birth.

We perceive that the Emperor Augustus was making a great effort to restore to their ancient purity the manners of Rome, and to stem the looseness and profligacy which had too rapidly increased in his time.

The Empress Livia, the wife of Augustus, did all that a wife could do to second her husband in these efforts. Her manners were courteous to all. She was kind and charitable to the needy, and brought up many poor children at her own expense, and gave many a maid a marriage dower, and her wifely virtues were never touched by the breath of scandal. After Augustus was firmly seated on his throne, he lived in the simplest manner in his house on the Palatine Hill, a house quite too modest to be called a palace, and his household affairs were conducted by Livia in the most frugal manner. She herself sat at her spinning wheel amongst her attendants, "imitating the grave matrons of old days who stayed at home and spun the wool to clothe the men," for all the clothes of the imperial household were made in the palace.

In those days the majority of families outside Rome, in Italy and in the provinces, and doubtless also the women of the middle and lower classes in Rome, spun and wove the linen for the household use, but for the Empress of that great empire to do such work, it was certainly a matter of pleasure rather than of necessity.

Well, it was perhaps somewhat like what I have heard our own princesses did once when they were young girls. With their own hands they made some dresses for our beloved Queen, as a birthday present; and Her Majesty took pride and pleasure in wearing them. It was nice to think that they liked to do such things, and a good example to all girls of a lower station in life that the daughters of the highest person in the land were able to do such homely and useful work.

But I am digressing from my great Roman lady.

"Livia seemed designed by nature and by education to be the friend, the counsellor, the wife of Augustus," says Lady Morgan, in her interesting account of the women of the Empire. To her advice may be attributed many an act of clemency on the part of Augustus during the latter part of his reign. The conspiracy of the younger Cinna against his life he would certainly not have pardoned but for Livia, for his first impulse on its discovery was not one of mercy, until Livia's better counsels prevailed. Her influence over her august spouse never varied from first to last, and was always used for good. When he died, it was with her hand in his, and her name on his lips. His last words were sighed out to her—"Livia, be happy, and remember how we have loved."

A few years ago some excavations were being made on a lovely site on the Campagna, about ten miles from Rome, when a small but elegant house was unearthed. The walls of what had evidently been the sitting-room were daintily painted to represent a garden trellised in from distant woods, with gay flowers, and birds flying about. This has been identified as the house to which Livia retired in her widowhood. And here, in the chief apartment, was found the most perfect and the most beautiful of all the portrait statues yet known of Augustus Cæsar. It was in white marble.

The opinions of historical writers are by no means unanimous in their judgment on the character of Livia. She is known to have been ambitious for the advancement of her sons; and is, by some authorities, believed to have been unscrupulous in the means she employed to obtain her ends. By her enemies she was nick-named "Ulysses in petticoats." But none have ever questioned her domestic virtues, or her fidelity to her husband, or the good influence she exercised both over husband and son.

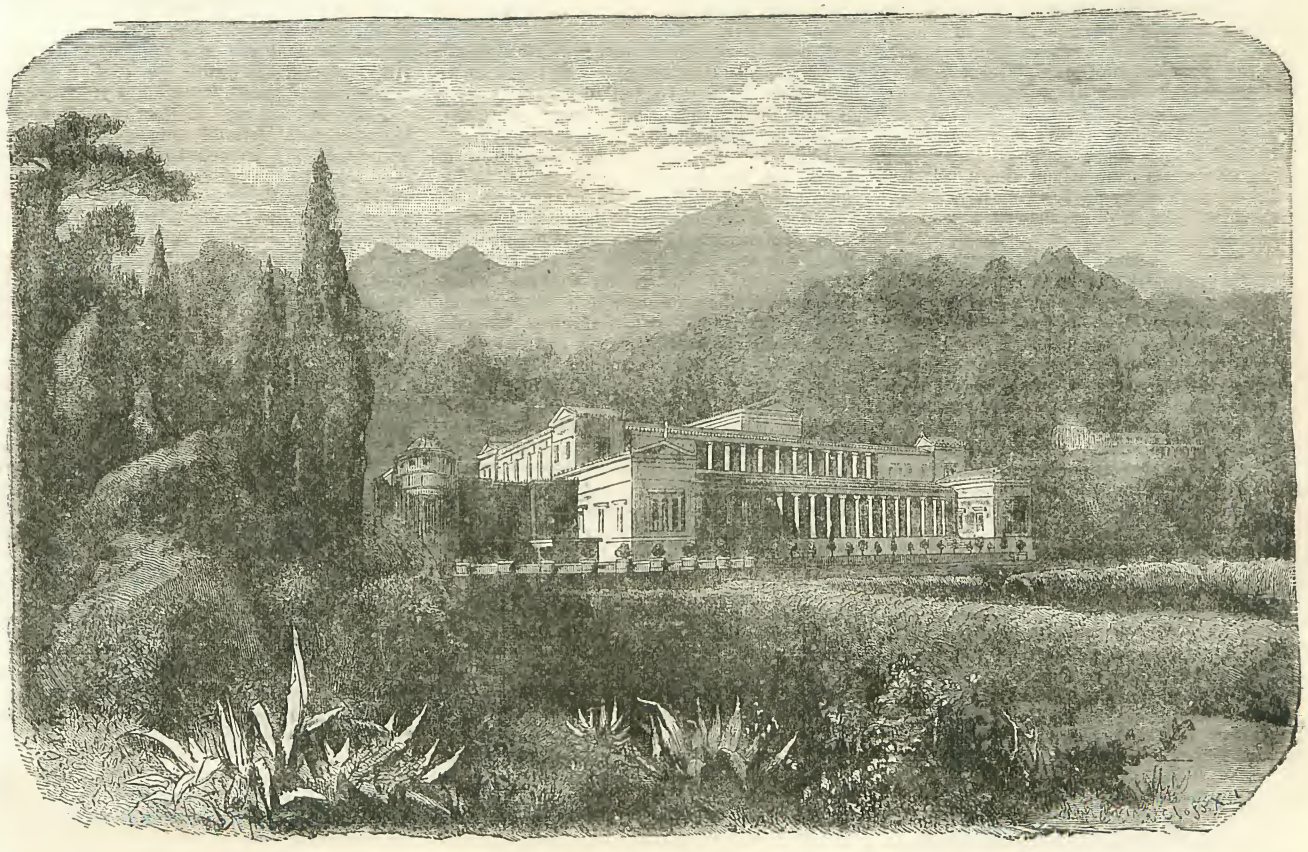
The ladies of Rome, who were too wealthy to need to spend their days in the drudgery of domestic life, and who preferred *not* to imitate the example set them by the Empress Livia Augusta, passed their lives in a manner wonderfully similar to that of a lady of fashion of the present day in London or Paris. Their time slipped away in the busy idleness of paying calls and visits of ceremony. Congratulations for a betrothal or a birthday had to be offered here, condolences for a bereavement were due there. Perhaps an invitation had been accepted to hear a poet read his last new poem, and must by no means be neglected, for fear of giving offence to the sensitive author.

My readers will notice that I speak but little of the girls of Rome. It is, indeed, because there is so very little to tell. The girl was a child up to the age of twelve or thirteen, playing with her dolls, tossing her ball, and learning her lessons with her masters, wearing her hair short and her tunic, too, which scarcely descended below the knee. Suddenly she blossomed into a tall and marriageable maiden, donned the long robe (or *stola*) and veil (or *palla*) of womanhood, and without any delay it was considered the immediate and imperative duty of paterfamilias to provide a suitable husband for his young daughter; and forthwith, with no appreciable interval of girlhood, she is at once transformed into the Roman matron.

The marriage ceremonies were not unlike those of the Greeks, which we have already described. The augurs, or seers, have to watch for omens, by which to fix on a lucky day for the final ceremony. The doors of the house of the bridegroom have to be adorned with flowers and garlands; the procession wends its way with rejoicings from the parental to the future home of the bride, who must be lifted over the doorstep on arriving, in order that by no unlucky chance she should trip against it with her foot on first entering. These ceremonies were all similar to the more ancient Greek customs.

The bride was dressed in a long white robe, adorned with ribbons and with a purple fringe, and bound round the waist with a girdle, called the Girdle of Venus. Her bridal veil, called *flammeum*, on account of its colour, was flame-colour, as were also her sandals.

Arrived at her husband's abode, before she entered she bound the door-posts of her future home with wool, and after she had entered her distaff and spindle were presented to her. She was placed on a sheepskin, and the keys of the house were delivered into her hands. "Her husband received her with fire and water." This was probably some ceremony symbolical of the partnership in the trials of life which they would share together. And she must salute him with the words, "Ubi tu Caius, ego Caia," which may be freely rendered, "Where thou art master, there I am mistress." The inevitable feasting came afterwards, and also the wedding song, called the



VILLA OF THE YOUNGER PLINY.

Epithalamium. There is a charming example of this kind of poem extant, composed by the poet Catullus—he who celebrated the grief of his lady-love over the death of her pet sparrow.

The position of the Roman women after marriage was, indeed, very different from that of the Greek women. "Instead of being confined to separate apartments, like the latter, the Roman matrons, at least during the earlier centuries of the republic, occupied the most important part of the house, namely, the atrium."* Unlike the Greek, they were as free to come and go as were their husbands. They were to be seen in public places, at the theatre, at the races, at the gladiatorial games. They took their meals with their husbands, except at public dinner-parties or at drinking bouts. The arrangement of the *tri-clineum*, or dining-room, was so peculiar that a few words should be devoted to a description of it. The word *tri-clineum* means three beds or couches, and was so called because the Romans reclined during meals. When this luxurious and to us most uncomfortable custom first came into use I know not; but the Roman ladies never adopted it. Instead of reclining, they sat at the end of the last couch, or chairs were placed for them. The dining-table was placed in the centre of the three couches, which were arranged with the head inwards, towards the table, while the fourth side of the table was left free for the slaves to approach, to clear and replenish the food.

"The Roman matron presided at this, as she did in all other household matters. She watched over and preserved the honour of the house, and, as the materfamilias, she shared the honours and respect shown to her husband. Also, she educated the children."

In Greece, as we have seen, the boys were early taken from the women's rooms, from the control of their mothers and the society of their sisters, and entrusted to the care of a pedagogue, who escorted them to and from the day-school, looked after them out of school-hours, or sometimes taught them himself. But the girls had no opportunity of learning anything besides domestic work.

In Rome it was different.

The girls shared the lessons with their young brothers at their mother's knee, and as they grew older could even attend the public lectures on philosophy, or have masters for advanced subjects, if they showed a taste for learning.

We find that many men of distinction had received their early training from their mothers. We learn also that not infrequently women kept day-schools in Rome, attended both by boys and girls.

Women of the highest rank not only presided over the education of their sons (such women, for instance, as Cornelia, mother of the Gracchi, Attica, mother of Cicero, and others), but undertook the responsible situation of governesses to such patrician children as were destined by their birth and by parental ambition to hold high office in the State.

Cicero tells us that the Gracchi, those noble patriots of early Rome, "were under the immediate tuition of their mother." "Even the lowest quarters of Rome may be said to have had their plebeian Cornelia, some matron of humble life, with superior intellectual endowments, to whom the youth of the quarter was consigned."

"Before this matron," Quintillian says, "it was deemed an heinous offence to speak or act ill." She not only taught the youths, but prepared them for the business which they were to follow. She regulated their recreations and watched over their morals. Boys very generally love female instructresses, but the reverence and the love which the Roman mothers in the best days of the republic inspired in the hearts of their sons and pupils justified the words of Juvenal, who said that they were "as parents honoured, and as gods obeyed."

Cicero, the orator, dwelt with delight on his boyish days, when he and his young friend Atticus were wont to enact with mimic solemnity the pleading of causes before judges, and to recite the laws of the twelve tables, as if it were an amusing pastime, before his mother, the accomplished Attica. She used to preside over these performances, rewarding and stimulating the boys' efforts of memory and attempts at eloquence. She herself possessed undoubted powers of elocution, and there is no doubt that Cicero was greatly indebted to this gifted mother's training for his successful and brilliant career.

Both Cicero and Atticus ended their lives before Augustus assumed imperial rank; but the time was creeping on only too surely that extinguished all personal liberty. When Augustus celebrated his ten years of peace, although law and order were firmly established throughout the vast empire, yet the freedom of the individual depended on the caprice of one irresponsible ruler.

The laxity of morals that prevailed about the Court after the death of Augustus and his wife, Livia, the cruelties and horrors that history relates concerning the individuals immediately connected with the Court, are such that I do not care to dwell on. We have, however, I think, ample proof in the charming letters of Pliny the Younger that the imperial circle did not give the tone to the outer world. His peaceful and happy domestic life, the high tone of his letters to his friends, among whom were many noble and heroic characters, his tenderness to his young wife, and the affectionate and respectful manner in which he addressed her relatives, point conclusively to a large circle of worthy people, looked up to by all around them and quite uninfluenced by Court scandals.

Pliny's letters are preserved and translated, and I propose to select a few of them, as we gain from them an idea of the home life of a Roman family such as no modern description could give equally well.

Pliny was a native of the little town of Como, on the Lake of Como, called in his time Lake Larius. He often refers to the beauties of its scenery with much affection. There he apparently made acquaintance with his young wife, a motherless girl who had been carefully brought up by her aunt and grandfather, all of them residents in the same charming locality. The aunt, Calpurnia Hispulla by name, must have been an early friend of Pliny. In fact, he evidently regarded her as a dear elder sister, for he says that "from his very boyhood she had been in the habit of forming and praising him," adding, tenderly, "that she had loved and honoured his mother as if she had been her own." Pliny writes to this friend to thank her for having brought himself and his wife together in such a nice friendly letter that I must give it nearly in full.

"To Calpurnia Hispulla.

"As you are a model of dutiful affection, as you cherished that excellent brother of yours, who loved you so much, as you cherish his daughter as if she were your own, exhibiting towards her the affection not merely of an aunt, but even of the father whom she has lost—for these reasons, I doubt not, it will be a great joy to you to learn that she is turning out worthy of her father, worthy of you, worthy of her grandfather. She is gifted with remarkable quickness, as well as discretion, and she loves me, which is a token of her purity. To this must be added a love of literature which she has conceived from her tenderness for me. She has got my works, and studies them, and even learns them by heart.

"How great is her anxiety when she sees me going to speak in court, and how great her joy when I have spoken! She sets messengers about to report to her what favour and applause I have excited, and what is the result of the trial. Then, whenever I recite, she sits hard by, separated from us only by a curtain, and catches up with eager ears the praises bestowed on me. She even sings verses of my composing and sets them to her guitar, with no professor to teach her save love, the best of masters. All this leads me to entertain the surest hope of an unbroken harmony between us, destined to increase day by day. For it is not my youth, nor my person—things which gradually perish and grow old—it is my fame that she cherishes. Nor would any other conduct befit one who has received her education at your hands, who has been formed by your precepts, and who in your abode has witnessed nothing but what was pure and honourable."

Pliny was at this time about forty years of age, and in full practice at the bar as a successful advocate. The letter was evidently written soon after his marriage. He is so full of happiness and pride in the affection of his young wife.

Some little while later, Pliny proposes, in answer to an invitation from her grandfather, Fabatus, to take his wife on a visit to the latter, and to her aunt Calpurnia, who is residing with the grandfather. Pliny writes:—"You are desirous, after so long an interval, of beholding your granddaughter, and me with her. This desire of yours is mutually gratifying to both of us. For, on our side, we are possessed by an incredible yearning for you, which we shall no longer put off: nay more, we are actually packing up our traps, with the intention of hurrying as fast as the plan of our journey will permit. We shall make one stoppage, though only a short one. We shall have to turn out of the way to my Tuscan property. . . . But we shall make all the more haste on the journey itself. May it only be our good fortune to find you and your daughter (the aunt Calpurnia) in health, for we shall be sure to find you in spirits if we reach you safely."

Pliny and his wife Calpurnia, named after her aunt, went determined to enjoy themselves with dear and honoured relatives, whom we may imagine they had not seen since their marriage, absorbed as they were in the busy life of Rome, and anxious to renew acquaintance with the delightful scenes of their youth. He writes elsewhere from Rome to a friend at Como, inquiringly:—"What of those cloisters, where it is always spring time? What of that most shady of plane groves? What of the lake which underlies and ministers to you? What of that bath-room which always catches the full sun on its way round. What of the resting-chambers for day and for night?" It seems that Pliny owned two villas, himself, "by the Larian Lake," the views from which he describes with enthusiasm. He says: "One enjoys a nearer, the other a more extended view of the lake; one, with a gentle curve, embraces a small bay, the other, situated on a lofty crag, separates two small bays from each other; there a promenade stretches for a long way in a straight line, along the shore, here it gently curves in the shape of a spacious terrace-walk; one of them does not feel the waves, and the other breaks them. From the former you can look down on the people fishing, from the latter you can fish yourself, and throw your line and hook from your room, and actually from your sofa almost, just as from a skiff."

Fishing was a favourite amusement with the Roman ladies when at their seaside villas. On the pictured walls of Pompeii we often see them represented so occupied. The site of this villa of Pliny's, by Lake Como, is still

* Smith's "Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities."

shown: the one near the shore that "embraces the bay," the one that "breaks the waves"; and one could still, if one were so disposed, throw line and hook from the terrace walk, and angle for fishes the remote descendants of those which dangled at the end of the rod of Pliny's young wife, as she shared the amusements of her husband's leisure hours. While on their visit to Como, Pliny is distressed to find that his native town boasts no good school, and that the residents who wish for a good education for their children, are obliged to send them away to Milan to study. Pliny determines to found a first-class school in the town of Como, as he is anxious, he says, that "those who are born here should be educated here, and from their very infancy should grow accustomed to love and to inhabit their native soil," although no children had as yet been born to him who should share in these benefits.

Then, after the return to Rome, we have a touching letter of anxiety from Pliny to the aunt, narrating the serious illness of the young wife. "The worst is over," he writes, and he adds, "She is cheerful *now*, and restored to herself and to me; she begins to regain strength, and by her progress towards recovery to measure the crisis she has passed through."

After this illness, Pliny sends Calpurnia into the country to recruit her shaken health. We are aware how serious the illness was, by the extreme anxiety of husband, aunt, and grandfather about her.

Pliny was too much occupied in his profession to accompany the invalid into the country, which distressed him as much as it did his wife. He writes to her: "I never complained more than now of my occupations, which did not suffer me to accompany you when you started for Campania for your health's sake, or to follow close after your departure. For at this time, particularly, I desired to be with you to judge with my own eyes how far you are recruiting your strength and your dear little body, and, in short, whether you have passed through that delightful retreat and rich country without receiving any hurt." He is full of fears and anxieties for her. He says, "I apprehend everything, conjure up everything," and adds, "I beseech you, therefore, to have regard for my fears by writing me one, or even two letters a day."

Calpurnia has written how much she, too, has felt this absence from her husband, and that she has but one solace, that of possessing his books; she places them on his seat, she says, and pretends to think they are himself.

Pliny owned several country villas, besides the two on Lake Como. He had one near Ostia, the ancient port of Rome, called the Laurentine Villa, where he liked to go best in the winter months. Another, the Tuscan villa, on the Tiber, sheltered by the Apennine mountains. This was his favourite villa, and here he delighted to spend as much of the summer as his profession would allow.

How gladly will he "turn his back upon all the bustle, the hurry-scurry, and utterly inane drudgery" of Rome, as he himself expresses it, and rush off to the quiet country life of his villa, where he can "give himself up to study and repose," and "the charms of his wife's conversation and society," which he truly valued.

The Tuscan villa was deliciously situated. Pliny says, describing it in a letter to a friend, "It lies under the Apennine range, the most salubrious of mountains. The summers are wonderfully soft, the air is always stirred by a kind of breath; yet it is more often breezy than windy. Hence, old men are numerous, you may see the grandfathers and great grandfathers of youths already grown, you may hear old stories and old folks' talk, and when you visit the place you may fancy yourself born in another age." A delightful place both to rest in after city work, and for the invalid wife to recover health and strength in. Pliny devotes many pages to his description of the beauties of the scenery, and the conveniences of the villa, and the fertility of the soil, for he was very fond of farming, and liked to make all his country estates profitable. He describes the high mountains behind, that shelter his pleasant valley from cold winds, the lofty and venerable forests, the luxuriant vineyards that clothe the slopes of the mountains, the fertile plains below, and the meadows gemmed with flowers. Then he expatiates on the lovely view from the villa, the cloister or covered walk, for exercise in bad weather, the variegated terrace walk in front, with borders of box, and forms of animals cut out in box facing each other. A quaint fancy, which was revived in the last century, and which one may occasionally still see in very old-fashioned English gardens.

His dining-rooms and painted saloons, some facing north, to be used in the height of summer, some facing south for winter use to catch every ray of sun, the baths, the quiet sleeping apartments. Across the grounds there is a delightful arbour or summer-house, composed of two or three rooms, with couches, windows on every side, a luxurious vine that scrambles and mounts up the whole building to the roof; in front, a semi-circular seat of white marble round a polished marble basin, into which water gushes from an unseen source, shaded by vines. Here Pliny loved to recline at ease, and to have his pic-nic tray placed by the waterside, while the lighter dishes were set afloat in the water to keep cool. We can fancy his young wife joining him, and the fun they would have helping each other to fish the little dishes out of the water; they were often served in the shape of ducks and fishes. However hot the day, the food would come out all fresh and cool; and they would eat it together, sitting on the white marble seat in the shade of the plane trees, and "the vines that scramble about" over them. This was of course their morning meal, the *déjeûner* or lunch. They have probably come in tired from a ramble in the woods, or perhaps a drive in a carriage to see the different farm tenants. Later in the day the dinner will be served in the *tri-clineum*, of which I have already spoken. During that meal, Pliny liked to have an interesting book read aloud, and after dinner, especially if there were friends to share the meal, some accomplished slave would perform on the lyre.

All the servants on the estate were slaves—some bought, some born the children of slaves. The farm tenants were perhaps slaves to whom their freedom had been given as a reward for faithful service; they were then called freedmen.

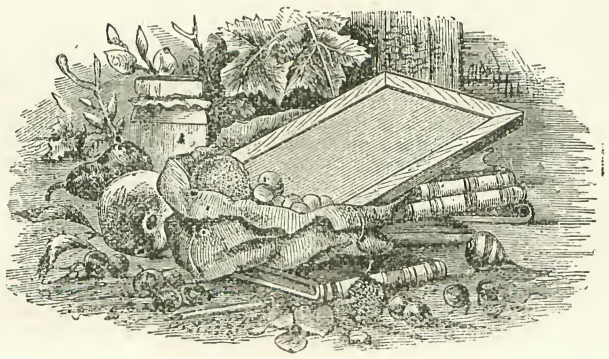
We may be quite sure that Pliny's kind-hearted wife, Calpurnia, was not one of those to ill-use the slave girls who personally attended upon her, as we hear sometimes of the aristocratic Roman ladies doing: beating a poor girl if she arranged one of their curls awry, or scratching her face, or sticking pins into her. Pliny would certainly not have loved his wife as fondly as he did, had she been capable of such cruelties. He often mentions his different slaves in his letters, and always writes kindly and thoughtfully of those who served him. To many he not only gave their freedom, but also the means to support themselves comfortably when free.

The Rev. Lucas Collins says of Pliny, describing his character: "It would not be easy to find in ancient literature, or indeed in modern, one who approaches more closely to the best modern ideal of a well-bred, cultivated, blameless gentleman." And we feel assured that the women who were connected with him by marriage or friendship are certainly worthy to be joined in the same eulogium.

In the year A.D. 103, Pliny was appointed by the Emperor Trajan, Proprætor (or Governor) of the important Province of Pontus, in Asia. His wife accompanied him and shared his fatigues. The previous Governor had carried on a cruel persecution against the large body of Christians whom he found in this place. In a most interesting private letter extant, Pliny appeals to the Emperor for advice and instructions, as to how he is to deal with "these inoffensive people," against whom he says "he can find no crime."

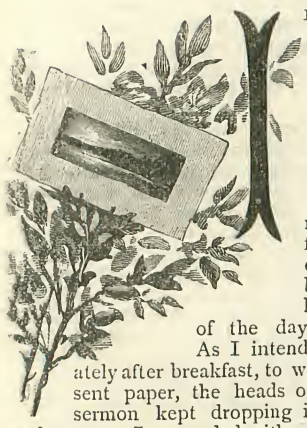
We know not whether either Pliny or his wife were in any way moved to embrace these new doctrines, which were "unto the Greeks foolishness, and unto the Jews a stumbling-block," but we know that all persecution against the infant Church was for the moment stopped. And we do also know, that humble as the movement then appeared to be, it was but 220 years later that the small cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, had spread over the face of the heavens, and its waters had fertilised the whole earth. In the year 324 A.D. the Emperor Constantine the Great established Christianity as the religion of the Roman Empire, "exhorting all his subjects to renounce their old superstitions, and to adore only one God, the Saviour of the Christians."

E. F. BRIDELL-FOX.



SLEEP, GENTLE SLEEP.

By MEDICUS.



I HAVE a habit of thinking about the work of the day while dressing; not a bad one, either, for the mind is ever freshest at early morn, before the little worries of the day commence. As I intended, immediately after breakfast, to write the present paper, the heads of my health sermon kept dropping in upon me, one by one, as I proceeded with my toilet, and I could not help laughing as I remembered the old Scotchwoman's receipt given to her daughter-in-law as a cure for sleeplessness.

What would our girls think of Medicus if he were to recommend this cure seriously? But let old Mrs. Grey speak for herself, although she talked in far broader Scotch than the following:—

"Noo, my dear lassie, I'll just tell ye what ye'll dae. Ye'll tak' a handfu' o' ingans"—onions—"and peel them, and then tak' a piece o' good thick twine and a darnin' needle, and string them like beads, and wear them round your neck a' nicht, an' ye'll sleep as sound as a tappie"—top—"my dear, and be as blithe as a lark in the mornin'."

Well, there may be something in it, though the story does not go the length of stating whether or not the daughter-in-law followed the advice vouchsafed.

Another old-wife's cure is the pillow stuffed with hops, the aroma of which one is supposed to inhale. The old wife should keep her pillow to herself, as far as I am concerned. I have no faith in it. Besides—awful thought!—might there not be earwigs in the pillow? I am fond of animals of nearly all sorts, but I don't want to be on the same side of the wall as an earwig.

There are many other old-fashioned remedies for the cure of sleeplessness, or rather for the induction of sleep, which are not worthy of printer's ink. Instead of mentioning these, it will be more to the purpose if, in this paper, I consider briefly the causes of bad rest at night, and give suggestions by which these may be rationally and successfully removed.

Now, everyone, old or young, readily admits that a certain amount of refreshing sleep is necessary for the health. Very few, however, give the matter much thought until they begin actually to suffer from sleeplessness, or from bad rest, the sleep they obtain being disturbed by dreams or startings, so that they awake in the morning with a feeling of tiredness and weariness that tells them that, for all the actual repose they have obtained, they might almost as well have remained up.

But this is not the worst, for such people are nervous and peevish all day long; if they have any work to do they do it with no pleasure or will, and they are just as cross with themselves as they are cross with every creature and thing around them. Towards evening persons like these may brighten up, and only be too bright when it is time to go to bed.

It is impossible, however, for such a state of mind and body to last long without inducing serious illness; not, perhaps, of an active kind, but chronic. The want of refreshing sleep ages the young, and hurries the aged to the grave. It should be remarked here, notwithstanding, that elderly people do not require so much sleep as the young, but the sleep which they do have ought to be refreshing while it lasts.

One of the commonest causes of want of good sleep is neglect of a proper amount of judicious exercise during the day.

Why is it that exercise conduces to healthful sleep? To answer this question so as to be properly understood, we must consider what is the normal condition of the brain during sleep. It is agreed by all, then, that during natural sleep the arteries and veins of the brain are to a great extent empty of blood. There is enough of the vital fluid passing through it to feed the nerve matter, but not sufficient to cause its waste in the way of thought or action. In sleep disturbed by dreams the blood-vessels are not so free from blood as they ought to be, and as it is only during real sleep that the brain has time and opportunity given it, of making up for waste and loss of tissue, it is evident it must wear itself out if that perfect repose be denied it. Moreover, if there be brain fatigue and brain weariness, the whole body must suffer, and a thousand different feelings—many real, many illusory—be the result.

Well, now, exercise acts upon the brain by withdrawing the blood therefrom which is needed elsewhere, so that it is actually being rested. That is one way in which muscular action does good, but it does so, also, by bringing all the internal organs of secretion, etc., into better working order, and the skin as well, so that a deal of morbid matter is got rid of, which, if retained, would actually poison the blood and produce chronic congestion of the blood-vessels of the brain. If congestion be too strong a word, let me say that the retention of morbid matter in the blood destroys, to some extent, the elasticity of the blood-vessels of the brain, narcotises or paralyses them, so that they have a difficulty in getting rid of the blood sufficiently to permit of wholesome sleep.

If, then, the want of sound sleep can be traced to the neglect of exercise, one has the remedy, or one of the remedies, in one's own hands. It merely becomes a question, What is the best kind of exercise, and when should it be taken? This will, of course, depend upon the kind of duty one has to perform during the day. But whatever that may be, time must be made for a short walk in the morning, and a good long one in the afternoon or evening. In summer this can generally be accomplished easily enough, but during the damp, dull days of winter it is not so easy. But once get into the habit of taking these constitutional walks, and they will do so much good that rain itself will not keep even a delicate girl within doors. If she be afraid of getting cold, let her wear a cloak, but not an indiarubber one, for these keep in the damp and do much harm. As soon as she gets indoors let her change her clothing and shoes. During summer one cannot be too much in the open air, only, if troubled with sleeplessness, we must beware of over-fatigue.

Indigestion in some form or other is a fruitful cause of sleeplessness, and this may exist to a considerable extent without a person being actually aware of it. In fact, it is the custom of many only to apply the term indigestion to that state of ill-health where the trouble can positively be referred to the stomach, and in which acidity, heartburn, flatulence, pain after eating, etc., exist. Well, these are undoubtedly symptoms of a very disordered state of the digestive organs indeed, but dyspepsia in degree quite sufficient to interfere with rest or sleep at night may exist without any of these. There may be simply some degree of fulness after eating, accompanied with languor and listlessness, not of a pleasant kind, occasional headaches—trifling, perhaps—heat of skin, burning in palms of hands and soles of the feet, heat in the brow and temples, and a dry feeling about the eyes. If, in addition to these symptoms, the system is rather dry and there is slight furring at the back of the tongue in the morning, then be assured that the digestive organs are wholly out of order, and there is good enough reason for restless nights. When I say wholly out of order, I speak advisedly, because it is not then the stomach alone that is in fault, but the liver and other organs as well.

How then should one eat to sleep? Well the great mistakes we do make are, first, the eating of indigestible food; secondly, the eating of more food than is necessary to maintain the body in a state of health; and thirdly, eating at improper times.

Let me, by way of treating this subject in a homely yet taking manner, imagine that a lady has consulted me about sleeplessness. She has been a sufferer for some time, and has all kinds of bad nights; for instance, there are nights and nights that she is troubled with ugly dreams, which make her start and wake and turn in bed. They are not actual nightmares, nothing sits on her breast and tries to choke her, but they are fearful enough nevertheless. At other times, instead of dreams that actually awaken her, she has long, wearying, worrying dreams; she is doing something she cannot easily accomplish; or she is walking in her sleep—in imagination, I mean, toiling along over hills and moors, or on dusty roads, tired and weary and ready to drop.

Still another symptom may be present in this case; the lady, although often lying awake for hours after going to bed, is nevertheless drowsy and apathetic after meals.

Taking this case all in all, it is no wonder that she awakes in the morning as tired as when she lay down, and that during the day she is easily fatigued, if not, indeed, always jaded and depressed, and easily put out of temper. I have known people suffering thus earn for themselves the character of being cross and objectionable, while all the time it was their health that was out of order, and they were more deserving of pity than censure.

Now to prescribe for this lady patient. Exercise I have already spoken about. The diet must be restricted. Nothing must be eaten that is known to be difficult of digestion, fat meat must be avoided, pastry, cheese—except about a square inch eaten alone ten minutes before dinner—potatoes and sugar in any quantity must be avoided, and only the mildest vegetables used. Toast, stale bread, a moderate allowance of well-mashed potatoes and vegetables may be taken, and boiled or roasted meat, fowl or game, may be taken; also the less oily kind of fish. The tea or coffee or cocoatina should be weak and not over-sweetened. As regards diet, it is best to be restricted as to quantity as well as quality, but not over-much so. For it is unnatural to stint oneself; the stomach that is unfilled soon degenerates, its walls get weak and thin, and



SUMMER OCCUPATIONS.

a kind of dyspepsia is induced that is very difficult indeed to cure.

The lady in question is further recommended to dine early, and have supper three or four hours before going to bed.

A glass of cold water first thing in the morning and last at night will also do her good.

As for medicine in a case of this kind, there is nothing better than a blue pill at night, followed by a large glass of Pullna water before breakfast, and even this will not be required more than twice a week.

The labours of the day, so far as the mind is concerned, should be all over before supper. After this meal, light amusement may be indulged in, and reading and conversation does good; but anything that excites the nerves should be most strenuously avoided.

If it be possible a good long walk should be taken an hour after supper, or two hours before retiring for the night.

The habit of going to bed at a reasonable hour and getting up reasonably early should be adopted. A cold, or, at least, tepid bath, should be taken every morning, and a warm bath once or twice a week before going to bed.

Now, as to the bedroom itself. The larger and more airy it is the better. It should contain as little furniture as possible, and no garments should be left hanging about. It cannot be too well ventilated, and if the windows are left open all night in summer so much the better.

The window blinds should be of a colour to exclude a bright light, and I think nothing beats red holland. There should be no curtains around the bed, and although the room should be tolerably warm, it ought by no means to be hot.

The bed should be easy but not soft; a hair overlay covering a perfectly level woven-wire mattress conduces to the greatest comfort.

Warmth in bed should be maintained in a natural way, that is, by means of a sufficient quantity of bed-clothes, but these must not be heavy. It is better in winter for elderly people to have woollen sheets than cotton or linen ones.

As to a tile or jar of hot water, it often does good, but should not if possible be retained in the bed all night. It is only useful to keep the feet warm, for going into a cold bed often banishes the pleasant drowsiness that has begun to steal over the senses before retiring. So by far the best plan is to have the bed warmed before going to it, not only in the centre but at top and bottom as well.

A word about what are called "night-caps." One form of night-cap is taken internally, another is used as a covering for the head. As a rule I object to the use of either, for the head should be kept cool, and both forms of night-cap have a tendency to heat it. However, sometimes the state of one's feelings must be consulted instead even of the doctor.

No sort of narcotic, however, is to be taken without the advice of the family physician; opium, chloral, chlorodyne, bromide of potassium, and the new "drug" called coco, can in this country and in the United States of America count their victims annually by the thousand.

Coffee. It is a strange thing that a cup of coffee should in many cases produce sleep, not directly, remember, therefore it is not a tonic, but if taken about an hour before retiring it calms the mind, especially if one has been subjected to mental strain or worry during the day. It will be better if taken without either milk or sugar, both these ingredients having a tendency to produce acidity.

NOTES FOR OCTOBER.



BIRDS migrate during this month more than any other; some are leaving us, and some coming for the winter. It is not only naturalists who study their flight, there are other observant watchers who might perhaps give some hints even to professional naturalists, for October is the month when bird-catchers are on the alert; and they know the habits of every bird which it is worth their while to study.

Their prey consists of small singing-birds; and great numbers, especially of linnets, goldfinches, and larks are taken. The hen linnets are killed, and sold to the poulterer, but both cock and hen goldfinches are kept alive, perhaps because they are less easily distinguished, and so it is possible to pass the hens off in the large towns as cock birds. Most of the poor little creatures die very soon after they are caught, but if they survive the first few weeks' captivity they generally do well, so the price rises at first according to the length of time since their capture.

The bird-catcher's life is not an easy one The best time for catching his prey is in the early dawn, so his nets have to be spread, and he must be standing on watch in the fields, while it is still dark; and early risers know how bitterly cold it sometimes is on a "chill October morning." By the time most people are astir his work is done, and he is gathering up his nets, and the tiny cages of decoy birds, and is preparing to trudge back to the nearest town with his load.

The apparatus used is very simple. A spot is chosen as a likely one for the birds to pass over in their flight; the nets are spread out on the grass at the sides of the field, leaving a bare space in the middle; the decoy birds are distributed at intervals round the hedges; and then the catcher has nothing to do but wait patiently for his prey. Presently a flock of birds passes over head, the decoy birds call to them, and apparently out of sheer curiosity, or perhaps compassion for their fellows in distress, the whole flock pauses, then alights to see what is the matter. Their curiosity is their destruction; in an instant, by means of a cord and pulley, the fateful net is drawn over them, and their doom is sealed.

Bats, as a rule, hibernate during the winter, but in a mild season they may often be seen flying about at intervals all through the winter; probably to their own great discomfort, as there is not a sufficient supply of food for them in the cold weather. In Cornwall it is said they are to be seen all the year round, as long as the temperature does not fall below 50 degrees. Probably the same warm weather which keeps them from sinking into their usual state of torpor, also keeps awake a sufficient quantity of flies to supply them with food.

Bats have often been tamed, though as a rule they do not live long in captivity. They become very tame and affectionate, and make charming pets, with the one drawback of having a rather disagreeable smell. If kept in a cage, the wires must be very close, or they will get through; they can be fed on flies, moths, and scraps of raw meat, and have either milk or water to drink. Describing a pet bat, one gentleman says: "It often crept on the floor on 'all fours,' moving amazingly quickly from place to place, with an odd, hobbling motion. It was a noble hunter, only killing flies when they were on the wing. One evening it caught a large fly, and alighted with it on my shoulder, where it ate it all, save the wings."

Towards the end of the summer the leaves of the sycamore tree often become brown and shrivelled, and on examination are seen to be covered with black, or very dark brown spots. Till the microscope was brought to bear on them, the cause of these spots was very much disputed; some said that drops of rain, or dew, acted as burning glasses, so that the rays of the sun shining through them caused the spots by actually burning the leaves. Others thought they were the work of insects; but it is generally agreed now that they are made by a fungus, the *Rhytisma acerinum*. The growth of this fungus is very interesting; the seeds are perfected in the old leaves after they fall, and are wafted by the wind on to the young leaves when they burst from their covering sheaths in the spring. When firmly established on the new leaf, the fungus first shows itself as a brownish stain; then little black spots appear on the brown mark, and finally the black specks spread, and form a black round stain, with a lighter coloured border. Looking down on the stain, it appears of an even black colour all over, except the edge; but if the leaf is held up to the light, it will be seen that some parts of it are more transparent than others, showing the different parts of the fungus growth. They are much thicker in the spring than when the leaves fall in the autumn. If the fallen leaves could all be burnt before the fungus has time to ripen, and scatter the seeds on the wind, this unsightly fungus might soon be stamped out.

It is almost a hopeless task at this time of year to try to keep our gardens tidy, when every fresh gust of wind strews the paths with fallen leaves. One may solace oneself, however, by finding many objects of interest in the untidy lawn; notice, for instance, the way worms draw the leaves into their holes. Worms are night-feeders, and the clearest traces of their work are to be found in the early morning.

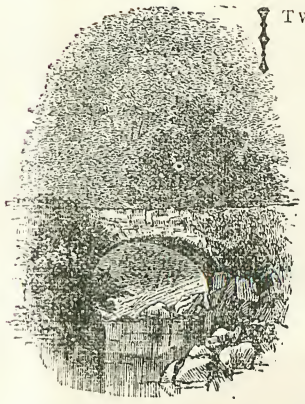
Some of the spring flowers should be planted now; amongst these are the tuberous-rooted anemone; crocus, hyacinth, scilla, tulip and winter aconite. Most of these look best in clumps and thick lines, but crocuses and snowdrops are very effective on the lawn, or grassy banks. Hardy hollyhocks may be planted now, too, for next year's flowering; but all the tender varieties must have special care through the winter. Old plants which are to be left out, should be cut off near the ground, as soon as the flowers are over, and soil and dead leaves heaped up round the roots.

IN THE DAYS OF MOZART.

THE STORY OF A YOUNG MUSICIAN.

By LILY WATSON.

CHAPTER XIX.



"It was thought better you should know all, dear Elsa," Paul Engelhardt said, on the morning after the great Doctor's visit, "though I cannot bear to tell you."

The girl shook her head, and two melancholy tears coursed down her cheeks.

"I knew it—I have known it long," she murmured; "but I fought with it. I would not believe it."

It was well that the poor child had so strong and faithful a comforter by her side. And Rudolf himself, strange to say, now that all suspense was over and no concealment of any kind existed between the brother and sister, recovered a measure of vivacity and gentle brightness. The crushing weight of anxiety was gone; he was with those whom he loved in fair scenery and the balmy air of spring, and the decree that had gone forth of his doom by hereditary consumption might perhaps be stayed in its execution. He seemed to grow stronger every day, and many hours of real happiness were spent by the three upon the hillside. Count Rosenkrantz showed himself anxious to do what he could for his discarded servant, and was evidently remorseful for the past.

"The end would have been the same," said Rudolf, in answer to Elsa's indignant words. "The night at Esterház made very little difference in reality."

The Count actually caused a clavichord from his own mansion to be carried up the hill for Rudolf's use. Great was the amazement of the forester and his wife when the instrument arrived, borne in parts and by many stalwart men. But it was safely put together, and a flush of pleasure came into the musician's pale cheeks when he touched the keys once more.

On the next day Rudolf asked for pencil and paper, and was busy writing a score for some time.

"I have a new idea," he said, in response to Paul Engelhardt's inquiries. "I am trying to set a Psalm to music."

"Which Psalm?"

"The twenty-third. It came to me while I lay recovering from my illness. 'The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want.'

"It was true. I did not trust Him, but I have lacked nothing."

From that time Rudolf found his chief delight in his new composition. He was a lad of religious principle, though trained in the unemotional school of his grandfather's Lutheranism. Of late, however, his faith seemed to have gained fresh life and power. He was extremely reserved, but would now and again speak of his trust for pardon and for peace in the Redeemer of the world.

Elsa listened with intense sympathy. Religion had gradually become a new thing to her within the past year. She realised the Fatherhood that never ceases to surround earthly orphanhood with its care, and, penitent for her wandering heart in the past, she clung with fervour to her God and Saviour.

Thus, in spite of the solemn shadow over their future, it was well with both Rudolf and with Elsa. The young musician, when he was able, would spend many a peaceful hour over his new work, which promised to be of a peculiarly sweet and chastened beauty. The Psalm opened by a four-part chorus for female voices, exquisitely melodious.

"Der Herr ist mein Hirte; mir wird nichts mangeln."

The quaint Teutonic words may not seem adapted for musical rendering, but they were without difficulty woven into Rudolf's strains.

Paul Engelhardt was delighted with the composition, although he would at times wonder if Rudolf would ever live to finish it. The words of the dying Socrates came into his mind:—

"Will you not allow that I have as much of the spirit of prophecy in me as the swans? For they, when they perceive that they must die, having sung all their life long, do then sing more than ever, rejoicing in the thought that they are about to go away to the God whose ministers they are."

And Paul thought the beautiful Greek fable of old might be applied to the boy he loved.

One evening when Engelhardt returned to his lodging at the village inn, he found the usually quiet courtyard all astir. There seemed more servants racing hither and thither than he had yet observed in the hostelry, and orders were being shouted in an excited manner from one to another. The cause of all this commotion was seen in a large travelling carriage that stood in the courtyard; the steaming horses were being led away by the ostler, and the landlord was obsequiously hurrying to receive the directions of the new comers.

"The newly-arrived Herr seems of an irascible disposition," observed one of the servants confidentially to Paul; "one must hope he is free with his money to make up for it."

Feeling little interested just then in the idiosyncrasies of any travelling strangers, and absorbed in the thought of his two *protégés*, Paul returned an indifferent answer to the rustic servant and passed into the house. As he went by the open door of the state apartment he could not help observing the figures of a well-dressed man and woman within, and in another moment the lady had rushed forth with a loud exclamation.

"What is it now, Lucinda?" shouted a well-known voice in angry tones.

"Father! here is Herr Engelhardt!"

"What? What?" and in another moment Herr von Eberstein had brushed past the startled landlord and seized upon Paul in the passage.

"Where is my boy, sir? Give me my boy! What are you doing here? Where is he?"

"Oh, Herr Engelhardt, in pity tell us! How is Rudolf? Where is he? Where is Elsa?"

To this confused interrogatory Paul replied as well as he could, noting with a feeling that would have been amusement but for the sorrow and pity that entered into it, Herr von Eberstein's infuriated tone and aspect towards himself. He appeared to imagine, now that Paul had appeared on the scene, he must be concealing Rudolf and Elsa for motives of his own.

"Come and have supper with us if—as you say—we really cannot see them to-night," softly suggested Lucinda, when the questions had been answered. "Father is perturbed, but he will be glad to speak with you; and be patient with him, for he is in great sorrow."

"So he ought to be," thought Paul, but he consented, and was ere long seated at the table with Herr von Eberstein and his daughter.

"A neighbour of ours, Baron Schwarz, brought us word he had seen Rudolf at Esterház, in the service of a Count Rosenkrantz; that is how we came to hear of him," said Lucinda. "The Baron told us all about some disturbance there, in which Rudolf seems to have been cruelly used, and he brought a poor report of his looks, and said he coughed a good deal and was thin——"

The tender-hearted woman burst into tears.

"Domestic musician, indeed!" growled Von Eberstein. "What did he mean by accepting such a post? Answer me that, sir! A pretty thing for a Von Eberstein—my grandson, and the son of a Colonel—to go and associate with cooks and varlets to twang on a fiddle! What did the silly lad mean by degrading himself in such a manner?"

"Your grandson took the post to get bread for himself and his sister," replied Paul. "As he thought he could not earn enough to support them in any other way, he could do nothing else."

The old man heaved an impatient groan.

"And now, you say, he has been ill?"



"ALL WAS NOT SADNESS IN THAT MEETING."

"Very ill," replied Paul, gravely.

"Ah, well, only a little boyish imprudence, I daresay. He will be all right again soon?"

Anxiety, which the old man vainly strove to dissemble, appeared in the tone of this question, and the look with which it was accompanied.

Paul hesitated. Dr. Krönheim's verdict would, sooner or later, have to be made known, and it was mistaken kindness to conceal the truth.

"I am deeply sorry to tell you that the celebrated Viennese physician, Krönheim, brought by Count Rosenkrantz, made an examination the other day of your grandson, and his report is most unfavourable."

"Go on," groaned Von Eberstein.

"Rudolf's lungs are incurably affected.

He will grow a little better as the summer comes on, and may live for some months, but he can scarcely survive another winter."

There was a silence, during which the old man's face worked as if he would have spoken. Then he abruptly rose and left the room.

"Father will be in sad trouble," said the weeping Lucinda, who found it a great relief to pour forth her confidence to Paul. "We have had a terrible time since the children went. At first he was angry and furious, especially at Elsa's escape, and forbade me to mention the name of either of them. Then he grew restless and silent, and was evidently expecting every day that some word or sign of submission would come. Whenever letters arrived, I could see he was in a state of great excitement, and as time went by and no news came from either Rudolf or Elsa, it was plain that a great struggle was going on in his mind. I am sure he would have relented much earlier than he did, only we saw by chance, in a Viennese paper, that Rudolf had played at the house of Prince Kaunitz. This made father suppose Rudolf would get plenty of money, and also made him terribly angry at what he called the 'degradation' of it. I think he looked on it as though Rudolf had performed rope-dancing or some fantastic tricks to divert an audience! But I was—oh, so wretched! I wanted to go to Vienna and see after them, but I could scarcely leave father alone, and he would not hear of my going.

"At last our neighbour, Baron Schwarz, came to tell us about having seen Rudolf playing in the orchestra at Prince Nicolaus Esterhazy's palace, and spoke of his thin, delicate look, and his rough treatment. This was a great shock to father, who had thought of him only as earning money by what he called his 'fiddling nonsense.'

"The end of it was we found out Count Rosenkrantz's address, and came here as fast as relays of horses would bring us. Alas! alas! too late!"

Paul tried to soothe the kind-hearted woman by telling her it was not too late for Rudolf and Elsa to be made very happy by their presence, and he then explained his own position on the scene, which neither father nor daughter had been able to understand. When he spoke of his hopes with regard to Elsa, Lucinda smiled through her tears, and told him she had seen it long ago. In her he would evidently have a staunch ally.

The conversation was interrupted by the appearance of Herr von Eberstein in travelling costume at the door.

"You are not going out to-night, father!" exclaimed Lucinda.

"Yes, I am," returned Von Eberstein hoarsely. "I am going up to see that jackanapes of a Count, and to ask him to his face how he dared to keep my poor boy as a lackey, and to leave him shut up all night in an ice-house, because of some wretched brawl with an Italian fellow? I heard of it from Baron Schwarz. But he shall pay for it!"

The old man was trembling with passion and excitement, and it required all the skill of Paul and Lucinda to persuade him to give up his errand. They argued, soothed, and finally got him to consent to wait till after he had seen Rudolf.

Early the next morning father and daughter, guided by Paul, were ascending the hillside towards the ancient castle. When they drew near, Paul hurried on to prepare the brother and sister for the unexpected arrival, and it was with calmness and a smile that Rudolf greeted his grandfather. After the solemn experiences of the past few weeks this event, that formerly would have been so startling, came almost naturally; and Elsa rejoiced to feel once more the tenderness of a woman's embrace.

Rudolf's changed appearance struck Von Eberstein painfully, and as he took the wasted hand, the old man turned away his head to hide a tear. How bitterly he repented of his pride and harshness!

But all was not sadness in that meeting. Lucinda had told her father of Paul's wish to marry Elsa, and before Engelhardt could say a word, the old man had interrupted him with—

"I know. You shall have her. I will make one of my poor Conrad's children happy, if I *have* half-murdered the other. Let the wedding be when you and she please."

So it came to pass that, as they all sat together on the grass slopes and looked over the tranquil expanse of the lake, a wonderful and delightful journey was planned between the five. Von Eberstein was all anxiety to let Rudolf enjoy the balmy air and blue skies of the south. Would he not like to see Italy? The lad roused into animation; a flush mantled on his cheek, and he owned he should indeed love to visit the land of song.

"Why, you'll be strong again if you go there!" cried the grandfather. "No more bleak autumns and winters in the Castle in the Salzburg Alps, Rudolf, my boy. We will go south. I have heard the Lake of Como is very fine. We will stay quietly up among the hills during the hot weather, and then, when the autumn sets in, we will travel gently south to Milan, Bologna, Verona, Naples, aye, even Rome. All these will do you good. It is time I travelled a little myself. Trust me, we shall be a happy party."

Lucinda and Elsa were listening with eagerness to this tempting programme.

"And we must not leave you out, I suppose," said Von Eberstein, turning to Engelhardt. "Now, I tell you what I propose. This shall be Elsa's wedding trip. You shall be married with as little delay as can be, then we will all set forth on our travels together. My roomy travelling carriage holds five, and Engelhardt will like to ride occasionally. It will be a famous journey."

The attraction of Germans to Italy is well conveyed by the lovely song of Goethe's "Mignon," written some years later, "Knowest thou the land?" The words might well have been uttered by Rudolf, for the prospect gave him fresh animation, and delighted each member of the little company. Especially did Paul and Elsa, who saw in it the speedy realisation of their hopes, welcome it as a bright and radiant vision. Elsa felt blither than she had done for many months, and began to hope that after all the great doctor might be mistaken, and Rudolf would be restored to health by this wonderful trip to Italy.

"Why, Wolfgang is there! We shall see him!" exclaimed she, with renewed ardour.

"Wolfgang Mozart? Aye, aye," said her grandfather, without any apparent hostility. "We at Salzburg have heard grand tidings of his doings in Italy. He made a sensation at Rome in Holy Week. What did he do, Lucinda? Tell your nephew. I don't recollect."

"He went to the Sistine Chapel to hear the Miserere, composed by—Allegri—I think the name was."

"I know, I know," said Rudolf eagerly. "It is a four and five part chorus alternately, with a final chorus in nine parts. It is thought one of the most wonderful performances in Rome——"

"Members of the chapel are forbidden, under pain of excommunication, to take their parts away or to copy it, or let anyone else do so," Paul chimed in, "so jealously is it guarded."

"Well, then," said Lucinda, pleased at having such an announcement to make, "young Mozart went to the Sistine Chapel on Wednesday in Holy Week to hear it, and wrote it all down from memory afterwards!"

"Impossible!" cried Paul.

"He corrected one or two passages during the repetition on Good Friday, but that was all. It made a great sensation."

"Were not people angry?" inquired Elsa.

"Not at all. The Pope himself knows it, we hear, and all the principal persons in Rome have taken Wolfgang by the hand."

"It is a wonderful feat of ear and memory," said Paul. As for Rudolf, he lay still and said nothing. His eyes had a misty look in them, and the affectionate little sister divined that he was thinking of his beloved art, and striving to school himself to the recognition of the bitter truth that not for him was the upward path trodden by his friend.

Von Eberstein grumbled a little under his breath, "'Miserere,' indeed! Why can't they call it the fifty-first Psalm?" and something additional about the Pope; but on the whole he was wonderfully kind and gracious. It was a happy time that they all spent together, and when they separated that evening the wedding day of Paul and Elsa was fixed for an early date. Then the journey to the land of myrtle and orange, of blue skies and bluer lakes, of art and of song was to follow. As Elsa laid her head upon her pillow that night, she was happier than a few weeks ago she could have expected ever to be again.

Hope is mighty when one is young, and she could not believe that the shadow of death rested where all seemed so fair and bright.

(*To be concluded.*)

THE BROOK AND ITS BANKS.

By the Rev. J. G. WOOD, M.A., Author of "The Handy Natural History."

CHAPTER X.

Now let us find some spot where the surface of the brook is smooth, where it is well sheltered from the wind by bushes or luxuriant herbage, where the sun can shine into the stream, and where we can lie on the bank so as to bring our eyes close to the surface of the water.

Now let us look steadfastly into the water, and try to penetrate its depths. For the first few minutes we shall probably see nothing, and may be inclined to think that there is nothing to be seen. This, however, is a mistake, the fact being that human eyes require some little training before they become fitted for water-gazing. So do not be disheartened, but continue to gaze.

Before long you will first see one living creature traversing the depths. Then another will come into view, and another, and another, until at last the water, which at first seemed quite empty, will be seen to be absolutely teeming with life.

Which creature shall we take first?

The answer to this question depends very much on the time of year. Let us suppose, then, that we are in the spring-time, say about the middle of April, and that the weather has been warm and auspicious to animal life.

Here I must mention that, however closely we may watch the creatures in the brook, we must mostly remove them out of it if we wish, as we ought to do, to study them minutely. For this purpose we shall want a net, and had better make it for ourselves. The flimsy affairs which are recommended in the shops are simply "made to sell," and are practically useless.

The handle of your net should be at least five feet in length, made of the best ash, and not less than five-eighths of an inch in thickness. In using the net you are sure to include a quantity of heavy weeds, mud, etc., among your captures, and a slighter net will break with the strain.

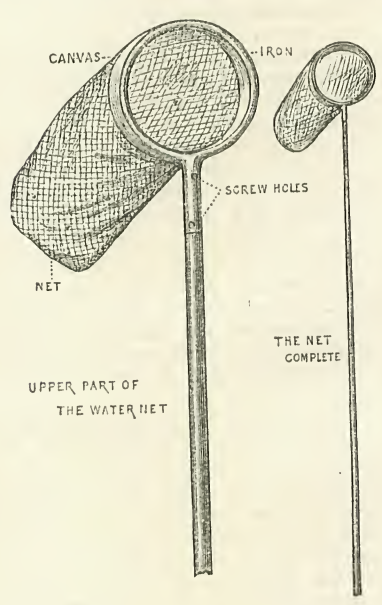
Next, get a blacksmith to make a ring of iron, nine inches in diameter, about as thick as an ordinary brass stair-rod, and weld it firmly to an iron socket about four inches in depth, and just large enough to allow the end of the handle to be forced into it. Two holes should be made in the socket, one within half an inch from the mouth of the socket, and the other about three inches from the first. These are for the reception of screws, and it will be as well not to have them in the same line, so as to avoid the danger of splitting the wood. Give the iron portions two or three coats of "Brunswick Black" to protect them from rust.

The net itself should be made of "mosquito net," and ten inches in depth. It must not be pointed, but very carefully rounded at the bottom, as otherwise you will find great difficulty in taking out the creatures which you may capture, and which, as you will find, have a persistent way of crawling into the smallest crevice that will receive them.

The net should not be sewn directly on the ring, as it would soon be worn to pieces by the friction to which it must be subjected. The best plan is to fit a strip of very stout canvas upon the ring, and then sew the net to the canvas. If the brook should be at a distance from your house, you will find the net rather troublesome to carry, beside drawing upon you the rather obstrusive attentions of an unsympathetic public. Hence the recommendation to fasten the net to the handle by screws. Before you start, you can remove the net from the handle, and so can carry both without attracting much notice. Small "thumb-screws" are the most convenient for this purpose, as they can be removed and replaced without the use of a screw-driver. A still more convenient form is the "folding-ring" net, which can be obtained from any of the dealers. It has the advantage of folding into a compass so small that it can be put in the pocket when withdrawn from the net. It is not, however, so strong as the simple ring and socket; and should one of the hinges be broken, it must be sent back to the maker for repair, whereas any village blacksmith can make or mend a ring and socket.

Of course you must take with you a vessel in which to place your captures. The tin cans which are made for the express purpose are the best; but, in any case, it is necessary that the vessel shall be quite dark, as the inhabitants of the brook are not only quarrelsome, but carnivorous, and in many cases cannibals, so that they are sure to fight if they can see, and in many cases will eat each other.

Some little art is required in the right use of the net. You may see two persons hunting the same brook, and using the same net; and



yet, while one captures specimens by the hundred, another will find nothing. If you plunge your net into the water with a splash, snatch it out with a jerk, and plunge it in again with another splash, you will frighten away all the animals instead of enclosing them in the net.

You cannot be too gentle while brook-hunting. When you have marked down a spot which you think will be tolerably promising, slip the net very gently into the water at some distance from the spot, and coax it, so to speak, towards the required locality, so as not to alarm the inhabitants. Then draw it firmly and steadily through the water, turning it, and drawing it backwards and forwards several times.

On lifting it out you will probably find it partly choked with evil-smelling mud, among which a number of indefinite living forms are seen writhing and twisting, or, as our American friends say, "squirming" like a handful of earthworms or a basketful of live eels.

You cannot examine them while they are covered with this mud, neither can you place them in your collecting can, because they would make the rest of the inmates as dirty as themselves. You must wash them thoroughly before attempting to examine them; and for this purpose, all you have to do is to dip the net repeatedly into the water, holding it up and letting the water drain from it. When the water which runs away is quite clear you may begin to investigate the contents.

In the search, always use your fingers, which were made before forceps, and in this task are much more useful, the sense of touch often detecting creatures which had eluded the sense of sight. You must not mind getting your hands dirty. There is plenty of water about, and you can wash them as often as you like. Moreover, the mud of a brook is equal to the best soap for its cleansing properties, and costs nothing.

Another axiom.

Nothing that you can catch in a net can hurt you, so that you may handle them all impartially, without fear. Some of them, it is true, have rather a formidable aspect, and look very much as if they could sting. But set your mind at rest. No inhabitant of the fresh water can sting, and none of them can bite hard enough even to injure a young girl.

Take every creature which you do not know, "handle him as if you loved him," according to Izaak Walton's receipt, and put him—or her—or it—as the case may be, into your collecting can, to be examined hereafter. If you should already be acquainted with your captive, follow Dogberry's advice, very slightly altered, "take a note of him, and let him go." Never kill any being unless its death may be serviceable to man, and if you do not need any of your captives, make a note of that creature, and throw it back into its native stream.

At home you should be provided with a number of vessels, half filled with water, to which you can transfer your captives. You can hardly have too many of these vessels, which you may call "aquaria" or "vivaria," if you like, as many creatures must be kept alone. Place no reliance on the picturesque groups which are so often figured, and which represent dragon-flies, butterflies, water-beetles, frogs, newts, and other miscellaneous beings all gathered together into a sort of "happy family." Your policy must be of a totally different character, and must be one of isolation.

It may be said, and often is said, "I only follow Nature, and gather together in my vivarium the identical creatures which are gathered together by Nature in the brook and on its banks." This argument is plausible but not sound. The conditions are not the same. No aquarium or vivarium, or a combination of both, called learnedly by the name of "aquavivarium," can fulfil the same conditions as are found in the brook.

In the first place, space is limited, whereas that of a brook is, in comparison, illimitable. Then, the various creatures are deprived of their natural food and shelter, two very important elements in animal life. Again, the water is small in quantity, whereas in the brook the water is incessantly renewed, and is always more or less in motion.

Having washed your "catch" thoroughly, you can proceed to examine it in detail.

THERE is one creature which you are tolerably certain to find everywhere. I might almost have written the word "absolutely" instead of "tolerably," but one result of experience is to teach the danger of employing

such sweeping terms. At all events, I have been a practical brook-hunter for some fifty years, and never met a brook the waters of which did not swarm with the larva, or grub, of the WHIRLIGIG, or WHIRLWIG BEETLE (*Gyrínus*), to which a casual allusion was made in the opening chapter.

Everyone who has walked by the side of any brook must have been amused and interested by these restless little beetles. They are gregarious in their ways, and you will scarcely ever see a solitary specimen. They are wonderfully hardy, and even in the winter time, when most insects, except themselves, are either dead or hibernating, the Whirligigs are lively as ever, provided that they can find a sheltered piece of water, no matter how small it may be.

Viewing these beetles as they openly skim the water in their peculiarly conspicuous manner, one naturally feels some surprise as to the cause of their immunity from destruction. Below them, under the surface of the water, are shoals of hungry fish, ready to snap up any insect that may fall into the water. Yet no fish ever is known to allay its hunger with the whirligig beetle.

There are plenty of hungry birds which might easily snap it up from the surface of the water, or pounce on it as it flies through the air on its long and beautiful wings. Yet no bird, when dissected, has ever been known to have the remains of the whirligig beetle in its crop.

It owes its safety to two peculiarities. In the first place, the shining armour in which it is clad is so thick and so hard that there is but little room for the soft tissues which render an insect worth eating. In the next place, it is endowed with an odour which may either not be perceptible to itself, or even actually pleasing, but which, to all other beings, is singularly repulsive, so that neither fish nor bird will eat it.

As we shall be able to examine this beetle in all its stages of life, we will first take its larva as it appears in the net.

No one could even conjecture from the appearance of the larva what sort of insect it represented, and there is as much difference between the larval and perfect forms of the Whirligig as there is between the caterpillar and the butterfly.

The larva is a long-bodied grub, with six little slender legs; soft skinned, with the exception of the head and the three segments, or body-rings, which represent the future thorax; feeding on decaying substances, sluggish in its movements, and breathing by means of forked, external gills, which look like a row of white feathery forks along each side of the body. When taken out of the water it looks a most ungainly creature, the gills clinging to the sides, and entirely altering its appearance.

The best mode of making it show itself to the best advantage is to place it in a tall narrow glass jar filled with water.

In order to breathe, the creature must have its gills continually washed with fresh supplies of water. In the running brook there is no need for the larva to use any exertion when breathing, but when placed in the still water of the jar it must either exert itself or die. Its mode of supplying itself with oxygen is very simple. Its body is as flexible as that of an eel, and in swimming is used in the same manner, namely, a kind of serpentine undulation, which carries it swiftly through the water.

Having thus wriggled itself to the surface of the water, it spreads out its gills and sinks slowly, so as to bring its outstretched gills in contact with as much water as possible. While floating slowly downwards it is a singularly graceful being, the white translucent gills having a beautiful effect as the light shines through them, and presenting a wonderful contrast to the mean and draggled aspect which they present when the larva is removed from the water.

After attaining its full growth, the larva ascends the stem of some aquatic plant, and comes to a halt when it has crawled a few inches above the surface of the water. Having attained a suitable spot, it spins an oval cocoon around its body, so that it loses all appearance of an insect, and looks like a lump of mud that has accidentally stuck upon the leaf. Within this cocoon it undergoes its development into the perfect state, and then issues from its cover in the form with which we are so familiar.

Here I must call the attention of the reader to two points, namely, the Growth and the Respiration, about both of which much misapprehension prevails.

When I stated that the Whirligig attained its full growth in the larval state, I did so intentionally. The whole of the growing is accomplished during the larval state, and when once the insect has passed out of the larval condition it grows no more. Most people think that a little fly is a young one, and that, if it should live long enough, it will become a large fly. In point of fact, the fly will grow no more. It did all its growing when it was larva, or maggot, and when it had attained its full growth it weighed much more than it weighs as a fly.

INSECTS NEVER GROW.

It is just thirty years since I made this statement in similar type, so as to attract attention, and yet I am in the continual receipt of letters calling my attention to the statement, and doubting whether it can be true. Sometimes I receive a box containing four or five humble bees, together with a letter couched in such terms as these—

"Sir,

"You say in your 'Common Objects of the Country' that insects never grow. *It is not true!* I took these humble bees out of one nest, showing them in different stages of growth."

Or, I receive a box containing a number of cockroaches, all of different sizes, together with a letter—

"Sir,

"You say in your 'Common Objects of the Country' (page 70) that insects never grow. You do not understand what you are writing about. Sir, did you never see black beetles in your life. As you seem not to have seen them I send you a lot which I caught myself in my kitchen, and they are all of different sizes. Insects do grow, and you are quite wrong. I hope that you will publish this when you write again about insects.

"Yours indignantly, A. B."

I can assure the reader that these are genuine letters, and that they are fair samples of my usual correspondence on this subject. I have no doubt that other entomologists are persecuted after a similar fashion. The mistakes of both these correspondents were due to their ignorance of the insects of which they wrote.

As to the humble-bees, they, like the hive bees, ants, and wasps belong to the social hymenoptera, in which the females are so modified that there appear almost to be three sexes. First come the males, which are known in the hive bee as "drones." Then come the fully-developed females, which are called "queens," and lastly come the partly developed females, which are called "workers." Now, the queens are always the largest of the three; then come the males, and the workers, who constitute the bulk of the community, are the smallest of all. The ants have a further subdivision among the workers, the largest being the soldiers, and the smallest the labourers.

But, when once they have passed out of their larval state, no matter whether they be males, females, or workers, they grow no more. One of the most striking examples of this fact is to be found in the Termites, which belong to another order of insects, and in which the queen is many hundred times larger than the worker. Although she does not really grow, she appears to do so on account of the great elasticity of the skin of the abdomen, which stretches as if it were made of india-rubber, so as to accommodate the vast quantities of eggs which she daily supplies for the purpose of keeping up the population of the nest.

As to the cockroaches, the mistake was of a different character.

They belong to the same order as the crickets and grasshoppers, namely, the Orthoptera, or straight-winged insects, which retain very much the same shape throughout their different stages of existence. The Lepidoptera, *i.e.*, the butterflies and moths, present a totally different appearance in their three stages, so that no one can doubt whether the creature be a caterpillar (or larva); a chrysalis (or pupa), or a butterfly. But, when the Orthoptera are first hatched from the egg, they look much like the perfect insects, the chief distinction being that they have no wings. The same mode of growth belongs to the locusts, the wingless larvæ of which are called at the Cape by the expressive name of "voet-gangers," or foot-goers, and are even more destructive than in the winged state.

Now we will revert to our Whirligig beetle, and give a few lines to the Respiration of insects. This is a most interesting portion of their life history. I have mentioned that the larva of the Whirligig beetle breathes in water by means of gills, as is the case with the larvæ of many insects. But all insects breathe atmospheric air, doing so, not by lungs as we do, but by means of a most complicated network of air-tubes, which divide, and subdivide, and ramify throughout the entire body, even extending through the antennæ, the legs, and the wings. The wings, indeed, are not modified limbs, as in the bats and birds, but are prolongations and extensions of the air-tubes, so that the insect is, in fact, a living lung endowed with limbs.

The mode by which these tubes are used is most remarkable.

When the vertebrated animals breathe they produce a vacuum in the chest by expanding the ribs (or, as is the case with the frogs, toads and newts, by expanding the hyoid bones of the base of the tongue). But the insects have no bones, and, therefore, must have some other mode of producing the needful vacuum. This is the way in which the insects breathe.

The body is composed of a number of half-rings, set in this ⌒ fashion, and having the space between them filled in with a very elastic membrane, so that the upper and lower halves of the body can be separated from each other. In this membrane are certain oblong holes, called "spiracles," which admit air to the tubes. When the insect expands its body, by separating the upper and lower halves, it causes a vacuum, so that the air rushes into the tubes through the spiracles. Then it is expelled by means of the muscles which contract the body, and thus the act of respiration is accomplished.

The popular ideas on this subject were well expressed by an advertisement of a certain fly-poison which appeared a few years ago.

According to the advertisement, no sooner did a fly put its nose near the poison than it fell down dead from merely smelling it. Now, insects have no noses, nor does air enter the system through any part of the head.

See, then, what a wonderful change has taken place in the insect, which, while a larva, breathed water by means of gills, and, when a perfect insect, breathes atmospheric air by

means of a system of tubes. We shall frequently have to refer to the respiration of the inhabitants of the brook.

Now, take a Whirligig out of the water, and examine it closely.

Here I may mention that no student of nature is complete without a magnifying glass, the ordinary pocket lens being amply sufficient for field purposes. Of course, if you have a microscope at home, so much the better, but this treatise deals exclusively with field work, and, so, all that the wanderer by the brook will require is the little lens with two or three glasses, which can be carried in the pocket.

With this lens examine the Whirligig, and first look at its legs.

The first pair are long and slender, while the second and third pairs are very short and flattened, so as to convert them into paddles. Here I must observe that however the legs of insects seem to differ from each other, they all possess the same joints, though those joints may be modified in accordance with the task which they have to perform. Few persons would think, when viewing these legs of the Whirligig, that the long front legs and the short, flattened intermediate and third pairs are formed of exactly the same joints.

Insects are divided into three distinct portions. First comes the Head, which carries the organs of sense; next comes the Thorax, which carries the organs of locomotion; and lastly comes the Abdomen, which contains the vital organs.

First, taking the Head, we see that it comprises the external jaws, or "mandibles," the inner jaws, or "maxillæ," together with the antennæ, "horns," or "feelers," as they are sometimes called, and the peculiar appendages which are called "palpi," or lesser feelers.

The eyes are "compound," *i.e.*, composed of many lenses, varying in number from eight or ten on each side to as many thousands. The well-known Scarlet Admiral butterfly has about fifteen thousand lenses on each side, every lens having its own branch of the optic nerve.

Next comes the Thorax, which is subdivided into three parts, namely, the "prothorax," the "mesothorax," and the "metathorax." Each has its peculiar office. The prothorax (or front of the thorax) has nothing to do except carry the first pair of legs. The mesothorax (or middle of the thorax) has a more complicated duty. The upper portion carries the first pair of wings (which in the beetles are never used for flight, but are thickened into "elytra," or wing-cases, under which the flying wings are packed when not in use). The lower portion contains the middle or intermediate pair of legs, and half of the sockets for the last pair. The metathorax (or last portion of the thorax) contains in its upper part the second pair of wings, and in its lower part the other half of the sockets of the intermediate legs, and the third or last pair of legs. No matter how much they may be modified, these structures are the same in all insects. Lastly we come to the abdomen, in which the rings, of which every insect's body is composed, are seen more clearly than on any other portion of the body. On each side of the abdomen may be seen the oval spiracles or breathing-holes, which have already been mentioned. In order to prevent dust or other foreign substances from getting into the spiracles, their openings are guarded by stiff bristles, which cross each other and allow the air to pass, although they exclude dust. Now we will examine the structure of the leg, taking one of the hind legs as our type. Next the body of the insect is the "coxa," usually quite a little joint. Then comes the "trochanter," a small and exceedingly variable joint. Then comes the "femur," or thigh, which is usually, though not always, the largest joint of the limb. Next comes the "tibia," or shank; and last of all is a row of five small joints, called the "tarsus," or foot, the last joint being furnished with two claws.

In order to impress these details more firmly on your mind, take the legs of several different insects, and work out the joints in each. Now look again at the legs of the Whirligig, and ask yourself why the legs should be so different in character. The answer is simple enough. The beetles do not keep up their incessant scurry over the water for mere play; they are engaged in very earnest work, *i.e.*, searching for food. They feed on small insects, especially those which fall into the water or are blown into it by the wind. They also feed on the smaller aquatic insects, the two hinder pairs of legs acting as paddles, by which they are driven through the water, and the front pair of legs helping them to seize their tiny prey. It is rather amusing to watch a group of these beetles, and to trace the course of any one of them. It is a most bewildering task, any one of them on whom you happen to fix dodging in and out among its comrades, and reminding the observer of the Irishman's pig, which ran about so fast that no one could count it. Moreover, the insects have a habit of diving as suddenly as the dabchick itself; so that to keep count only of a dozen or so is next to impossible.

Now turn your attention to the head, and look at the eyes. You may be surprised to see that to all appearances it has four sets of compound eyes, instead of two. If, however, you were to dissect the beetle, you would find that there are really only two eyes, but that each of them is divided into two sets by a thick horny partition, one set being always submerged as the beetle swims on the surface of the water, and the other set being above the water. The reason for this remarkable variation in structure is that the insect requires to see objects which are either above or below the water. Now, as we all must know, if there should be the slightest ripple on the surface of the water, every object beneath the surface is rendered invisible. Fishermen who are obliged to look out for fish, such as the cod, which live at some depth, have invented a simple instrument, called a "water telescope," by which the effect of the wind upon the surface of the water is neutralised. It is nothing but a metal or wooden tube, at one end of which a piece of plate glass is fixed, so as to prevent water from entering the tube. When the day is windy, so that the men can see nothing below the surface, they push the glazed end of the tube under water, and then, by applying the eye to the other end, they can distinguish objects as plainly as if the weather were perfectly calm. If you like, you can have a water telescope made at the cost of a few shillings. If the tube be of wood, it may be about three feet in length, and shaped like a hollow obelisk, with one end much larger than the other. The glass is inserted into the large end, and it will be as well to have a heavy band of lead fastened round the large end, as otherwise you will find that to keep the instrument immersed will cause so much exertion that it will be impossible to obtain a steady view of the creatures below the surface. Should you prefer a metal tube, it should be made in the form of a cone, so as to give a wide range of vision. It is a delightful and fascinating instrument; but it has one drawback. It is necessarily heavy, and its conveyance is not easy. However, those who study nature must make up their minds to expect inconveniences, and to put up with them without grumbling.

I hope that the reader will not fail to have observed that the Whirligig beetle shows how man might have learned the use of the paddle and the water telescope, the insect employing them both for the same object—namely, the capture of prey in the water. I do not say that man did borrow either of these implements from the insect. It is not likely that he did anything of the kind; but it is evident that he might have done so, and that the Whirligig had used the paddle and the water telescope for ages before man discovered them.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CROSBY.—If not too far to send your patient, the "Female Convalescent Home" for London and Brighton, at Crescent-house, Marine-parade, Brighton, would probably suit her. The terms are 8s. a week, paid in advance, to Mrs. Marshman, 4, Ladbroke-square, W. If you write to her for particulars, you will find that there is a "free fund," enabling them to receive orphans or widows for a fortnight, without charge; and likewise a fund to pay for travelling expenses, at least between London and Brighton, third class.

INVALID.—If sea air be desirable for you, as well as surgical aid and nursing, you could not do better than go to the "Home for Invalid and Convalescent Gentlewomen," 67, Dyke-road, Brighton. The weekly payments vary according to the room occupied, *i.e.*, from 15s. to £2 2s. Address the Lady Superintendent, Miss T. Draper. The home can accommodate twelve ladies.

E. R. B.—The composition is very creditable to you, but it is not suitable for our pages. Many thanks for it.

EDUCATIONAL.

AN INQUIRER.—The whole subject of work for girls was gone into in vol. v., under the title of "Work for All."

MAY.—Suitable women of any class only would be taken as probationers; the applicants must go in person, between ten and twelve on Tuesday and Friday, to see the matron at St. Thomas's Hospital.

L. E. A.—We recommend you to join either the "Young Women's Christian Association" or the "Girls' Friendly Society," and obtain advice and help in the matter of improving your education. They would direct you to cheap lodgings or a home, and if they did not arrange for teaching you themselves, you could attend classes in various parts of London; as for example, "The College for Working Women," 7, Fitzroy-street, Fitzroy-square, W., of which the hon. secretary is Miss Frances Martin. The address of the "Girls' Friendly Society" is 3, Victoria Mansions, Victoria-street, Westminster, S.W., and of the "Young Women's Christian Association" 17, Old Cavendish-street, W.; secretary, Miss Weitbrecht.

HOUSEKEEPING.

SWEET NINETEEN.—1. We should certainly advise you to put the sofa blanket away during the hot weather, if not in use. 2. White coral should be put to soak in water till the dirt is taken off, then water may be poured into the interstices from a height, so as to wash off the remaining dirt.

TIBBIE.—The Society for the Employment of Women, 22, Berners-street, W., has a registry for waitresses, and also for professed cooks, able to send up a large dinner or supper. No one is registered as the former who has not held a good situation as parlour-maid before her marriage and been well recommended by her mistress. The fee for a waitress is 5s. to 7s. 6d. with fare to and fro. She can carve as well as wait, and in the slack season some are glad of temporary engagements in London or the country.

AN APPRECIATIVE READER.—The butter should be made in a mould. The wooden moulds can be purchased at any shop for the sale of wood turning.

ECILA.—Stains of tea may be taken out with a little glycerine.



VOL. VIII.—NO. 403.] SEPTEMBER 17, 1887. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

QUEEN LOUISA OF PRUSSIA.

BY THE REV. JOHN KELLY, Translator of GERMAN "HYMNS OF THE PRESENT CENTURY," etc.

QUEEN LOUISA was the sixth child of Prince Charles, afterwards Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and was born in Hanover on the 10th of March, 1776. Her father was at that time in command of the Hanoverian army of George III. of Great Britain. Her mother was Princess Frederica of Hesse-Darmstadt, who died in May, 1782, after giving birth to her tenth child. Princess Louisa thus early experienced sorrow. "It was," says her biographer,* "as if her heart were to be thus early ploughed for the seed of grief that was afterwards brought to maturity in the much-afflicted Queen in the time of Napoleon and of Germany's subjection to him."

Prince Charles, on the death of his wife, withdrew to Herrenhausen—a Hanoverian Versailles, the creation of George II. The large fine garden of this place afforded the retirement desired by the widowed Prince, and the fresh strong air that was beneficial to the children. Fräulein von Wolzofen, a highly gifted lady, had been appointed governess to the young Princesses during their mother's lifetime. She continued in charge of them, carrying forward their education according to the ideas of their mother. Two years passed in this manner, varied only for Princess Louisa by a visit to her grandmother at Darmstadt. Then feeling the necessity of providing a mother for his children, Prince Charles married Princess Charlotte of Hesse in 1784. Princess Louisa was present at the marriage, and spent a happy winter at Darmstadt. During her residence at this Court the Duke Charles August of Weimar, the friend of Goethe, came on a visit.

Schiller, then living at Mannheim, wishing to become acquainted with the Duke, came to Darmstadt at Christmas. While there he read the last act of his "Don Carlos" in the presence of the Court. Princess Louisa was present and heard him. In 1808, when she was Queen and living in Königsberg, she wrote: "Ah, I have read my Schiller again and again! Why does he not come to Berlin?" In December, 1785, Prince Charles lost his second wife. In 1788 he placed his children in charge of Princess George William of Hesse-Darmstadt, a lady of deeply pious and patriotic spirit, a diligent reader of the Word of God. A remark made by Princess Louisa to her husband, after she became Crown Princess of Prussia, throws light on the character of Princess George William. The Crown Prince was reading the first edition of Goethe's "Hermann and Dorothea" to his wife. When he came to a passage to the effect that we must be guided in the education of children by the gifts bestowed on them by God, Princess Louisa said, "That is just as if grandmamma were speaking to our fault-finding governess, Agier."

As may be inferred from this remark that the governess—a French Swiss lady—was inclined to be too strict, a new and more genial governess, Salome de Gelieu, of Neuchatel, was procured, in whom Princess Louisa placed thorough confidence. She was a true helper to her orphaned pupils. In accordance with the prevailing custom of the time, French was the language in which the education of the children was carried on. In after-life Princess Louisa used very often to lament that German had not been more used. As Queen, she sought diligently to make up for the deficiencies of her education in everything relating to knowledge of German affairs. She chose history as her chief subject of study. Herder's "Ideas Relating to the Philosophy of the History of Mankind" was one of her favourite books.

However much Princess Louisa lamented the neglect of German language and affairs in her education, she fully acknowledged that Fräulein de Gelieu early led her to recognition of the eternal in the temporal, and accustomed her to the childlike contemplation of God's working among men.

When Princess Louisa was twelve years old Princess George William



QUEEN LOUISA OF PRUSSIA.

* Luise, Königin von Preussen, von Friedrich Adami. Zehnte vermehrte Auflage. Berlin, 1882.

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gave her a copy of Sturm's "Converse with God for the Morning Hours of Every Day of the Year." On the flyleaf the following inscription was written: "This book is for the joy of my dear granddaughter, Louisa of Mecklenburg, for her daily edification in true and joyous Christianity. 1788."

On the day of her confirmation, June 15, 1792, the Princess Louisa wrote in it the following verse and prayer:—

> The future—will it dreadful be?
> Mine age—will it bring joy to me?
> How shall I in the future bear
> Life's load, perchance, of heavy care?
> My soul, cast all thy care away,
> The Lord Almighty is my stay.

"To-day, the day of my confirmation, is the most important of my life. May God, who was witness of all my solemn promises, give me strength to fulfil what I have vowed unto Him."

This book is preserved in the Hohenzollern Museum in Berlin.

The Princess early manifested a charitable disposition. The words of the Apostle, "to do good and communicate, forget not, for with such sacrifices God is well pleased," seemed to be written in her heart. It was her custom to visit the sick and poor, and to weep with those who wept. Her memory is cherished in the places which she was in the habit of visiting in her youth. She passed many a summer at Broich, in Westphalia, a castle inherited by her grandmother, the Princess George William of Hesse-Darmstadt; and instances of the Princess Louisa's kindness to the people were long remembered here. On one occasion, when she was thirteen years old, she pressed all the pocket-money she had into the hand of a poor widow in the village, who begged for bread for her hungry children, and then borrowed from the old servant of the Landgravine, in order to make other gifts. Her grandmother reproved her for contracting debts, scolded the old servant for taking it upon him to lend money to a minor, but privately granted an increase of pocket-money to her granddaughter, on the condition that Louisa herself should pay off the debt, in order that she might learn to manage her means as God's steward in a proper manner.

On another occasion her grandmother and governess lost sight of her. Search was instituted everywhere. At last she was found at the bedside of a sick daughter of one of the runners of the Castle, who was ill of scarlet fever, reading a story-book. Reminded by her grandmother of the risk she ran of infection, she replied that there was no fear of that, God would protect her from it, for she had performed some devotional acts on her way to make the visit.

On her return to Broich, in 1791, two years after this incident, the girls who had been her playmates held themselves timidly aloof from the Princess, who had grown so much since they had last seen her. Louisa smiled, and bade them come to her, held out her hand to them, and reminded them how happily they had played together when she was there last.

A new world was opened to the young Princess when she visited the old German Imperial city of Strassburg. The journey was extended to the Netherlands. There, on the shores of the German Ocean, she gathered a store of reminiscences which, at a later period, she poured forth with youthful enthusiasm when, as Queen, she read Schiller's "History of the Fall of the United Netherlands."

In view of the fact that the Empire of Germany has been revived and restored by the victorious armies of her son, the present Emperor William, it is interesting to know that Princess Louisa was present at the coronation of two Emperors in Frankfort-on-the-Main—viz., of Leopold II., in September, 1790, and Francis, on July 7, 1792. She thus basked in the last rays of the fading glory of the German Empire.

On these visits to Frankfort she lived, with her sister Frederica and her brother George, in the house of Goethe's mother. One of the stories Madame Goethe told of the stay of their visit to her house was this: she allowed them to pump the water from the well in the courtyard, while she herself kept the governess from calling them into the house by locking her in her room. "I would rather," said Madame Goethe, "have brought any vexation on myself than permit them to be disturbed in the innocent pleasure that was permitted them nowhere else; but in my house the young people greatly enjoyed the liberty granted to them. When they left they said to me that they would never forget how happy they had been in my house."

These visits to Frankfort were followed by a long visit to Hildburghausen, to her eldest sister, wife of the reigning Duke. While Princess Louisa was there, the conflagration of the French revolution threatened to break out on the Rhine. The course of the war brought the Crown Prince of Prussia to Frankfort. From thence the Landgrave of Hesse-Darmstadt wrote to Princess Louisa's grandmother at Hildburghausen, to come by Frankfort on their return journey with her granddaughter, in order that they might be introduced to their relative, the King of Prussia, whose wife was the sister of Princess Louisa's mother. The party from Hildburghausen arrived in Frankfort in March, 1793, and visited the King. Detained longer than they intended by an invitation to supper from the King, Louisa met and won the heart of the Crown Prince. The attachment was mutual. The betrothal took place in the Castle at Darmstadt on the 26th of April, 1793. The marriage took place at Christmas, 1793.

At her entry into Berlin, Princess Louisa was received with great rejoicings. A touching incident occurred on the occasion. At the gate of honour, before the city, a lovely little maiden recited a poem, of which the following were the closing words:—

> Forget what thou hast lost; this festal day
> foretells a fairer, brighter life for thee.
> All hail! unto the future times thou kings
> shalt give, of happy grandsons mother be!

Yielding to the impulse of her heart, the Princess stooped down and embraced the child, and kissed her mouth, forehead and eyes. When it was proposed to have a general illumination of the capital on the day of the marriage, the Crown Prince said it would give him greater pleasure if the citizens would give the money that the illuminations would cost for the widows and orphans of those who had fallen in the war. The gifts of the Royal family, together with the offerings of the people, provided a very liberal sum for the unfortunate sufferers.

The newly-married pair lived only for each other. She was a true German housewife as Crown Princess. Afterwards, when her husband ascended the throne, she showed herself to be a true German Queen. It was at home, not at Court, that the Crown Prince and his wife felt most at ease. When the Princess had laid aside her State dress after any great festivity, the Crown Prince was wont to regard her as a pearl that had recovered its original purity. He would take her hand, look into her clear blue eyes and say, "Thank God, you are my wife again!"

"But am I not always that?" asked Louisa.

"Ah, no," said he, with a jocular sigh; "you are obliged to be Crown Princess too often."

On the 10th of March, 1794, Princess Louisa kept her first birthday in Berlin. On this occasion the King gave her the Castle of Oranienburg as a summer residence. He asked her whether she had any other wishes. She asked for a handful of gold for the poor of Berlin.

"How large a handful?" said the King, further.

"As large as the heart of the best of kings," she replied.

The poor of the capital received an abundant handful.

On the 15th of October, 1795, the Princess gave birth to a son, who afterwards became Frederic William IV. of Prussia.

The Crown Prince and Princess had occupied Oranienburg during the summer of that year. They did not find it very comfortable. The Castle, with its two wings, was too large for them. The gardens, with their many pavilions, were too grand. They longed for a simpler country seat. Hearing that the estate of Paretz, some miles north-west of Potsdam, was for sale, they bought it and the neighbouring village. At this seat they lived very simply, and mingled freely with the people in their festivities. When the Crown Prince became King, he said in jest that he, the King of Prussia, wished to be looked on at this place as the Mayor of Paretz. And when Louisa was once asked by a foreign princess if she did not find it tiresome to live for weeks upon weeks at this country hermitage, she replied, "Ah, no; I am quite happy as the gracious Frau von Paretz."

A story is told of the life of the Royal couple at Paretz. Frederic William was very fond of having the Adjutant-General, Colonel von Köckeritz, with him. Louisa noticed with displeasure that Köckeritz left the table immediately after dinner, and did not wait until coffee was served. She ascertained the reason, and as he was about to take his leave one day, she beckoned to a servant, who brought a pipe well filled, a burning taper, and a fidibus.

"No, dear Köckeritz," said the Queen, "you dare not desert us again to-day. To-day you shall drink coffee with us, and smoke your usual pipe here."

Whereupon she handed the pipe to her astonished guest. Then she told the King how she had found out why the Colonel always fled from the table so soon. The motive was that he might indulge his favourite habit, and smoke his pipe after dinner. In times of trouble as well as in times of joy, Louisa was always delighted to escape to the country. She agreed with Hippel in thinking that "delight in nature is a proof of a good conscience; that nature is a collection of fiery coals, a goad to one who has a depraved conscience." She was always refreshed by the contemplation of nature.

She needed to have some hours to herself every day in order to keep her spirit in the right tone.

"This object is best attained," she said, "in solitude: not, however, indoors, but in the calm shade—in the open air. If I omit this I feel myself quite out of tune, and I only become worse in the bustle of the world."

PART II.

In the year 1797, in the month of November, King Frederic William II. died, and the Crown Prince, Prince Frederic William, and Princess Louisa became King and Queen. How they were affected by the event we learn from the Countess von Voss, who resided for sixty-nine years at the Prussian Court.

"My Queen," the Countess wrote, "is much afflicted and stricken, and the King is so also. Both are, in fact, very sad, and the young King, according to his noble way of thinking, would willingly have done without

the crown, in order to keep his father longer here."

The first ten or twelve years of their married life fell in the years that followed the peace of Basle. Deeply did Queen Louisa feel it when, in the year 1805, Napoleon began to show an arrogant spirit towards Prussia. The violation of Prussian territory by the march of French troops through Anspach was the first indication that Napoleon would keep no peace with Prussia. Soon afterwards the Czar Alexander came to Potsdam, and, in the vault of Frederic the Great, at midnight, the Emperor and the King, in the presence of the Queen, vowed to fight for the deliverance of Germany.

In the struggle between the war and peace parties which took place at the Prussian Court in the course of 1806, the Queen played an influential part. Without intending to do so, she acted as a constant stimulus to the best men to work for the deliverance of the Fatherland. It was her character, more than anything she did, that made her name a watchword for the enemies of Napoleon. Napoleon felt that the Queen was a power, and, attributing her influence to direct political action, he began to calumniate her. His anger against her increased when she accompanied her husband to the field when war broke out. She could not bear to be separated from him. She was only glad to share and fan by her presence the enthusiasm with which the army marched against Napoleon.

The Battle of Jena had commenced before she yielded to the urgent entreaty to return to Berlin. At the gates of the capital she heard of the complete defeat of the Prussian army, and that the armies of Napoleon were overrunning the country. She prepared for her journey towards the East, and left Berlin with the children. In these days of national sorrow she addressed words to her eldest sons fitted to be the seeds of a better harvest in the future. She exhorted them to keep these days in remembrance, and labour for the deliverance of their people. She reminded them of the deeds of their forefathers. She warned them against the degeneracy of the age, and bade them quit themselves men.

The King and Queen met at Küstrin, and together they received blow after blow as the tidings came of the surrender of the divisions of the army and of the fortresses.

At Ortelsburg, on the 5th of December, 1806, the Queen wrote some despondent verses in her diary, but did not remain in that mood long. She dried her tears, went to the piano, and played and sung Paul Gerhardt's hymn—

"Commit thou all thy griefs," etc.

In Königsberg she met the newly-converted Madame Krüdener. The two ladies became very intimate, and visited the sick soldiers in the hospitals. The Queen herself took ill of nervous fever, and hardly had she recovered before it was necessary to fly to Memel. When the remainder of the Prussian army joined the Russians, she returned to Königsberg.

After the Battle of Friedland (June 14th, 1807) all seemed lost. The Queen had to return to Memel. "My faith ought not to waver, but I can hope no longer," she wrote to her father.

At the suggestion of the Czar Alexander she was summoned to the negotiations for peace that were going on at Hiktuppönen, in order that she might meet Napoleon. "It is the most painful sacrifice that I have ever made for my people," she said. The meeting was without result.

It was not the custom of those days for people to speak much of their religious feelings. Borowsky, the aged preacher in Königsberg, with whom the Queen had much intercourse, however, gives us an insight into her inner life.

"With the feeling and expression of fear she approaches the holy truths of religion, but also with the expression of hunger and thirst. She founds all her religious views and efforts upon the divinely revealed Word of God; she thus acquires steadfastness, certainty, and confidence. I take advantage of the gracious confidence with which she treats me to confirm her in these things. In her ordinary mood she sympathises, at present especially, with the Psalms; the holy enthusiasm that is found in them harmonises with her beautiful poetical nature, and gives wings to her devout feelings. The experiences through which she has passed open the sanctuary of Holy Scripture to her, and lead her into the depths and riches of its meaning. The old saying that 'affliction teaches to mark and understand the Word' is confirmed in the most glorious way in her; and her remarks, and questions, and answers, full alike of thought and feeling, often astonish me in the most agreeable manner. As I had the honour to wait upon her last Sunday, I found her alone in her room reading Holy Scripture. Rising quickly, and coming towards me in the most friendly manner, she began at once—

"'I have just meditated on, and experienced, and made the 126th Psalm my own. The more I reflect on it, and seek to grasp it, the more it attracts me by its sublimity and loveliness, and I know nothing that so warms and soothes my heart, that is so elevating and consoling to me, as this Psalm. The soul-sorrow that finds such simple utterance in it is so deep, and yet so composed, quiet, and gentle. What it ought to accomplish, the fruit it ought to bring forth, is indicated in the beautiful image of the seed and the harvest. The hope that endures and overcomes sorrow of heart suffuses it like the dawn, and the songs of the victors are heard above the storms of misfortune. A spirit of sadness as well as of victory, of self-surrender as well as of joyful confidence, breathes through it—an elegy, and yet a hymn—a hallelujah with tears. I look at this Psalm as one looks at a beautiful flower on which a clear drop of dew glistens in the morning sunlight. Read again and again, it has imprinted itself on my memory.'

"As I looked at the Queen, and heard her eloquent words, the text came into my mind, 'Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.'"

The visit paid by the King and Queen to the Court of St. Petersburg at New Year, 1809—a visit disapproved by some of the best advisers of the King—does not seem to have had a good effect on the mind of the monarch. The Queen said concerning it:—"I went and I returned. Nothing dazzles me now. I tell you again, 'My kingdom is not of this world.'"

In the same year she wrote concerning her birthday festivities:—

"My birthday was a terrible day to me. In the evening the city gave a great feast in my honour in the Castle; but it made me very sad. I smiled, made myself agreeable to everybody, and I did not know where to flee for wretchedness. To whom will Prussia belong next year? Where shall we all be? God, Almighty Father, pity thee!"

The deepest desire of her heart was for the moral and religious elevation of the people. The cross she had to bear taught her the vanity of the religion of so-called "enlightenment," and led her to search more deeply into the eternal foundations of the faith. An insipid rationalistic address delivered at the baptism of her son, born in October, 1809, at Königsberg, distressed her much.

For three years the Royal family lived far away from the capital in very narrow circumstances. The Queen longed to return, and the journey was undertaken in December, 1809.

It was a triumphal progress. On the 23rd of the month, on the anniversary of the day on which, sixteen years previously, she had entered Berlin as bride-elect of the Crown Prince, the King and Queen made their entry into the capital. Nothing could be more hearty than their reception. The tears of the Queen deeply touched the hearts of the best men among the onlookers. Fouqué, the poet, wrote:—

"Those eyes of angelic clearness were dimmed by tears on account of Bonaparte. They have wept on account of our gratitude. We must fight, and make them sparkle with joy on account of our victories."

She was not to live to see Prussia rise from the depths of her humiliation, and rejoice in the overthrow of the oppressor. Her end was not far off. Subject to frequent bodily attacks, forebodings of death passed through her mind. She longed once more to visit her old home in Mecklenburg. At the end of June she made the journey, and was overjoyed to be with her father and family.

One day she said to her brother, "Dear George, now for the first time I am perfectly happy." Then she went to her father's desk, and wrote the following words on a sheet of paper:—"My dear father, I am very happy to-day, as your daughter, and the wife of the best of husbands."

These were the last words she ever wrote. Her malady was very rapidly developed, and proved fatal. The King and the two eldest Princes were barely in time to see her in life. "Lord Jesus, cut it short," were her last words. She died on the 19th of July, 1810.

The whole nation shared the sorrow of the Royal family, and the feeling contributed not a little to the resuscitation of the Fatherland.

She was buried at Charlottenburg. It was to her grave that her son, then King William of Prussia, went for prayer on the sixtieth anniversary of her death, the 19th of July, 1870, the day on which war was proclaimed against France, from which war he returned as Emperor of Germany, thus fulfilling the dream and hope of Queen Louisa.

Her faith in God, her love of Fatherland, her admonitions to her sons, viewed in the light of the ultimate realisation of her most deeply-cherished aspirations and desires for German unity, impart an almost prophetic aspect to her character. She may be viewed as a martyr to her love for the Fatherland. Her death was doubtless accelerated by the humiliations to which Prussia was subjected, but she never altogether lost hope. "I believe firmly in God," she had said; "also in a moral government of the world"; and her consolation was, "those who sow in tears shall reap in joy."*

* Geschichts und Lebensbilder aus den Befreiungs Kriegen. Von Wilhelm Baur. Vierte sehr verbesserte Auflage. 1884.



TRANSFORMED.



CHAPTER VII.

AM "assisting" at afternoon tea in my aunt's drawing-room, and think with a sigh of the quiet times we used to have when Nellie was getting better. There is the usual buzz of senseless talk; the elaborate nothings which no earthly being would be the worse for if they were left unsaid, though a great many persons might be considerably the better.

"I hear that Mr. Warren has exhibited a masterpiece at the Academy this year, Mrs. Leslie," said one lady, leisurely sipping her tea. "Everybody goes to see it. It is the picture of the year. I can assure you the crowds round it were four deep. Have you seen it yet?"

"No," said aunt; "I have not had the pleasure yet. I believe it was sent rather late, having only been finished just before its admission."

"I am told, indeed," said another lady, "that the time for receiving pictures was over, but that an exception was made in favour of this one, solely on account of its merit."

"I wonder if it really is so good," said another. "Sometimes people get an idea into their heads that a thing is good, simply because two or three influential people say so."

"Oh, yes; there is no doubt of the merit of the picture."

"Has he ever exhibited before?"

"No; has never tried to."

"Ah, these young men are so lazy," said a stout old lady, hung with many trinkets and chains. "If they would only keep steadily to their work, think of the money they might make! I was out dining the other night, and I am told that this Mr. Warren lives in the humblest manner, aud has been doing sketches for book illustrations to keep himself going. With that talent in him he ought to have sent ever so many pictures up to the Academy, and be quite a rich man now."

"Yes; that is the worst of them: they are so fearfully unsettled. Still, I suppose that now he will be a 'lion,' and made a great deal of. Perhaps after all it is the most paying thing to keep all your powers back until you feel able to make a grand stroke. Do you not think so, Mrs. Leslie?"

"Yes," said aunt gravely; "doubtlessly that was the motive which made Mr. Warren act as he did."

"I do not know, though," said the lady who first spoke; "I was speaking to Jones, the publisher, for whom he does these illustrations, and he said that whenever he went to Mr. Warren there was the picture on the easel always looking about the same, never quite finished; so that he really might have put the finishing touches at any time, you know, and have sent it up even last year if he had not been too indifferent."

"But I have still something more remarkable to tell you," said a fifth lady, who had kept this luscious morsel of gossip to the last. "Do you know what he has been offered for this picture?"

"No," from a chorus of voices.

"He has been offered a thousand pounds!" said the lady, emphasising the words.

"You do not say so!"

"Yes; and more than that—he has refused it!"

"Well, if he thinks he can get more I do not blame him."

"Nor I; but he says he is not going to sell it!"

"Well I never! And he in that state of poverty! What can he mean?"

I had kept apart during this conversation, and devoted myself to a little girl, to whom I was showing the albums, but I could stand it no longer; so I took the child in the garden to pick some flowers. How little people know, and how lightly they judge! We cannot learn too soon to be indifferent to the praise or censure of the multitude, and secure for ourselves another compass wherewith to steer the tiny vessel of our lives. It requires much fortitude and resolution; but once possessed of it we can afford to be careless of the one and unmoved by the other.

Mr. Warren had become again a visitor at our house. My dear aunt, with a tact which was all her own, had gone over to———, on purpose to invite him, and had playfully scolded him for having deserted us for so lon .

"Why did you run off in that fashion, Mr. Warren," she said, "and never let us know your whereabouts for all these years? Was it kind to desert us in that way?"

"No, dear Mrs. Leslie," he said. "I knew that to you, at least, what had happened would make no difference; but I had to begin work in earnest, and I could only do it by tearing myself apart from all the old pleasant associations."

"Well, at any rate, this Spartan resolution is not to last for ever, is it?" said my aunt.

"I have not found it so very difficult excepting in your case, Mrs. Leslie. I confess I missed my visits to your house dreadfully."

"Well, we shall expect you to come again as usual, so that is settled."

And so he came. Not as frequently as before; but generally dined with us once a week. He was already busy upon another picture, and had received various commissions for portraits. He became all at once the fashion. His name was in everyone's mouth. From obscurity he suddenly emerged into popularity; he was famous, and people begged the honour of an introduction. I asked myself how fame would affect him, but I need not have had any apprehensions on that score.

CHAPTER VIII.

I WAS sitting in the morning-room one afternoon early in September, for I had some needlework about with which I did not wish to litter the drawing-room, and Mr. Warren was announced. It was unusual for him to come in the afternoon, but aunt and both my cousins being out, I went in to see him.

"My visit is chiefly to you to-day, Miss Leslie," he said, in answer to the regret I expressed at aunt's absence.

His voice trembled slightly as though he was suppressing some strong emotion, and he was looking down in my face.

I turned my head, and in doing so caught sight of a framed painting standing against a chair.

"Oh!" I said, with a relieved feeling, "you have brought a picture to show me. That is kind of you! Do please let me see it."

He turned it round. It was the picture—the lovely Maiden.

"Miss Leslie," he said, "will you deign to accept it?"

"Accept! Me!" I cried, and then with a rush, like a full wave, memory engulphed me entirely. The whole conversation at that drawing-room tea came back to me. He had *intended* the picture for me then! Oh, moment so full of joy that it turned to pain! The exquisite grace, delicacy, and beauty of the thought and gift rushed over me, as I say, like a wave. I was so overpowered by it that I burst into tears, as though some great sorrow had befallen me, instead of overflowing joy.

"Miss Leslie! Cissy!" he said in alarm. "What have I done?" He took my hand and drew me gently to the sofa. "My darling, my darling," he said, "we must not part. God has made us for each other. Oh, my own one, my life, my heart and my all are yours Will you take them? See, I offer you the firstfruits of that change which you have wrought in me, for without you it had never happened. Dearest, why do you weep?" No matter what I answered. No matter where my head found a resting place or how my sobs were stilled.

After a while I grew calmer, and we began to talk sensibly. He confessed that he had not intended to speak this afternoon, but had only wished to ask my acceptance of the picture. He had thought of waiting until he had become richer. He was still poor, he said, but the sight of my tears had disarmed him. We both decided that there was no hurry, and that life like this would be full of pleasure, and work, and sweetness. He confided all his plans to me, and as he did so there arose in me an exalted feeling of pride and thankfulness, for I felt that in this man I should not only have a husband, but a life-long

friend; and I can think of no more desirable prospect for a girl. Many girls are loved only as pets and playthings; but a love that is cemented by friendship and a good understanding is like a jewel that grows in lustre the more it is used

CHAPTER IX.

OUR wedding was a very quiet one. We had a short trip on the Continent, and my husband took me to Sweden, where I showed him the famous Central Institute. I may some day tell you what we saw there. He thoroughly enjoyed his visit, and no longer wondered at the change that had been wrought in me. We have now been married ten years, and Frank has worked hard to get these scientific exercises more generally used in England. But, as he says, water is a bad conductor of ideas, and that is why we only get them after other people have had them in use for some time. But now, thanks to the united efforts of many medical men who have interested themselves in education, the Swedish "drill," as it is called, is being taught in the Board schools, and thence it is slowly creeping into use amongst other classes.

As for myself, I never left off my exercises; they are a part of my daily life, and as my husband looks at me fondly, he declares that my figure is faultless. We are both of us blessed with good, robust health, and we need no other than our own companionship. Frank has developed a taste for landscape painting, in which he has remarkable success. We have the most delightful trips to the country, where we often camp out for days together. At other times we go on pedestrian tours, stopping at any place which seizes our fancy.

Once a week Jessie brings her children, and Charley's wife, Matilda, brings hers, and with my four a merry party is formed. Then we go on the lawn, and "do exercising" to our hearts' content. The children are as straight and sturdy as any, and enjoy the fun immensely.

* * * *

My dear readers, you will have guessed why I have written this. I would have every girl and every woman as healthy and as strong as she can possibly be, and she will not be this before all the organs of her body have free play, and before all the muscles of her body are exercised for a little while every day. These grand exercises of which I have spoken, and with which at this period it will not be difficult to make yourselves acquainted, are calculated to bring all the muscles of the body into play, and the result can hardly be exaggerated. Had I married my husband when I was a poor, half-deformed miss—for now I look back to it, that is what I really was—he would probably have loved me, but we could never have been the *friends* that we are now; and there might have come a time when he had wearied of me. For who knows but that I might not have had to spend a good deal of my time upon the sofa? I know well enough what a weak creature I was with my cold toes and hands, with my love of fires and wraps, with my interestingly (I thought it) small appetite, and my narrow range of ideas. Then, I say, regard your bodies with reverence as a gift of God, like all else we have, and we cannot glorify Him more than in fitting it to the very best of our ability for its work in life. The punishment of neglect in this respect is swift and unfailing. It is a half-developed existence, or an unproportionately developed one, with some powers exaggerated and others left quite in abeyance. It turns many of the greatest pleasures in life into toil and drudgery, and, last of all, it generates that lamentable condition which characterises so many girls and women—a chronic state of *apathy*, which is so universal as to be almost considered a desirable "ladylike" thing. Let me hope that this recital of my own experiences will lead you to give a little attention to the matter yourselves, and that the time is not very far distant when Frank's wish may be fulfilled, and that we shall not have so far to seek for the realisation of the artist's dreams.

[THE END.]

THE HISTORY OF HOME;

OR,

DOMESTIC WAYS SINCE THE TIMES OF HENRY VIII.

By NANETTE MASON.

PART V.

THE REIGNS OF GEORGE I. AND GEORGE II.



THE public announcements of marriages in the period to which this article is to be devoted—from 1714 to 1760—were often curious for their giving particulars of the lady's fortune. These were times when the Married Women's Property Act was not even dreamt of, and fortune-hunting brought better results to the adventurous, and more disaster, alas! to the fair sex, than nowadays.

As an example, we have the *Gentleman's Magazine* of the 15th of March, 1735, recording:—"John Parry, Esq., of Carmarthenshire (married), to a daughter of Walter Lloyd, Esq., member for that county. A fortune of £8,000."

The self-barter of a clerical fortune-hunter is announced in the same magazine in 1731 in the following terms:—"Married, the Rev. Mr. Roger Waina, of York, about twenty-six years of age, to a Lincolnshire lady, upwards of eighty, with whom he is to have eight thousand pounds in money, three hundred pounds per annum, and a coach-and-four during life only."

So common was the practice that, alluding to an intimation in the *Gentleman's Magazine* in 1735—"The Earl of Antrim, of Ireland, to Miss Betty Pennefeather, a celebrated beauty and toast of that kingdom"—one writer remarks that it is to be feared that Miss Betty was a "tocherless lass," otherwise her fortune would have been sure to have been stated, or, at least, alluded to.

One of the great scandals of the time was the readiness with which unlicensed and clandestine marriages could be contracted. The chapels at the Savoy and at Mayfair, in London, were long notorious for such weddings; but the worst place of all was undoubtedly the debtor's prison of the Fleet. Many of the early Fleet marriages were really performed at the chapel of the Fleet; but the applications became so frequent that rooms were fitted up in the taverns and lodging-houses within the Rules of the prison for the purpose of performing the ceremony.

The parsons who celebrated these marriages were clergymen of the Church of England, who had been consigned to the prison of the Fleet for debt. The cost of a wedding varied, according to the supposed wealth or poverty of the parties. Sometimes it was as low as half-a-crown. A considerable profit was in all cases made by the sale of liquors which the wedding party drank. Many marriages were performed when parson, bride, bridegroom, and all concerned were in a state of brutal intoxication.

The clergymen of the Fleet were so lost to all sense of their holy calling, that they used to employ touters to bring to them such persons as wished their services. In his "London," Pennant, the antiquary, describes the neighbourhood of the Fleet as it was in his time. "In walking along the street in my youth," he says, "on the side next the prison, I have often been tempted by the question, 'Sir, will you please to walk in and be married?' Along this most lawless space was hung up the frequent sign of a male and female hand enjoined, with 'Marriages performed within' written beneath. A dirty fellow invited you in. The parson was seen walking before his shop—a squalid, profligate figure, clad in a tattered plaid nightgown, with a fiery face, and ready to couple you for a dram of gin or a roll of tobacco."

All classes who wished to marry in haste flocked to the Fleet, and so many abuses were the result, that Parliament took the matter in hand, and this scandalous matrimonial market came to an end in 1754.

The ingenuity of lovers is proverbial, and we have an example of it in the case of a Miss Dunck, who was possessed of the handsome fortune of one hundred thousand pounds. The Earl of Halifax married her in 1741. It appears that by the will of the lady's father she was to marry no one but "an honest tradesman"; but the earl was equal to the occasion; he became a freeman of the Saddler's Company, and exercised the trade long enough to break down any legal barriers between him and the hundred thousand pounds.



SOLITUDE.

SONNET.

GOD made man social, made him love and prize
Communion with his race, and ever find
A joy in claspèd hands and answering eyes.
Yet oftentimes our Father, deeming good,
Remands us to some utter solitude
In city or in waste, with purpose kind.
For in the loneliness not all alone
Is man: forgotten voices of the wise
And good break silence with a clear, calm tone;
And happy thoughts that shunned the buzz of men
In kindly cluster gather round us then,
And truer thoughts of God and self arise.
When Moses left the mountain, full of grace,
God's glory left an impress on his face.

CORAL.

CHAPTER II.



It were indeed a vain thing to try and describe the joy and pride which dear Miss Ann and Miss Jane felt on beholding their nephew.

"He is very handsome," said Miss Ann, "and exactly like his dear mother, and she and I were always considered to be the image of each other."

Coral smiled. She thought Leslie handsome, but she could not see any resemblance between him and his aunt, although she was kind enough not to make any remark to this effect. In fact, she very rarely spoke of Leslie, but I fancy she thought a great deal about him, and there is no doubt that she took wonderful pleasure in his society. He was bright and fresh, and came from the outer world, into which Coral sometimes longed to penetrate, and he brought with him new interests and new enjoyments, for he would take no refusal when he had once made up his mind to a plan, and the result was that the Misses Briggs and Coral were trotted off to the concerts and the picture galleries and all the wonderful sights of London, and saw more in a few weeks than they had seen all the years of their life.

The neighbours could not understand what had happened to arouse the ugly house from its traditional lethargy; why, formerly, the lights had been put out by nine o'clock, and now it was eleven or twelve before there was ever any sign of darkness.

They were all very happy together, and Leslie blessed the day which had brought him back to England, for he had found a sweet girl whose heart he wished to win—nay, perhaps he had already won it, if one may believe in the language of the blush and the smile of a gentle-minded maiden. He did not fear that she would have nothing kind to say to him when he told her he loved her; what he feared was the opposition of his two aunts, who doted on Coral's very *smile*, and would have sooner thought of parting with their souls than with their heart's jewel. In fact, it never occurred to them that Coral could possibly love anyone else but them, and Leslie soon learnt the state of their feelings in the conversations he had with them. Miss Ann always talked of Coral.

"I am glad you like her, dear nephew," she began one day, as she was knitting some comforters for the sandwich men, who were her special *protégés;* "I am glad you like her, for she is a good child."

"She is the most beautiful and most graceful woman I have ever met, and the sweetest too," he answered with enthusiasm.

"It is quite gratifying to hear you say such pleasant things about her," replied Miss Ann, smiling, to whom his words had no deep significance. "And you think we have brought up our foundling well?"

"Admirably," he said; "and you love her much?"

Miss Ann put down her knitting and looked up. "I tell you, nephew," she said, "words cannot express how we love our Coral; she is all the world to us. If anyone had ever come to claim her, as we feared, I am sure our hearts would have been broken. Even now I tremble sometimes lest a relation might snatch her from us; love is so fearful, you know."

"I do not think there is much chance of such a calamity," suggested Leslie.

"One can never be certain," she answered, sadly. "This sword has been hanging over us for many years, and only God knows when it will fall. I cannot imagine what we should feel like without Coral; why, we miss her if she stays out all the afternoon, and we become quite nervous until she returns safely home again."

"What devotion!" groaned Leslie to himself. "How am I ever to break down this barrier of affectionate tyranny? how am I ever to make them understand that the time will come when Coral will love someone else besides them?"

The task seemed to him hopeless, until one day, as he was thinking it over, an idea struck him, and he wondered he had not thought of it before. And I am not sure that he did not take Evans into his confidence, for it was really no use trying to hide anything from her. Why, once, when a strange gentleman called to see Miss Ann, and Miss Ann became excited and overcome at the very sound of his name, Evans guessed that he was Miss Ann's past love, and her suspicions were confirmed on referring to the old Bible, where a sacred photograph was concealed, together with a lock of hair and some pressed flowers; and the photograph was undoubtedly that of the strange gentleman.

So it was really useless to conceal any secret from Evans; and Coral opened her heart to her, and told her how much she loved the dear Australian nephew, and how she should miss him when he went back to that horrid Australia.

"I cannot bear even to think of it," she sighed.

"Don't think of it, dear Miss Coral," suggested Evans.

"Ah, but I cannot help myself," thought Coral; and somehow or other life suddenly became very sad to her. She who had once been the sunshine in the old house now felt it an effort to be cheerful and joyous.

How could she smile and be happy when Leslie said he would soon have to go away, leaving her to knitting and chintz coverings and the *Times* newspaper, and all the old humdrum, which she never realised until now was humdrum?

And then she despised herself when these thoughts came over her, and she banished them at once, and cried bitterly at her own ingratitude.

"How wicked I am!" she thought. "They have loved and cared for me these fifteen years, when I've had no claim on them, and but for them might have died; and now, after all their devotion, I transfer my sweetest thoughts and affection to a stranger whom I have only known for two months!"

Poor little Coral! it was ever so. Our parents and friends love us all our life long, sacrifice themselves for us, work for us, sorrow, rejoice with us, pray for us; and there comes one who steals away our heart, and lo! in one minute we are changed! The pleasures and delights of old seem as nothing to us if that one dear being does not share them with us; and the very sun loses its radiance, the flowers droop, the sweetest music fails to please the ear, the most beautiful picture fails to charm the eye, the favourite books no longer allure us, the old affections no longer appeal to us with their wonted eloquence.

But these things are so only for the passing moment, and such ingratitude is not the ingratitude which made King Lear mad.

One morning Leslie said he had important business to transact, and should not be home until late in the evening.

"I have forgotten all I intended to do," he laughed merrily; "and as for the numberless commissions with which I have been entrusted, I don't even remember where the lists are!"

And it was not reasonable to expect he should remember, when Coral took up such a large share of his thoughts. I daresay you may think it foolish of him, but he had even stolen her photograph out of Miss Jane's private album, and no one knew except Evans, who had caught him gazing on it.

He wore it next to his heart this very morning when he started off on his business, and right happy and handsome he looked.

The day wore on as usual, and Coral read the *Times* to Miss Ann, and went out for a stroll with Miss Jane, and they had not been in the house five minutes when a tremendous ring came at the front-door bell, which quite upset Miss Ann's nerves.

"That sounds like a telegraphic ring, my dear," she gasped. "What can be wrong?"

"It was only a visitor, aunt dear," said Coral; "and a lady—a stranger."

Miss Ann's hands were still trembling when Evans put the visitor's card into them. The name written on the card was "Mrs. Clevelands."

"I do not know this name," said Miss Ann, after she had contemplated it for some time and looked at it from every point of view.

And then she rose with the dignity of a queen, and, assuming a very impressive frown, walked stiffly, like a wax figure, towards the door.

A lady dressed in the height of fashion was seated on the drawing-room sofa. Her toilette was, no doubt, very wonderful, but it was not what Miss Ann approved of. It looked frivolous, and Miss Ann rightly abhorred frivolity. She gave her grey ringlets a stately toss, and sat down on the edge of a chair three yards removed from the strange lady, who bowed very affably in response to Miss Ann's ice-cold manner.

"I am sorry to intrude on you, madam," she said; "but I have come about a daughter, whom, I believe, you call Coral. With great difficulty, and after having made an unceasing investigation, I have traced my darling child to your house."

Poor Miss Ann! The sword of Damocles had fallen at last. She had been waiting for these fatal words all these fifteen years, and now that they had been spoken they seemed to stab her to the heart; but in her saddest moments of fear she had never expected that such a person as this stranger would come to claim her Coral. But she determined to be brave, and she answered scornfully—

"This is mere folly, madam. How am I to know you are her mother? And supposing you are her mother, how is it that you have not troubled to claim her these fifteen years? For I scorn to be untruthful. A young lady whom I have adopted does live beneath my roof, and her name is Coral."

"Yes," continued Mrs. Clevelands; "and she has a scar on the right side of her neck, and her kerchief bore the initials M. C.—Marion Clevelands—and she was three years old when I lost her; and as for what seems to you neglect, I assure you that I have never ceased to search for her, and even all the time I have been in foreign lands I have vainly tried to get some news of her. Do you think I am an impostor now?"

Miss Ann, who was of a nervous temperament, began to lose her reason and her common sense. Her foolish fears got the better of her, and the mere thought of losing her Coral and confiding her to the care of such a woman as this, so affected her loving heart that she burst into tears.

Mrs. Clevelands played with her lace handkerchief, and remarked, in a patronising tone of voice—

"Of course you will feel parting with her; and I am sure I am very much obliged to you for what you have done; but at the same time I insist on taking Coral away, and therefore I must ask you to summon her."

"I shall not give her up without a fierce struggle," poor Miss Ann cried between her sobs, "and I shall have inquiries of every sort set on foot before Coral ever leaves my house. How am I to know who you are?"

The lady smiled and bowed.

"You shall take any measures you please to find out who I am," she said. "I have sufficient proofs to satisfy all the judges and juries in the world."

She spoke with such a calm consciousness of right that Miss Ann's heart sank within her, and she almost tottered when she rose to ring the bell.

Coral and Miss Jane came in, and Miss Ann seized Coral by the hand, pointed to the stranger lady, and sobbed—

"She says she is your mother, and she wishes to take you from us; but you won't leave us, will you, darling child, if she were fifty times your mother?"

"No, no!" cried Coral, bursting into tears at the same time as Miss Jane.

They were certainly a lively trio, and seemed to afford amusement to Mrs. Clevelands; for she smiled contemptuously, and even laughed once or twice. And then she rose, and advanced on Coral.

"Dear daughter," she said, "I have been longing for this hour. To see you and kiss you has been the one desire of my weary life. Do you think that a mother cannot recognise her own daughter, even though a cruel fate has kept them apart for many sad years?"

She held out her arms to embrace Coral; but this young lady stamped her feet and cried—

"You are not my mother, and the sooner you go away the better. If Cousin Leslie were here he would turn you out of the house."

"Ah!" cried the sisters, wringing their hands, "if only Leslie were here! Women are so helpless by themselves! I tell you, Mrs. Clevelands, that we would rather give Coral to anyone than to you."

And now a very strange thing happened—an instantaneous transformation took place; for no sooner were those last words uttered than the visitor threw aside her cloak and veil and bonnet and dress, and stood before them as Leslie Dawson!

"Then give Coral to me, good aunts," he said, eagerly, "and forgive me for the trick I have played upon you."

He had not time to say any more; for a scream of astonishment rang through the drawing-room. Miss Jane, in her excitement, stepped back and upset a table on which were displayed the old family Crown Derby teacups, and they were smashed into atoms. Miss Ann herself sent the best Worcester vase flying on to the ground, where it picked up an acquaintance with the lifeless teacups; and Coral did the most sensible thing of all—she bounded into Leslie's arms.

"Oh, Leslie!" she said, "how could you be so cruel as to come and frighten us like this? Look at poor Aunt Ann and Aunt Jane. They are quite faint with fear and nervousness."

"It's all right, Coral, dear," whispered Leslie. "You see, they will soon forgive me."

"Sir," said Miss Ann, with imperial severity, "your behaviour is simply inexcusable. We will never forgive you. You have been cruel and heartless."

But he stepped up to her, and kissed her gently, and held her hand, and spoke pleading words to her; and she ended by sobbing on his shoulder; and then, when he had succeeded in pacifying her and the more docile Miss Jane, he bade Coral gather up the fragments of the pretender mother, and he sat on the sofa between his two good old aunts, and talked to them in his own persuasive way.

"You see," he said, "I did not know how to make you realise that the time had come for Coral to love someone else besides yourselves—not loving you the less; and I thought that if I asked you in plain words to give me dear Coral, you would simply refuse, because you could not dream of parting with her. But when I acted a part you declared you would give her to anyone rather than her flaunting mother, and so I claim her. It is better for me to claim her than such a person as I have represented to-day. Take the lesser evil, dear aunts, and give her to one whom you know and love, and then, after all, you will keep your bit of coral in the family."

"But what does Coral say?" asked Miss Ann, who was beginning to think that she had been very shortsighted, both mentally and physically.

She came and knelt by them, and put her arms around them and kissed them, loving them more fondly and gratefully than she had ever done before.

"I am yours, dear aunts," she whispered; "you must deal with me as you please; for I owe everything to you, and indeed I am not ungrateful. But you won't be angry with Leslie? he did not mean to be unkind."

"I am thankful to him," answered Miss Ann, as she laid her hand in blessing on Coral's soft golden hair. "He has taught us a lesson to day, and I shall never forget it. We have been selfish in wishing to keep you all to ourselves, dear Coral; but now you must belong to him as well; and as he is our nephew, we shall still keep our jewel in the family. And so we must not grumble, sister Jane; and if ever they hear us complaining, they must remind us of the stranger lady who came to claim our Coral, but was put to flight by Leslie; and then our selfish thoughts will be banished at once, and our selfish words nipped in the bud."

And Miss Ann and Miss Jane soon learnt to rejoice in Leslie's love for Coral, and although it seemed a little hard at first to have to share their treasure (which all these years they had successfully kept to themselves) with someone else, yet they bowed their ringleted heads to a supreme decree, every day expressing their thankfulness that Coral would not entirely pass out of their loving possession; and when they had quite recovered their composure, they announced their intention of giving a formal dinner-party to celebrate the engagement of their nephew with their adopted niece.

It was many years since there had been such festivities in that sombre, steady-going old house. On this occasion only all the best silver was unearthed from fusty green bags, and the chintz coverings were taken off from the furniture in the drawing-room, exposing to view a brilliant royal blue brocade, which made everyone giddy to look at; and it was all that Coral could do to prevent Miss Jane from adorning the dinner-table with some odious stuffed birds under an enormous shade, which formed—so the good lady thought—a very elegant and novel centrepiece!

"I agree with her about the novelty, but I am not quite so sure about the elegance of the decoration," said Leslie, who came into the room, and found Coral contemplating the enormity with bewildered despair.

But when he ran out, and returned home laden with beautiful flowers, Miss Jane was persuaded that they were more to be desired than ancient stuffed birds, and she contented herself with placing the glass case in a conspicuous part of the drawing-room.

But, in spite of these little drawbacks, the grand dinner-party was a wonderful success; and all the guests admired Coral for her beauty and gentleness, and thought that Miss Briggs' Australian nephew was a lucky fellow to have won her love.

And no one was more enthusiastic than our old friend the Reverend James Deane—he who had christened the little stray child found on the doorstep of this very same house nearly sixteen years ago.

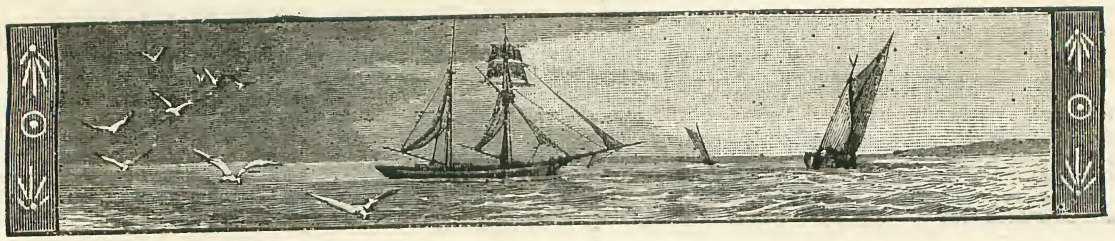
"You will grieve at losing her," he said to Miss Ann.

But she shook her head.

"We do not intend to grieve, Mr. Deane," she replied, cheerfully, although I think there were tears in her eyes as she spoke; "you know we shall still keep our jewel in the family. We have merely passed it on to some one who will treasure it even more than we have done, although it is only a coral. But there are not many bits of coral so beautiful and so costly as ours, and I am sure that neither glittering diamonds nor finely-wrought gold could ever compare with our gem, which bears a simple name, but has a priceless value and a sacred worth of its own."

Good old Miss Ann spoke with all the earnestness of affection; for love can make a treasure even out of so simple a thing as a coral. But when the coral is a sweet and gentle-minded maiden, surely—surely, there is no treasure of earth that could be more beautiful or more precious!

[THE END.]



ON LEARNING TO SING.

By MADAME LEMMENS-SHERRINGTON.

I HAVE now come to breathing, which in itself, is an art inseparable from talent. It can be little aided by theoretical knowledge. The very best theories cannot teach it. The practical example of a master is absolutely indispensable.

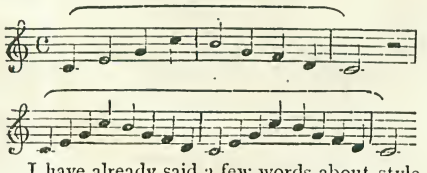
In singing there are two ways of breathing. The first is a simple expansion of the lungs, obtained without shock, without effort, and without any apparent movement of the chest; it is, in truth, a regular respiration, natural and noiseless. This is called the "diaphragmatic manner." The second is a partial drawing in of the breath, which causes an inconvenient movement of the chest and shoulders at every respiration. This is called the "clavicular manner," because those air cells near to the collar-bone are alone quite filled.

The first, which is the most natural, and very like the even breathing of a healthy sleeper, has a few friends but many enemies, who say that a too constant use of it will weaken the voice. They certainly do not bring in support of their opinion either serious reasoning or acceptable testimony. I believe, however, that both manners are good, and it is folly to place one before the other or to sustain that one should always be employed. To do so, I believe, would be simple pedantry, and as foolish as to bind a portrait painter to the use of a certain number of colours in the manipulation of his flesh tones.

Both manners may be emp'oyed by the trained singer, and experience will tell him at what moment. For a pupil, however, the case is different, and the master must mark the notes and passages where one should breathe, just as a good piano master will mark the fingering to a piece. As a general rule, I think a pupil will acquire greater strength of voice, and its volume will become richer and mellower, by favouring the diaphragmatic manner.

I cannot say how necessary it is for pupils to sing certain exercises every day to strengthen the lungs, to widen the chest, to teach them how to husband the breath. All masters should insist upon this point. To husband the breath is particularly important—to give it out slowly and methodically, not quickly or spasmodically. If too much breath is expended at the beginning of a long phrase, a gasp must be taken in the middle, or the singer will break down. To see a singer gasp is to dispel all pleasure, all poetry, all illusions.

The following exercise will be found useful. Sing it twice the first day with a single respiration, three times the second, and so on, until each pupil can do so eight or even ten times without any sign of panting.



I have already said a few words about style in singing, which, like style in writing, is the power to tell others of our emotions and impressions in a simple and natural manner. "Obscurity and affectation are the two greatest faults of style. Obscurity of expression generally springs from confusion of ideas," says Macaulay in his incomparable essay on Machiavelli. His remarks are as applicable to singing as they are to writing. For this reason, in my first article I spoke very earnestly about studying the poetry before the song is learnt; for when you know, girls, what the poet really meant to say (and mind you choose a poet who always says something), your voice will ring with the thoughts and emotions which spring, throbbing and spontaneously, from the heart. You cannot fail to be natural then, if your nature is truly artistic, and not quasi-artistic, and eaten up by vanity. Above all, to gain a little applause, never attempt one single note above your proper register; for the unction which flattery gives to your pride will never remedy the evils which arise from overstraining the vocal chords.

Mr. Ruskin tells his young pupils, in one of his picturesque and earnest letters on the Principles of Drawing, that they should send two cakes of colours and a piece of Bristol board to those friends who pester them for drawings, as they are more useful in that state than if they were spread one over the other. To me, however, there is a touch of ostentation in this advice, and I think a calm but courteous refusal is quite sufficient. Indeed, all beginners in art should hide rather than parade their efforts; but, alas! modesty has become so modest that she is hiding from the hearts of the young. The beginners chatter the loudest and condemn the most severely. To the girls who read these remarks I will say—do not begin to sing too soon before your friends; decline, in a firm but candid manner, until you all feel that you can do justice to yourself and to your professors. Of course you may sing at all times before your parents, for their opinions will encourage you, and each wise counsel will make them nearer and dearer to you. Should they be dissatisfied—and sometimes, let us hope, they will be so—do not be haughty, toss your heads, and slam the doors, like some maidens I have seen, and then retire to your rooms to nurse your wounded pride, while fancying you have been very ill treated, and your parents know nothing of the art you have just been made acquainted with. Never forget, dear girls, that a frank, kindly, straightforward criticism is more precious to you than any number of pretty, hypocritical sayings, which mean nothing, which you will hear daily, while the very people who say them laugh at you for believing them to be sincere. I will go further. Look upon praise as an enemy to bar the difficult road to success; as an antagonist look him in the face, push him aside, never letting his words of flattery lull your ambition to sleep in a dreamland of vain conceits, while other runners in the race for life pass you by. Look upon candour as a friend, harsh and unpleasant in her simple robe of truth, if you will, who stands by the path and says, "That limb is weak; your eyes see more stones than encumber this stony road. Strengthen the limb, see with your soul, and you will trudge along more quickly!"

I have a few remarks to make to those young professional singers who have already felt that art is not a profession all *couleur de rose*—who have seen many a fond and beautiful illusion die, killed either by the jealousy of brother artists or by the attack of some unfriendly, uncharitable, or unworthy critic. To these strugglers I am bound by ties of sincerest sympathy. For more than twenty-five years I was behind the scenes of the Comedy of Art, where one is continually amused and saddened by the spectacle of petty jealousies which spring from conflicting and rival interests. I saw very closely the working of the wheels of the machinery of criticism, which crushes a great deal of the grain of undoubted talent, and manages to make a great deal of its chaff palatable to the general public. To all young artists I say—Do not read any critic whatever. The bad ones will discourage you, or make you morose and bitter; the good will chiefly be words of praise, generally coming from some friend, and rarely having the value of real, unbiassed critical judgment.

It is a sad thing to say, but there is little discrimination and less justice showed by the critics in general. Criticism is seldom made an art, based on serious study, whose judgment cannot be biassed either by friendship or by antipathy. We have enough and to spare of biassed appreciation, but of valuable, clear, erudite criticism there is very, very little. And yet it is a noble art; for it should make the grand creations of the imagination comprehensible and instructive to the mass of mankind, whose minds become in some way dulled by continual friction with the hard and cold realities of a matter-of-fact existence. It is its duty to show that art should alone portray what is grand, dignified, elevating, and should never descend to the mean, the sensuous, the ignoble, the vulgar, of which we see enough every day we live. Its sphere has still greater limits; for it should be instructor and teacher to those minds that instruct and teach a hungry world. When a great mind rushes into a blind alley of undeveloped, contemptible, or unprofitable thought—as great minds will—criticism leads it back again to the avenue of truth, lined with its trees of ripened and ripening knowledge, and graced with its richly-decorated palaces of thought and fancy.

This is what this glorious art should be. A glance at a daily paper will tell us what it is. The general world cannot enjoy the graceful diction, the love of the sublime and beautiful, with which Mr. Ruskin has immortalised each of his thoughtful works, for their price is too high for the purses of a great many. So the genius of the purest, the best of our critics does not brighten the heart of every lover of art, as his "Seven Lamps" will ever brighten the long roll of immortal works which Englishmen have written.

What is the first question which a critic should ask himself when standing before a work of art? Surely, "What has the artist endeavoured to do?" When he has decided what thoughts animated the artist while conceiving his work, he can conscientiously state, according to the laws of nature and the principles of æsthetics, if the thinker has grasped the thoughts which flooded his mind with many and various harmonies of combined forms. Do critics do so? I think not. They generally say, "That's a false conception of Atalanta's race," or "Mr. So-and-so's interpretation of Romeo is incorrect, not up to the classical standard." So he sits in judgment, high on the throne of his self-esteem, and his weak words, strengthened by the world-wide fame of a daily paper, are read and believed by several hundred thousand people the next day; so that the power of an unwise critic is as hurtful as the power of a wise one is great and beneficial. Most people forget what they read is the opinion of one person, and some allowance must be made for the natural weaknesses of human nature.

But criticism in singing is even more delicate than in other arts; for a singer is brought directly before a huge public. Nervousness, ill-health, and excitement will all affect the voice. The best singer will sing badly at times, even after years of experience. Should not a writer be careful, therefore, of what he says of some earnest and youthful débutant?

To those who have been ill-used in such circumstances, however, I offer my kindly sympathy, reminding them of what I said just now—"Do not read any criticisms." If good, your friends will tell you, and nobody but an enemy will tell you of the bad.

[THE END.]

OUR TOUR IN NORTH ITALY.

By TWO LONDON BACHELORS.

We certainly were "in for" uncomfortable experiences on our journey homeward. Swiss passes are sunny enough in the summer, and ideal, but in the winter an Englishman might more comfortably attempt the North Pole.

Simpletons that (in our last chapter) we proved ourselves to be in daring the Simplon Pass in April, although fortunately for us we did not come to the mishaps that befell our predecessors in imbecility, we yet resolutely went through the programme decided upon in London, and determined to walk over the Tête Noir to Chamounix!

We separated from the "Amurricans" at Brieg, and proceeded by train to Martigny. Of course there was not a soul staying in the hotel, and of course we had to wait while a room was arranged as our sleeping quarters. But after tedious waiting in the bedroom for bedding, basin, towels, &c., which it took quite an hour to produce, we marched down to the desolate *salle-à-manger*, where we were supplied with an excellent dinner and cheerful service. It seemed as though we must be veritable angels of light to break the winter monotony of these hotel-keepers, for they were most kind and attentive, and seemed so happy themselves that they evidently wished to make us feel the same. Surely without comfort indoors, to militate against outdoor miseries, our lives would not have been worth the holding.

The day after our arrival was spent in visiting the two gorges near at hand, and also the fine old tower of Martigny, from which a fine view of the Alps can be obtained. But the rain spoilt everything for us, even the waterfalls, which are usually improved thereby.

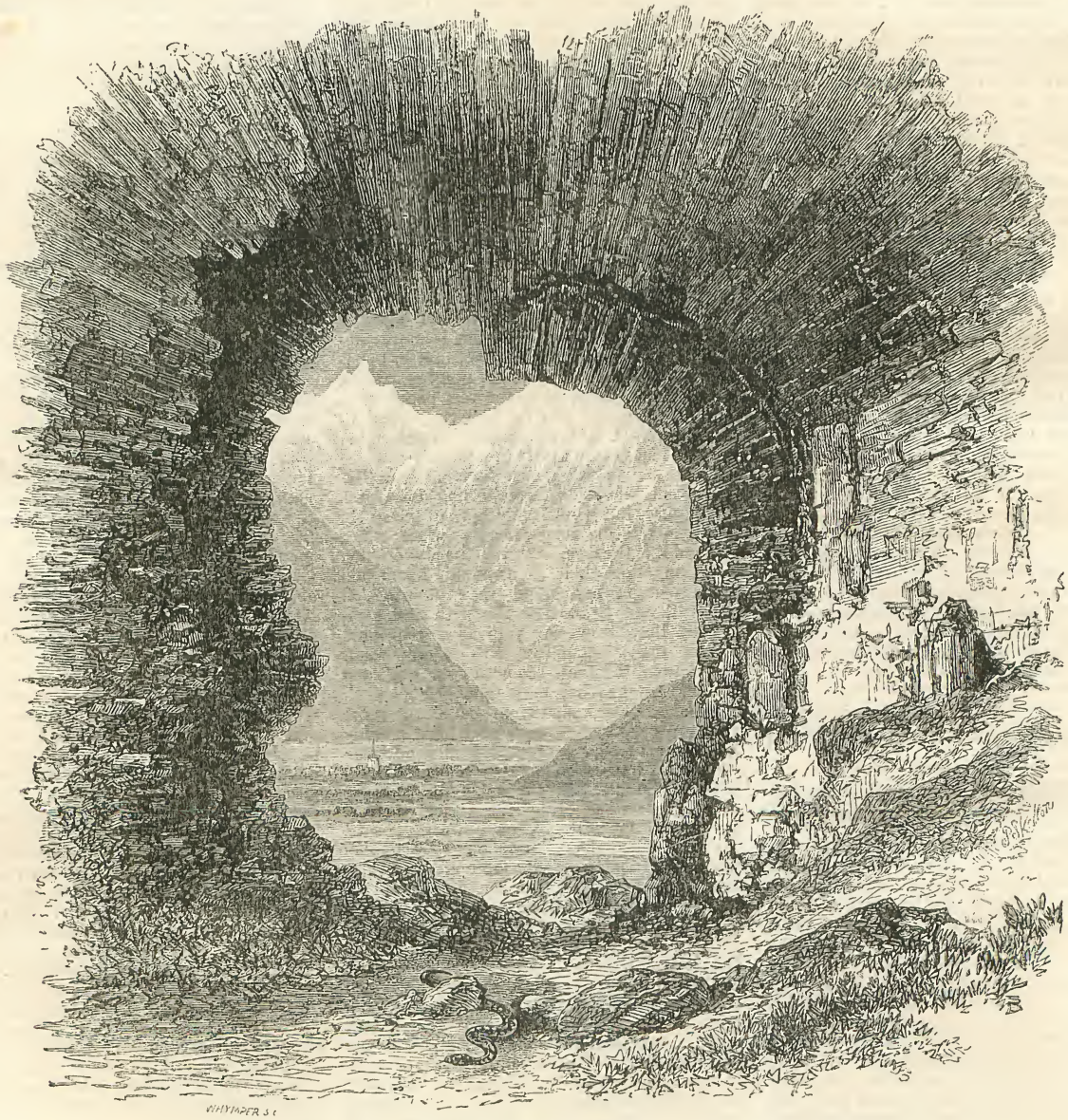
As we gazed up at the mountains, we could not help quoting Björnson's verses:— —.

What sha'l I see if I ever go
  Over the mountains high?
Now I can see but the peaks of snow,
Crowning the cliffs where the pine trees grow,
  Waiting and longing to rise
  Nearer the beckoning skies.

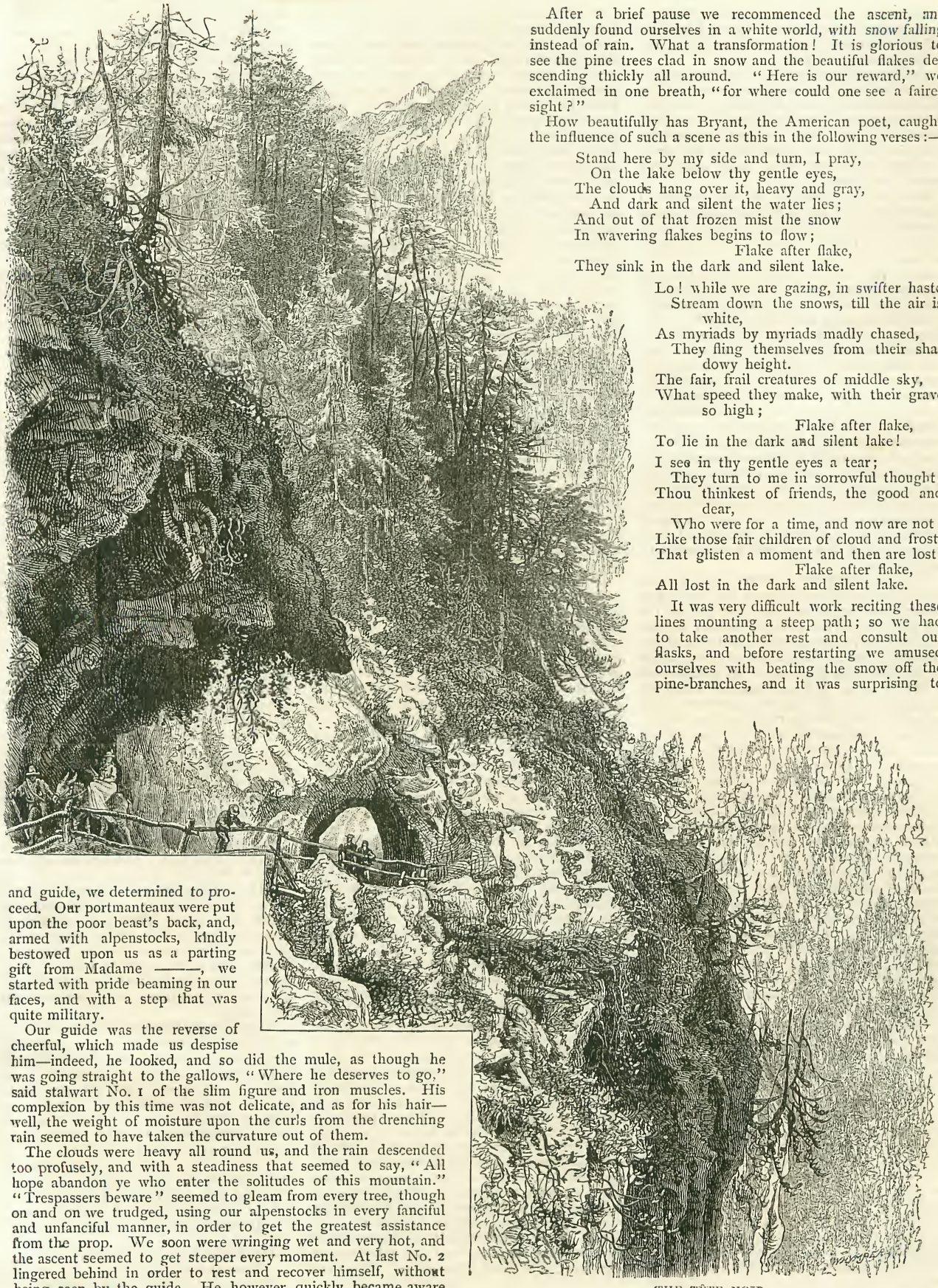
Once, I know, I shall journey far
  Over the mountains high.
Lord, is Thy door already ajar?
Dear is the home where Thy saved ones are;
  But bar it awhile from me,
  And help me to long for Thee.

In the evening we had some delightful music in the drawing-room, and retired early in order to be well prepared for our following day's expedition.

Unpropitious was the morning, and Madame ———, the proprietor of the hotel, shook her head. However, on the arrival of our mule



FROM TOWER OF MARTIGNY.



THE TÊTE NOIR.

and guide, we determined to proceed. Our portmanteaux were put upon the poor beast's back, and, armed with alpenstocks, kindly bestowed upon us as a parting gift from Madame ———, we started with pride beaming in our faces, and with a step that was quite military.

Our guide was the reverse of cheerful, which made us despise him—indeed, he looked, and so did the mule, as though he was going straight to the gallows, "Where he deserves to go," said stalwart No. 1 of the slim figure and iron muscles. His complexion by this time was not delicate, and as for his hair—well, the weight of moisture upon the curls from the drenching rain seemed to have taken the curvature out of them.

The clouds were heavy all round us, and the rain descended too profusely, and with a steadiness that seemed to say, "All hope abandon ye who enter the solitudes of this mountain." "Trespassers beware" seemed to gleam from every tree, though on and on we trudged, using our alpenstocks in every fanciful and unfanciful manner, in order to get the greatest assistance from the prop. We soon were wringing wet and very hot, and the ascent seemed to get steeper every moment. At last No. 2 lingered behind in order to rest and recover himself, without being seen by the guide. He, however, quickly became aware of our weakness, and halted himself.

After a brief pause we recommenced the ascent, and suddenly found ourselves in a white world, with snow falling instead of rain. What a transformation! It is glorious to see the pine trees clad in snow and the beautiful flakes descending thickly all around. "Here is our reward," we exclaimed in one breath, "for where could one see a fairer sight?"

How beautifully has Bryant, the American poet, caught the influence of such a scene as this in the following verses:—

Stand here by my side and turn, I pray,
On the lake below thy gentle eyes,
The clouds hang over it, heavy and gray,
And dark and silent the water lies;
And out of that frozen mist the snow
In wavering flakes begins to flow;
Flake after flake,
They sink in the dark and silent lake.

Lo! while we are gazing, in swifter haste
Stream down the snows, till the air is white,
As myriads by myriads madly chased,
They fling themselves from their shadowy height.
The fair, frail creatures of middle sky,
What speed they make, with their grave so high;
Flake after flake,
To lie in the dark and silent lake!

I see in thy gentle eyes a tear;
They turn to me in sorrowful thought;
Thou thinkest of friends, the good and dear,
Who were for a time, and now are not;
Like those fair children of cloud and frost,
That glisten a moment and then are lost;
Flake after flake,
All lost in the dark and silent lake.

It was very difficult work reciting these lines mounting a steep path; so we had to take another rest and consult our flasks, and before restarting we amused ourselves with beating the snow off the pine-branches, and it was surprising to

find how the trees danced with joy at the relief from the weight, and what a different angle the branches resumed. Some of them were trailing on the ground, but on becoming rid of the burden would mount to right angles —their normal position.

Of course we met no human being in our climb, nor did we hear or see the movement of any kind of animal or creeping thing. The very brambles were all buried beneath their blanket of ice and snow. Silence reigned supreme, for there seemed to be no rustle even in the air.

"How uninhabitable is this enchanted land!" exclaimed No. 2.

But No. 1 explained, in the words of Ruskin, that "it would be as absurd to think it an evil that all the world is not fit for us to inhabit as to think it an evil that the globe is no larger than it is."

And with this comforting thought left to germinate, he expounded the teachings of the same great writer, and showed the benefits to the world of our mountain ranges in (1) the directing of the flow of the fountains and springs from subterranean reservoirs, (2) the maintenance of a constant change in the currents and nature of the air, and (3) to cause perpetual change in the soils of the earth.

We had now reached a more exposed part of the pass, and the air was colder, though we were warm enough from our exertions. No. 2, who had walked over this ground several times before, was able to pronounce that the first half of the day's work was nearly accomplished, and that we should soon arrive at the half-way inn.

And sure enough the little wooden house soon came into sight, and we steered ourselves through the trackless snow-wastes to the building.

We quite expected a warm welcome from the landlord and his daughter; but instead of cheering us, they seemed scarcely to care for our presence. They showed us into a bare wooden room, entirely fireless, and left us for some little time. The guide had unharnessed the faithful mule, and was taking refreshment in the kitchen. We knocked and called for an attendant to dry our outer garments, and ordered bread-and-butter and coffee, which, however, was scarcely fit for consumption when, after a long delay, it arrived. So we requested our clothes to be brought, and the guide, with another mule, if possible, to prepare for the remainder of our journey.

But we were solemnly informed by the proprietor of the inn that no one could proceed in such weather, and that we must consider ourselves snowed-up for the day at least. Suspecting this to mean a week or perhaps a ten days' residence on poor fare, we indignantly refused to accept such a fate, and insisted on our rights as travellers to be properly conveyed to Chamounix. The guide, however, said he could not undertake the work, for he was already over-fatigued, the mule could do no more work that day, and, to settle the matter, said there was no other beast to take his place!

"Then," we replied, "the landlord here must act porter himself, and find another to help him carry the luggage to Chamounix;" for we insisted on reaching there that afternoon. We further told him that if he detained us any further we would cause him to suffer for it. So with a shrug of the shoulders he gave in, and, with a spare-looking man to help him, they mounted the portmanteaux upon their backs, and we led them off in true bravado fashion.

It was, indeed, a sight to see the big fat landlord with the smaller package labouring under his burden! To look at him one would have thought him a tower of strength, but truly appearances are sometimes very deceptive. The big, rubicund-complexioned and big-shouldered man writhed under the weight, and could not keep it in position upon his back, while his little spare companion moved along merrily, enjoying the work and his friend's evident misery. The big man rested frequently, mopping his face and giving vent to violent sighs and groans; but we manfully kept up, plodding with our alpenstocks on through the wide fields of snow. On this exposed plateau walking was very difficult, if, indeed, it could be called walking, when the entire leg would disappear in the snow, and progression was only made by a kind of jump. Many a time we looked round to see the porters resting their packages on the ground, while the lower parts of themselves were hidden in the earth. In fact, the luggage acted as the dew-claw does to the St. Bernard dog, preventing their sinking undergound entirely. As we bachelors sat down on the snow to rest, the whole of our alpenstocks, six feet long, would sink lightly through the snow, and we would be compelled to search for the tops to pick them out with our fingers. These extensive snowdrifts were very trying, and, indeed, if retrogression had been less difficult, we should certainly have retraced our steps.

It is a curious fact, and one fraught with some danger, that much snow should produce a feeling of weariness and drowsiness. At this juncture No. 2, tired out with his unusual exertions, actually begged his friend to let him take a nap in the snow; but of course the idea was ridiculed by No. 1.

The Ettrick Shepherd simply expressed the truth when, commiserating the fate of some unfortunate ones who were lost in the snow, he speaks of the "poor creturs, no that verra cauld, for driftin' snaw sune begins to fin' warm and comfortable, but wae's me! unco', unco' sleepy."

O joy! a mountain hut was reached, and never were rest and refreshment more sorely needed, especially by that imposing imposture of a porter.

From this point the slighter man took both packages and sallied gaily along with a nod and a smile at us and at his weaker friend. In this way we soon passed the Glacier D'Argentiere, and found ourselves in the Chamounix valley. The relief of walking on level ground once more was exhilarating in the extreme, and although we could have hired a fly for the remaining five miles, yet, when we considered the danger of a cold drive in wringing wet clothes, we walked on, with only occasional rests by the porter to readjust his baggage.

No. 2 was the most "done up," for as the various points of interest in the valley began to show themselves, he was unable to turn his head to the right or to the left for fear of disturbing his regular pace. He was walking automatically, and his lithesome and cheering friend supported him always as best he could.

Hotel D'Angleterre was closed, but we found ready admittance at Hotel du Mont Blanc, and if we were asked at which hotel we most enjoyed ourselves we should say Hotel du Mont Blanc at Chamounix.

Of course, there was no one else in the place (excepting Mrs. Fred Burnaby, at a neighbouring inn), but the dinners we had! Wherever they got the material from will remain a wonder to us until our dying day. We always had fish and birds, together with the most delicious meats, and were positively "in clover." Fires in our bedroom, with full use of the dining and drawing rooms, decorated with shrubs and candles in numerous silver candlesticks. As we shut ourselves in at night we were the proudest and happiest of mortals, with every comfort an Englishman needs, and a close friendship to unite our very souls. What cared we that the raging winds were vowing vengeance on the innumerable aiguilles of the Mont Blanc range! We were happy and contented, and the rest after our toilsome expedition was relished with avidity.

Has any reader of this highly musical periodical ever felt the vital power of music on the senses after experiences equal to those of the bachelors? Then they know that music can soothe, comfort, and heal as no other art can do; then they know the true mission of music in life, and can appreciate the feelings of the two in the taperlighted and curtained boudoir of this gorgeous Alpine valley. True unison and harmony prevailed between the travellers, both, though widely different in character, realising the solemnities of life and the value of the present moment; each one caring for the other's wants and interests as new emotions pass and repass to disturb or bless. Friendship God-given, pure and holy, inspires scenery and art with untold and irresistible power, and prepares also the mind and heart to receive their influence.

We remained in Chamounix three or four days, and made several excursions with a guide. The first was to the Mer de Glace, which, curious enough to say, was dangerous only during the ascent to Montanvert, for the whole of the side of the mountain was enveloped in snow and no path was visible. Our readers who know the walk in summer will scarcely credit our word that we were in danger of our lives from frequent avalanches which descended into the valley, filling the country with thunderous sounds; any one of these could have hurled us down the mountain to our complete destruction. The passage of the Mer de Glace was the easiest part of the walk, as all the crevasses were filled with frozen snow, thus making it as simple as crossing a London thoroughfare. Of course we pretended great disappointment, which, however, could not be felt with anything like keenness, as we had had quite enough danger elsewhere. However, we could boast that ours was the first passage of the glacier since the previous September—seven months past.

Another day we walked to the Glacier de Bosson, which is rapidly becoming formidable in its proportions, but the vast boulders of ice were unmanageable; and here we considered ourselves defeated, much to the relief of Fritz Schuler, our guide.

On one of the days the valley was gaily decorated for the visit of the bishop to hold a confirmation, and it was a sight to see his arrival in a primitive tumble-down barouche, with the faithful preceding the frail old man with bands of music and much stately rejoicing.

Our drive to Geneva was one of the loveliest we have ever had. The almond and peach trees were in full blossom, and magnificent sunshine brightened and glorified everything as we passed along; a happy and kindly ending to a holiday, the like of which we may never see again. We shake hands over the prospect though of a visit to the central cities of Italy, but no more Swiss passes in winter for us! We enjoy the memory of them, but do not care for a repetition of the inconveniences and dangers.

After all our pleasures, we wonder if there is any place that can give us so many happy moments in one day as home can? Certainly, in roaming about we get too many discomforts to please us altogether, and the very loveliest city or village seems more lovely as the memory lingers over it afterwards. And although it is perfectly true that "home-keeping youth have ever homely wits," yet,

"Sweet are the joys of home,
And pure as sweet, for they,
Like dews of morn and evening, come
To wake and close the day.

The world hath its delights,
And its delusions too;
But home to calmer bliss invites,
More tranquil and more true."

"SHE COULDN'T BOIL A POTATO;"

OR,

THE IGNORANT HOUSEKEEPER, AND HOW SHE ACQUIRED KNOWLEDGE.

By DORA HOPE.



AFTER the departure of the young visitors, life at Hapsleigh soon resumed its usual rather monotonous course, and if Ella's time had not been so fully occupied, she would have felt rather dull. Mrs. Wilson was well enough now to take the general superintendence of the household, though she still left the active management to Ella. She would spend a whole morning going from room to room, putting a picture straight here, and flicking away an imaginary speck of dust there; or "pottering" round the garden, leaning on Ella's arm, pausing at every few steps to tie up a straggling chrysanthemum, or to admire the clever way in which Mallard had arranged his cuttings; for she had a high opinion of her old gardener, and secretly thought there was no other so clever in all the country round, though every time she met him she began to dispute about something or other in the garden.

In some ways Ella found this the most trying part of all her stay at Hapsleigh As long as her aunt was really ill, she felt that she had important duties to fulfil, and had no doubts about her usefulness; but now that her chief occupation was strolling round the garden, or taking messages of no particular importance, she began to feel a longing for home, and to wonder if it was really necessary that she should remain at Hapsleigh, though at the same time she saw quite clearly that her aunt was not fit to be left with no other companionship than that of the servants, however willing they might be to wait upon and help her.

In the midst of these conflicting feelings of longing for home and of desire to be a help to her aunt, Ella received a letter from her mother, which had the effect of still further unsettling her, for it brought the news that Kate was really engaged to be married.

"Your father is much pleased that such a man should see and value our dear Kate's sterling qualities," she wrote, "but we are greatly perplexed. In two months he must start for India, and he is most anxious to take Kate with him; but what are we to do? My health is unfortunately not good enough to allow of my taking charge of the house, and paying proper attention to your father and the children, so that it is really necessary for us to have a daughter at home; but I am sure you will feel, as we do, that aunt Mary cannot be left alone again. The knowledge of this difficulty makes Kate anxious, and is a serious cloud upon her happiness. Perhaps your aunt will talk the matter over with you, and her clever wits may suggest some solution of the problem."

This change in her sister's life, and the necessary alterations which must result from it, so filled Ella's thoughts that for the next few days her aunt found her a rather unsatisfactory assistant, for her absent-mindedness caused a good many mistakes; and as Mrs. Wilson herself was a little irritable with anxiety at the prospect of losing her niece, a prospect which seemed to her inevitable, Ella was thoroughly unhappy for a few days. She acted now as her aunt's secretary, and wrote nearly all her letters for her. Mrs. Wilson as a rule did not dictate her letters, but told Ella the substance of what she wished to say, and then read and criticised the letter after it was written. This was an excellent, though rather trying training for Ella, who was in the habit of writing long and rambling epistles, without any particular information, and which might have led a critical reader to wonder why she had written at all, Mrs. Wilson, who always spoke and wrote very much to the point, greatly disapproved of her niece's incoherent letters, and especially of her habit of omitting both date and address; and insisted that before beginning to write, she should make a list of subjects she wished to mention, beginning the list with any matters of importance (amongst which she included the acknowledgment of any letters received, and replies to questions which might have been asked), and then going on to relate anything likely to interest the recipient of the letter. The natural result was, that at first Ella's correspondents wondered why she had suddenly begun to write such very stiff and unnatural letters; and several of her friends wrote to inquire what was the matter; but she soon got over this awkward stage, and found that it was quite possible to have definite subjects to write about, and still to keep to her usual free and unconstrained style. But just now it seemed to her that either her aunt was unusually difficult to please, or that she herself was unusually stupid, for she made so many mistakes that her letters had often to be written out several times before they gave satisfaction.

Just at this time Mrs. Wilson received a note from an old friend, which kept Ella so busy that for a time she forgot the family difficulties. This lady who, with her husband, had just returned to England, wrote to say that they wanted to settle down somewhere to recruit their health, which had suffered a good deal from a prolonged stay in India, and they thought no place would be so likely to suit them as the neighbourhood of Hapsleigh, whose refreshing breezes they had so often longed for. They would prefer to take a house for a short time first, to see if the place suited them; it must be very healthily situated, on high ground, with drains in good order, a large garden, and not many stairs. Could Mrs. Wilson tell them of such a house?

The consequence of this letter was that for the next few days old Billy had quite a hard life, and Ella assured her aunt he was speechless with astonishment when he found himself expected to draw the little pony carriage twice in one day; but his mistress steeled her heart against his reproachful glances, and she and Ella drove all round the country, inquiring for and looking over houses to let. When Mrs. Wilson was too tired to go, Ella took Mrs. Moore or Sarah as escort, and though her expeditions were not very successful, she gained a good deal of useful knowledge.

There was some drawback or other to every house they found; some had large gardens, but small and inconvenient rooms; others with large, handsome rooms had hardly any garden. One seemed perfect in every particular but that the walls were saturated with dampness, and in another, with singular perversity, when there was plenty of space, the kitchen had been built underground. But the greatest difficulty of all was the drainage. Mrs. Wilson and Ella both felt well up in this subject, having had extensive alterations made at Hapsleigh during their absence in the summer.

Mrs. Wilson had for some time previously noticed a slight disagreeable smell about her house, especially in the morning, after the rooms had been shut up all night, but had concluded it was fancy, as no one else in the house complained of it, till, on one of his visits, the doctor had suggested that it would be advisable to have a competent man to examine the drains, telling her that it was not always possible to judge of the poisonous character of the sewages by the strength of the disagreeable smell resulting from it; that sometimes a faint sickly smell, which some people would hardly notice, portended more serious evil than anything more decidedly offensive. He advised her to send to a firm of sanitary engineers, who, while charging very little more than an ordinary, and perhaps incompetent, builder, would do the necessary work on scientific principles.

At Mrs. Wilson's direction, Ella accordingly wrote to the firm, who sent a man at once to examine the drains. He began by closing every door and window in the house, and then explained to Mrs. Wilson, who was greatly interested in his proceedings, that he was going to pour a very strong smelling liquid down the drains, which would enable him to say with certainty whether or not there was any escape of sewer gas; and if so, exactly where the defect was to be found. Accordingly, after a short time, a decided smell of peppermint began to pervade the breakfast-room, in which Mrs. Wilson was sitting; and the man, who had been making a tour round the whole house, came in a few minutes and said that there was the same escape in all the ground-floor rooms on that side of the house, but especially in one corner of the dining-room; and it was evident that something was wrong with that particular part of the drain. He thought, however, that probably the fault was partly in the ventilating shaft, for he had been on to the roof, and found only a faint smell of peppermint, instead of the very strong one which ought to have issued from this shaft, which is intended to carry off all injurious gases from the drains, to a safe height above the chimneys. He complained of several other insanitary arrangements too, which are almost invariably found in old houses, such as the waste pipe from the bath, and from the sinks leading straight into the drain, so that it was almost impossible to prevent a small amount of sewer gas passing up the pipes. As it would have been a rather troublesome piece of work, however, to have these pipes disconnected from the drain, Mrs. Wilson refused to have it done, and the man promised to do the best he could, short of this, by removing the old inefficient traps, and putting in others of the newest and most scientific kind. The examination and repair of the drains was proceeded with directly Mrs. Wilson left Hapsleigh. It was found that, as in so many old houses, brick drains had been used, and were now quite worn out and leaking. These were replaced by new ones of a more modern sort.

In other parts of the house it was found that the pipes had not been properly cemented at the joints, and these defects also were remedied. Finally, when all the work was finished, immediately after the return of the household to Hapsleigh, the same test was applied as before, but this time without anyone being able to perceive the slightest odour of peppermint; not inside the house that is, for Ella, who at the request of the foreman in charge of the work had gone up on to the flat roof to see if the ventilating shaft was working properly, found it fulfilling its mission so very satisfactorily, that the strong smell sent her running downstairs again as quickly as possible, declaring that she would never again be able to smell peppermint without feeling ill.

Before leaving, the foreman told her that she might have been sure there was a defect somewhere in the drains, from the fact that they had lately begun to hear rats in the house, that they almost always come up the drains, but as long as these are strong and well cemented, they cannot make their way through into the house.

The consequence of this experience was, that now Ella went about her inspection of empty houses with a very learned air, as though she thoroughly understood the whole subject.

Mrs. Moore, though innocent of any pretensions to scientific theories, had a good deal of shrewd common sense, and was a quick observer. Some of her opinions amused Ella a good deal, but though they were rather curiously expressed, there was a considerable foundation of truth in them. On the subject of clean and healthy houses, for instance, she had very decided views.

"I haven't got any larning, Miss Ella," she said, "but I've got good eyes; and my mother used to teach me and the others when we was little, that there was nothing made but what it had got some use to it, and I believe as that's the truth. Now there's some as can't see no use in flies, and thinks they're nasty creatures, and so they are sure enough, with their dirty ways, but that's just where I say is the use of them; why they're just like them dogs as gentlemen takes out shooting with them, and when they see a rabbit or anything they stops still and points their tails, and that's how it is with flies; as sure as ever there's anything in a room that smells nasty or is going bad, they go straight to it. Now that last house we went to, where you wondered where the nasty smell came from, well, I didn't make so bold as to speak when the gentleman was showing you round, but there was two big blue-bottle flies trying to get down behind the wainscot, and says I to myself, 'If Miss Ella was to pull down that skirting board, she'd soon find where the smell comes from; I'll be bound there's dead rats or mice there.'"

But in spite of, or perhaps in consequence of, the united wisdom of all the household, they completed their tour of the whole neighbourhood without finding a single house which seemed to suit in every particular; not one, except Mrs. Wilson's own, had all the necessary requirements, and Ella suggested, in fun, that her aunt should offer her friends her own house, and come back and live with the Hastings family for a time.

To Ella's surprise, Mrs. Wilson took the idea up seriously, and from simply joking about it, they turned to serious consultation as to the possibilities of the scheme. It seemed such a simple way out of the difficulty about Kate, that Ella was delighted, and urged her aunt to decide upon it; but Mrs. Wilson was not to be hurried, and said she must "sleep on it," and would make up her mind definitely in the morning.

Accordingly when the morning came, Mrs. Wilson told Ella that she had quite decided to go, if it was agreeable to everyone else concerned, and that she must write at once and ask her parents what they thought about it.

Mrs. Hastings replied immediately that the same idea had suggested itself to them also; they were delighted at the thought of having Aunt Mary with them. She should have her own rooms, and could, if she wished, bring one of her own maids with her, and they would all do everything in their power to make her happy with them.

When once Mrs. Wilson had made up her mind to anything, she liked to go straight on with it and get it done, so now her preparations were pushed forward as rapidly as possible. Her friends were very glad to take the offer of her house for six months, for she could not make up her mind to leave it for a longer time at first, and her own thought was that she could probably spend the winter months with her relatives in the town, and return to her own country home for the summer months.

She took the pony carriage, and one of the dogs with her. Mallard was left in charge of the garden, and his wife of the fowls, which were removed to their cottage at the bottom of the long garden.

The farewells were rather trying, though, as Mrs. Wilson assured herself and everyone else, it was only for six months, so there was no need to be very melancholy about it. The journey was easily and comfortably accomplished, for Mr. Hastings himself came to escort his sister and daughter home; and to Ella's great delight they arrived soon enough to help in all the final arrangements for Kate's wedding.

So ended Ella's year of probation as housekeeper. As soon as all the excitement of the wedding was over, she gradually took up one duty after another, till, finding her quite competent for the task, her mother gave up all the management of the house to her as entirely as she had before done to Kate, and Ella's happiness knew no bounds at settling down once more with her own family, to whom she was devotedly attached, and at finding how entirely her parents trusted and confided in her, thanks to the difficulties she had gone through, and the knowledge and self-confidence she had acquired during her sojourn at Hapsleigh.

"Why, mother," she said one evening, as they were sitting alone talking over the past, "how strange it is to look back. I hardly feel like the same person that I was a year ago. I never shall forget how unhappy I felt when I heard the servants saying with such scorn what an ignorant housekeeper I was—that I couldn't even boil a potato. It was true too, and I suppose that was the reason it offended me so."

"Yes, my child," replied her mother, "it was very hard for you to have to undertake so much responsibility, when you were so ignorant of all the ways of a house, but there seemed no help for it. It has been a hard school for you, but a good one, and you have learnt lessons which only experience could teach, and the most important part of all those lessons has been the one I am thankful to see you have learnt well—that the details of directing a house, or whatever else your daily work may be, are all included in the promise: 'In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths.'"

[THE END.]

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WORK.

DAISY.—The only way you could sell your frames would be by private arrangement with a friendly shopkeeper. At present your cards do not look saleable, and we doubt if you would like to spend any money on buying them yourself.

HERMIONE L. DE G.—We think your mother's idea of using the golden-hued Indian silk a very good one; the creamy silk will soften it, and no other colour should be added to take off the effect of softness. Have the dress simply made up, without trimmings.

NEEDLES and PINS.—The autumn leaves can be gummed firmly on any flat surface when dry—either wood or cardboard—for decorating boxes, writing-cases, panels, and window glass. After being securely fastened, they must be varnished with Canada balsam varnish, or any thin transparent varnish. Mixed with grass and a few dried ferns and small flowers, they may be made into bouquets, and many people use a little of Judson's green dye to refresh the colour of dried leaves, which are apt to fade.

NELLIE.—We doubt if you could take very bad mildew marks out of a delicate grey silk; we think you will have to get it dyed, but you might try cleaning by the new dry process, if the cleaner thinks the spots would come out by that means.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FLOSSIE.—. Bathing the ankles with salt and water or vinegar and water, or pumping on them, tends to strengthen them. 2. You seem to lean too much on your own strength, and that is why you fail in time of temptation, notwithstanding your good resolutions. It is not necessary that you should do anything extra; for if you do your work as a servant, faithfully, and not as mere eye-service, but "as unto the Lord," remembering that He placed you in the position you hold, and that therefore you "serve the Lord Christ," you *are* "doing something for Him," in your faithfulness, diligence, patience, humility; and in remembering Him in all your ways, and trying to set a good example to others.

AGNES DELANEY.—The "seat of honour" for a man is on the right hand of his hostess; and for a woman on the right of her host. At a dinner-party a bride-elect should be taken in by her intended husband, *of course*. What a nice hand you write!

A SWALLOW.—The different colours which the sea exhibits owe their origin to various causes; the clouds, seaweeds, shoals of fish, currents, and the amount of salt held in solution, varying in different places.

MISTY.—We advise you to try Sidmouth, at least for a time, or Budleigh Salterton; and look about for what you want. You need local direction and information. There are good and reasonable hotels at both places, and there are agents who could direct you to houses more remote. Lodgings at reasonable prices are to be had at both places. Further westward there are Paignton and Teignmouth, and inland pretty villages near each.

MAGGIE.—We thank you for offering to illustrate our paper, but we employ experienced professional persons. You give some promise, but need a good deal of teaching.

ART.

MERMAID.—Your little flower paintings are very pretty; we think you should go to a school of art.

LILY LEAVES.—You can use the water-colours as body colours, very thick, but we think oils would be more successful.

OWEN.—At a wood carver's or wood turner's you would be likely to get designs.

VICTORIA'S LAUREL.—The Home Arts and Industries Association was originally called "The Cottage Arts Association." It is intended to perform the double office of affording remunerative employment to teachers of the arts, and of humanising and affording training in manual dexterity to the working classes. The first art chosen was wood-carving, and the success of the experiment, both in England and Ireland, has been very great, the cost of starting a class in a village being small. Crockery, mosaic, clay modelling, repoussé work, stamped leather work, decoration, needlework, and flax spinning by hand are taught at the offices and studios of the association, 1, Langham Chambers, Langham-place, W. Address the secretary, with stamp for reply.

ARTISTIC TASTE.—The School of Chromo-lithography, in Red Lion-square, W.C., is a training school as well as a studio, where orders are received and executed. Girls are only eligible who have been trained for a year in the "Female Art School." Apprenticeship, three years' fee, 30 guineas.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. VIII.—No. 404. SEPTEMBER 24, 1887. PRICE ONE PENNY.

HERALDRY, HISTORICALLY AND PRACTICALLY CONSIDERED.



SUPPORTERS.

IT is generally believed that Supporters had their origin in the quaintly-dressed squires, whose business it was to stand beside the emblazoned shield hung before the pavilion of every knight on the tilting or the battle-field. Any description of figure standing by a shield of arms, as if guarding it, is a "Supporter." They came into use gradually in the course of the fourteenth century, and became established accessories to shields about 1425. The more ancient were alike, the two corresponding on all points. Subsequently they were made to differ one from another, as may be seen in the case of the Royal Arms, *i.e.*, the lion and the unicorn. Supporters are placed standing on the motto scroll supporting the escutcheon, and they usually supply the crest with a head. It is believed that they originated in the time of Edward III. The wyvern and the dragon are amongst the most ancient forms.

You may observe that on the tomb of Mary Queen of Scots, in Westminster Abbey, her Supporters, being unicorns, each separately holds a shield, that on the dexter side being charged with a thistle imperially crowned, and that on the sinister with a rose similarly ensigned.

On Queen Elizabeth's monument the golden lion and the red dragon each severally support the cognizances of England and Ireland. On either side, also, of the entrance door into Westminster Hall each royal Supporter stands erect holding the shield, unaided by his fellow.

The subject of Mottoes must claim a little attention. These are composed of a brief sentence, and sometimes of a single word only, and are placed on a fillet below the shield, or sometimes, but rarely, above a crest. The usage of thus uniting them to a coat of arms appears to be derived from the adoption by knightly families of distinctive "war cries," or the watchwords employed in battle, which are of very ancient origin, and generally had reference to some deed, characteristic, or sentiment connected with the bearer, and are as often, and naturally so, in harmony with the charges on the escutcheon. Those of some families are, however, quite inexplicable. There formerly existed two kinds of mottoes, *i.e.*, the *cri de guerre*, or "war cry," which was exclusively the right of the knights banneret—a distinction forbidden to any below that degree. The motto proper, as now understood, which accompanies the personal arms, any one entitled to armorial bearings was permitted to adopt.

I will not enter upon the subject of war cries now, as it may be introduced into one or more articles of a new series, but confine myself strictly to mottoes. These are usually transmitted from one generation to another with the family cognizances. Nevertheless,



A MEMBER OF HOWARD FAMILY. FROM STAINED GLASS IN A NORFOLK CHURCH, EARLY IN 17TH CENTURY.

they are not strictly hereditary, as an individual is at liberty to select and annex one such as his own fancy may dictate. Those that accompany the arms of ancient families, whose escutcheons bear evidence of the deeds of arms, and point to the manner of the distinctions conferred upon them, may be recognised as originally granted by the Sovereign, coeval with the arms themselves, and not merely adopted in modern times at the fancy of the bearer.



MODERN HERALD.

The motto, *crede Beronti*, inscribed on the seal of Sir John de Byron, A.D. 1292, and affixed to a deed, is amongst the earliest examples now extant in this country of the addition to the arms of a motto. The fact that many ancient families have none, not having elected to add a fancy motto to arms with which it was not originally associated, should not be overlooked, nor the additional fact that the family motto cannot be employed by the female members of the family any more than the crest, although they may adopt both a "device," and a fancy motto with it, for their own special individual use.

Viewed in connection with the circumstance that so many of the ancient coats of arms were supplied with personal or family "war cries," this prohibition to women is

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only natural. The Sovereign, if a woman, is the sole exception to this disqualification, and as she has the prerogative of declaring, as of declining to make, war, this exception in her case is perfectly reasonable. She has also the right to use the crest and crown surmounting the Royal helmet, with its bars and direct front-face presentation, to which I have before made reference. In very early times we had our Boadicea, who led her armies in person, and could not have been denied the right of wearing both helm and crest (a shield instead of a lozenge to represent her family honours), and to use as a motto her own distinctive war cry.

The origin of the lozenge form of the escutcheon borne by women is very ancient; according to Mr. Boyer, author of the "Royal Dictionary" and "The Greater Theatre of Honour and Nobility," being traced up to the Amazons, who, so Plutarch tells us in the life of Theseus, caused their tombstones to be cut lozengewise to resemble the form of their shields.

According to the "Dictionary of Guillim's Display," motto is an Italian word signifying *verbum*, the word or saying which gentlemen carry on scrolls, though sometimes over their arms. Cambden renders it in Latin *inscriptio*, but others *epigraphe*. The French heralds hold the use of the mottoes as exceedingly ancient, both sacred and profane history informing us on this point, a reference to the early history of the Israelites alone being necessary to establish the fact. See the mention of them, as distinctive of the twelve tribes, given by Moses, and likewise by Joseph, in the blessings prophetically pronounced upon them. As a rule we find that our ancient mottoes had special reference to the piety, religious faith, and hope in Christ, the loyalty, fortitude, and daring valour of the knight who first won the distinction of "bearing arms."

A lesson worth learning may be taken from a list of these early mottoes, for religious feeling seems to have allowed its light to shine, and Christian faith to have been boldly confessed, without shame or fear of the taunt of hypocrisy, which frightens so many in these degenerate days into a cowardly silence.

Heroic gallantry, fortitude, and loyalty to the death, the endurance of thirst, deprivations of all kinds, and burning desert heat, encased in armour which must have almost baked the wearer as in an oven, all this self-devotion and heroism appeared to be combined with strong religious convictions, and that still more noble moral courage needed to confess them. And so we find that amongst the six conditions prescribed in the conferring of knighthood, the third rule was that the knight should swear that he "would not refuse to die for the Gospel or his country."

Space would fail me in giving all the examples of mottoes derived from these ancient knights; but how beautiful are the following:—"Under the guidance of Christ," "Through the death of Christ on wings I seek the sky," "Know thyself, and learn to suffer," "O Lord, direct us," "Christ's cross is my light," "The cross of Christ is our crown," "The cross brings salvation," "By the favour of God I succeed," "Strong in faith," "Steadfast in Christ," "God my leader, the sword my companion," "Without God, without anything, God and enough," "He who hath lost his faith hath lost his honour," "Henceforward I will seek after heavenly things," "In Thee, O Lord, have I placed my hope," "Salvation is in Christ."

In achievements of arms the motto, if bearing direct reference to the crest, is placed above it, instead of beneath the shield in the ordinary way.

Here it may be well to observe that many people, ill-informed on these matters, are guilty of a great usurpation in having their family mottoes engraved on a clasped garter surrounding the crest (when used apart from the shield), instead of upon a simple fillet, or ribbon with open ends.

A few words must now be given to the subject of liveries, uniforms being the designation employed for those distinctive dresses which are by law established and granted to the servants of the Crown, such as those worn by the army and navy, and by civil officers, judges, ministers, etc. These latter date back to about the time of the Conquest, and the distribution then made was called a *livrée*, latterly corrupted into "livery." We learn also that alms distributed of an evening in the great houses of the nobility was likewise termed a livrie—of which custom, under the same name, some remains exist in Devonshire, the livery-dole near Heavitree (Exeter) being well known. Sometimes the term was applied to collars and badges of partizanship. Henry VI., in 1454, bestowed six gold collars, forty silver-gilt, and sixty of silver, "of the order of livery of the king," on the chief inhabitants of Basle, Switzerland, on the occasion of the assembly of the General Council. In the same way the great feudal barons gave liveries to their retainers, and not to their domestic servants only. Thus also the son of a duke would wear that of the prince he served, and an earl's son that of a duke under the same circumstances, without its being considered in the least degree derogatory to their own position. Stowe describes the entry of the Earl of Oxford into London, followed by a cavalcade of "eighty gentlemen and a hundred tall yeomen" riding after them, all wearing the livery of their lord, of "Reading tawny," the only distinction between them consisting in the gold chains worn by the former. But all alike had his cognisance (a blue boar) embroidered on the left shoulder. In the olden times these gallant, chivalrous knights and nobles, and these worthy and faithful yeomen, saw no humiliation in thus acknowledging their chief, nor did the custom serve to deteriorate their self-respect in the smallest possible degree.

Richard II., however, being apprehensive or jealous of the power of the barons, enacted a law forbidding yeomen, and all of less estate than esquires, to wear a livery or badge of any lord within the realm, excepting only a "menial or continual officer of the said lord." Henry VII. likewise reiterated the order forbidding nobles to distribute liveries amongst any other than household servants without a licence.

The colour of liveries worn by the domestic servants of a gentleman entitled to bear arms should, according to the laws of heraldry, be regulated by the tinctures on his escutcheon. The dominant colour should be the same, and the subsidiary (such as that of the collar, cuffs, and decorative trimmings) should be that of the principal charge. For example, *or* (yellow) should, in cloth, be represented as drab, since yellow could not thus be worn, and *argent* by white—excepting on dress occasions, when the real colours should be represented. A red coat is the exception to the rule, as the Royal livery coats are of that colour. The servants of naval and military officers should wear black clothes for a deceased master during twelve months, black crape over the cockade, likewise a band of crape round the left arm. And here the absurd practice of wearing this band round the arm by any but an officer or an officer's servant is most misleading, and in a woman most ignorant, utterly out of place, and unsuitable.

Cockades, as worn by servants, are unregulated by heraldic laws. They had their origin in the knots of ribbon employed by military men to cock or tie-up the broad brim of the hat. We adopted the black cockade in general use from the Germans in the time of George I. The adherents of the Stuarts wore a white rose, while the Hanoverian party wore the other. The privilege of assuming cockades is restricted by right to officers, military and civil, in the service of the Sovereign; no one who is not a commissioned officer can assume them any more than epaulettes, or aiguilettes; and, according to Cussans, no widow nor maiden lady can lay claim to them any more than to the use of a crest or shield.

Livery buttons should be of the dominant metal in the arms, and charged with the master's badge (if he have one), but certainly not his crest, as the latter belongs exclusively to the owner and bearer of the arms; and the servant could not wear them. But the buttons should be differenced with those marks of cadency of which I have spoken. It is even more absurd to see the servants of gentlewomen wearing livery buttons charged with a crest or shield. If they (or gentlemen) have no hereditary badge they have perfect liberty to adopt one (see Cussan's "Handbook of Heraldry"). According to Boutell, "Crested livery buttons are heraldic anomalies under all circumstances." "Even the head of a house himself, if he were a herald, would not display his crest, as a crest, upon *buttons* to be used exclusively by himself."

The Visitations of the heralds were made for the purpose of examining into the histories—in parish registers and private genealogies of the county families; and to examine into the right by which persons within the several heraldic provinces bore arms, or were styled esquires, or gentlemen. The results of these official investigations were carefully collected, and then recorded in the College of Heralds. The first of these visitations which we possess was made in 1528-9 by Thomas Benoilt, Clarencieux; the last in 1687; but fragments of several of earlier date, *i.e.*, in the reigns of Henry IV., Edward IV., and Henry VII., still exist.

"The term 'Canting Heraldry,'" says Sir James Lawrence, often employed by ancient and modern authors, "is one of contempt and derision, applied to symbolic bearings that are assumed without the authority of the Heralds' College. No person, when heraldry was in its greatest repute, dared assume any cognisance or bearing without permission of the Earl Marshal or the Kings-at-Arms. Any individuals who presumed by assumption to offend the laws of the court of honour were liable to heavy fines and personal duresse, which in many instances have been rigidly enforced." In truth such protection of honours granted for good service, and of birth-rights bestowed by Providence in inscrutable wisdom on certain families over which they had no possible control, such protection afforded by the law, is weakly grudged to them by superficial thinkers, while jealously claimed for their own special honours—such as medals, promotions, certificates, patents, etc., distinguishing them above their fellows. Surely, to quote the old proverb, "what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander likewise."

In conclusion, the heralds themselves claim a few words of notice; but those who are readers of the *Leisure Hour* must have seen an article of mine on the time-honoured institution on Benet's Hill, now facing Queen Victoria Street, and known as the Heralds' College. To that article I refer all who wish for more exhaustive details than my present available space permits me to give. Perhaps, in a new series, of a somewhat kindred character, to which allusion was made in my last article, the heralds may afford subject for a few paragraphs; but, for the present, I must take my leave of those of my girl-friends who have done me the honour of reading this series of articles on a comparatively little known but interesting science.

S. F. A. CAULFEILD.

[THE END.]

TABLE DECORATIONS.

THERE is scarcely anything that better enables a lady to display her taste than does the ornamentation of her dinner table.

It is now very much the fashion to put only one kind of flower, or only flowers of one colour, on table, with, of course, plenty of green; it is much easier to arrange them effectively this way than with a variety of colours.

Unsuitable flowers should never be put together; some, such as iris, camellias, arums, sunflowers, look best alone; again, some from their colours are quite unfit for candlelight, so should not be used.

It is a mistake to put many blossoms with strong perfumes on a table; they make a room oppressive. Hyacinths, daphnes, gardenias, &c., must on this account be used sparingly, but lately none of these flowers have been very much in vogue; sunflowers, daffodils, single dahlias, red berries, white lilies, anemones, and large daisies have been favourites with many people. A short time ago the rage for large yellow daisies was so great that they became as expensive to purchase as hothouse flowers.

I would not advise anyone to decorate their table with a particular flower because it is "the fashion"; there are other things to be considered— the room, the glass, the china, particularly the dessert service; for however pretty a decoration, if not in keeping with the surroundings it must be a failure. Stands of flowers on a table should not exceed thirteen inches in height, save perhaps some flower spikes, light grasses or leaves that stand up, or plants and palms may be used that are over twenty inches high, so that the guests can see across the table under them. In arranging flowers too many are generally used; they are packed together so that the beauty of each particular flower is lost instead of each blossom standing lightly with green about it. It is a good plan to heap wet silver sand in flower dishes, and cover it with common lycopodium, or with picked wet moss, and small glasses can be filled with lycopodium or moss; the flowers keep much better in place, and the green makes a good background.

The following are some of the styles of table decoration now in fashion:—

Fill a large meat plate and two pudding plates with wet sand heaped high and covered with moss; make a border of French ferns round each plate, then fill them with white flowers (the new white crysanthemums look very well), and put a width of crimson plush bordered with a narrow tufted fringe down the centre of the table; put the three plates of flowers on it, the large in the centre and the small six inches from either end of the plush, then stand round the table specimen glasses, filled with white and green, and between the plates of flowers glass troughs or glass boats, filled like the specimen glasses, may be placed.

Pale blue satin laid down the centre of a table is pretty, with a border of dark leaves placed on it, and the vases filled with large yellow daisies and maidenhair fern. Daisies arrange best in small things; they look very well in the glass centrepieces that are formed with small glasses, and can be lightly arranged so as not to intercept the view across the table. For this kind of arrangement it is necessary to run wire up the stems of both the daisies and the ferns; they may then, with the aid of a little moss, be arranged to look informal and pretty. Old gold-coloured plush and satin, and black satin embroidered in gold, I have also seen used.

I prefer either a plate glass plateau or the white cloth for the centre of the table to any more fantastical arrangements.

At a party last season I heard a Royal Academician, who might be taken as an authority in matters of taste, tell his hostess what a relief the simplicity of her table was after seeing many elaborately decorated ones. In his opinion plush and satin centres were unsuitable, therefore in bad taste. The table in question had three elegantly shaped white glass baskets, a moderate sized one for the middle and two small ones for the ends; these baskets were filled with lycopodium, and then had a few Marshal Niel roses with their leaves and some maidenhair fern stuck in them. There were also eight glasses on the table, about seven inches high, with triangular openings at the top filled in the same way; these were placed four on each side of the table, which was laid for sixteen people. A row of dark leaves and maidenhair fern was placed on the tablecloth, as if to connect the eight flower vases.

Flower baskets have not been considered altogether successful for table decorations; the reason is that they have been too large and have had too many flowers in them, so that the effect has been heavy. The table I have just mentioned was not an expensive one to arrange, for though the flowers were good there were not many of them. The *menus* for this table were plain, the dessert d'oyleys were fine white linen, with the edges frayed out; they were very delicately worked in deep gold-coloured silk.

I think the best decorated table I have ever seen was one on which there was not a single flower; foliage was used entirely. It is hardly possible, without hothouses to gather from, to carry out a foliage decoration well; one requires scarlet, crimson, yellow, white, and green leaves. The best plants for the purpose are begonias, crotons (of which the leaves are yellow, red, and green,) the dark leaved aralias, dracenas, caladiums, and coleus. Foliage arranges well in low stands, and trails from the stands on to the tablecloth look well; a great deal, too, may be done on the table-cloth itself with leaves of this kind, which last well all the evening. Stands of foliage are more difficult to arrange than any others, for both the form and colour of the leaves have to be considered.

A table looks very well arranged with branches and leaves of virginia creeper when the leaves are changing colour. Some maple leaves are also very pretty. Asparagus Plumosus is elegant for decorations. With a silver plateau water lilies look well on table. They must be arranged in a very low dish; each lily must be well opened with the fingers before it is put in water (water is much better than sand for them), and they must not be left in the dark after they are arranged. In the troughs round the plateau and in the specimen glasses, blue forget-me-nots or small yellow water lilies can be arranged with grasses or ferns.

African marigolds make an effective decoration, but they are best used without other flowers, and require light-coloured fern leaves with them. Hyacinths, if picked from their stems and each single bloom mounted on wire, are most useful with other flowers to stand high and prevent a flat appearance. Jonquils, daffodils, and lilies of the valley look well either alone or with other flowers. In Nice I once saw a little table ornamented with lilies of the valley and large bouquets of violets and maidenhair fern. The stands had borders of fern, then the violets were massed but rather raised in the centre, and the lilies stuck in separately. It was pretty, but I thought rather disappointing.

When much fern cannot be had, feathery grass is very pretty among flowers. A stand of ordinary garden flowers is often much improved by a nice bunch of grass being placed in the middle, and a few pieces being put round the edge of it.

Grasses are particularly useful with field flowers; these are more difficult to arrange than cultivated ones, but well repay one for the trouble. They suit some tables remarkably well. Blue cornflowers, buttercups, and large daisies with grasses and trails of small ivy, make very pretty stands; so do the marsh marigold, purple candytuft, mallows, pheasants eye, honeysuckle, sainfoin, and many other wild flowers and plants, provided they are judiciously arranged; but they must not be massed together, nor must too many kinds of flowers be used in the same stand.

We have as yet only considered cut flower decorations, but many people prefer plants; stands take so long to arrange that one is often tempted to use plants. Palms, stood in suitable pots or bowls, always look extremely well, and are more used than any other plants, for they intercept the view across a table less than anything else of the same size; then, too, they always have a cool look. A long table with a palm of one kind in the centre and two others of a different kind for the two ends, with glass troughs filled with crimson roses and ferns arranged down the table, looks very well. Good palms are expensive, but the umbrella plants (Cyperias) make very good centres; they last well, and are not dear to purchase. Ferns in pots are not used nearly as much for table decoration as they used to be. Frequently single cut branches of plants are used; they are stuck in artistic pots or vases, to look as if they were growing. The scarlet amaryllis, the turk's head lily, white or violet iris—all look handsome on table; a stem of crysanthemum or of a dahlia, if in a suitable pot, will furnish a table. I have found it a very good plan to preserve ferns (especially maidenhair) for winter use; they can be preserved to look almost as if they were fresh gathered. They are green and pliable if properly done, and I do not think when on table anyone could detect that they were dried. Everlasting flowers are also very pretty for winter use. I buy the plants in the summer when they are in bloom; when the green begins to fade I cut the flowers, tie them in bunches, and hang them up to dry, bloom downwards. I prefer the pink and the white, and find them the most useful. So much green is wanted for a table that it is worth while to grow the common lycopodium in flat pans. Sift some peat, mix a little silver sand with it, mixing it well in the centre, then stick lycopodium all over the peat, and put the pans in a warm place and keep them moist, and they will soon look beautiful; the lycopodium rapidly covers the peat; and if single flowers of any kind are then stuck in, the effect is very pretty. Snowdrops, camellias, winter roses, scarlet geraniums—anything, in fact, looks well in a pan of well-grown lycopodium.

For large dinners, candles are almost invariably used; they have small shades over them; these shades are ornamental, and generally coloured; they may be made at home, but require the neatest of work, as every imperfection shows when the light is under them. Rose coloured shades are, I think, the prettiest; very pale green are pleasant on a warm evening, but not generally as satisfactory as any shade of red.

In conclusion I would advise my readers to let the ornamentation of their table be in keeping with the dinner to be served; do not, when you have a comparatively plain dinner, deck your table as if for a large party. I do not mean that the table should be as plain as the dinner, but it should be such as not to disappoint your guests.

DRESS: IN SEASON AND IN REASON.

By THE LADY DRESSMAKER.



A GOOD GALLOP.

One of the very decided alterations in fashions of late days has been the almost universal abandonment of the practice of wearing jewellery in the morning, many ladies not even wearing a brooch—nothing but the smallest of earrings and a watch and chain of useful dimensions. Diamonds and other precious stones are used only at night, and then they are lavished with no sparing hand. It is said that during the celebration of the Queen's Jubilee, at the great State functions, Englishwomen had no occasion to fear the comparison with the jewels of the Indian princes, however magnificent, for their own were so lovely that one State reception at the Foreign Office is described as "one blaze of jewels." Although thus used for the adornment of State and high occasions, and lavishly used too, trade has suffered much by the fashion of excluding ornamental jewellery from everyday life, and a deputation from the Birmingham jewellery trade has made an appeal to H.R.H. the Princess of Wales to sympathise with them and to try to help them over the heavy depression under which their trade and its *employés* are all suffering. Her Royal Highness received the deputation graciously, and asked them to leave the assortment of jewellery with her that they had brought with them, representative of the local trade, that she might consider the matter, and see how she could assist them. The Private Secretary has now written to say that the Princess has selected and decided to purchase an assortment of the jewellery, and the trade in Birmingham are delighted to find that the articles selected are those usually worn with morning dress, which more directly represent the local workmanship. They have great hopes that through the influence of Her Royal Highness a revival may take place, and jewellery be again used in morning dress. It is, indeed, a serious thing, when we consider it, how one small change in fashion may affect



TRAVELLING AND SEASIDE DRESS.

many people, and cause much suffering to the worthy and industrious. I daresay many of my readers may have remarked, as I have, that the jewellers' shops have an amount of very handsome examples of the craft in the windows, displayed in trays, evidently disposed of as being slightly past as regards fashion, but solid and good. Brooches of all kinds are the most conspicuous articles, as they have the most departed from favour, and their place has been taken by lockets, or, indeed, by nothing at all, or perhaps by the tiny long bars of gold or fanciful little pins of various natural or unnatural forms.

And now I must give a few words to another subject of interest at present, *i.e.*, the dress required for travelling and short excursions of two or three weeks on the Continent. The general run of travellers, including myself, have found out that content and happiness do not lie in the direction of big trunks and a superfluity of clothing, but quite the other way. I find three dresses, one on and two in the trunk, are quite enough. Indeed, a person who does not climb mountains nor take long walks might manage with two. *Mais cela dépend.* A well-made good travelling gown of beige, homespun, or light tweed is one of the first requisites; but I have also known many ladies who preferred a middle-aged black silk to anything else. A good black lace that has seen some wear, but not very much, is the best thing to take for daily *table d'hôte* use, or else a black silk with two bodices, one for the day, and the other, a little more ornamented, for dinner or for evening use. If the summer be the season selected for travelling, a thin dress will be found a great comfort, and one of the woollen grenadines or a thin Indian silk is the best thing to select, as they look well on any and every occasion, and may even be used to travel in, if very hot. A dust-cloak is also a necessary part of our outfit, and likewise a light cloth jacket or cover-coat, a waterproof, a warm cloak or shawl, and a rug, two pairs of boots or shoes, one thin and one thick, a pair of slippers, two changes of linen, and a hat, some writing materials and some work. I also think a travelling-bag a great comfort, as, in case of short excursions, we can carry a nightgown in it and comb and brush, and leave the larger trunk at home till our return. Very good and light travelling-boxes can be found now measuring three-quarters of a yard in length, half a yard wide, or less, and about fifteen inches in depth. They are quite large enough for any short trip, and are covered with American cloth, with corners of leather.

One of the pleasantest corsets for travelling is of the new knitted kind. They fit the figure when stretched upon it and fastened, and they expand with every breath, and appear to gain in popularity every month. In fact, nothing can compare with them for comfort. A short stay is always desirable in journeying abroad, and many ladies like riding stays for that reason, as they can drive, climb, or mount on a mule's back with ease and comfort, not dreading broken stay-bones—the most miserable of all events to happen on a journey.

I forgot to mention stockings in my list of travelling requisites; but I must say one thing about them, and that is that they should fit well, without a wrinkle. A good Balbriggan stocking is comfortable, but many friends who climb mountains tell me that a fine woollen stocking is the best for that, and I should fancy it might be so. Thread stockings would be comfortable in the heats of summer, and to these I personally give the preference.

In "Travelling and Seaside Dress," the new





NEW MOURNING GOWNS.

mantle shapes for dust-cloaks or waterproof and travelling-cloaks are shown; also a new kind of gathered bodice and full sleeves worn by the young lady in the striped dress, which will, perhaps, remind some senior of the full bodices of long ago. The figure at the extreme left shows a dress ornamented with honeycombing, both on the skirt and bodice. This style of work is now so popular that it has been adopted for every material, and it quite obviates the need of any other kind of trimming. For deep mourning many dresses are made with it, and it looks very suitable, and sufficiently "deep" for anything.

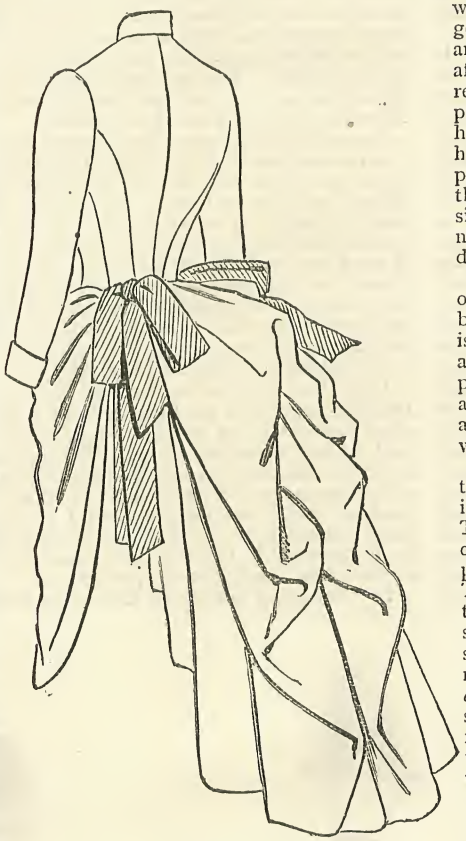
I have thought it well to give a careful illustration of the newest styles of mourning gowns, as I have not touched for some time on this subject. It will be seen that mourning dress follows very much more closely than it used to do in the steps of the fashion of the day. Tucks have gone out of favour, and crape is usually put on in panels, wide or narrow, as the case may be, and the depth of mourning requires. For instance, the dress to the extreme left is a perfectly plain one of Scarborough serge, with no crape trimmings, yet looking very deep in its dull-black tones. The same may be copied in crape-cloth, and is suitable for an everyday dress in the deepest mourning.

The next dress is heavily trimmed (for present day ideas) with crape, and so are the next two gowns. The materials may be of Indian cashmere, plain cashmere, or fine cloth. The single figure shows a girl's dress for deep mourning. There is no doubt that the efforts of the Mourning Reform Association have done much to shorten the period and reduce the depth of the mourning worn, with great advantage to everyone, and yet never were the lost more sorrowed over nor mourned than just now, when we are reducing the outward signs of grief. In the old days, when the excess of mourning was the rule, it is melancholy to remember how the fashion added to the deep trouble of the time, by entailing a large expenditure of money when perhaps half the income was gone, thus plunging a household into debt and difficulty. Some day, when we progress towards the acquirement of common sense, how we shall look back to many a foolish opinion and childish fashion which we have erected into a Juggernaut car to make our lives wretched, and to ruin our health and spirits, merely because we "must do as other people do." Tight boots and pointed toes, tight stays, large dress-improvers and huge horsehair pads, will all be smiled at as foolish, and even wicked folly, when we know better in the far future.

The riding-habit of to-day is shown in the lady on horseback. This part of fashionable equipment is always extremely plain in England, whatever extravagance the dwellers on the Continent may prefer. An Englishwoman is celebrated for her neat outfit, and our girls never look so well as when they ride on horseback. In the London Parks the high silk hat seems always the prettiest, but in the country the low-crowned hat is more liked.

I think I mentioned the lace boas some time since. They are made in black and white spotted net as well as coloured, and also in flowered and figured net, and in rows of silk and lace insertion. They are tied with a bow of ribbon at the neck, and are generally only a long length of material, plainly hemmed at the ends, with ribbon tied about a quarter of a yard above the hem at each end, thus forming a kind of tassel with ornamental ends.

The Norfolk jackets and full Garibaldis,



NEW POLONAISE.

made of washing materials and tennis flannels, are very useful and popular. They are worn over any skirt, and can be purchased in cotton of all colours, figured and plain—scarlet, red, and grey being the favourite hues—and also in striped galateas.

All our new skirts are made as in the spring, in long straight draperies with and without panels. No change seems likely to take place yet, at any rate.

In the way of novel ideas in dress, I must mention that several times this season I have seen elderly ladies, with grey hair, wearing grey silk, with grey beads and grey bonnet, the shade matching the pretty silvery hair, which was either dressed on a cushion or piled up in soft curls. As to the wearers of white hair, they are quite triumphant. Indeed, half the terrors of getting old are removed, now that people have become more sensible in their ideas, and have opened their eyes to the great beauty of the harmony presented by the grey hair to the tones of the faded complexion. The days of wigs and hair-dyes to conceal grey hair are, I hope, quite passed. Nothing could exceed the ugliness and inartistic effect of both. One thing must be remembered, viz., that grey or white hair must be frequently washed, especially in London, where all hair gets dirty; and that curling-irons do not answer for it, as their use turns the hair yellow after a time. It seems odd that we did not realise that one reason for the adoption of powder was its extreme becomingness. If we had thought of that, we should never perhaps have "taken to such dreadful ways" as the employment of dyes and wigs. Another thing to those of moderate means will be a great consideration, *i.e.*, that caps may be entirely dismissed if there be plenty of hair, and a very decided saving of time and money effected.

The paper pattern selected for this month is one of the new polonaises, which promise to be so much worn during the coming year. It is simple in make, is buttoned up the front, and partly open. The pattern consists of nine pieces. The back is draped in Bedouin pleats, and the polonaise takes from eight to nine and a-half yards of material, according to the width of stuff; price 1s.

All paper patterns are of medium size, viz., thirty-six inches round the chest, with no turnings; and only one size is prepared for sale. They may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker, care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate-hill, E.C.;" price 1s. each. If tacked in place, 6d. extra. The addresses should be clearly given, with the county, and stamps should not be sent, as so many losses have occurred. Postal notes should be crossed, but not filled up with any name. *Patterns already issued may be always obtained*, as the Lady Dressmaker selects only such as are likely to be of constant use in making and remaking at home, and is careful to give new hygienic patterns for children as well as adults, so that the readers of the "G.O.P." may be aware of the best methods of dressing themselves. The following in hygienic underclothing have already been given:—Combination (drawers and chemise), princess petticoat (under-bodice and petticoat), divided skirt, under-bodice instead of stays, pyjama (nightdress combination). Also housemaid's and plain skirt, polonaise with waterfall back, Bernhardt mantle, dressing-jacket, Princess of Wales jacket and waistcoat (for tailor-made gown), mantelette with stole ends, Norfolk blouse with pleats, ditto with yoke, blouse polonaise, princess dress or dressing-gown, Louis XI. bodice with long fronts, Bernhardt mantle with pleated front, and plain dress-bodice suitable for cotton or woollen materials. New tea-jacket, or *après midi*, for indoor wear; Garibaldi blouse with loose front, new skirt pattern with rounded back; bathing dress; new polonaise.



BAZAAR FOR THE PRINCESS LOUISE HOME.

By ANNE BEALE.

An out-of-door fête is always delightful in fine weather, and a fancy fair under wide-spreading trees, in which the birds warble a continuous concert for the benefit of buyers and sellers, is an exceptionally pleasant fête. If only the vendors of small wares had been blessed with a perpetual flow of purchasers, that at Charlton House, the seat of Sir Spencer Maryon-Wilson, would have been perfect; as it was, the scene was exceptionally pretty and inspiriting. Charlton House is a lovely specimen of Elizabethan architecture, and the avenue in which our Bazaar was held, a grand specimen of that primeval architecture which preceded the Elizabethan by many a century. The stalls were placed between the trees, and as early as noon on the 11th and 12th of July, gaily dressed ladies in many coloured costumes were engaged in arranging them. They certainly strained every nerve to adorn their mimic booths, and by three o'clock they presented a tasteful and pretty sight.

Nowadays everybody knows all about bazaars, so we leave general description to the imagination, contenting ourselves with giving our small personal experiences of what happened at the stall, the contents of which were mainly contributed by the readers, young and old, of The Girl's Own Paper. A young friend, all the way from Sweden, helped to drape it with Indian hangings, contributed by the celebrated firm of Liberty—a good name in these days—and to hang Chinese lanthorns, and to display to the best advantage the work of our girls; and we flattered ourselves we looked as well as our neighbours. We strove to repress jealous feelings, for on the right we had a Japanese stall adorned with umbrellas and skilfully manufactured articles, a photographic studio, and a stall filled with fine prints, while on our left were noble ladies surrounded by artistic treasures. But we were proud to represent The Girl's Own Paper; and prouder still when four Indian bracelets were brought to us, the gift of Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise. We displayed them on a red ground, and waited for customers.

We thought it a good omen when we sold, as our first trophy, the Marquis of Lorne's book, "A Tale of the Riviera," and we waited patiently the arrival of the Princess. Postponements are always doubtful, and owing to unforeseen causes connected with the Jubilee of our well-beloved Queen, our Bazaar had been postponed over a week, consequently, as we have already hinted, customers were slow to arrive. They came, however, with the Princess. Sounds of "God save the Queen" reached us from afar, and we were all expectancy. We knew that Royal Artillery and West Kent Yeomanry Cavalry were receiving her, to say nothing of Sir Spencer and Lady Maryon-Wilson and numberless other distinguished personages. But we were within our small domain, and witnessed nothing of this ceremonial. Suddenly, however, we saw an exceptionally beautiful bouquet of roses, above which was the kind and sweet face of "Our Princess," as the children of the Home call the Princess Louise. We need scarcely say that we were on the alert at once, and had the honour of selling Her Royal Highness one of our Indian curtains, and, by way of contrast, a wee book of selections from George Herbert. She said "she believed the Home was doing a good work, and hoped it would prosper;" with which kind wish she passed on to our envied neighbour, the Japanese stall.

After this we made the most of our silver bracelets of Indian workmanship, calling special attention to them as the gift of the Princess. We sold three in no time, the Dowager Lady Maryon-Wilson securing the first, another lady the second, and a gentleman, who clasped it round his wife's arm, the third. We thus rejoiced to clear five pounds at three strokes, which was truly royal in the depressed condition of our finances.

While the Princess returned to Charlton House for "Afternoon Tea," and, subsequently went to the Pastoral Play, we had plenty of time to look about us; for the bees followed the honey; in other words, the company swarmed after the Princess. So we three stall-holders visited the other stalls by turns. That of the Countess of Meath, the staunch friend of the Princess Louise Home, was especially interesting, because it displayed work done by invalid paupers, who are employed and taught by a committee of ladies.

There were almost more workers and entertainments than visitors, and we heard on all sides, "There have been so many bazaars. Money is so scarce. The Jubilee has carried off the guests. The entrance-fee was too high," and similar remarks, which did not console us for a slack sale. We realised what it must be to stand behind a counter all day waiting for customers when "daily bread" depends on their arrival. And, to a certain extent, the "daily bread" of the inmates of the Princess Louise Home hung on the success of the Bazaar, since a considerable sum had been expended in preparations, and we hoped for a "great success."

A dozen or so of the children were there, dressed in their neat prints and straw hats, among whom were three or four of our own special girls, who were very glad to see us, and who brought some money to expend at our stall. "This has been given us, and we want a present for matron, and governess, and for one or two of the girls," they said. We gave them as much as we honestly could for their sixpences. They were very busy all day, waiting at the refreshment stall, opening lemonade bottles, and making themselves generally useful. As for the poor secretary and matron, they were metaphorically torn to pieces; but they would not have cared had funds come to heal their wounds. However, in this world we must look on disappointments as blessings in disguise, and hope that the comparatively small sum realised at our Fancy Fair may be quintupled in some other way.

There was no lack of excitement, for we were photographed, and interviewed, and saw something of the entertainments provided for the expected multitude, who did not fill the Théâtre Louise, or the concert-room, or even the auditorium of the Pastoral Play to overflowing. Still, the benevolent performers, both professionals and amateurs, played and sang their best without fee or reward, and we hope the sincere admiration and gratitude of the few compensated for the applause of the many.

After this purchasers came, like Wordsworth's stars, "by twos and threes," and the hearts of the saleswomen were cheered. The handiwork of "Our Girls" disappeared also, by twos and threes, and the furniture of our stall diminished. The beautiful Indian table-cover, sent by one of our kind readers from India, was purchased by the owner of the broad lands on which our tents were pitched, as were all the cards adorned with pressed flowers and seaweed, kindly presented by another. Sir Spencer Maryon-Wilson also bought sundry delicately made woollen wraps for a baby born at Charlton House the previous evening, soon after the Princess Louise quitted it. We were told by an old dependent of the family that no birth had occurred in the mansion for over half a century, and this auspicious event was heralded by military honours! It was whispered that the little maiden would be christened Louise. If so, may she be as good as her namesake! All thanks are due to Sir Spencer for allowing his beautiful place to be turned topsy-turvy, so to say, to facilitate this, our Bazaar; and, when we think that great packages filled glass-houses, stalls the avenue, a flower-stall the rose garden, and cases of uninebriating beverages a large grass plot, we wonder at his magnanimity. Naturally, the honour and pleasure of receiving his royal and noble guests out weighed the penalty, to say nothing of the desire to benefit a deserving institution.

It was nearly nine o'clock on the second evening when we began to dismantle our stall. As is usual at bazaars, enough articles were left to furnish another, and we venture to prognosticate that ere long "The clearance sale" will take place at the house of some friend interested in the cause. The kind donors of the work still on hand may be sure that it will not be wasted. Still, it made us very melancholy to see what a heap there was; and we were scarcely comforted by learning that we came in third in our winnings the first day, and were at the head of the poll the second.

It was over at about half-past nine, and "God save the Queen" wound up our fête and bazaar, leaving us to find our way to the train, and thence to London, as best we could. It was midnight when we got home, and we reflected with pardonable vanity on our two days of hard work in an excellent cause. Our readers and contributors must not intermit their benevolent efforts because we did not clear the thousands we anticipated. They must rather think of the needs of the Home and our earnest desire to increase the number of its inmates from seventy to a hundred.

We have again to acknowledge, with the sincere thanks of the committee, as well as the inmates of the Home, several kind contributions in response to our appeal. Should any donation be omitted or twice repeated, will the donor be so good as to excuse it? Additional gifts of work have arrived from C. Lukeman, Miss Dyson, Miss H. Hort, Mrs. Stern, Mrs. Warne, Miss E. Cawte and friends, Miss Amy Rochester, Miss Frome, Lillie Devonshire, A. N. H., and Mrs. W. Barlow. Also a gift of books from Miss G. Gossett. In money we have received from our benevolent readers as follows:—The Misses Andrews, 2s. 6d.; Fairy, 1s.; Anon, 9d.; Miss A. Clarke, 2s. 6d.; the Rev. W. W. Herringham, 5s.; Mrs. Valentine, £1; Mrs. Armstrong, £1 1s. (for laundry, etc.); Edmund Blackford, 5s.; — Allen, 2s.; Miss Williams, 2s. 6d.; Colonel Holland, £1 1s.; Miss Berger, £1.

We are requested to tender sincere acknowledgments to various firms for gifts in kind, which, though most welcome, scarcely come within the province of The Girl's Own Paper.

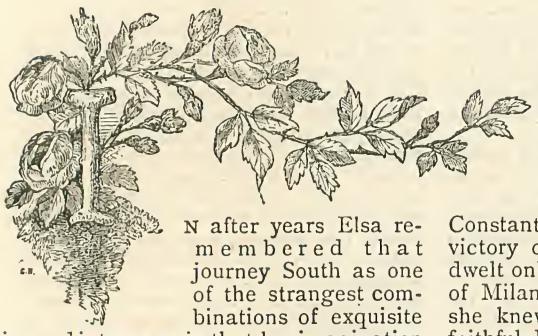
Once more we ask our girls to receive our best thanks for their response to our perhaps too persistent demands, and our warmest wishes that they may continue to take to heart the text, "Be not weary in well-doing," being assured that they "shall reap if they faint not."

IN THE DAYS OF MOZART.

THE STORY OF A YOUNG MUSICIAN.

By LILY WATSON.

CHAPTER XX.



N after years Elsa remembered that journey South as one of the strangest combinations of exquisite joy and intense pain that her imagination could conceive. The party set forth as soon as Rudolf was well enough to travel. At the nearest town they halted awhile until the simple wedding ceremony that united the two lovers could be performed; then they made their way, by slow and easy stages, to the shores of Lake Como. In the woods of olive and myrtle that rise from its brink the young wife and her husband spent many days that seemed like Elysium. The warmth and brightness delighted Rudolf, though he grew no stronger under the Italian skies. It was a paradise on earth, and it was hard to realise that the trail of the serpent lay even here.

Herr von Eberstein would have given half his fortune to call back health to the cheeks of his grandson. He bitterly repented the harshness that drove him from home. Nay, the reports of the distinction won by Mozart had insensibly modified the old man's feeling towards the despised art. If music could produce such an effect at Rome, causing all the rich and great to rush to lay honours at the feet of a boy of fourteen, it could not, after all, be the vagabond trifling Von Eberstein had supposed. Why, the news came that Wolfgang, in a private audience with the Pope, had been ennobled by the order of the Golden Spur, and was entitled to sign himself Signor Cavaliere Amadeo! Things were somehow turning topsy-turvey in the worthy grandfather's eyes.

The summer was spent in the lovely villa on the banks of Como—a summer of which there is little to relate. To Elsa the delight of having Paul Engelhardt always with her as her guide, protector, and husband was something as near perfect happiness as she could imagine; but, on the other hand, the faithful sister could not help seeing that, in spite of the benign influence of southern air, Rudolf's strength was rapidly declining. He was peaceful, and did not suffer, save from weakness and weariness. With this she strove to comfort her aching heart.

The invalid was anxious, in spite of his failing strength, to move southward. As soon as the intense heat of summer was over, the party started for Milan, and entered the city early in October.

Here Rudolf was expecting to meet Wolfgang Mozart; but he and his father had not yet arrived. Meanwhile Paul took Elsa for a short while daily to see the sights of the wonderful city. His knowledge of the past enabled him to give life and reality to its scenes, and Elsa saw again the Emperor Constantine proclaiming in A.D. 312 the victory of Christianity over Paganism, dwelt on the history of Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, some of whose Latin hymns she knew, and pictured to herself the faithful Monica rejoicing "after many days" over the conversion of her son Augustine.

"This is an interesting way to learn history," said she, as they passed along the streets together. "I remember well how, when I declared to you that I did not like history, long, long ago, you told me it was because I had never grasped that it dealt with real men and women and children, and consisted of stories about them."

"Long, long ago!" repeated Paul, with a smile. "Why, my Elsa, you speak like an old woman."

"I feel old in experience sometimes," said Elsa, musingly. "There have been such strange and sudden changes in my life. And I feel as if I were standing by, and looking at a drama enacted by someone else just now."

She sighed, and Paul pressed her hand in quiet sympathy, for he knew she was thinking of Rudolf.

"Do you really think he is much worse?" came the next question.

"I am afraid he is," replied her husband, reluctantly. "He is certainly very weak."

"Yes, he lies all day, and scarcely seems able to rouse himself to move about at all. Then the fainting fits terrify me."

Paul was silent. He had been warned that Rudolf might possibly die quite suddenly in one of the swoons that had become more frequent of late.

"But," resumed Elsa, "I am hoping great things from Wolfgang's arrival. That may cheer him and give him more energy. The summer has certainly been very sultry, and the journey has wearied him."

There was no opportunity for further conversation just then, for they arrived at the courtyard of a convent and were admitted by a very aged monk, who escorted them across its silent precincts to a small door. Entering, they found themselves in a hall, which served as a refectory. All was silent and deserted; but lo! at the end of the hall yonder, opposite the table of the Prior, gloomed a dim vision of unearthly beauty. Painted upon the wall itself, there appeared the "Last Supper," by Leonardo da Vinci.

Damp, decay, and the smoke from the kitchen hard by, had already done much to obliterate the colouring of this noble work. The figures, one and a-half times the size of life, were congregated behind the table, covered by the quaintly modern table-cloth, which, with the vessels upon it, corresponded to those in use at the monastery. The idea of the artist in this method of execution was that Christ was taking His last supper in the company of the Dominican monks who gathered in the refectory of Santa Maria delle Grazie.

In reverent silence Paul and Elsa gazed upon the world-famed picture, full of life, though the hand that painted it had for two and a half centuries been cold in death. There were the Apostles, each to be known by characteristics visible in the face, hands, and attitude; and there in the midst was He, who was calm and benignant

"Even at that last sad supper with His own" while a traitor crouched upon the board.

Solemn and impressive was the sight, and both husband and wife gazed in reverent awe. The old monk broke the silence.

"I have seen," said he, "generation after generation of brethren take their places at the table here, and then pass away; but amid all those changes, the figures upon the wall there have looked down upon us unchanged; so I have come to feel that this is the reality, and that we are but shadows."

"There is a wonderful truth in that utterance," said Paul to his young wife, when they again trod the streets of Milan. "We pass along the stage of life and vanish; but there are truths and hopes to cheer mortality which remain unchanged in spite of all the transitory scene. Try to realise it; and let the beauty of that Divine Face with its endless compassion, comfort you."

It was not often he spoke in this strain, but he knew too well that trouble was near for the poor little sister.

When Elsa arrived at home Rudolf was worse, and, though Aunt Lucinda was an assiduous and tender nurse, the anxious sister blamed herself for leaving him. He was paler than usual, and had repeatedly complained of feeling faint that morning. Restoratives, however, soon revived him, and he asked for his violin. Though he had scarcely strength to use the bow, he liked to have it near, and at times he would pass his fingers over its smooth-veined surface,

"As lovingly
As a blind man that fingers o'er a face
Long known, but half forgot."

Then he asked for the manuscript sheets of his unfinished Psalm.

Elsa noticed as he turned them over he heaved a bitter, bitter sigh.

"What is it, dearest?" she anxiously inquired.

"It will never be finished," said



"FAR BEYOND THE REACH OF HER SYMPATHY OR TENDER CARE."

Rudolf; "and I should like to have left it behind——"

He could not go on, and a tear rolled slowly down his wasted cheek.

"Here is the four-part chorus, to begin with; that is sweet and beautiful I know," said Elsa caressingly; "and the tenor solo, 'He restoreth my soul.' These are complete in themselves, dear Rudolf. But you will finish the whole work gradually."

"I want to complete 'Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.' It is an alto strain. I have it. Help me, Elsa, and call Paul Engelhardt."

Elsa dared not resist his fancy, and obeyed with an aching heart. Supported by his pillows, the young musician in turn dictated, and bade his friend try the effect of one and another combination on the instrument close at hand. Paul was amazed at the pathos and beauty of this air. It seemed wrung from the composer's very soul. When the last note was written he heaved a sigh of relief.

"I shall never complete the fifth and sixth verses, but I longed to do this one," he murmured. "I can sleep now—thank you both."

The valley of the shadow of death was near; but Rudolf could say with confidence, "Thou art with me."

Elsa was sitting beside her brother the next morning when Signor Mozart and "Signor Amadeo" were announced.

"At last!" said the invalid, with a faint smile of contentment; "let them come in directly."

Yes, it was indeed the Mozarts, father and son. The father was the same grave, formal, precise man as of yore, walking with a slight touch of lameness, the result of an accident that had occurred on the journey in the previous June. Wolfgang was wonderfully bright and well; a little bronzed by travel, and with an occasional tinge of soberness manifesting itself through his high spirits. His loudly-expressed, impulsive delight at seeing his old friend again was as boyish as ever, but he was evidently touched by the alteration in Rudolf's appearance.

"You are a very famous personage now," said the invalid to the lad of fourteen. "Begin, and tell me all about your travels."

"I fear," interposed Leopold Mozart, with punctilious anxiety, "that you will be too much fatigued by my Wolfgang's tongue, which rattles on at a great rate when he once begins."

"No, no," signed Rudolf impatiently, "I shall not be wearied," and by a common impulse Herr Mozart and Elsa rose and left the friends alone together.

With unfeigned delight the elder listened to the brilliant account of the Italian tour, which had left Wolfgang fresh and unspoiled as ever. Only at the end, after an hour had gone, Rudolf looked up at him with a pathetic expression.

"You have come to Italy to become famous," said the poor musician, "and I have come to Italy—to die."

"No, no; don't say so," protested the affectionate boy, with tears in his eyes. "You will get strong again."

"I shall not," said Rudolf. "God knows best. Only, before He takes me, I want, Wolfgang, to hear you play once more."

"You will hear me play very many times, I assure you," cried his friend, cheerfully.

"I want to hear you play upon the organ. Do you remember? Before I left Castle Höhenfels, I heard you at Salzburg Cathedral, and it made me feel that I must live for music—and music only. That is only a year ago, but it seems very long; and now that I know I cannot live for music, and my dreaming is all over, I want to hear you once more in the Cathedral of Milan."

Wolfgang soothed the invalid and laughed at him, declaring, "You shall hear all the church music I have ever composed, until you are quite tired out." But Rudolf was very persistent in his wish. When the Mozarts had gone, he returned to the charge again and again, and it was evidently so cherished a desire that his friends yielded.

One balmy day the invalid was taken to the Cathedral that darts its airy spires with bewildering beauty into the transparent air, and carried into the cool, dusk solemnity of the vast interior.

The lofty Ionian columns with their rich capitals, the majestic curve of the arches, the broad, echoing nave, with its altar in the distance, the light from stained windows falling athwart the twilight, impressed the whole party, even the staunch and unimaginative Lutheran, Von Eberstein, with a feeling of subdued reverence. A comfortable resting place had been arranged for Rudolf, with Paul and Elsa on either side, and he waited expectantly till the tones of the organ should announce the presence of his friend.

Yes, Mozart is there! The glorious instrument knows and owns its master. Through the Cathedral reverberate the majestic chords that stand like pillars of solemn harmony on the threshold of Handel's "Messiah."

To some of the hearers this music—

"Familiar to our ears as household words,"

was new. Rudolf closed his eyes, and lay back to revel in the unwonted delight of sound.

After the solemn chords followed a brief fugue, with whose tempered severity the heavenly air, "Comfort ye my people," contrasted exquisitely. It rang forth through the vast Cathedral as though voices indeed were chanting it from heaven, and the comfort it is intended to symbolise stole on the wings of the music into Elsa's troubled heart.

In divine sweetness the Pastoral Symphony breathed through the echoing space, bringing with it hints of peace and soothing thoughts at eventide. Then came the angelic voices chanting "Glory to God" in myriad intercourse of melody.

Elsa glanced at her brother. Would the music weary him? No; he reclined with closed eyes and an expression of peace on his face, which a ray through the painted window touched with a radiance like that of some pictured saint. It was not Wolfgang's intention to go through the whole of the "Messiah" in the hearing of his friend, but merely to embody that which he thought Rudolf would most enjoy. The lovely theme of the Pastoral Symphony, recurring in "He shall feed His flock like a shepherd," fell with renewed charm and refreshing on the hearers.

But now a different strain sounds forth from the organ, and a mighty pæan rolls through the echoing Cathedral on the wings of the "Hallelujah Chorus." With force and majesty the massive phrase recurs again and again, as though to impress itself for ever on the hearers' mind. Then comes a strain of heavenly melody, followed by the music that proclaims—

"He shall reign for ever and ever."

Through the nave, aisles, and arches rolled the glorious burst of sound. The rapture of joy and thanksgiving seemed too great for mortal hearts to bear. Louder and yet more loud came the shout of praise that proclaims the final triumph of good over evil. It was marvellous—majestic! for the work of the Master was rendered by a master hand.

Paul was rapt in wonder and attention. Elsa heard a sudden sigh from her brother, and turned quickly towards him, just as his head sank gently against her shoulder, where it had so often rested in days of yore.

Painlessly, without a struggle, Rudolf was gone, far, far beyond the reach of her sympathy or tender care. For

"The tide of music's golden sea
Setting towards Eternity,"

as it rolled through the vast Cathedral, had borne away upon its waves a musician's soul.



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

DORA.—Such situations are only obtained by advertising, and all foreign ones must be very carefully examined into before accepting.

WILLIE G.—We sympathise much with you in your state of health. Your little poem interested us greatly; it promises better ones later on, when you know more of the rules of prosody. We advise you to study the "Handbook of the English Tongue" by Dr. Angus. (56, Paternoster-row, E.C.) It is the best we know of the kind you require. It is pleasant to us to see what the real object of life is, and that it is only a training-time for a better and higher state of existence. Your training is a hard one, alas! but it may help you to win the goal, by the grace of God. We shall always be glad to hear from you.

FREDERICA.—The price of the "Handbook of the English Tongue," by Dr. Angus, is 4s. 6d.

DRAGON'S would be a very good plan. By writing to the chaplain she would be sure to find a nice foreign family, who would receive her at a moderate price.

EVA.—The letters L.L.A., stand for Lady Licentiate of the College of St. Andrew's.

HOUSEKEEPING.

LILY OF THE VALLEY.—A baking hoop can be enlarged as required, but you can use a cake tin instead, if you wish.

M. K.—You can obtain essence of rennet of any grocer or chemist, and you can make Devonshire junket or curds and whey with that. The plain directions are on each bottle.

ANXIETY.—The institution you are thinking of is the Home Club, open every evening, at Queen's-buildings, Newington-causeway, S.E., in connection with the co-operative movement. It has a block building with 3,000 separate apartments. Mr. Daniel McEwen is the founder, and lives there also, we believe.

MISCELLANEOUS.

VERNA SEED.—1. We thank you for your recipe for preserving rhubarb, which is as follows:—Take the thick skin off the rhubarb, cut the stalk in small pieces, weigh it, and to every pound of fruit add one pound of white sugar and a little lemon peel cut in very small pieces; one large lemon will suffice for six pounds of fruit. Place all in a deep dish or bowl, and let it stand all night. Strain off the liquid in the morning, and boil it for twenty minutes. Then add the fruit, and boil it for ten minutes longer, and put it in jars, covered well with tissue-paper brushed over with white of egg. 2. Joan of Arc was not "Martyred" according to recent discoveries made of her marriage certificate or entry of the same in certain authentic municipal archives. We have given the whole story already, in reply to a correspondent, and must refer you to that answer.

MARY MOULTON.—We perfectly understand your mental trials and perplexities. Your determination to cling to the Lord Jesus, in spite of all temptations to doubt, was the work of the Holy Spirit in your soul; and of course He triumphed and you attained to peace. But your nervousness is constitutional, and should not be encouraged. You may need change of air and agreeable occupation, cheerful companionship, good diet, and early hours at night. Remember the promise, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee."

FUNNYBONE.—The Archbishopric of Canterbury has precedence of that of York. A clergyman wears his best broadcloth suit of clerical cut at dinner and in evening society entertainments. He cannot wear open waistcoats nor "swallow-tails."

D. B. S.—We are glad that you are interested in our articles on Heraldry. The use of a crest is taxable. The amount charged is one guinea per annum. When the paper to be filled in by tax and rate payers is next left at your house, you will see this charge for yourself. If placed on letter paper, carriage and harness, liveries, hall-chairs or seats, the tax for the use of armorial bearings becomes due.

S. A. WILLIAMS ignores our rules, and actually sends us a series of questions on various subjects, sixteen in number. We recommend her to buy a copy of Mrs. Mangnall's useful little book of miscellaneous answers. Miss Williams should not indulge in lazy habits, but prepare honestly for her examination, by studying books of reference.

EVA WYNN.—We are happy to encourage you by saying that if deficient in the matter of spelling you have made no mistakes in your letter to us. The continual use of a dictionary is the only remedy. This difficulty is common amongst clever, and highly literary people. Your writing is quite legible, though the letters lack uniformity in the slope given them.

ATTENTIVE READER.—Long engagements are not advisable, nor are early ones. But a considerable time should be taken for becoming personally acquainted one with the other, before entering into any merely conditional engagement. Young people are apt to regard engagements as forms of amusement rather than solemn pledges of faith, "for worse" as well as "for better."

THE UNREFINED.—The average height of girls (or women) depends on their nationality; climate, mountains and lowlands, city or country life, high and low living, travelling and sea voyages, all influence the growth. It is also a hereditary characteristic. The several provinces of one country alone show considerable variations as to the average height attained by the natives.

A READER.—Your story does you credit, considering your age, and we therefore regret that it will not suit our magazine. We have to engage experienced writers and authors. Accept our thanks for the kind expressions you employ in reference to our work; and we wish success to your future attempts after a few more years of study.

PEGGOTTY.—You are, at least, an American-born Scotch woman. But if your parents be permanent settlers in America, you are an American citizen, and if they be naturalised, you are American.

HOPE.—Go to a dentist to have your teeth examined, and then go to a doctor for advice as to the state and treatment of your digestion. You may need a course of mineral waters; and, certainly, direction as to hours, and diet, and, perhaps, change of air.

EN AVANT had better write to some of the references herself, before investing her ten shillings. We could give no advice.

ALETHEA.—We think that you acted prudently in going away for a time; and that you certainly ought to make a friend of your father, and tell him you fancied that more attention was paid you by the young man to whom you refer than was desirable, considering your age. He will be pleased with your conduct, and you will gain his confidence for the future.

EMMIE W., A DRESSMAKER, AND OTHERS, will do well to write to the secretary of the Woman's Protective and Provident League. 1a, Clark's-buildings, Broad-street, Bloomsbury, W.C.

HISTORICUS.—The Mediæval or Middle Ages, according to Hallam, comprised about 1,000 years, from the invasion of France by Clovis I. in 486, to that of Naples by Charles VIII. in 1494. Henry gives the commencement at the fall of the Western Empire in 476, and the end at the capture of Constantinople by the Turks in May, 1453.

FRANCES MARY.—The motto of the Royal arms of England, *Dieu et Mon Droit* ("God and my right"), was the word of the day given by Richard Cœur de Lion at the Battle of Gisors, September 20, 1198. It was used by all English monarchs down to Henry VIII., who, however, was the first to put it on the broad seal. Queen Anne used "*Semper Eadem*" in place of it, but George I. restored the early motto, which has continued in use ever since.

ENGLISH MAIDEN.—"Digit" is the term applied to any whole number under ten. You use it wrongly. This system of notation by digits is usually called the Arabian system, and dates from the fifth century in India. It was introduced into England in the tenth century. The other system is called the Roman notation.

CONSTANCE B.—If you wish to know a little about the zenana work now going on under the Church of England's direction, you had better take in a little pamphlet issued by the Zenana Missionary Society, called "India's Women," every alternate month, price 3d. This contains information as to the ways and means of assisting the work, of which there are many, without going out as a missionary yourself.

MARNIE.—You did right in returning home to take your late mother's place in the family, as the result has sufficiently proved. We are deeply grateful to hear that it was through reading our magazine, combined with prayer for Divine help and direction, that you returned home to your natural place and your domestic duties.

AMICUS.—We give you the advice which we have frequently given already, in reference to stammering. Practise reading aloud alone, slowly, with your lungs well filled, and beating time as you would for music, at regular distances for the syllables that have to be uttered. Persons who hesitate usually neglect to fill their lungs, and to do so sufficiently often. To some the M and N offer the most difficulty. Practise the D and T when alone.

TED.—If you send your specimen in before you attain the age of twenty-four years. The best way to try and recover your spirits after your brother's loss is to throw yourself and your best powers into work for others, and think more of his gain than of your loss.

A DUBLIN PADDY.—Your friend should try the baths either at Buxton or Bath for rheumatism, whichever the doctor advises.

ONE WHO DESIRES TO DO RIGHT should, we think, decide on going to live with a medical man for one reason especially, that under skilled treatment her sufferings may be alleviated by his treatment, and that will make her life more bearable in every way. It seems the more unselfish course.

LILY, MARY K., MARGARET, SPES, M. J. M.—Your verses contain much promise; we are only sorry our space forbids our using them.

WIDOW OF NAIN.—We have given a series of articles on the monetary helping of women; read them and then get some respectable solicitor of the place you live in to help with advice.

IRISH LASSIE.—You had better give expression to any sympathy or encouragement through the lady with whom you live. Do not write yourself. You are wise in hesitating, and asking for advice. She might make an excuse for writing again, such as asking him to send her his next address, then she could include your name in wishing him well. What an encouragement to us to hear from you that it was the reading of our paper that "first led you to accept Christ as your Saviour"! May you have grace to "hold fast the beginning of your confidence, steadfast unto the end."

JUBILEE.—Your question respecting certain recreative entertainments is what is called a "vexed" one, as God-fearing people are so much divided in opinion and in practice on that, as on other points. The individual conscience of each must decide for them. In the case of young people, the wishes of their parents should be consulted; and if left free, they should exercise their own judgment, always praying to be guided aright. Read the standard authors of the present day, in history, natural history, poetry, and travels. Also any on archæological research. In poetry, Mrs. Barrett Browning's miscellaneous poems, Longfellow's and Tennyson's would afford recreation as well as instruction.

ELIZABETH.—We should advise you to find something to do in England, but if you prefer to emigrate make inquiries at the Colonial Emigration Office, 13, Dorset-street, Portman-square, W.; office hours 10 to 4.

CINDERELLA should consult a doctor; her digestion seems in fault.

AN ANXIOUS ONE.—You had better get your mother to speak to the old gentleman if you think you would like such a course, as he might say you were quite mistaken, and had formed too high an estimate of his intentions. Sensible girls should not worry themselves or others about such small things.

MAY LOCKETT "has heard that four of the most learned old men are allowed to sit before the Queen with their hats on," and wishes to know if it is true. Someone must have been hoaxing "May Lockett," as we have no such ill-bred old men in England.

AGNES.—Find out the repository of the British and Foreign Bible Society in your city, where you can procure the Bible you need.

LITTLE DOT should join the "Young Women's Christian Association," or the "Girls' Friendly Society." The former has a boarding home at 17, Westbourne-villas, Harrow-road, W. The latter has one at 4, Colville-square-terrace, W. There is also a home at 3, Shouldham-street, Edgware-road, of the M.A.B.Y.S.

BARBARA CROFT.—The quotation you make is taken from Tennyson's "Idyls of the King."

"The little rift within the lute."

BELVOIR.—In your place, we should tell him; he will only admire your confidence and candour. It is very likely that he has some false teeth himself! We heard of a girl who was so lacking in proper feeling as to test the constancy of her affianced by telling a falsehood, and assuring him that she had two cork legs! He bore the announcement resignedly, and declared he would not give her up, on which she explained that Cork was her native place! We think he would have been quite justified in breaking off the engagement.

MOTEE.—The majority of converted persons could not possibly tell the day on which this occurred—it is so gradual a work; and it is not at all necessary that any date should be discovered. Should a drunkard, or anyone living in the indulgence of a special sin, be so impressed by any sermon or remark made as to abandon that evil action, he or she could affix a date to the first self-denial, but in ordinary cases it may or may not be done. If you be striving for the mastery over all evil now, trusting in your Saviour's atonement now, and "loving Him" now, let that suffice. Satan would rob you of peace if he could. Accept it from Him who said "My peace I give unto you."

E. JOHNS.—No bills are issued by the Editor. Your communications respecting monetary transactions and the supply of books belong to the publishing department, which in our establishment is conducted—as we have so often told our correspondents—by Mr. Tarn.

FORGET-ME-NOT'S compositions have been read over, but do not offer any remarkable feature. They are those of a schoolgirl of some taste, who will improve as she goes on with her education.

AN ORGANIST.—Persons of the upper ranks of society never say "good afternoon" among each other. It *would be* considered vulgar. But as it is in use amongst the *middle* classes, they employ it when addressing them; as, for instance, in a shop they say "good morning," and "good evening," "how do you do?" and North country people sometimes say "good-day."

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